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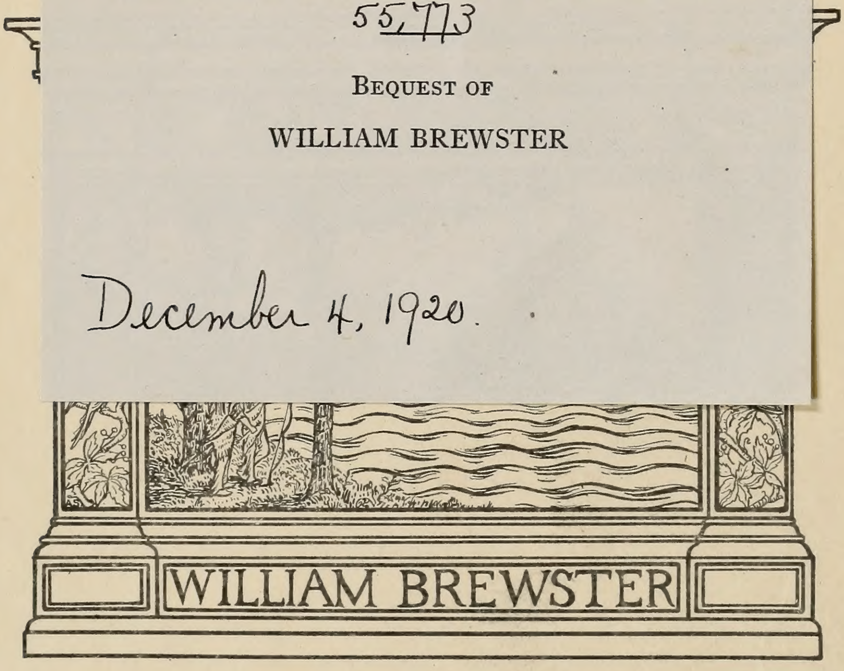
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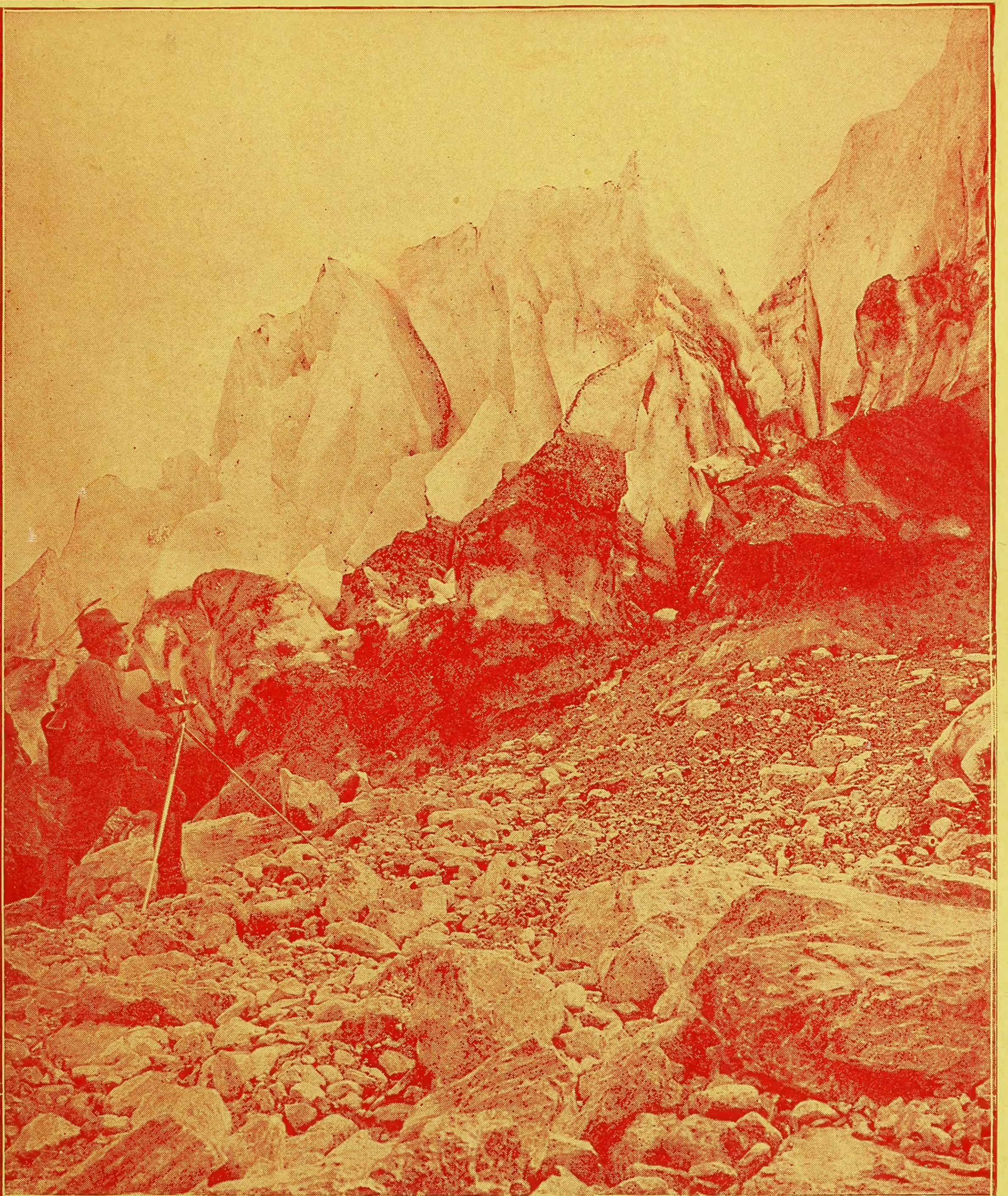

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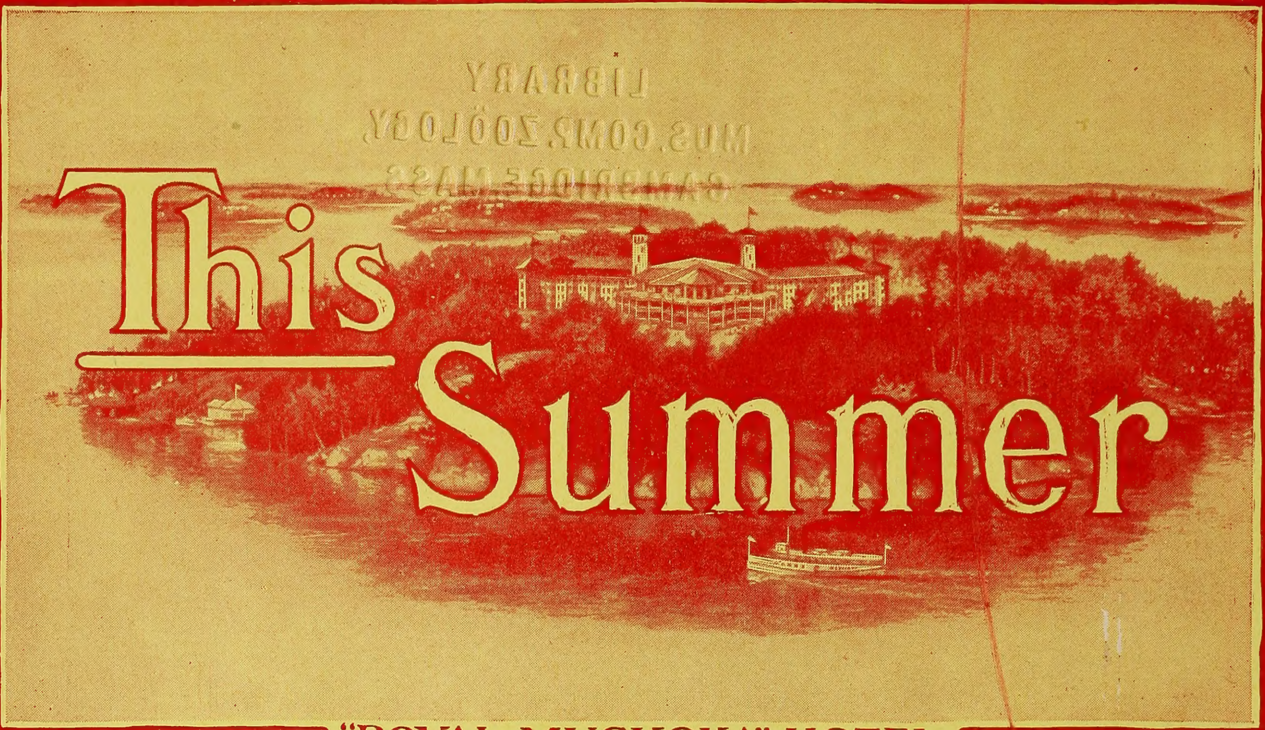

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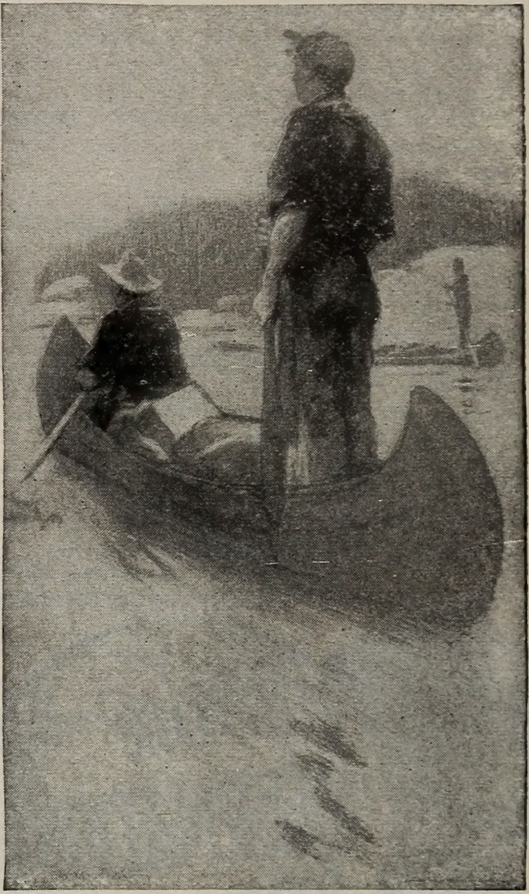

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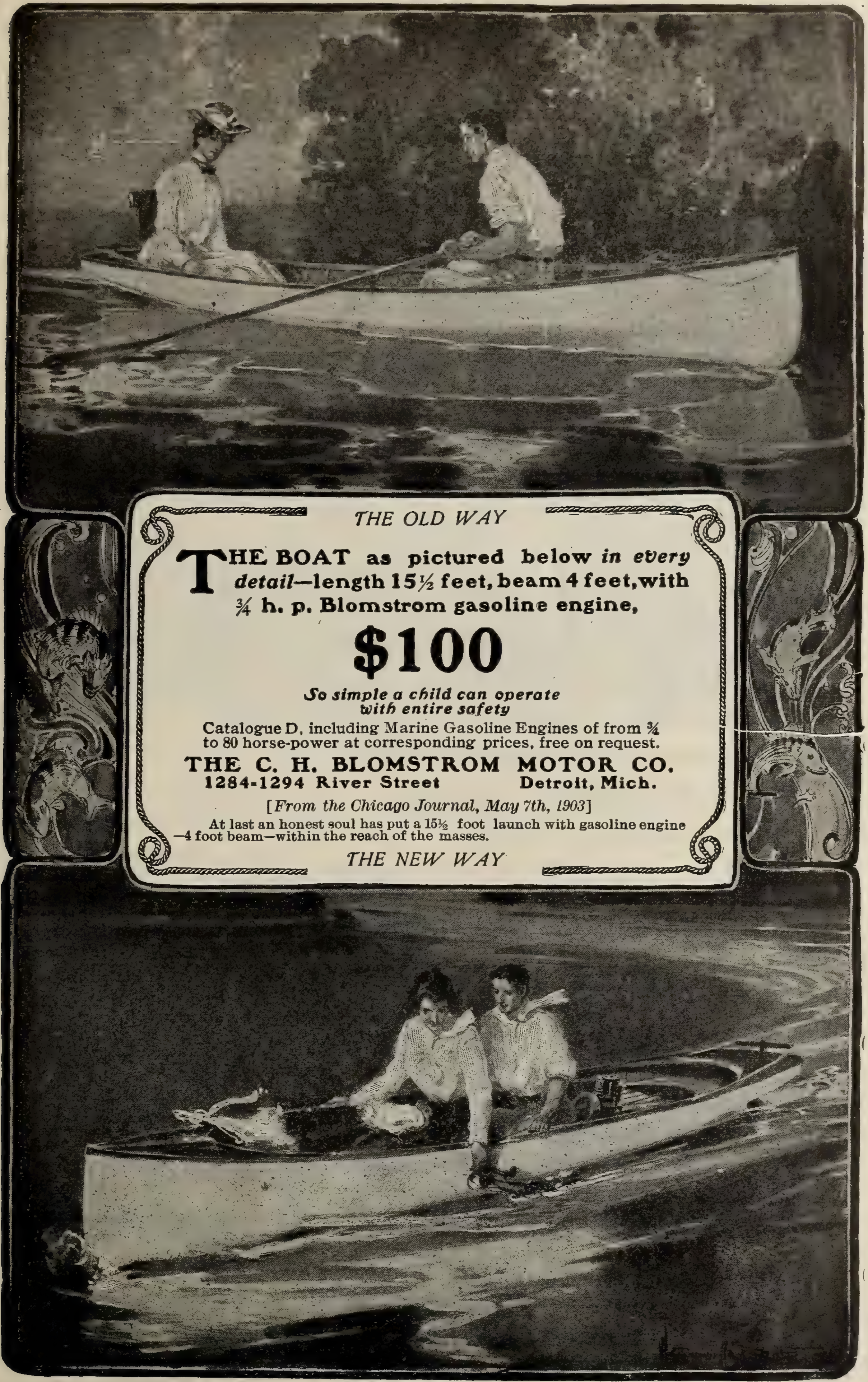

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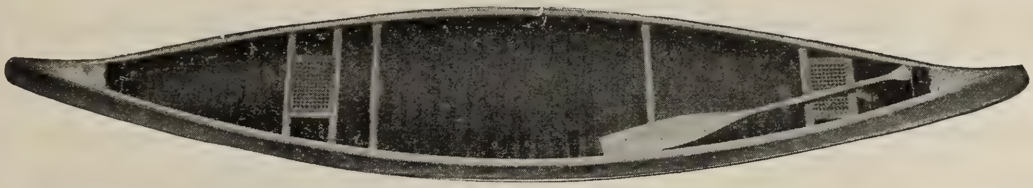

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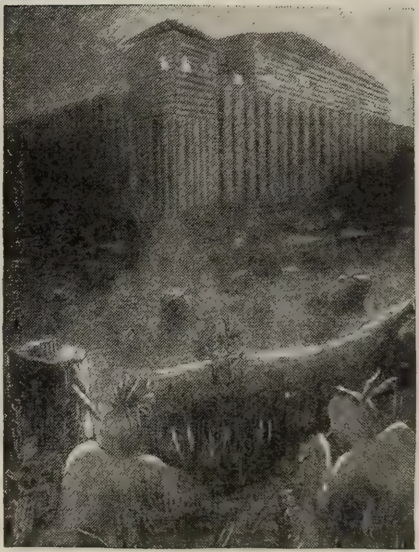

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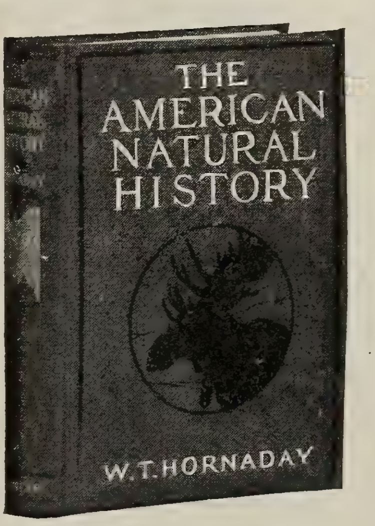

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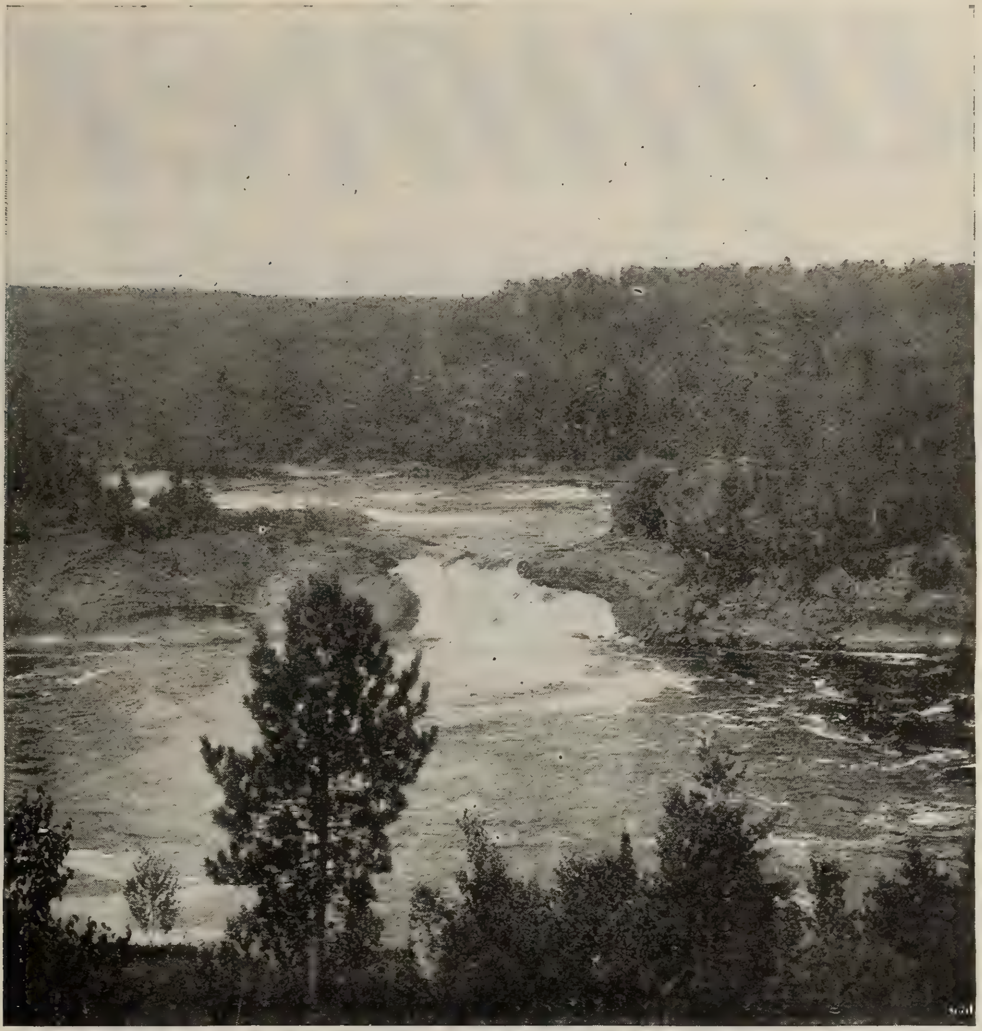

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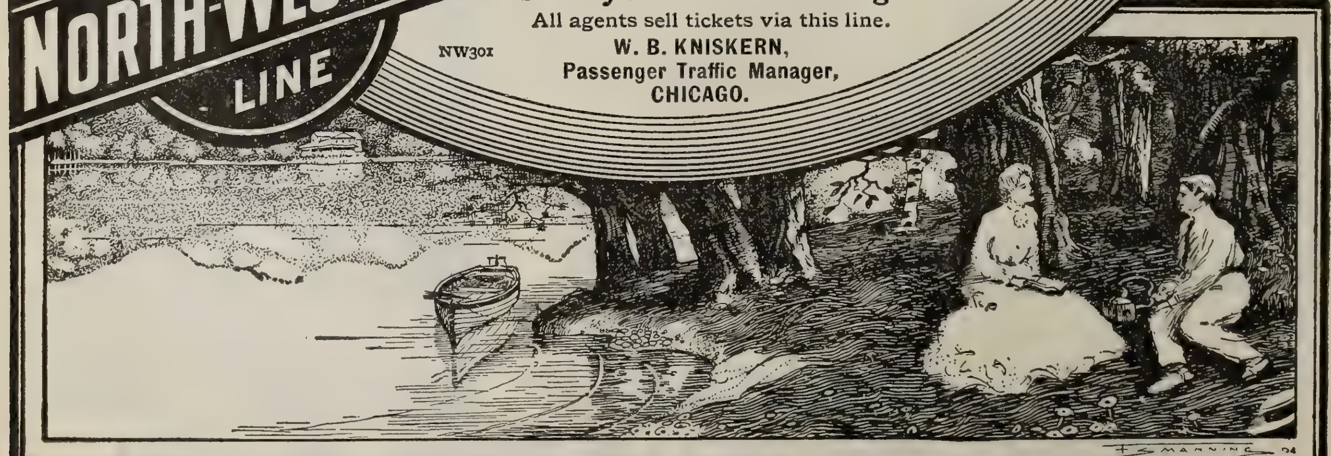

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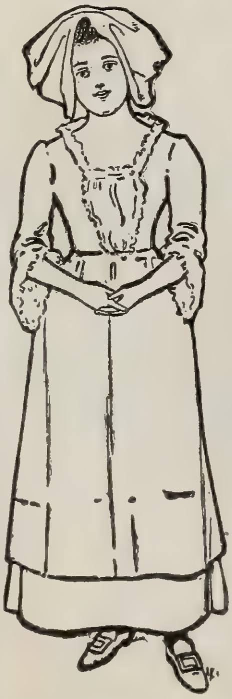

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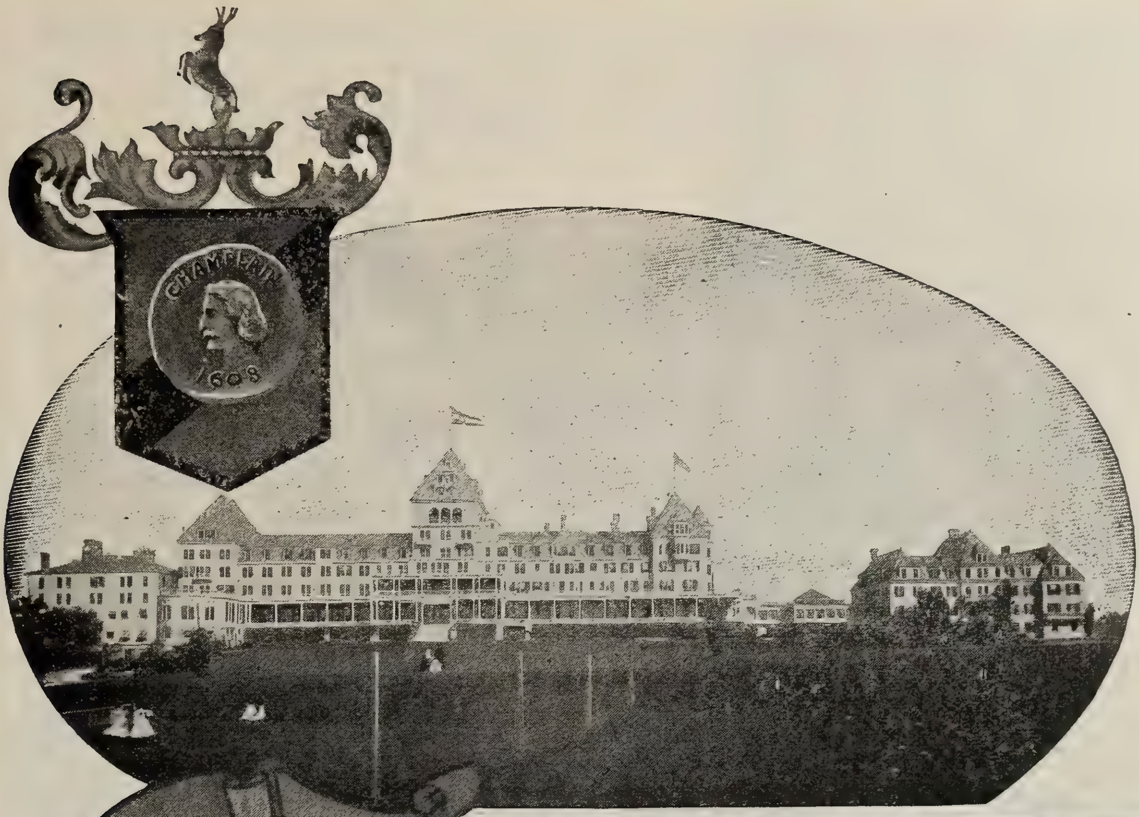

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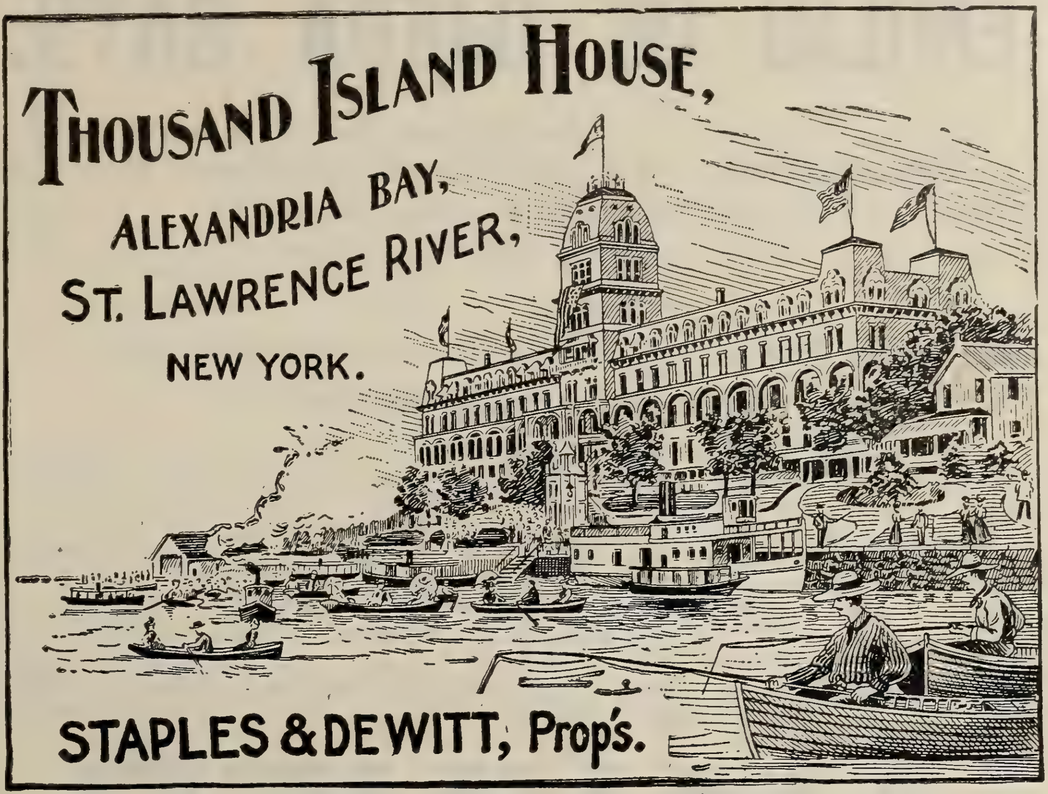
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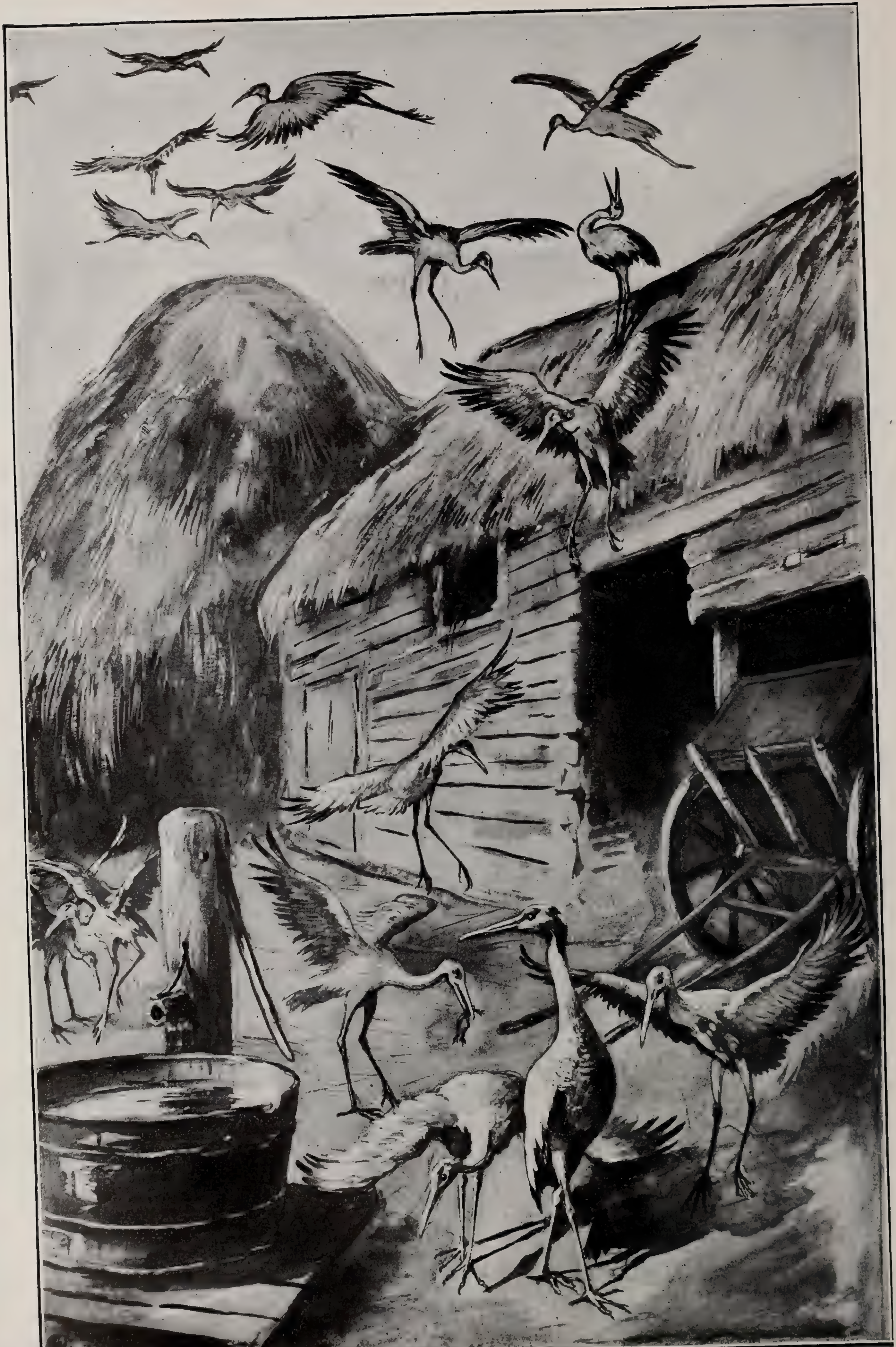


SCATTERED OVER THE YARD WERE SCORES OF CRANES.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. JULY, 1904 Number 1

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

A QUESTION OF IDENTIFICATION.

LOUIS T. MCKIM.

Jack stood on one leg in about 2 inches of warm water which covered the bottom of the tub. It was the only damp spot on the premises, and the day was sultry. He intended to sleep there until the horses came home from work and then he could take a fresh water bath after they had finished drinking. He slept quite undisturbed, for the children found it too hot to play with him and the pig, lacking the energy necessary for a spirited fight, had been vanquished by a few sturdy blows and now lay on the shady side of the tub grunting lazily. The afternoon wore slowly away with no change anywhere, except as Jack changed feet or his companion turned from one side to the other.

Jack was a 5-year-old sandhill crane, and was the pet of the family. He had been captured when a wee, fuzzy fellow. After a few days he had been contented to cast in his lot with the hens and ducks and had never shown any inclination to change. When a year old his owner, John Knolton, had cruelly suspected him, and had clipped his wings. John was, however, thoroughly ashamed of his lack of confidence, and never again repeated the operation. When any of Jack's friends flew by he would stretch his long neck and utter a few calls. On several occasions he had even visited them as they lit on the surrounding fields; but farther than this he never seemed to show any interest in wild life. He was good company to John Knolton in the fields as he followed the plow or harrow and picked bugs from the freshly turned earth. The children loved Jack, and he pecked them all quite impartially and ran away from them when he grew tired. Even Mrs. Knolton herself, busy with her work, liked to see him about the yard, and though she threatened him direfully when he walked across her clean floors with muddy feet, she forgot it all when he went with her after the cows.

Mr. Knolton at last came home, and Jack got out of the barrel, flopped his wings, struck a blow or 2 at the pig, and stuck his head into the cool fresh water as it fell from the pail.

"Well, Jack," said his master, "I saw lots of big fellows like you today. If I had had my gun we should have crane for supper."

Jack was busy with his toilet, and paid no attention to this bloodthirsty remark.

"I say, Jack, old fellow," went on Knolton, hitting Jack a friendly slap on the head. "Do you hear that, you rascal? Crane for supper, Jack."

Jack paid not the least heed but interrupted his bath to catch a grasshopper and then went on with his work as if crane 3 times a day did not affect him. His master put away his team and went in to tea.

At the supper table Mr. Knolton told of the great number of cranes about, and the bacon seemed twice as dry and salty, as the family thought of a juicy fat crane done to a delicious brown. The little Knoltons went to bed with visions of drumsticks and soft dressing that would be almost like Christmas.

Early in the morning Knolton was awakened by a great noise in the barn yard. He got up at once and ran to the window. Raising the blind he saw a sight that made his nerves tingle. Scattered over the yard, by the well and even on the stable, were scores of cranes. He understood it in a moment. A late flock had decided to pass the night on the fresh fields, but attracted by calls from Jack, had come right into the yard. They were quite at ease, flapping their wings and beginning to move about as it grew daylight.

All feverish with excitement Knolton loaded his old gun, pounding down the powder with muffled strokes and spilling some shot, which sounded on the floor like hail. When all was ready he went quietly to the window and opened it. The flock were gradually moving away from the house. showing signs of restlessness. Knolton hesitated a moment. What if he should kill Jack? Not likely among so many. Still he hesitated. They were getting farther off. Soon his gun would not reach them. Then with joy he noticed one leave the flock and turn back. That must be Jack. Knolton raised his gun and fired into the flock.

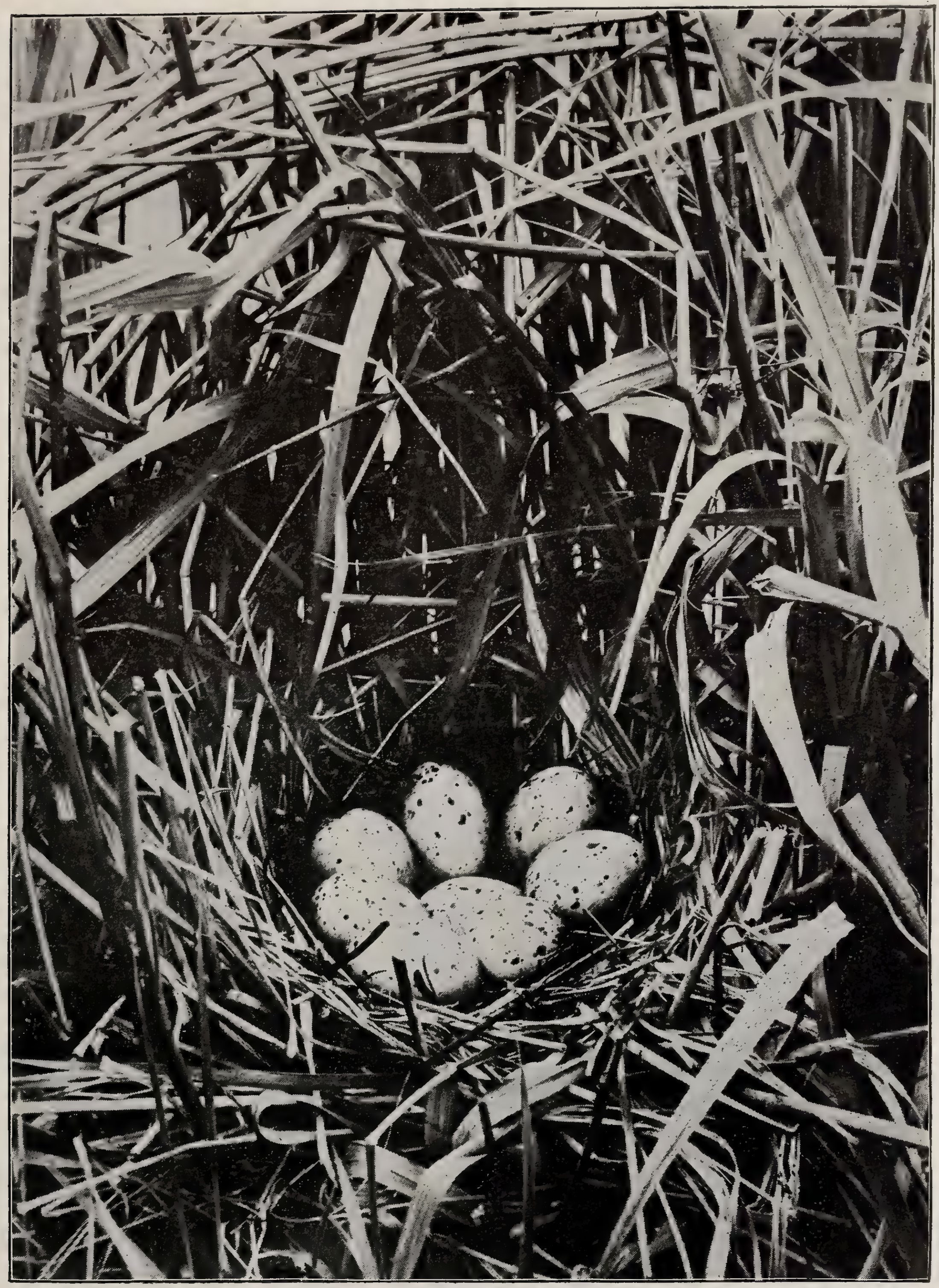
With a mighty clamor and flopping, fully 100 blue cranes rose into the air and sailed away, leaving one of their number dead on the ground. Knolton rushed on the game and started in triumph with it to the house. Suddenly he turned in alarm. Where was Jack? He was nowhere to be seen and considerable hunting and calling only assured Knolton that Jack was gone. Thoroughly frightened, Knolton returned to his game. This then must be Jack. His master felt like a murderer. Lifting the dead bird tenderly he bore him to the house. His wife and children were up and received the news woefully. The children recognized Jack by a thousand little marks and both their parents could now identify him.

A sad party took breakfast that morning at Knolton's. The children looked with tearful, reproaching eyes at their father, and Mrs. Knolton shed silent tears. Knolton ate little, feeling too much like a criminal, and he would have given his best cow if he could have put life into that poor bird.

After breakfast the whole family went to the garden, where Mr. Knolton dug a drave in the corner of the plot and Jack was buried, wrapped in white and enclosed in a soap box. Many tears were shed over his grave and a small wooden slab was placed to mark his resting place. The children planted flower seeds around it and great gloom settled over the family.

With heavy heart Mr. Knolton went to his work that day. He plowed till noon and then unhitched and turned his horses' head toward home. As he went slowly along he heard in the distance the familiar cry of the lone crane. It made him shiver. Nearer and nearer it came until it seemed so close that he wondered at its boldness. Looking up he saw it coming straight for him. It lit a few paces from him and walked across to him in quite the same old way. Filled with joy Knowlton hurried home while the mild horses wondered at his haste. The children ran out to meet him, clasped the bird round the neck and kissed him. Even the pig squealed gleefully and at once renewed his attacks.

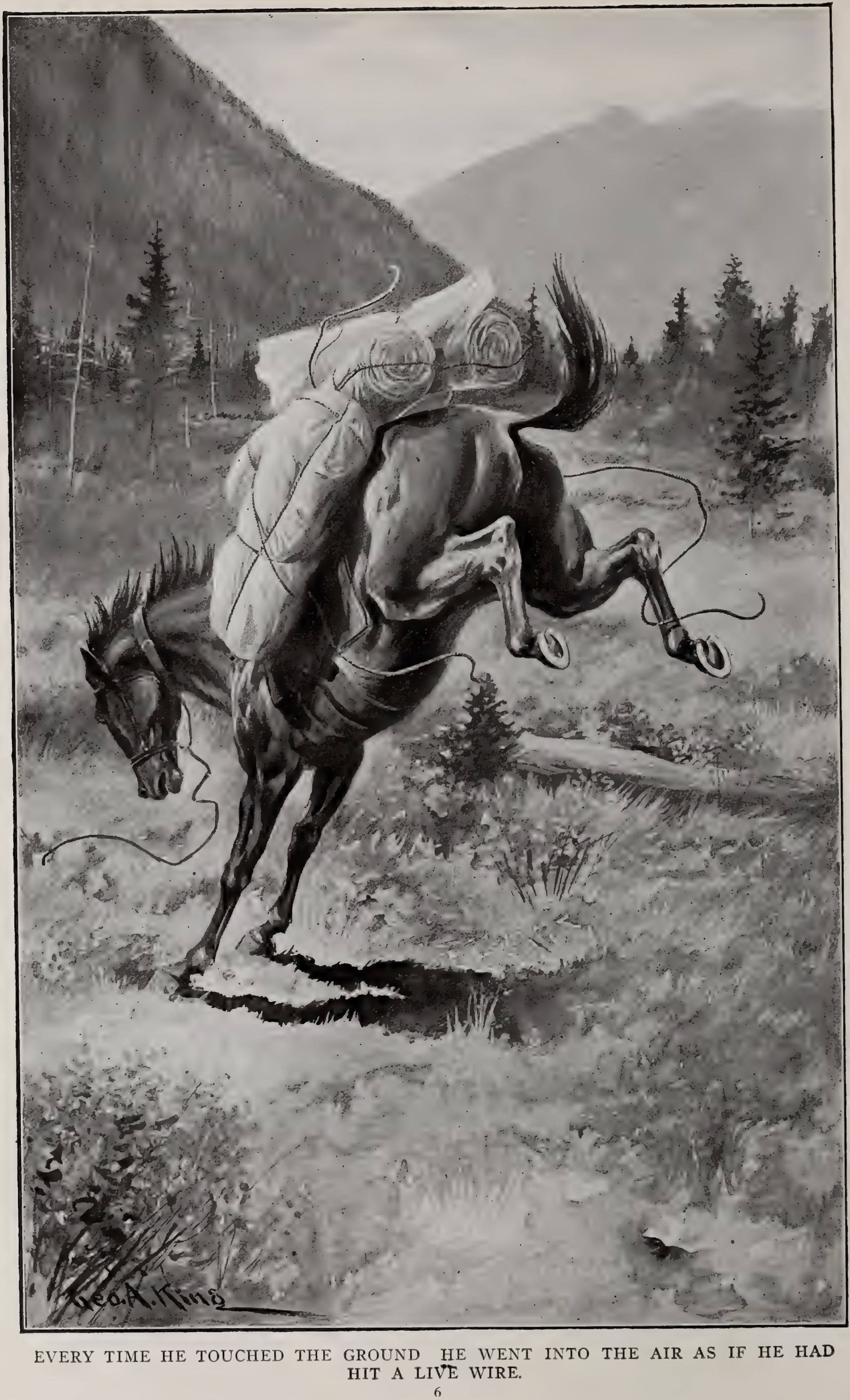
As for Jack's double, the little Knoltons say that Pa dug in the garden that afternoon and that there was crane on the bill of fare at supper time.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY JAMES H. MILLER.

NEST AND EGGS OF VIRGINIA RAIL.

One of the 17th Prize Winners in RECREATION'S 7th Annual Photo Competition.



EVERY TIME HE TOUCHED THE GROUND HE WENT INTO THE AIR AS IF HE HAD HIT A LIVE WIRE.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE PACK TRAIN.

G. O. SHIELDS.

Photos by the Author.

Horses have their individuality, as well as people, and though the horse can not talk, he manages to make characteristics known to those about him in actions which often are more forcible than words.

Some horses are vicious, others gentle, others wild, others tame, etc.; but few people who have not handled or studied horses are aware that 2 gentle horses may be as totally different in their mental make up as any 2 good natured people are. Two vicious horses may be entirely opposite in their methods of showing it.

There is no better place to study the personal peculiarities, whims, eccentricities, or general cussedness of a number of horses than at the tail end of a pack train. Did you ever ride behind one? If not, you have a great treat in store for the future and should not fail to avail of it at some time. Such an experience is a never ending source of fun, worry, amusement and provocation by turns; and you will sometimes experience all these emotions within 5 minutes.

The pack train is pre-eminently a Western institution. In fact, it is the only way of getting over the wild mountain trails with any comfort. The West is a country of magnificent distances, and a man who undertakes to walk and carry his luggage, or have it carried by other men, as is the custom in the Adirondacks or Maine, is in hard luck. There are few streams in the mountain regions of the West that can be safely run with canoe or boat, as can most of the streams in the East. So for a long tour in the mountains the saddle horse is the passenger car and the pack horse is the freight car. An outfit of saddle and pack horses is, therefore, called a pack train.

I rode thousands of miles with such trains, and I always choose the position of rear guard because the horses or mules are such a never ending source of amusement. Furthermore, I have always had a good deal of valuable property in the loads and naturally wished to be where I could keep an eye on it, to see if anything fell off or was damaged in transit.

During the past summer we traveled about 300 miles in the saddle. By "we" I mean my old hunting companion, W. H. Wright, Tom, our packer, and your Uncle Eli.

We had 6 pack horses, named, respectively, Buck, Billy, Nitchie, Brownie, Darkey and Maude. All were good, faithful critters, but some were better than others. All had good traits about them and some of them had mighty bad ones. Some were brimful of general cussedness and some so faithful and attentive to duty that I became warmly attached to them.

These horses were all raised and broken by Indians. Some of them came from the Stonies and some from the Blood Indians. The Stonies live in the mountains and the Bloods on the prairies, and the horses showed, in their work, the results of their early training. Those that came from the Stony camp were typical mountain climbers, and nothing was too steep or too difficult for them. The Blood ponies were at a disadvantage in the rough country, but could distance the others when we struck a bit of prairie trail.

Old Buckskin was a big, stocky, squarely built, flat backed horse with a leg under each corner, as the boy said, and always attended strictly to business. He had his own way of doing his work, which was not always our way, but he usually got through it safely.

The packer always rides at the head of the train, and Buckskin's place was next to him. When we finished packing in the morning and Tom mounted his horse and said, "Come on, Buck," that veteran lined in behind Foxy and would be found close behind him when we reached the next camp.

I said Buckskin was a flat backed horse. That was partly due to the fact that we kept him fat all summer. His back was so flat that the pack lay on it as it would lie on a table. One day he was loitering by the wayside. Wright picked up a bit of shale and shied it at him. It struck the pack, dropped on Buck's rump and lay there until we had gone half a mile. If one should pour water on Buck's back only a part of it would run off.

Buck is a faithful old horse, but he has a beastly way of going out of the trail when he should stay in it. He always thinks he knows a better way of getting around a hole or a log than the one the packer selects, and whenever the leader struck a bad place, Buck, instead of following his file leader as he should, would undertake a flank movement. In many cases he would get in trouble and Wright and I would have to help him out. The trail is always supposed to be made in the best place, and the best pack horses follow their leaders through thick and thin. If a Smart Aleck undertakes to go around a bog, gets in up to his neck and you have to get off, wade in and help him out, you are tempted to say things that would not sound well in Sunday school.

Buck scared me stiff half a dozen times when fording big creeks and rivers. If he saw Tom's saddle horse go in up to his belly, Buck would straightway conclude he could find a shallower place, and he often came near going in up to his neck before we could head him off. We always tried to make up the packs so they would stand dumping in the river without getting wet; but this is sometimes impossible. If you have a valuable camera and a lot of still more valuable exposed plates in a pack which is not thoroughly waterproof, and see the horse that carries them heading for a deep hole, the chills are apt to chase one another up and down your spine mighty fast. We finally learned to put packs on Buck with which he could swim, if he wanted to, and we put the cameras, the sugar, the cigars, the cereals, and other perishable goods on a more obedient horse.

Old Buck gave us the only genuine exhibition of Wild West rough bucking we had on the trip. On our way to Banff, after we had broken our last camp, we were going through a patch of burnt timber when Darkey jammed one of his side packs against a dead tree, about 4 inches in diameter and 30 feet high. The tree went down with a wild sweep, and hit old Buck across the hind quarters, just as he was reaching for a bite of grass. The dead branches crashed over the poor creature with a racket that would have wakened a dead horse; and Buck was not dead, by a long way. He quit the outfit, struck into a meadow near and started to run in a circle, hitting only the high places. Every time he touched the ground he went into the air as if he had hit a live wire. He doubled, and turned, and bent his back according to the most approved methods of thoroughbred bucking. The load was on to stay, but it could not stay through such a siege, and Buck never quit until he dumped the whole outfit and had wrapped the lash rope several times around both hind legs. If he had not succeeded in doing himself up that way he might have been bucking yet, for all I know; for he went at it with an apparent determination to stay until he got through.

Later in the day another horse ran against a dead limb, which broke with a loud report, and Buck's head was in the air in an instant, to see if the tree was coming his way. He was ready to unload again, if need be, but it wasn't.

Buck does not tolerate any undue familiarity on the part of his traveling companions, or of strange horses. When we turned out the bunch at night Buck always stayed near the others, but did not care to be too near them, nor to have them come too near him. If any one of them came rubbering around, trying to be chummy with Buck, he was likely to get a gentle reminder in the shape of an impression of Buck's teeth, or one of his hind feet, whichever happened to be nearest to the intruder at the time. We were passing through a little mining town and an old horse was picketed near the main street. He offered to greet the visitors warmly, and walked up to Buck, trying to touch noses and be friendly. Buck made a dive for him with his mouth open like that of a big alligator, and it looked as if he was going to bite the old horse's neck off. The reception committee changed its mind suddenly, and made a dash to the rear. He stood looking at us until we were out of sight, and seemed to be saying to himself, "Well, that's the surliest old cuss I ever saw."

With all his faults, Buck is one of the most powerful and enduring brutes I ever knew, and if I were making up a pack train for a summer tour I would gladly give $100 for him, though good pack horses sell in that country at $30 to $40.

Billy is a large, long legged, lanky bay horse and attends to his own business about as well as any in the train. He is slow of motion and usually drifts to the tail end of the procession early in the day. A quirt has no terrors for him, so I had plenty of chance to develop the muscles in my right arm, in order to keep him in sight of the outfit. He has a coming appetite and an ungovernable fondness for dropping out of the trail to nab a tempting bunch of grass or brush; but barring these little digressions he stays in line and saws wood, from morning till night. He cares not how big a load is put on him, nor how much tinware, how many kettles, or anything else it contains, or how much racket they make. All is freight that comes his way and whatever is put on him in the morning will be there at night, when camp is struck.

Brownie is made up much like Buck, both mentally and physically, excepting that he is wholly contented to stay in the trail. Only occasionally does he leave it, when passing an unusually tempting bit of grass, and a warning from the driver sends him on a jump into his proper place. He is as brawny as an ox and will not rebel if 500 pounds are put on him. Fortunately, we did not have to load any of our horses above 250 pounds, and most of the time the heaviest loads did not weigh 200 pounds. Old Brownie was so faithful and attentive to business that after the first few days he was chosen to carry the cameras and the photo supplies, and always landed them in camp safe. His one failing was that he was not willing to have any other horse than his regular file leader go ahead of him in the trail, and if one undertook to intrude, Brownie would go for him with his mouth open as if he were going to bite him in 2. If the interloper did not take the hint and make himself scarce he was liable to get severely chewed. Brownie posed as a cannibal. One would think to see him go for an unwelcome neighbor, that he was going to bite out a chunk and eat it raw; but he did more bluffing than real biting.

Darkey was so named because he was blacker than Brownie, and because his owner liked him too well to call him Nigger. Darkey is a jet black, plump, shining, handsome little cayuse, and weighs about 650 pounds. He is as wild as the famous horses of Tartary, yet means to be as gentle as a kitten. He always acted as if he thought he was going to be basted with a club every time we started to pack him. When any of us picked up a bundle and started to put it on him he would jump as if he thought it was full of hornets. By treating him with the utmost kindness and gentleness, we tamed him a good deal, during the 3 months we had him, but still he showed his shy and retiring disposition to the last. I imagine he had been shamefully abused when being broken for the pack, but I believe if we had worked him another 2 months he would have been entirely cured of his early impressions.

When once the load was put on Darkey, and he was turned loose, there was no more trouble with him. He never developed a bad trait on the trail, but always attended strictly to business, stayed in his place and if, in any kind of a mixup, he lost his file leader a moment, Darkey took advantage of the first opportunity to get back to his proper place.

We had a lot of fun with Darkey about yellow jackets. We stirred up about 50 of their nests in or close to the trail, during the trip, and Darkey never seemed to get on to their curves. The other horses, when they saw trouble of this kind ahead, would leave the trail, and shy around the storm center; but poor little Darkey would go on about his business. When he reached the yellow jackets' nest the first one or 2 would hit him on the fore leg. Darkey always seemed to think they were horse flies, and would stop to fight them off. By that time half a dozen others would land on him at various points, wake him up to the real situation, and he would stampede. Then the other horses must get out of his way, or be run over. He would knock down dead trees, or live horses, or men, or anything else that got in his way until he placed several acres of land between him and the scene of trouble.

Maude was one of the most interesting studies in the whole train. She was wild, uncontrollable and reckless. She had no fixed place in the line of march, and if we put her in a certain file when leaving camp, she would not stay there 10 minutes. She would break out and in and would follow every horse in the train, by turns. She never stayed in the trail a mile at a time, if there was any possible chance of getting out without breaking her blooming neck. No matter how good the trail might be, how deep the mud, how thick the brush or intricate the barricade of fallen trees, how dangerous the slide rocks on both sides of the trail, Maude would sail out to one side and get in trouble if possible. If we were traveling in an open country she was constantly on the wing, on either side of the trail, like a high strung pointer hunting birds. She caused more profanity than all the other horses together. I wore out my quirt and my vocal organs, day after day, trying to break her of this pernicious habit, but all to no avail. She was as supremely pestiferous the last day of the trip as the first.

We called her all kinds of names. For instance, the Lamp Shade Girl, on account of the peculiar shape which her load assumed one day. At other times we dubbed her Maude the Ranger. Sometimes when she was gentle and lovable a few minutes we called her Maude Adams. Again, when she gave us an exhibition of her uncontrollable spirits, we called her Maude Byron. When, after a hard day's work, she began to show the effects of old age, we called her Maude Granger. When she was especially kind and affectionate, we called her Maude Brockway. Again, when we went out to look for her in the morning and could not find her, we called her Maude Gonne. Wright and Tom sometimes called her other names, that would not do to print, so I skip them.

We asked Brewster what he ever bought such an intractable creature for, anyway. He said he did not buy her; that an Indian came along one day leading her, and wanted to trade her for some other horse, any old horse he could get. Brewster had in the corral at the time a big, vicious bronco that no one had ever been able to ride or pack without getting killed or his outfit kicked into the next province.

"And," said Billy, "I told the Indian to turn the mare into the corral and take the horse. He did so, and I never heard what became of him. In fact, I don't want to hear, for I have no doubt the bronco killed him."

Last and least of the pack horses was little Nitchie, another pestiferous nuisance. He is even smaller than Darkey, and is a general all around fake. When there was any work to do he always pretended to be lame in his right fore leg; but when we would strike camp, and turn the bunch out, he was as frisky as any of them, and never limped from that time until packing time came again.

I don't know where they found his name, but he was probably called after Nitchie Novgorod, a city in Russia, or Siberia, or Rhode Island, I have forgotten which.

Nitchie always made more protests against being packed than any other horse in the gang. When we put up the first bundle, no matter if it did not weigh more than 15 pounds, he would sway to the other side, and groan, and stagger, and make faces, as if it were breaking his back When the opposite pack was put up, he would lean against the fellow on this side and put up similar bluffs. When the top pack went on, he would pretend this was indeed the last straw, the one that was really going to kill him, and we could scarcely keep him from lying down.

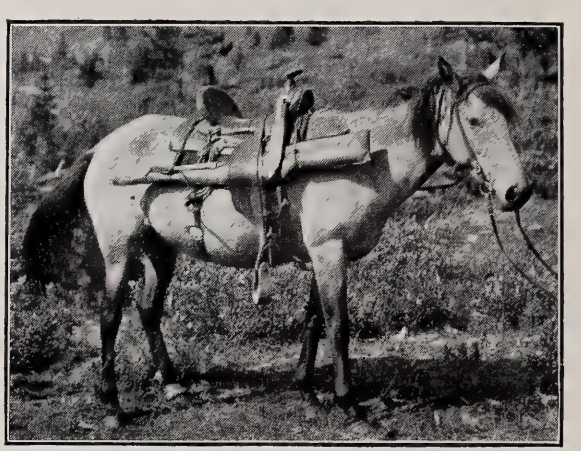
He never carried more than 125 pounds any time during the summer; but one would think from the desperate pretenses he made when being loaded, that we were putting 400 pounds on him.

When we came to cinching the load, Nitchie would spread himself all over the camp, grunt and fall about as if he were being cut in 2, though we were always careful not to cinch him so tightly as the other horses.

When we got on the trail Nitchie seemed to forget all about having anything to carry, and was the first to drop out of the ranks and graze. He had an appetite like that of an ostrich. No matter if he had been in grass knee high all the afternoon and night, he never seemed to get enough, and 10 minutes out of camp he could not pass a tempting bite without making a dive for it. We showed him a good deal of mercy on account of his being the runt of the outfit, and on account of his being, or pretending to be, lame. He was so persistent in his grazing habit that about once every half hour it became necessary to wake him up and set him going. He would even go 30 or 40 feet from the trail to get into a good bunch of grass. At such times I would spur my horse and run up on him before he knew I was coming, and I would land a hot one on his rump with the whip, following it with 2 or 3 more before he could get out of reach. When he would get back into the train he would stop and look back at me as much as to say, "How the devil did you ever get up there without letting me know it?"

Nitchie was by all odds the clown of the bunch, and afforded us more fun than all the other horses combined.

The saddle horses have their own private opinions and tastes, and their own ways of doing things, as well as the pack horses.



NELLIE.

Foxy, otherwise called the Red Fox, because of his wearing the color of that animal, was Tom's saddle horse. He was the dude of the outfit, the handsomest pony of the lot, with the possible exception of Darkey. These 2 would have tied for first place in a beauty show. Foxy was fat, sleek and his red coat glistened in the sunlight like a newly painted automobile.

Wright's saddle horse bears the homely, commonplace name of Nellie. She is a little buckskin, and is so woefully awkward, yet so anxious to be good, that she enlisted the sympathy of the entire party. She was always stumbling or staggering, or getting into trouble of some kind. Her specialty was going on the other side of every tree she came to. Wright liked to walk and lead his horse, and Nellie would leave a good trail any time to go on the other side of a tree from that on which Wright had gone. Then Wright would say things. Meantime he would have to back up and pull the mare around on his side, or else go on her side of the tree. I never knew a horse that could do so many things in a given time to provoke uncomplimentary remarks on the part of a master as Nellie could. She didn't mean it. She was simply built that way, and could not help it.

Last and largest is Baldy; true, faithful, kind, untiring old Baldy. That was what his owners called him, because he has a clean face; but he is deserving of a better name, and after a month of intimate acquaintance with him I christened him Old Surefoot. He carried me about 300 miles in the course of the summer, and at least 290 of that distance was over the most infamous trails that could be found on the earth. As I have before intimated, we had down timber, criscrossed and piled in every shape that Satan could ever invent. We had rocks scrambled and jumbled in every way an earthquake, or a volcano, or any possible shaking up of the earth could ever place them. We had muskeags with bottoms 3 feet below the surface, and others without bottom. We forded creeks running white over big boulders, and rivers of innumerable channels, that ran through serpentine ways over beds of quicksand. We climbed hills that were so straight up they leaned back, and we descended others that were a little more than straight down. Of course, I always dismount and lead my horse up and down the steep places, and over as many of the other bad places as possible, but in some cases you must ride or stay where you are. Old Surefoot took me over all such bad spots and over what little good trail there was, and only fell with me once. Not once did he make a misstep, and no matter how steep the hill, if I saw fit to ride up or down he always landed me at the top or the bottom, as the case might be, right end up with care. He fell with me just once, but I do not blame him for that. We were crossing a big bog through which ran a brook, about 4 feet wide and 3 feet deep. Old Surefoot went in all right, and would have gone out properly on the other side if he had had a decent show; but when he undertook to mount the opposite bank one foot went through the overhanging sod clear up to his breast, and his hind foot being in the middle of the creek, deep in the mud, the situation was a little too much for him and he took a header. Any horse would have done likewise in his place. If I had been carrying a big man I would have dumped him in the creek, too.

OLD SUREFOOT.

Old Surefoot was as strong as an ox, yet as kind and as gentle as a kitten. I don't believe he knew how to buck, but he had one peculiarity; he seemed to have bad dreams at night. Every few minutes, during the first 3 or 4 miles out from camp, he would seem to imagine that some beast was springing at him from behind, and he would make a desperate leap to get away from it. At first he came near going out from under me, but I remembered his trick from that on, and was always careful to keep a good seat in the saddle. Surefoot must have killed some Indian in his younger days, who probably had beaten or abused him in some way, and possibly the ghost of the red man came back and haunted the old horse. Whether this was so or not, there was something on his mind, and it affected him mostly at night.

Naturally, I became warmly attached to the dear old beast, and one of the most trying experiences of my life was parting with him when I came away. I would have brought him home, if I could have done so reasonably, but I knew he would not shine among the fine haired horses of the East.

I got stuck on another cayuse years ago, and brought him all the way from Spokane to Chicago, where I lived at the time. He had carried me over hundreds of miles of mountain trails, and through all kinds of difficulties; but he could not *sabe* the city streets. I lent him to a friend to ride one day, and the poor little cayuse slipped on a street car rail, broke his fetlock joint, and we had to kill him. That is why I did not think it best to negotiate for permission to bring Surefoot to New York. However, I made Brewster promise me, with his hand on his heart, that he would never allow Surefoot to carry a pack, and that he would kill any man at sight who might ever undertake to abuse the horse in any way.

Cheerful Widow—Why so dismal?

Future Husband—I am afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I have saved.

Cheerful Widow—What of it? A wedding trip only happens once in 5 or 6 years.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. P. HAMBLY.

THE BLUE HERON IN HIS FAVORITE HAUNT.

Winner of 33rd Prize in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

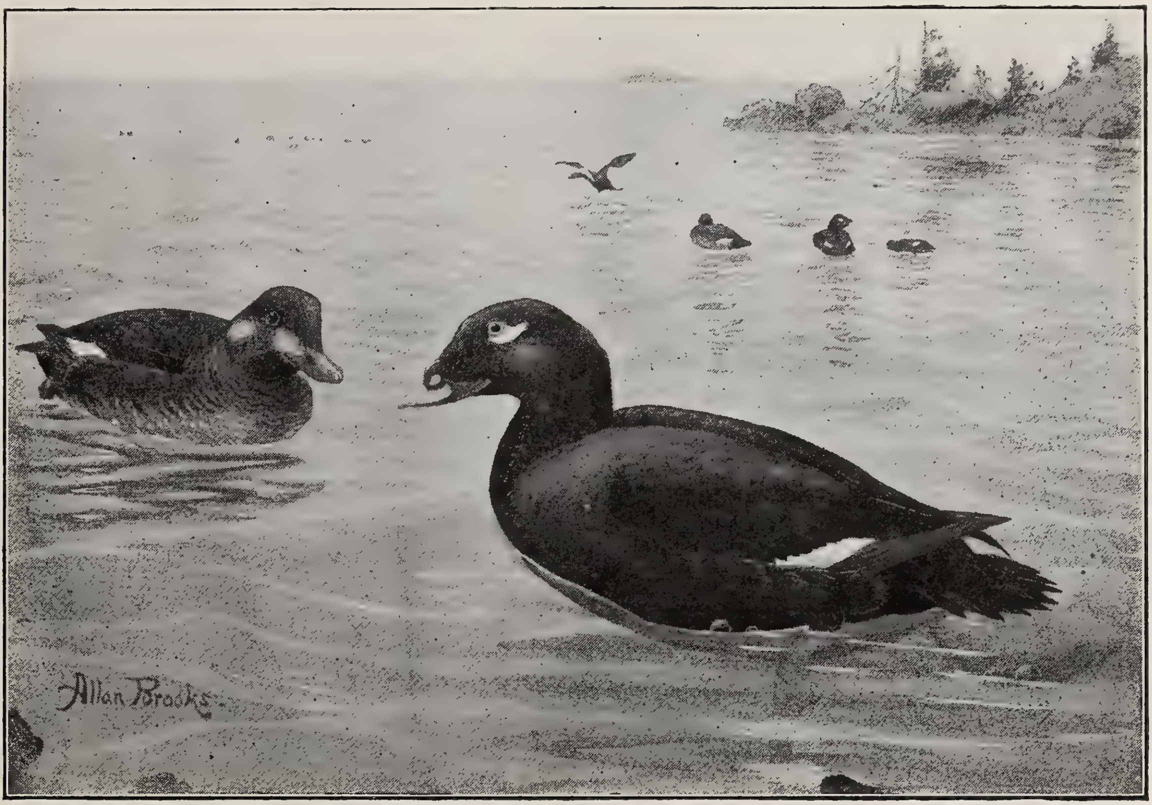
THE SCOTERS.

ALLAN BROOKS.

Scoters, those large black ducks more generally known as sea coots in America, are found throughout the Northern hemisphere. Except the eiders, they are the most maritime of ducks, being most abundant on the sea coasts, and are frequently seen far out of sight of land. They also occur more or less commonly on the larger lakes, and sometimes on smaller bodies of water, especially where these are of a saline nature. Even when killed on fresh water the flesh of scoters is rank and fishy, but numbers are eaten, when better ducks are not available, by masking their strong flavor with various condiments.

Scoters are among the hardest of all waterfowl to kill. Not only are they most expert divers, but the quantity of shot they can carry is astonishing. They rise with difficulty, throwing great spouts of water up with each stroke of their powerful feet, which they use to help them clear the surface. Once clear their feet are spread wide apart until they are well on the wing. When rising they make a deep, whistling noise with their wings, especially noticeable in the water. When in full flight their wings move noiselessly, but on alighting again they make a few more whistling strokes and hold their wings pointed high up over the back until their impetus is exhausted.

In diving, scoters open their wings slightly and plunge abruptly forward; but I do not think, from my own observations, that they use the wings when under water, propelling themselves solely with their feet—huge webbed paddles, larger than those of any other duck.



WHITE WINGED SCOTER, *OIDEMIA DEGLANDI.*

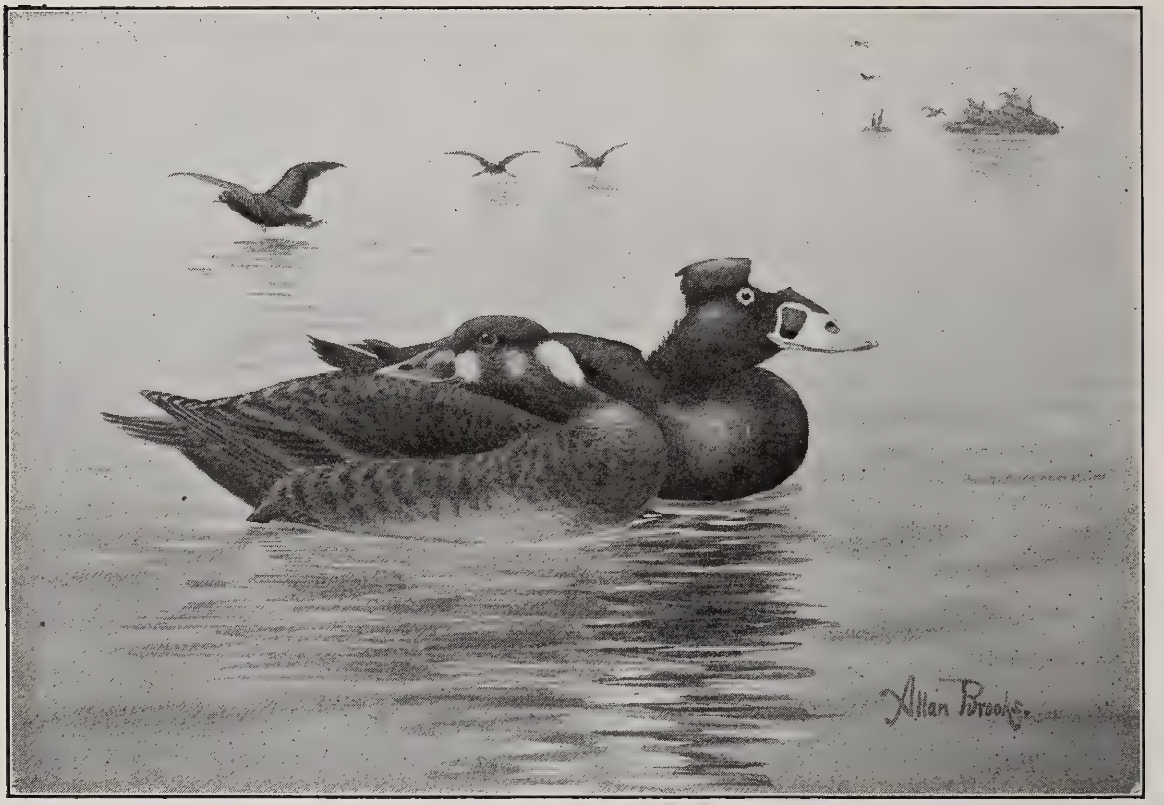
There are 6 species of scoters known to science. Of these, 3 are common to America: the white winged, the surf and the American. The white winged scoter, *Oidemia deglandi,* more commonly called white winged coot, is found from Atlantic to Pacific. In Europe and Northern Asia it is replaced by the velvet scoter, *O. fusca,* and in Northeast Asia by the Kamchatkan scoter, *O. stegneri,* both of which are closely allied species, with the same general character.

The white winged scoter is the most numerous and generally distributed of the genus in America, and is the species most frequently found on inland waters. From the other American species it can always be told by the broad white patch on the wing, which is present in both sexes. It is a large duck, large males weighing about 5 pounds.

The note of the male is a high pitched, grating quack, seldom heard, as they are usually silent.

When courting, the males chase one another along the surface of the water. Every now and then one will dive and come up underneath another male, which then affects great terror and immediately dives itself, this play being repeated for hours.

On the coast of Southern British Columbia great numbers of these birds can be seen in summer, nearly all old males; but none of the scoters breed there. The white winged species breeds in the Northern portion of the Province, East of the Rockies also, and even South of the 49th parallel. About the 1st of October great flights of females and young arrive on the coasts. String follows string in rapid succession, flying in lines abreast, and not one behind the other.



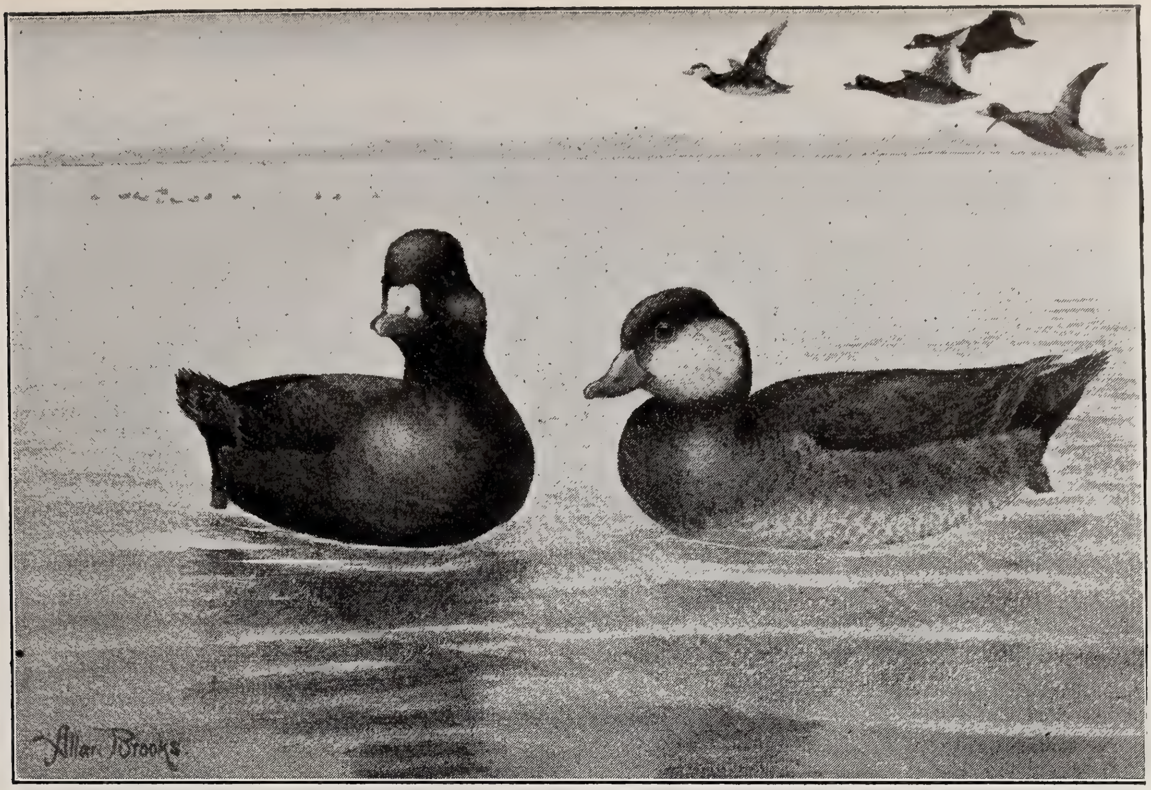
SURF SCOTER, *OIDEMIA PERSPICILLATA.*

The male white winged scoter is a handsome bird, his velvety, dead black plumage being relieved by the broad white wing patch, and small white mark behind the eyes. The iris in the male is white; bill orange red and white, with the knob and base black; feet black, blotched with orange red on inner and rose pink on outer surfaces. In the female the iris is brown, bill blackish, and feet dusky reddish with black webs.

The surf scoter, *Oidemia perspicillata,* the smallest of the genus, can always be told by the absence of white from the wing and the presence of a white patch on the nape in both sexes. In range and habits it nearly resembles the white winged species, but seems to prefer shallower water, feeding close in shore, often among the tumbling surf from which it derives its name. The note of the male is a curious liquid "puk," resembling a drop of water falling in some cavernous pool. This note is generally heard when the males are courting, 6 or 8 of them whirling around like whirligig beetles, with their heads high in the air.

The iris in the male is pearly white, bill vividly colored with red, orange, and Chinese white, the 2 hard bosses at the base black; feet red, the joints and webs dusky black. In the female the iris is grayish brown, bill blackish and feet dull red with webs blackish.

The American scoter, *Oidemia Americana,* is nearly as large as the white winged. In the male American the plumage is entirely black. The female is lighter in color than either of the other species; the light colored throat and cheeks and absence of a



AMERICAN SCOTER, *OIDEMIA AMERICANA.*

white wing bar being sufficient to distinguish her from other female scoters of America.

In the old world the American scoter is replaced by a closely allied species, *Oidemia nigra.*

The American scoter is by far the most maritime of the 3 species found on this continent, and I have never seen it inland, though it occurs on the great lakes. It loves to frequent the wild, open shores, seldom venturing into the land-locked harbors where the other species swarm; in this respect resembling the harlequin duck, with which it often associates.

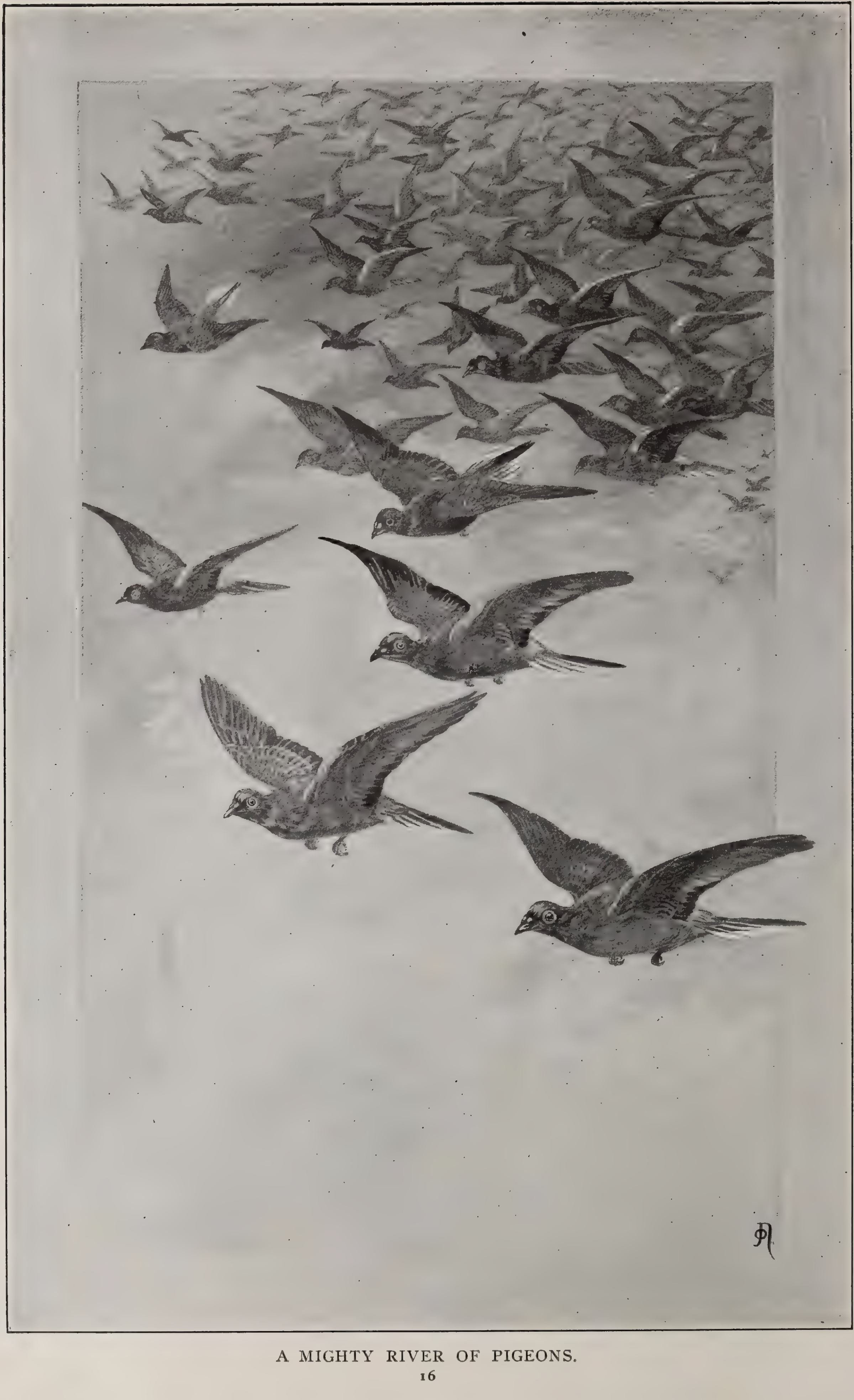
Like the harlequin, small flocks of American scoters, composed of half a dozen males and a female or 2, are constantly on the wing in fine, calm weather. A female leads, the males bunched in behind her, all uttering their plaintive call. After ascending some 50 feet from the water they swing around and alight a quarter of a mile away, when another flock will rise and go through the same performance. The cry is a sweet and mournful whistle, pitched in a low key. Once heard it will always conjure up visions of the opal tinted, glassy reaches of the Pacific sounds, with their horizon of violet peaks in jagged outline against the saffron sky, the water studded with floating sea fowl and the air resonant with the mournful cadence of the scoter's cries. The males also have another note, a hoarse, guttural chuckle, exactly like that of a small Eastern frog, When uttering it, the scoters shoot flat along the water, just as the frogs do.

The American scoters rise with much less exertion than other scoters, and when on the wing the under side of the primaries looks conspicuously light colored. The iris is brown in both sexes. The bill in the male is black with an orange yellow knob at the base; in the female, blackish with a trace of yellow toward base. The feet are brownish olive in both male and female.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. B. PARKER.

FEEDING THE BABY.

Winner of 41st Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.



A MIGHTY RIVER OF PIGEONS.

A NIGHT IN A PIGEON ROOST.

WM. A. CRAWLEY.

When a boy in my frontier home, I had netted, trapped or ensnared almost every species of game, but the wild pigeon was easily my favorite; I can hardly tell why. Perhaps it was their singular beauty, their swiftness of flight, their sudden appearance in great numbers, and their recklessness, which almost invited capture.

At that time I heard wonderful stories about wild pigeon roosts, which I could scarcely believe; but these roosts were in the wilderness, so remote from civilization that I hardly expected ever to see one. I was, therefore, overjoyed when, at the age of 19. I unexpectedly had an opportunity of visiting the great pigeon roosts in Arkansas.

I was a trooper, and we were constructing winter quarters near Brownsville, in a woodland at the edge of a beautiful prairie, which lay to the East and North of us. Flocks of pigeons flew over our camp every day, going North, and I learned from an old citizen that they roosted only 8 miles distant, a little East of North of where we were then quartered. He said that if we would go to the roost at night with a lantern and a club we could in a short time kill all the pigeons we could carry away. I explained to him the scarcity of lanterns, and he suggested that a small wire basket in which we could carry burning pine knots would answer the purpose.

I found some old telegraph wire and made 2 pear shaped baskets, with wire bales, each holding, perhaps, half a peck. As we were in a pine country, I soon gathered a supply of pine knots which made a bright light and were not easily extinguished.

The old man had also suggested that we carry a bag at the left side, suspended from the shoulders, shot-pouch fashion.

I decided to go at once, and soon found a comrade who was as anxious to visit the roost as I was. It was necessary to start in daylight to reach the roost by dark, so we had to run the picket, but were not discovered. Our road lay across 4 miles of prairie and 4 miles of timber. Near the edge of the timber on the farther side of the prairie was a solitary tree known as the Lone Tree, and at that point the roads forked. The old settler had instructed me to take the road to the right. When we reached the tree, although we were 4 miles from the roost, we heard a dull, roaring sound, as of a heavy freight train, which made our hearts beat faster and caused us to quicken the pace of our horses. Entering the woods at the farther edge of the prairie, we soon came into a creek bottom, and after crossing the creek we began to notice feathers in the road. The roaring sound had become so loud that we could hardly hear each other speak, and soon we came to a sight not easily forgotten. Even now I can liken it to nothing so much as a mighty river of pigeons rushing to the East, half a mile in width and 50 feet in depth. The bottom of this great river passed through the tree tops, and we were afterward told that no matter from what direction a flock of pigeons arrived at the roost, they always circled around and joined this mighty flight, moving to the East with the majesty of a great army.

We could not resist the temptation to dismount and throw clubs among the pigeons. We also stood a long pole on end and by making it sway violently at the top tried to bring some of them down; but they were experts at dodging and we had poor success at this.

Our road led us to an elevated plateau where the pigeons were beginning to alight. Along this road we came to a small log dwelling. The proprietor, a typical Arkansas pioneer, stood in front of the house and to our inquiry as to how long the pigeons had been roosting there, he replied,

"You cain't prove it by me. I hev bin here 30 year, and they was here when I come."

We made camp in a clump of bushes and decided to get supper before making an assault on the roost. Gathering dry brush and wood, we soon had our coffee, bacon and hard bread, winding up with a smoke, during which we were able to take a survey of the roost. It covered more than 1,000 acres of soil that was naturally poor, but which has been enriched by the droppings of these birds for probably 50 years that it had grown up into a wilderness of almost every variety of tree and briar and shrub; and the sheer weight of these birds had bent and twisted this tree growth into nearly every shape and direction. Under every tree of any size were mounds formed by these droppings, often 3 feet in height. This jungle was well nigh impenetrable but for the paths made by fierce looking hogs in their hunt for dead and crippled pigeons.

These birds would alight on a tree until every available space was occupied and then alight on each other until the tree became a quivering mass of pigeons. Often the breaking of a branch would cause this great mass to arise suddenly and the sound was like that of a discharge of a cannon. This was repeated every moment or 2 throughout the roost during the entire night, causing such excitement and noise as one could witness nowhere else and which it is difficult to describe. Poor creatures! After flying hundreds of miles to seek repose it was more like going to battle than to bed!

With our baskets filled with blazing pine knots, and our clubs, not over 15 inches in length and an inch in thickness, we began the assault on the feathered legions. The light so blinded their eyes that we went right among them, and from the low limbs and bushes we swiped them right and left. Sometimes on a low limb there were a dozen sitting in a row, and with a long, swinging stroke at their necks we brought down several. We noticed that unless we hit their head or broke their wings, they would nearly always escape; and a hard blow on the back, knocking the bird 10 or 12 feet, almost always resulted in his flying away.

Sometimes they were so tame and so unconscious of danger that we plucked them from the low limbs and bushes as you would pluck apples, and pushed them into our sacks. When exhausted from the excitement and labor of wielding our clubs, we rested, as there was no danger of the birds' leaving until morning.

Long after midnight, exhausted but filled with pleasant excitement, and with 2 bushel bags full of pigeons, we withdrew to find our horses and get some needed rest. This was more difficult than we had expected, for we had been so absorbed in the exciting sport that we did not bear in mind how far or in what direction we went. After reaching our little camp, I concluded to empty one of the bags of pigeons and count them. From the heap one of them quietly flew away. He had merely been stunned and had recovered.

We slept soundly, notwithstanding the great commotion around us, and were up soon after daylight. Just at sunrise I saw this feathered host arise in one vast cloud that darkened the sun, circle around the great roost, and rest a moment on the topmost branches. With the sun shining on them they resembled a great purple sea! Then, breaking up into small detachments, they began to depart for the great grain fields of the Northwest.

Soon we were on our way to camp, smoking our pipes, discussing our wonderful experience, and speculating on pigeon pie, which we had in abundance for the next few days.

APOSTROPHE TO A TROUT.

J. B. CURRIE.

Ho, ho! my lusty trout!
At last I've hauled you out!
Ten times across your track
I threw my Spanish Black!
Ten times against the wind
I threw my Jenny Lind!
Drake, Moth, and Midge did duty,
To tempt my speckled beauty;
But all, alas! in vain!
You snubbed them with disdain;
Scarce sniffed them, as you rose,
With piscatorial nose.
Your tastes were animal,
Nay, somewhat cannibal;
You fancied cleric bait,
Determined to await
My Parson's gorgeous gown,
Which soon came floating down
Toward that whirling eddy,
Where you were making ready
To curve your sinuous back,
And make a fierce attack!
It came; you saw, and took
That Parson, with a hook!
You rose, you seized him quick!
That Parson did the trick!
Nay, gently! Do not squirm,
I hold you safe and firm.
Lor! How the boys will stare
At you, my bonnie fare!
Nay, softly now, be still!
My hook is in your gill.
You'll weigh, I trow, six pounds!
You'll measure twenty. . . . Zounds!
He's gone! Oh, for my gaff!
Lor! How the boys will chaff!

Skinflint—If anything should happen to me, dearest, you will be all right. I've just insured my life.

Young Bride—But suppose nothing does happen to you?—Life.

CAMPING AT CULVER'S LAKE.

J. H. UHLE.

Photos by the Author.

In July, 1902, my brother and a friend and I went to Culver's lake, Sussex county, New Jersey. This lake lies at the foot of a spur of the Blue mountains, through which the Delaware river runs at the Water Gap, 35 miles away. It is one of several lakes which find their way to the Delaware river through the Paulius Kill. The lake is 3 miles wide, 2 miles long and has a shore line of 8 miles. A ride of 3 hours on the D., L. & W railroad will take one to Branchville, the end of the line. From there it is a drive of 2 miles to Lyons' boat house, at the foot of the lake, where boats, bait, refreshments, etc., can be obtained; and visitors will find Frank, as Mr. Lyons is known to his friends, most accommodating.

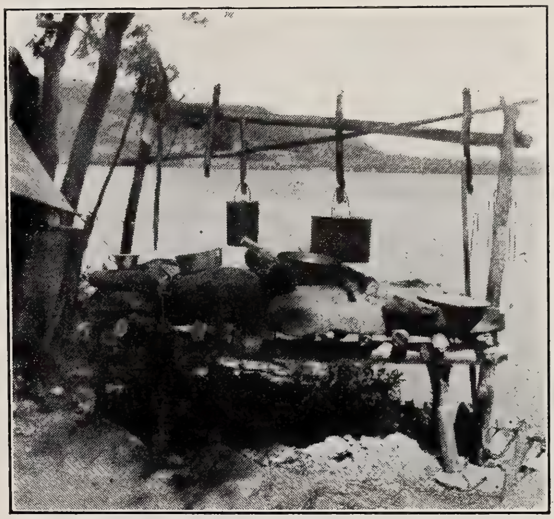
The shores of Culver's lake are rocky, with the exception of the inlet, which is shallow and filled with moss and lily pads. This inlet is one of the finest spots I have ever seen for pickerel and we had some grand sport there, just before dark, casting live bait and getting a strike almost every time.

Along the Eastern shore are many good fishing spots. The best of these is near the old pine tree on the point about half way up the lake. The knowing ones anchor on the bar running out from Savage Point. On one side of the boat the water will be 10 feet deep and on the other it will be 25. In fact, the fishing is good all around the lake. There are any number of fish, but they change their feeding grounds. Small mouth bass, perch and pickerel are large and the catfish are the finest I have ever tasted. The fishing while I was there was far below the average. There was so much rain washing bait from the shore that the fish had all the food they wanted. The largest fish taken was 5¾ pounds.

The best way to enjoy life at Culver's is under canvas. I had a delightful spot for my camp and in my odd moments made it homelike and comfortable by building rustic seats, etc. I had many callers to see the camp and try my Morris chair.

My cooking range attracted much attention. At first I made the regular camp range, with logs, and as usual it worked well except that I had to renew the logs every other day. I then made the same kind of a range using flat stones instead of the logs, and it was much better, but I found it hard to bend over so far to cook. My eyes got full of smoke and it was generally inconvenient; so I decided to try again.

I cut 4 heavy stakes with a crotch near the top and drove them in the ground till they stood firm and strong. On the crotches I placed 2 long sticks, one on each side, 3 inches in diameter. Then several one inch sticks were placed across, forming sort of a grate. The large flat stones I had used on the ground I then placed on each side, directly over the 3 inch logs to hold the weight. These stones were 8 inches high when placed in position. I covered the entire bottom, between the rows of flat stones, with small flat stones which covered the cross sticks. This allowed a good draft, no matter which way the wind blew, which was not always possible when the fire was on the ground. I drove 2 long crotched sticks in the ground, one at each end; a green stick over the fire to hang the pots and kettles on; and the range was complete. Two green sticks placed from one row of stones to the other hold the smaller cooking pans and can be as close together as is desired. The range can be made any size. Mine was 5 feet long, 2 feet wide and 3 feet high. It worked to perfection, the stones holding the heat a long while.



THE CAMP COOKING RANGE.

With the first range I made I had several accidents, one of which was rather amusing. I was in a hurry one morning to get down the lake to keep an appointment and as I had neglected to waken early I had to rush my breakfast. I made the canoe ready while the fire was getting up; then put the oat meal to cook on the crossbars, with the coffee pot hanging over it. I had a small fire but it was burning well and was hot. All was ready but as I took the coffee pot from the hook it slipped from the end, made one half turn and landed top side down in the oatmeal pan, which also turned over, putting out the fire. I was 20 minutes late keeping my appointment, but I had my breakfast.

Almost every day someone would pass the camp and ask, "Are you not lonesome here?" I became so tired of the question that I made a sign on a strip of birch bark, "I am not," to which I pointed when the question was asked.

August 30th the farmers held their annual picnic, and as I was on the edge of the picnic grounds my camp was one of the attractions. I knew I would be bothered by the farmers' questions, so I built a fence of grape vine around the camp, and along the top of the fence I twined some running thorn vines. It was amusing to see the people come up to the fence, start to lean on the top and then find it was heavy.

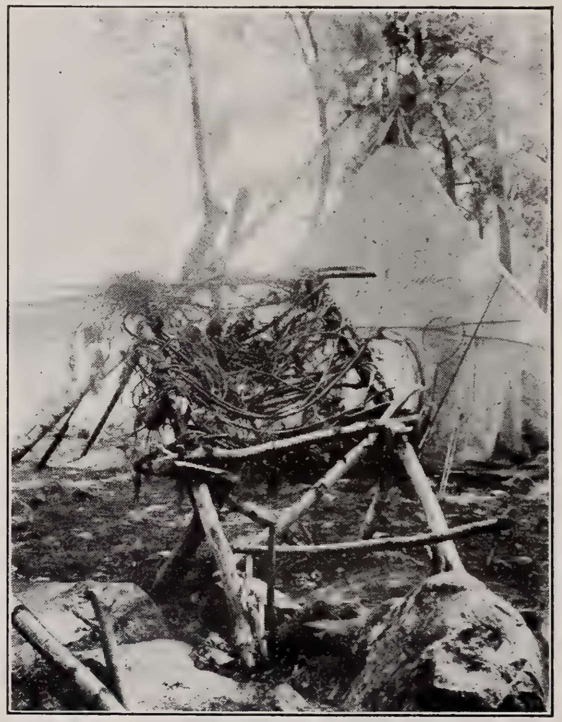
I had some friends at camp that day, for a dinner of roast corn and flapjacks. While I was cooking the dinner a crowd lined up along the fence. They had never before seen the flapjacks flip, and were greatly interested.

One day I had Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, from the boat house, with some friends, at camp for a fish dinner. They had never eaten fish baked in mud in a camp fire. They pronounced the fish and roasted corn "the best ever."

I had several campfire parties, and every one greatly enjoyed them. I built the regular camp fires with the back log 8 feet long and 5 feet high; and the fire was grand when well under way. During the evening I served roasted corn, hot chocolate and watermelon. There was always a rush for the Morris chair, and it was seldom unoccupied.

To make that chair I cut 2 birch saplings 2 inches in diameter and 8 feet long and sharpened one end to drive in the ground at an angle of 25 degrees, or at any angle the chair is to be placed. Then I drove 2 crotched sticks well in the ground 3 feet, on the ground, from the long saplings, and slanting out, the ends of the crotches extending 4 inches above the long saplings. I placed a strong stick across the top of the extending crotches to support the seat.

I made the seat by twining strong grape vine in and out from side to side. I held each end in place by the next vine I put on. The vines soon shape themselves to the body and are exceedingly comfortable. A blanket thrown over the chair softens sharp edges and points. I made a foot rest by driving a crotch in the ground on each side and placing a heavy stick on the top.



THE MORRIS CHAIR.

Just before I left the lake, a number of my friends from the city came up one Friday to spend Sunday and took a furnished cottage on the other side of the lake. Saturday morning it rained, so we all had to come in from fishing and enjoy ourselves as best we could. One of the boys had 2 reed poles out from the dock baited with frogs, while he sat on the porch out of the rain and watched the lines. He was talking and forgot all about fishing, until someone said:

"Great Scott! Look at that pole!"

There it was, going out toward the middle of the lake, against the wind. The way that fellow went down the path to the dock was marvelous. He jumped into a boat, nearly falling out he was so excited, tried to get the oar in the oarlock, but could not; so he took the oar and paddled, half the time the wrong way, till he was up to the pole.

In the meanwhile the fish had jumped nearly 2 feet out of the water, in plain view of the people in the 2 cottages, and its weight was estimated at 4 to 8 pounds.

As the man put down the oar and walked

toward the bow of the boat to grasp the pole, the boat went backward. The pole was 4 or 5 feet away and he could not reach it, so he sat down and used his hands as paddles. At last he was near enough to get hold of the pole, and the sport began.

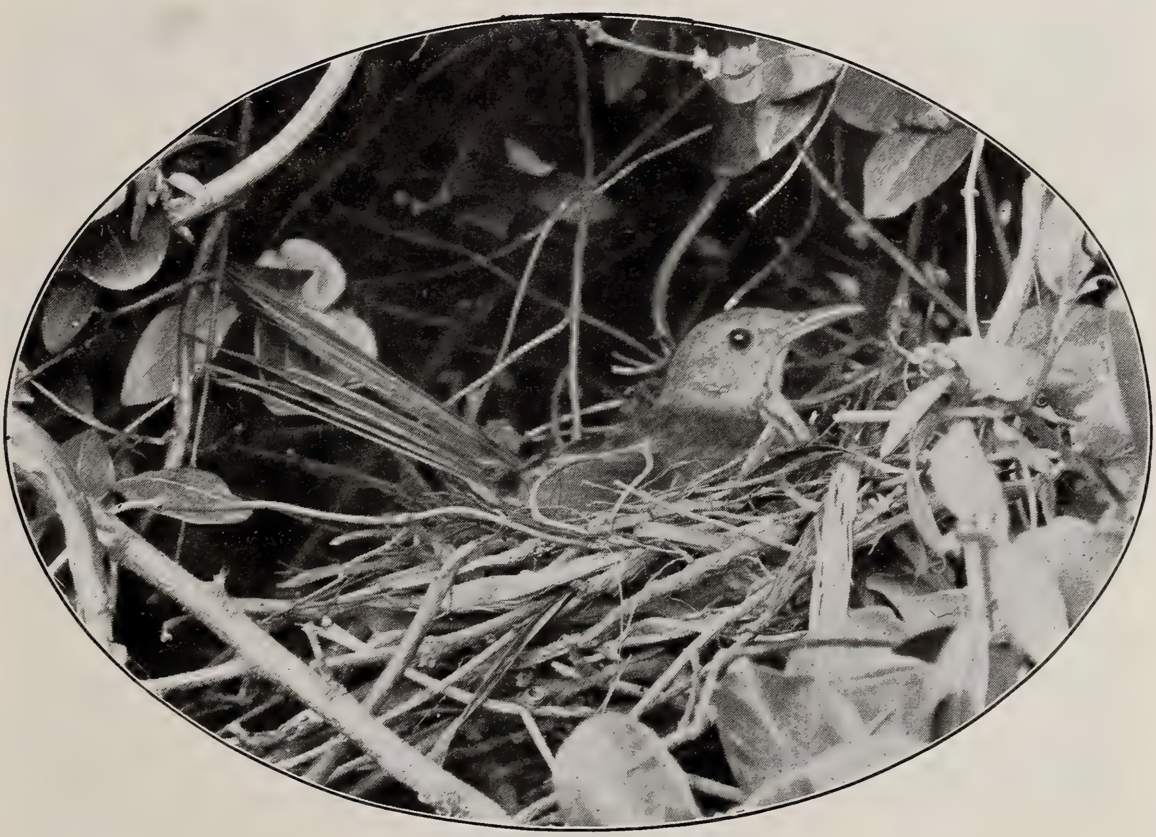
With one grand effort he tried to lift that fish from the water, but could not do it. The pole bent as if it was fast to a "rock fish." He got hold of the line and started to pull in as if he had hold of the anchor rope. As a result, we all had one more view of the bass, as he broke the snell, which was a wire one, for pickerel. The fish landed on the side of the boat and flopped back into the water. It was over 4 pounds if it was an ounce. Talk about the air being blue! Then some one said:

"Forget it."

Within 10 minutes every one had on a storm coat and was out on the lake after that fish, but there was nothing doing.

The view to be obtained at Culver's, from the top of the mountain on the Northwest, is beautiful. New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey can be seen distinctly. To the right is Lake Owassa, and the road winding through the trees like a long silver thread. On the other side of the mountain is the remains of another lake, now only a small pond, while in the distance is the hill that forms the Jersey side of the Delaware.

The walk to the mountain is popular, and parties go up every day, rowing to the landing on the other side of the lake near the inlet, walking back to the main road past 2 of the best springs in the State, whose water is only 2 degrees colder in the winter than in the summer, and then taking the path up the side of the mountain. The view is well worth the climb.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. D. GAY.

HONEYSUCKLE CAMP.

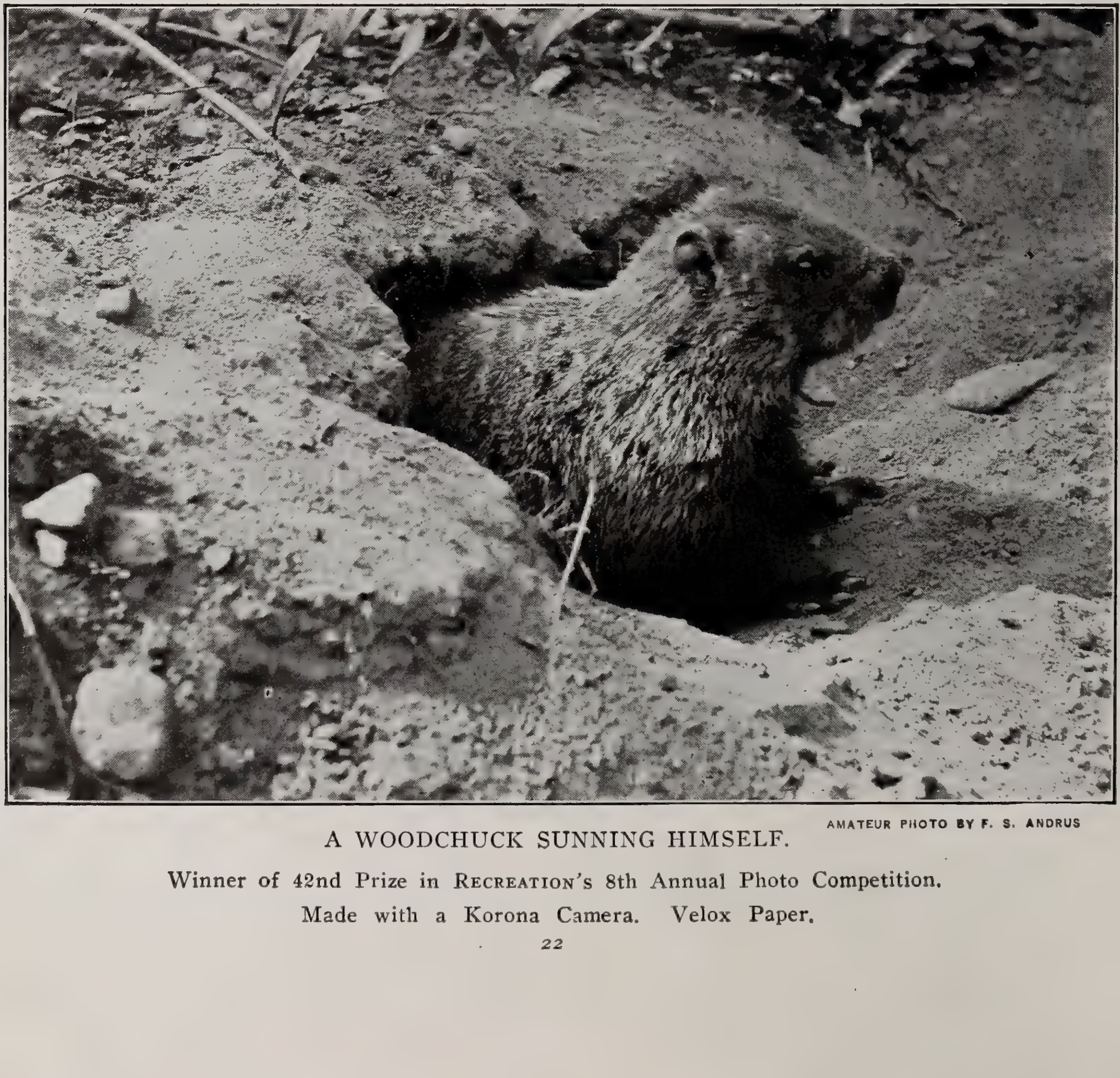
Winner of 37th Prize in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

Made with a Cycle Poco Camera.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. F WESTON.

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Winner of 48th Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. S. ANDRUS

A WOODCHUCK SUNNING HIMSELF.

Winner of 42nd Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.
Made with a Korona Camera. Velox Paper.

WHEN THE PTARMIGAN CHANGES COLOR.

I spent the fall and a winter of '97 about Log Cabin, Lake Bennett, and at Lake Toochi, and between September and April I killed many grouse. There seemed to be 3 different kinds of grouse, yet they looked much alike during that time; that is, there was scarcely any difference in the plumage.

In the early winter we found in the open country near Log Cabin a grouse that was almost white, having a few black feathers in the wings and tail. This bird was of fairly good size. Between Log Cabin and Lake Toochi I killed a number of grouse much like the fool hen we find in the Cascade mountains in Washington. Then I found a snow white grouse near the lake, but much smaller than those we got earlier around Log Cabin. These latter were about the size of a pigeon. I hunted these, as well as the brown grouse, until the following April.

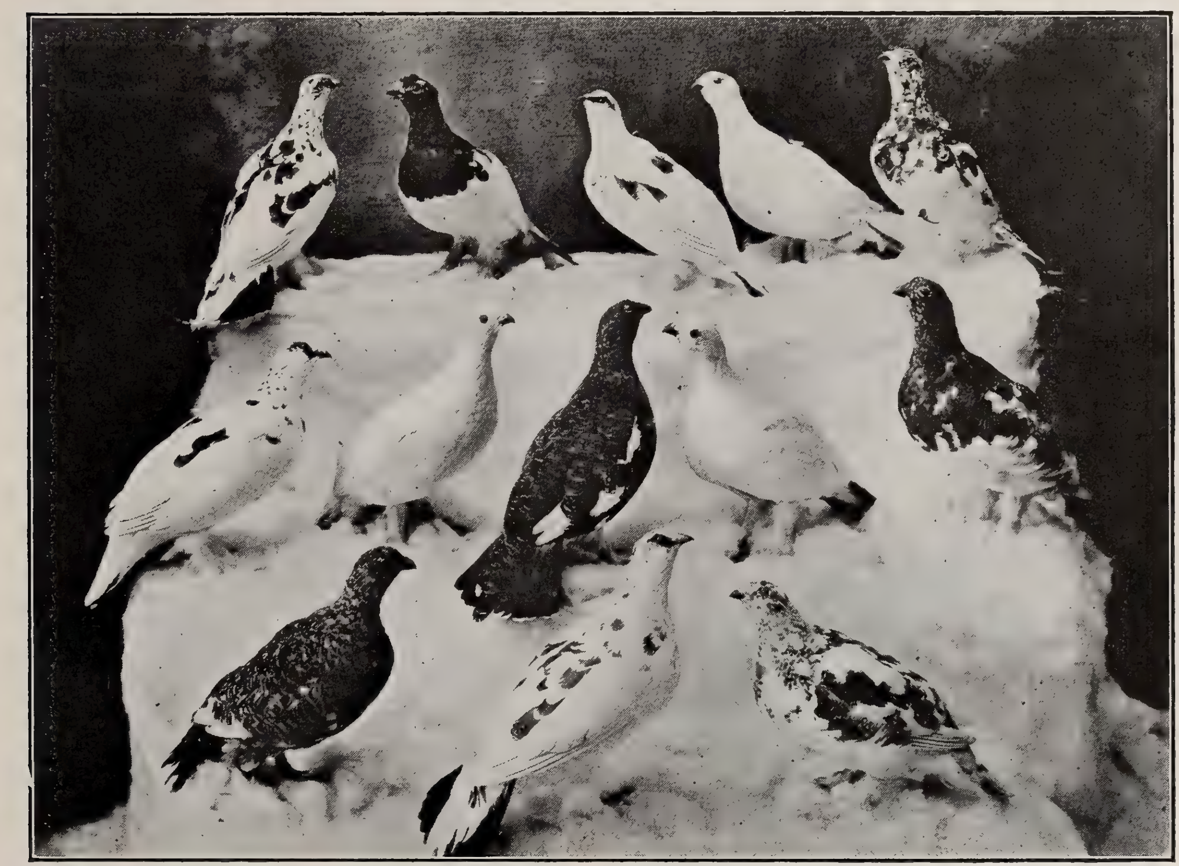
Can you explain the difference in size of the white grouse, or ptarmigan, and what change takes place in the plumage, if any?

I was over the trail many times before the railroad was built, indeed, when there was scarcely a trail, and I had to do some hard hunting when I wanted fresh meat.

J. H. Ferryman, Omaha, Neb.

I referred Mr. Ferryman's letter to Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the U. S. Agricultural Department, who writes as follows:

Three forms of ptarmigan may occur in the general vicinity of White Pass. The white tailed ptarmigan, a rather small, mountain dwelling species which occurs from Alaska Southward to Mount Tacoma and in the Rocky mountains to New Mexico, is smaller than either the rock ptarmigan or the willow ptarmigan, 2 species which inhabit the greater part of Alaska and Northern Canada. The larger birds, which Mr. Ferryman mentions, undoubtedly belong to one or other of these species. During the summer all ptarmigan lose their white plumage, and thus become inconspicuous.



A GROUP OF CHANGELINGS.

Mr. A. H. Dunham, Chief Warden of the Alaskan Division of the L. A. S., sends me the following important contribution to the life history of this interesting bird:

I have made a careful study of the ptarmigan and have found it one of the most interesting game birds in this country. In April, when the snow begins to melt, a change is noticed in the pure white of the winter plumage and brown feathers begin to appear about the head. During the spring and early summer the brown gradually grows, and by the 1st of August a complete metamorphosis has taken place. The bird is then clad in delicately penciled shades of beautiful brown, and by the 1st of September it begins to turn white again. By November 1st it is again entirely white, with the exception of its tail, and the feet and legs are completely covered with fine fur-like feathers. The bird is then ready for the most severe Alaskan winter and seems entirely impervious to the arctic blasts.

It is interesting to note that the change from white to brown begins at the head and goes down and that the change from brown to white begins at the tail and grows upward. At no time when the change is taking place does the ptarmigan exhibit the rough and ragged appearance of moulting, which is common to most other species of birds. When one feather is about to fall from a ptarmigan another is ready to take its place, and the plumage presents a neat, dressy appearance at all times. If, when the bird is ready to nest in spring, the ground is still covered with snow the eggs will be found white, but eggs deposited after the snow disappears are of a mottled brown color. Thus the scheme of protective coloration is admirably carried out in nesting as well as in plumage.

I have captured and domesticated a number of ptarmigan. They have taken kindly to their new homes and have bred well in confinement. I brought several of these birds to the States alive and as far as I know, these are the only specimens thus far imported alive.

I collected and mounted the specimens illustrated herewith, for the purpose of showing the transition from white to brown and from brown to white. The picture shows the average coloring of plumage that prevails nearly every month in the year.

The ptarmigan is the only game bird known that one can eat every day in the year without tiring of it. Perhaps the vigorous appetite developed by the strenuous Alaskan life may account for this fact. However, I should not wish anyone to think I have eaten these birds every day or that I would approve of such a course, for no one realizes more thoroughly than I the necessity of protecting our Alaskan birds and animals.

A. H. Dunham, Nome, Alaska.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. T. BOLES.

CAUGHT ONCE MORE.

Winner of 22nd Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

"What is your idea of happiness?" was asked.

Said the millionaire: I should be happy if I could spend my money where it would be of some real benefit. This, and a good digestion.

Said the poor man: Happiness is having enough money to spend without anxiety.

Said the society woman: Happiness is rest.

Said the washwoman: To be able to dance all night, and lie abed as long as I wanted to the next morning.

Said the soldier: To live peaceably all the rest of my life.

The sailor: To feel the solid earth under my feet for the rest of my days.

The artist: To paint a picture to please myself, and not the public.

The author: To have time enough to think.

The diplomat: To be myself.

The journalist: To tell the truth.

The wise man: To be a fool.

The fool: To be a wise man.

—Life.

A CANADIAN TROUTING TRIP.

B. KELLY.

The brook trout in the aquarium at Battery park did it.

As I watched them lazily flashing to and fro, their pink spots but faintly showing in the uncertain light, my spirit floated miles and miles away to a pool that lay, calm and serene, in the heart of the Northumberland hills; a pool whose clear waters were fed by a rollicking stream brawling through miles of green meadows, tangled thickets of birch and cedar and somber clusters of pine and hemlock.

I felt sorry for the imprisoned trout that afternoon in early May. They had an unhealthy look; the backs and sides of some were scarred and bruised by rough handling and transferring. I wondered if they were thinking, as I was, of a cool stream, now rippling over flat, smooth stones, now plunging down a miniature precipice, then rushing madly through tortuous windings where green alders kissed the foam-flecked water.

The occupants of the other tanks in the aquarium received scant attention from me that afternoon. The muskalonge staring with meaningless eyes through the glass, the slimy, motionless catfish, the brilliant tribe from Bermuda waters, the sportive, water-spouting seal; all were passed with a hasty glance, for the woods and streams were calling me and I would fain be with them.

The trees in the park were clad in brilliant green, the waters sparkled in the sunlight, while overhead the skies were hung with clouds that looked like the fleecy drapery of a bride; but Broadway was pulsing with fretful life. Street hawkers cried their wares with raucous voices, trolley cars passed with clanging bells, and overhead the elevated trains rumbled incessantly. Dirt, dust and disorder were everywhere this spring afternoon. On other days I saw but the usual accompaniment of a busy street in a great city.

The brook trout did it.

The evening of the next day found me at the station of a small town in Canada, and 15 minutes after my arrival I was shaking hands with Adolphe, the worthy host of the Royal and my erstwhile trusty hunting companion. On Adolphe's head the seasons of nearly 60 years rested lightly. He saw my rod in its covering, the bulge of a fly-book in my pocket, then, looking into my eager face, he understood it all. "I got t'ree dozen beauties yesterday," he said, "an' the biggest she weigh one, 2 poun'."

After a hearty meal we lighted our pipes, and throwing our fishing gear into a waiting buckboard, started for the pond, with a small tent firmly strapped to the back of the vehicle.

Night was falling, but soon a full moon rolled above the horizon, flooding the landscape with light and bringing into bold relief the objects around us. Bars rattled as the cows were driven into pastures, ankle deep in luxuriant grass. Lights were gleaming in farmhouses by the roadside, where weary laborers were resting after a long day in the fields. A tired looking man stood on a high stand by the side of a farm gate, one hand holding a milk pail, the other the uplifted cover of a tall, shining can. He looked after us wistfully, seeing our rods and baskets in the rig.

Presently we labored up a steep hill, on the other side of which lay the pond. The moon, well up in the heavens, shone on its polished surface so that it resembled a gigantic mirror lying between the hills. Its edges were bordered with white birch and cedar, and by listening we could hear the water falling over the edge of the dam. There was a sweet, luscious smell of something undefinable in the air. The earth seemed teeming with freshness. The home of my boyhood had been a few miles from here, and I knew that in a circle, the extreme edge of which in any direction was not more than 5 miles from the hill on which we stood, there nestled 7 such ponds. The sides of the hills and the bottoms of the valleys were wet and sappy with live springs. One could feel their delicious coolness from afar. It was literally the home of the brook trout. Many a time, when a small boy, I had trudged wearily homeward beneath the weight of a mighty string of royal trout from these ponds.

Meanwhile, we descended the other side of the hill, let down a snake fence, or a portion of it, and drove through a pasture field; then, driving the length of a shady lane we penetrated a fringe of cedars and drew up at the grass bordered edge of the pool.

In a few minutes the horse was tied to a tree, the tent in position, a brisk fire sparkling in front of it, and, over the fire, a spluttering pan of bacon, whose appetizing odor, aided by the spicy, aromatic fragrance of the evergreens, made us ravenously hungry.

Have you ever fished for trout by moonlight when the shadows of logs and bushes make deep, trouty looking holes, so that your heart fairly teeters with anticipation; and when, your nerves all thrilling, you threw your line well out and let the feathery bait kiss the water were you rewarded by a lunging rise that started the blood mantling to your forehead?

I have. I fished that night with my friend Adolphe, and when midnight stole on us we were fain to ease our shoulders of the weighty baskets, for behold, they were almost full.

There is a fascination about moonlight fishing that almost dulls the lustre of daylight sport. You get your pipe well started, you pull on your waders and step into the pool. The water ripples away from your feet in a thousand sparkles of light. The moon's image is distorted, and the ripples are carried on until they lap the great moss-covered log that stretches half way across the pool.

We fished with worms that night, as I had found by experience that the trout in this locality rarely rose to the fly after nightfall. I baited a small hook with an angle worm, and, throwing it well out, let it sink slowly to the bottom. Instantly there was a quick, saucy tug; not the wavering, unmistakable yank of the perch, the surging pull of the black bass, or the dull, heavy strain of the pickerel; but the soul-stirring, gladsome tug of the brook trout. I knew just what the gentleman had done. He had seen the succulent morsel descending through the clear waters. He had dashed at it instantly, seized it, turned his body with a lightning flirt of his tail and dashed for home; but before he reached the shelter of the big log the hook had been sent home and the gallant veteran was battling for his life and freedom. Now making frantic endeavors to shake himself free from the keen barbed hook, now heavily surging from one side of the pool to the other. He struggled bravely. But gradually I worked him toward me and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him within arms' length, his silvery contour showing plainly in the bright moonlight, and each drop of water scattered by his threshing movements reflecting the yellow rays in a thousand sparkles of light. A final swoop of the net, and he was mine.

Nor was my friend Adolphe less successful at his end of the pond. We had no lack of sport, and when tired of it, we hung our treasures in a tree, away from prowling mink and weasel, and lay down beside the glowing fire, not so much for the sake of warmth as for the delightful feeling of comfort it afforded us. It was with feelings of satisfaction we reviewed the evening's events.

I will not dwell on the sport of the following day, as it was but a repetition of the previous evening. In all we secured about 4 score trout, many single ones weighing upward of a pound.

It is a fair spot to me, that little pond between the Northumberland hills, and I shall always turn to it as an oasis in the desert of my daily toil; longing for the day when again I shall wet my line in its limpid waters.

BRER JOHNSING'S SOLILOQUY.

R. DAVIS.

I don s'pose we orter grumble
  Caze we have so tough a lot,
But t'ings could be heap sight handier
  If dey wa'n't so dreffful sot;
If de coon dat's in de swamp fiel'
  Would come up close to de aige,
It would save us loads o' trouble,
  An' not so much time engage.

If de fishes in de ribber
  Would des hurry up an' bite,
We could ketch a mess lots quicker,
  An' git home befo' 'twas night;
If de co'n would grow 'thout plantin',
  An' no hoein' need be done,
We'd have longer time fo' sleepin',
  Which would be most monst'ous fun.

If de juicy watermillion
  Would grow big on de weeds,
An' when we went to eat 'em
  Dey wa'n't never any seeds,
What a worl' 'twould be to live in!
  Weeds an' sich for million vines—
Gosh! I guess 'twould make t'ings easier
  If dey wa'n't no pesky rinds.

But t'ings ain't built right fo' changin',
  We can't fix 'em up a mite;
An' if we don' go to kickin',
  Guess we'll git along all right.
Soon we'll cross de shinin' ribber,
  Soon we'll land on t'other shore;
Where we'll live in joy an' comfort,
  Sittin' 'round forever more.

FISHING IN SOUTHERN WASHINGTON.

M. F. JAMAR, JR.

One of the most enjoyable trips I ever had was in company with J——, an old college chum and an ardent angler. We had determined to make the trip from V——, on the North bank of the Columbia, to Lewis river, a distance of 40 miles on our wheels.

One April morning we set out; our blankets strapped to our handle bars, our rods to the frame, and our provisions to our backs. For a few miles the road was excellent, but after entering the dense forest, with which all Southern Washington is covered, it became quite muddy, and we could make only about 6 miles an hour. After 10 miles of this hard pedaling, we again emerged into the open country. Here and there along the road we passed a log house, occasionally a frame one, surrounded by blooming apple, peach and prune trees.

We then began the ascent of the watershed between the Columbia river and Lewis river. The latter finally breaks through the range and joins the Columbia. An hour's hard riding took us to the summit, and we were soon spinning across the bridge which spans Lewis river at Louisville.

We followed the road up the river for a mile, and taking a wood road, soon found ourselves on the bank of the Lewis; a river in name only, where we were, for there it was but a mountain stream. Before fishing we ate our lunch and prepared everything, so that on our return at dark we would be in readiness for supper, and would not have to grope in the dark for wood and bedding.

After putting on our wading togs and gathering a supply of periwinkles, the best bait for trout in early spring, we began fishing. With varying success we worked our way down stream, taking alternate ripples; each succeeding in catching about 10 trout to the ripple, varying in length from 8 to 19 inches. We stopped 2 miles down stream to compare catches. I found, to my delight, that I had the most fish, as well as the largest. I had 27; my companion, 29.

It was then 5 o'clock, and having as many fish as we cared to clean that evening, we decided to go a little farther down to a large deep pool, and have a swim. As we came out from our last plunge, J— suddenly exclaimed: "What a whopper!" Turning, I got a glimpse of a silvery flash near a clump of overhanging bushes, a little down stream from where we were, on the other side of the pool. A big trout evidently lay in hiding there. It was, however, impossible to drop a fly near the clump from our side of the stream. Trusting to find a ledge projecting into the water from the cliff on the other side, J— seized his pole and swam across. Cautiously feeling his way, he proceeded down stream to the place where the trout had risen. Luckily he found a footing when about 30 feet from the clump; and, grasping a bunch of ferns on the side of the cliff, he made a cast. The bait had not yet touched the water when, with a bright gleam and loud splash, the trout jumped to meet it. Then began a lively battle. Holding the rod in one hand, and grasping the frail support with the other, J— was at considerable disadvantage. Had he not been provided with an automatic reel, the fish would have never been added to his catch. As it was, after repeated rushes it became completely wearied. Still keeping the line taut J— swam back to where I was standing, and landed his prize. It was one of the largest trout I have ever seen, measuring 23 inches.

Returning to camp, well satisfied with our day's sport, we cooked some of the smaller fish for supper; the larger ones we salted and packed in wet fern leaves. Then placing 2 big logs on the fire, we sought our blankets and fell asleep.

On awakening the next morning we hastily prepared breakfast, and putting up a lunch, set out. We regained the road and followed it 5 miles, then cut through the woods back to the stream, intending to fish down the stream to camp. In a sheet of still water we gathered a good supply of periwinkles.

The trout were fairly ravenous, 6 or 8 sometimes striking at the flies at the same time. It was a frequent occurrence to hook 2 at one cast; and now and then we would find 3, one on each hook. When we stopped for lunch at noon our baskets were nearly filled. To make room for more, We cleaned our catch, and found we had between us 55 trout, from 8 to 16 inches in length.

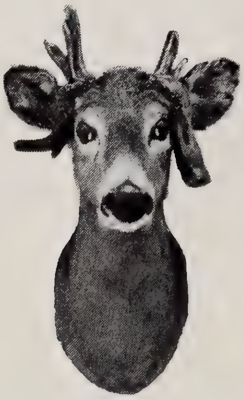
On resuming our fishing we found the trout were not biting so well as in the morning, but still we had fair luck. As we neared camp, my hopes for a bigger fish than my friend had captured began to dwindle. It happened, however, the last ripple fell to me. J— sat on the bank watching. At that point the stream was exceedingly swift, and it was difficult to get a firm footing. The channel was almost choked with large boulders, between which the water flowed as in a mill race.

Standing on one of the smaller rocks I dropped my line in the eddy formed in the lee of a large boulder. The back current whirled the line under the rock. At first I thought the line had caught, but was soon undeceived. With almost a shriek the line flew from the reel; 2 bright bodies sprang from the water, showing I had in truth a full line. In that swift water even a small trout could pull well; and those 2 big ones were a team. Three times my spirits sank as the trout went down stream, taking all but a few yards of the line, and again rose as they tried to gain slack in upstream rushes. Gradually the fierceness of the battle subsided; and, wading back to the bank, I landed the 2 in a few minutes. As I think of them now, I wonder how the leader held them, one being 14 inches, the other 20.

With well filled baskets, we returned to camp, gathered our outfit together and set out on the return trip.

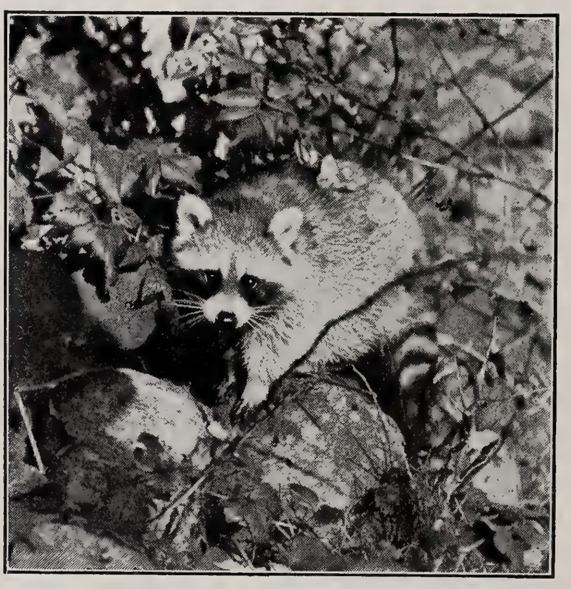
A NEW YORK FREAK.

I enclose a photo of a deer's head with a set of remarkably formed, or rather deformed, horns. The deer was shot by my guide and me November 10th, near Sevey, St. Lawrence county. It was evidently an old timer, and had either met with an accident when the horns were soft or had been afflicted with some disease.



I am a constant reader of Recreation, and find much of interest therein. I heartily endorse your efforts for the better protection of the game of our land, and the discouragement of the game hog.

F. B. Petrie, Oneida, N. Y.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. W. SQUIER.

COON.

Winner of 45th Prize in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

A dozen operations
A day was not such fun.
The doctor didn't stop to eat,—
He could only cut and run.
—Life.

"If you find yourself a-feelin'
That you'd like to pick a fight,
If you find you're not a-sleepin',
An' you hardly eat a bite,
If your head just keeps a-throbbin',
At a mile-a-minute rate,
You have got it; quit your workin',
An' begin a-diggin' bait."
—Pawtucket Gazette.

AMONG THE SELKIRKS AND CANADIAN ROCKIES.

W. C. W. GIEGER.

I had often heard of the grandeur of the scenery in the Selkirks and Rockies along the Canadian Pacific Railway. My imagination had painted well, but the reality is far better.

From Portland, Oregon, North to Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and to Mission Junction, British Columbia, there is almost continuous forest. Lumber camps and saw mills appear all along the line of railway; but their inroads in the great pine forests are as yet scarcely perceptible. In some places the logs are shot down the mountain side, and then again the lumber is floated down in flumes. In other places the great trees have been cut away for a small space and dragged to the mills, leaving the ground covered with great fallen trunks that have gone down before the winds. More rarely there is a forest of dead and blackened trees. Fire often runs from the bottom to the top of a tree and then goes out, leaving the charred trunk to frown down for years on the new growth.

Thick undergrowth, grass and flowers grow close to the track and brush the sides of the coaches, relieving us of the dust that is often so disagreeable in travel. At Huntingdon we glided over the boundary line between Washington and British Columbia, and at Mission Junction I caught the Imperial Limited for the East.

There is but one good train each way a day, so it is necessary to take the sleeper. Canadian sleepers are differently arranged from our Pullmans. In the center 4 sections, 2 on either side, are sofas which run lengthwise of the car and have rolls for pillows. At either end of these sections are arches coming out so as to leave the usual width of the aisle. This gives a pretty drawing room in the center of the coach, and when you are tired you can lie down to pleasant dreams. In the rear, back of the lavatory, is the smoking room, which makes a good observation compartment. Back of this again is the vestibuled platform where, if it is the rear car, you may sit and view the scenery. They sell you a ticket through to St. Paul, and permit you to stop off wherever you choose, and then give you the best berth available when you resume your journey.

Soon the Fraser river is reached and we follow its winding course with great towering mountains on either side. To the right and high over all is Mount Cheam, its cone shaped top far above timber line. Hanging to its sides are large snow fields that glitter in the sunshine, and along its flanks hang thick clouds, through which the peak pierces the line of the sky. As we advance more snow fields appear. The river runs through a narrow gorge with mountains rising from its edge. Often the cliffs have been cut away to make room for the road bed, and spurs of the mountains have been tunneled. Scarcely is one tunnel passed before another is plunged into. The canyon of the river grows deeper until you look far down on a surging, boiling cauldron of waters hedged in by granite walls. Down the mountains come torrents of water from the snow fields above to the river below.

From the Fraser river the road runs up the canyon of the Illicilliwaet. The climb is hard and the river in almost continuous foam rolls far below, while the mountains rise so far above that at times you can not see their summits from the train. An observation car is run just ahead of the sleeper through the mountains, and you get a fine view from it. Glacier house is 2 miles from the Illicilliwaet glacier at the head of the river. The hotel is a good one though open only a few months in the year. From the hotel there is a good view of the glacier as it rises from the gorge in swell after swell of ice. The glass brings out great crevasses in its surface. The railway company has guides who are skilled glacier and mountain climbers from Switzerland. No charge is made for their services, but I suppose everybody pays them, all the same.

With one of them we started one morning for the ice fields that seemed near but were far away. He could speak little English and I little German, but between the 2 languages we managed to talk. We each carried an alpenstock, steel pointed at one end of the handle and with a double headed pick and adz on the other. The guide carried a long rope. From the foot of the glacier the waters were pouring out everywhere. Great chasms and fissures extended far back in the ice. Into some of these it is possible to walk a considerable distance on rocks, with the water rolling around the feet and the ice walls rising far above. At the water's edge the ice is a clear, pretty blue, fading into white as you look up the walls. At the foot and sides of the glacier the moraine is piled high.

There the guide tied the rope around his waist and about 10 feet down it wound me in, and at about the same distance further a New York man. We went up over the snow until it was too steep to tread with safety and the surface had grown into ice. The guide cut steps in the ice with his pick and by the aid of these we climbed up. It became steeper all the time. When we came to an almost perpendicular ice wall the guide would cut deeper steps, and, driving our picks into the ice above, we would pull ourselves up after him, step by step. At last the rear man was high enough, and we untied him on a small level place. Then the guide cut steps out over a narrow ledge of ice to a point where we looked down into a yawning chasm 700 feet deep to water rushing over the rocks at the bottom of the glacier. Stroke after stroke of the guide's adz sent splinters of the ice down over me. Step by step we went up the ice cliffs. Each one scaled brought still others into view. I had said we would go to the top, but now I could not see the top; it was in fact miles away.

I recalled that it is much easier to climb a mountain than to descend from it. I looked down. That was fatal. I said I had abandoned the idea of reaching the top and was ready to go down. The guide smiled and said we would better go to the top of the wall on the side of which we were hanging. But my decision was irrevocable. He told me how to set the pick and how to go down; to turn my face out into space and hanging to the pick to put one foot down into the step below and then bring the other foot down and so on. Never was first step harder. When a gust of wind came I had to strain every muscle to retain my balance. On the level we step to balance; there you must balance to step. To lean back against the cliff would throw the feet out of the step, and land you in some unreachable chasm. The weight of the body must be borne by the arms with a firm grasp of the pick during part of each step. A little experience brings some skill and confidence and makes glacier climbing almost delightful. Without accident we reached the rocks below with blistered hands and muscles that gave premonition of soreness to appear next day.

Illicilliwaet glacier is said to cover 200 square miles. From there the railroad runs up the Beaver river and then parallels Columbia river until it runs out from the Selkirk mountains into the Rockies. From the Columbia the railway carries us up the canyon of Kicking Horse river. This is the wildest of all the canyons on the line. A heavy engine in front and an equally heavy one behind, pull and push us up the steep grade. With all their great power and effort they are sometimes almost brought to a halt by the heavy train. So narrow is the canyon that at places its granite sides have been blasted away, and the rocks above overhang the coaches. One rail is sometimes supported by outstanding timbers and the coach seems to be hanging over the foaming water hundreds of feet below. Now you look down on great pine forests waving in the winds; then the walls almost meet and you hear the river below dashing over rocks and falls, with a roar that drowns the noise of the train.

At the continental divide a sparkling stream separates right at the railway track, one branch flowing to the Pacific ocean, the other to Hudson's bay. Up on the mountain side at one place hangs a glacier with a perpendicular wall of ice 800 feet thick that is slowly creeping down and overhangs the deep chasm below. Vast stretches of that region are unexplored and unknown. Banff, the great Canadian summer resort in the Rockies, is surrounded on all sides by great jagged mountains. Hot sulphur springs that afford good bathing, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, are the chief attractions. The Canadian government has reserved a large tract there, and on part of it has in an enclosure of many acres, a herd of buffalo that are fine specimens of this almost extinct animal.

You would not notice but what you were at an American hotel, except when you pay your bill. They give you an itemized statement and a receipt. Most of the guests are Americans. The air is like a tonic, and you glow with pleasant excitement as you climb the mountains or plunge into the waters, row on the lakes or drive over the well graded highways. The Canadians, as far as I have met them, are a quiet, polite and kindly people.

Waving adieu to the hoary headed monarchs of the ranges we turn from the province of Alberta to look out over the wind swept bosom of Assiniboia, a vast level expanse, covered with a stunted growth of grass. With the exception of an occasional Indian village it is uninhabited. The noble red man, his squaw and the papoose come to the stations in considerable numbers to see the train in and to beg. Farther East you now and then see the house of a white man. The summer is so short and the winter so cold that even stock raising is hazardous and water is hard to get. At Portal the customs official goes through our luggage before we enter the land of Uncle Sam.

Photographer's Assistant—Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her.

Photographer—Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.—Exchange.

PEAKS AND PASSES OF COLORADO.

H. A. CRAFTS.

My preconceived idea of Cameron pass, Colorado, was that it was abrupt, steep and barren; something rather awesome, like the Alpine pass in "Excelsior." I was surprised and delighted when I saw that, on the contrary, its grades are moderate almost to gentleness, its length is continuous and its borders are heavily timbered. From Chambers lake, which lies at the Eastern terminus of the pass, to North Park, where the pass ends, is about 20 miles. Going into North Park the pass has a general Southwesterly trend; yet winds between the wooded slopes of the Medicine Bow range on the North and West, and those of the nearer Rocky mountain range on the South and East, in long and graceful curves. There is no bareness nor desolation, save for a short distance up the pass from Chambers lake, where at some time a fire swept through the forest. There, indeed, the heart of the beholder is made sad at so great a destruction of valuable timber and so cruel a disfigurement to the bright face of Nature. Thousands of acres of once fine timber lands now lie almost as blackened and barren as they did the day following their devastation, so hard does Nature find it to renew herself after one of these fires has done its deadly work. It is one of the aims of our general government to devise means of restoring these denuded lands to their former condition of vigorous forestation.

All over these burnt lands stand the skeletons of the former noble forest trees that clothed them. These make excellent material for fuel, fencing, building, etc., and they are utilized for those purposes to some extent; but their remoteness from industrial centers and the lack of railroad transportation render them unimportant as articles of commerce.

Beyond the burnt districts are the virgin forests, dense, dark and beautiful. They mount grandly aloft on either hand until they end at timber line. Beyond that, and visible from the bed of the pass, rise the bare mountain slopes and the crowning peaks of snow. The pass is traversed by a wagon road, in good condition for the greater part of its length, but with here and there a slough, a washout or a collection of dead trees hurled across it by some snow slide.

An interesting feature of Cameron pass is the divide, or the parting of the waters. This noisy stream, that has made music for us all the way up from Chambers lake, is Joe Wright creek. It flows Eastward and empties into Chambers lake, which is tributary to the Cache la Poudre river, and this in turn is tributary to the South Platte river. At the summit of the pass, Joe Wright creek ends, and the Michigan creek begins, only the latter flows in an opposite direction, that is, to the Westward, down into North Park, there joining the waters of the North Platte river. All the way over the pass the traveler does not lose company of one or the other of these sociable streams.

Occasionally we see the footprints of the advance guard of modern industry. To one side of the road, in a steep embankment, is a freshly dug prospect hole. At the summit of the pass is an irrigating ditch, a strange anomaly; for this is at an altitude of 10,000 feet above tidewater and there is not a farm within a radius of 75 miles. Nevertheless, the ditch is of some general utility. The Cache la Poudre watershed being short of irrigation water, an irrigating company concluded to take some from the North Platte watershed. They have turned a portion of the water of the Michigan back into the Joe Wright and thus added to the flow of that stream, also of the Cache la Poudre. This provides some extra cubic feet of water per second to the main irrigating canal down on the plains.

At least twice in our journey over the pass our way was obstructed by fallen trees. These are so large, and it is so evident they were all smitten by the same blow, that the traveler intuitively glances to one side to see whence such a gigantic force could have originated. He is surprised if not awe-stricken to behold a vast opening through the forest above, to the upper limit of timber line, and a view opened to the summit of the range. This is the effect of a snow-slide. A vast body of snow, having accumulated in some gulch above timber line, and having become dislodged, started downward, gathering force and momentum at each foot traversed, until it became irresistible and swept down through the mighty forest, cutting a swath like the scythe of some Titanic mower. Imagine the terrible onward rush of such a destroyer; the crash, the groan, the thunder of the avalanche!

One day we made an excursion to Finger, or Sawtooth, mountain, Lake Agnes and Mount Richthoven, 8 miles from Camp Zimmerman. The point of destination was the summit of Richthoven, one of the highest peaks in Colorado, supposed to be at least 15,000 feet above sea level. We climbed within 1,000 feet of the summit, when we were overtaken by a storm and had to return; yet the memory of that climb is like a page from the Walpurgis Night.

We went on horseback. Three miles of the journey were through thick timber, up a steep mountain trail. Beyond that are 3 miles which can not be traversed by even the surest footed saddle horse, but must be taken on foot, with an ascent in the meantime of a sheer 5,000 feet. The scene is wild, terrible, beautiful! What dizzy heights, what awful precipices! We look aloft and sicken at the thought of defying their terrors. How cruel, how merciless if once they should get us at a disadvantage! Inch by inch, step by step, we pressed onward and upward, though physically exhausted. After every few steps we were compelled to stop, panting, almost gasping, for breath. The exertion of ascent is enough; but the rarity of the atmosphere makes it doubly difficult. Somehow we overcame our weakness. We measured each footstep and planted one foot beyond the other with studied care and deliberation. When we reached a convenient rock we sat down a few moments. Heavens! How the heart throbs and the lungs labor! Can physical frailty endure it? Possibly, if it is not below the average. Then the heart might stop!

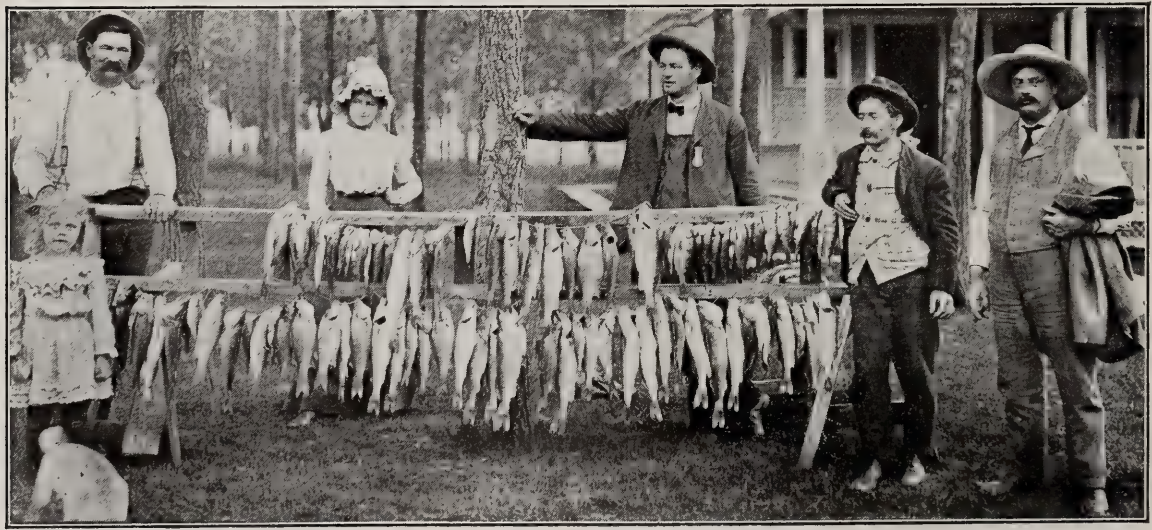
We looked back over the trail below. Not so steep, after all; but then, upward! Ah, those cold, merciless steeps; black and gray, reeking with moisture, the clinging mists and melting snows!

For an hour we climbed over craggy beds of broken rocks and prehistoric snow, to the saddle. A storm descended on us and the wind blew a gale, spitting rain, hail and snow. Strangely enough, at that stupendous height we come across a prospect hole. The prospector had not been long gone, for in the bottom of the hole were his pick and shovel. The wind was pitiless, and all 5 of us got down into the prospect hole for shelter. The storm did not abate, and with the wind blowing 60 miles an hour it was not safe to continue the ascent. So we reluctantly retraced our steps and after an hour of careful work arrived safe at the foot of the mountain and found our horses anxiously awaiting us.

A LARGE ADDITION TO THE PEN.

Here is a reproduction of a photograph that comes to me bearing the following legend:

"Caught by Mr. and Mrs. Burmeister and daughter, Guy Burnside, William Arthur and Russel Klein. Five hours of sport on Spirit lake among the pike and silver bass. June 5, 1903. Spirit Lake, Ia."



If the 2 men on the right and the left of this picture don't look like train robbers, then I am no judge of mugs.

The dog shown in the lower left corner of the picture evidently had more sense of decency than any of the men, for he hung his head so low that the lens cut it off.

Burmeister's number in the fish hog book is 1,015; Burnside's is 1,016, Arthur Klein's is 1,017, and Russel Klein's is 1,018.—EDITOR.

THE OTTER'S HIGHWAY.

M. S. H.

From boyhood the trapping of fur bearing animals had an indescribable charm for me. The hunting for signs, the careful setting of traps, and the pleasant anticipations, not always realized, when going over the line, make it one of the most fascinating of outdoor pursuits. It also brings one in close communion with nature and is a constant challenge to skill, caution and the practical knowledge of the wild creatures.

More than 20 years ago, late in October, I secured a boarding place among the foothills of the White mountains. It was a good place for trapping. Several ponds, with connecting streams and feeders, and one medium sized lake gave promise that mink and coon could be found. During the several weeks of my stay, I did not meet a trapper; and a few rotting deadfalls were the only signs of the mink and coon hunter. At that time my opportunities for trapping had been limited, and my knowledge of the art was correspondingly slight. I had read with avidity everything pertaining to it, including one or 2 "Trappers' Guides." Could I have had the information found in the articles written by J. A. Newton and published in RECREATION, my catch would have been much larger.

Having plenty of Newhouse traps Nos. 1 and 1½, I commenced the campaign with much enthusiasm, setting some of the traps in places that a more experienced trapper would not have looked at. I wished to trap foxes, and I tried the simple method of setting traps in paths made by cattle in the mountain pastures. Finding a place where a root grew across the path, I placed a weather beaten chunk of wood a short distance from the root, set the trap between the 2 and covered it with leaves. I caught 2 foxes by this simple plan. If rain or snow came after setting the trap, to destroy the human scent, the chances were much more favorable. The deadly water set I knew nothing about.

Nearly all the fur was caught without bait. The traps were set in the little feeders which ran into the streams or ponds. One trap was set in a stream connecting a swamp with a lake. The first time I went to the place I found a large raccoon in the trap, dead and partly eaten. The coon was caught by its hind foot, leaving fore legs and head free, giving him a good fighting chance. I could only conjecture that a Canada lynx had probably killed him.

One day I started on an exploring trip, looking for signs of coon and mink. I skirted one pond and followed up the stream running into it until I came to a small pond far up among the hills. Just above that pond, I found a small meadow. The wild grass grew thick and tall. A well defined, much used path ran through the meadow in the direction of a wooded knoll at the upper end. Supposing that the trail was made and used by coons traveling from the pond to the woods beyond, I set in the path a No. 1½ trap, driving a stout piece of wood through the ring in the chain for a clog. The next day a severe rain storm set in, lasting several days.

As soon as the storm was over I followed the same route, finding one coon in a trap set on the shore of the lower pond. When I came in sight of the meadow I found it covered with water to the depth of a foot or more. Skirting the edges of the meadow, I was passing a thick clump of bushes, when an angry snarl and the rattle of the chain showed my catch to be a splendid male otter. Its beautiful coat shone in the sun as it tugged at the entangled clog.

I was surprised and delighted. Making a thorough examination of the surroundings, I found a trail leading from the pond below the meadow, faint compared with that through the tall, wild grasses where the trap was set, but easily seen. At the upper end of the meadow, up the wooded knoll, I followed the trail, over the crest of the hill, and on the farther side I found a deep, dark spring, the head waters of a stream running North. This stream flowed into a large pond and thence into the Saco river. Two trees standing close together on the brink of the spring were worn smooth by the otters' passing through them to the spring, while the pile of droppings, glistening with fish scales, showed that this was a much used resting place. Looking the evidence over, I came to the conclusion that trapping otter was easy, so I dug up the pine needles between the 2 trees and there set the trap. I even neglected the precaution of sprinkling the ground, to destroy as much as possible the human scent. Perhaps it is needless to say that I did not catch another otter. If I had set my trap in the brook my chances would have been much better.

The trapping of the otter caused much talk among the farmers in the vicinity; more than the capture of a bear, for they were trapped occasionally, while I could not hear that an otter had been seen or caught in that locality for many years.

My catch that fall was 3 minks, 3 coons, 2 foxes and the otter. I also caught some muskrats; have forgotten how many. The distance from the pond below the meadow to the spring was not more than 200 yards, the only land the otter had to travel for many miles. Following the stream from the spring through the pond and a small river, they could reach the Saco, going down that river to the ocean. Returning, they could come up the Saco to the Ossipee river, and follow by lake, pond and stream to the meadow. Thus passed their busy life until the hunter's bullet or the relentless trap closed it forever.

The lake on whose shore I caught the big coon has changed. Summer cottages dot its cove-indented shores, while the summer hotel is much in evidence and the naphtha launch glides over its placid waters, scaring the wild ducks, on a brief visit to their former nesting place. The meadow remains as when I saw it, the wild grasses undisturbed by the scythe of the farmer and the otters' highway clear and distinct from the pond to the spring.

HUNTING FOR HONEY.

C. JURGENSON.

Some years ago I spent my vacation on my farm in the foot hills of the Santa Cruz mountains and as the locality is ideal for hunting and fishing, I invited a brother sportsman to visit me. One day old man Smith, a neighbor, and a party of boys who were camping on his place, invited us to help them cut a bee tree. Armed with a saw, an ax and a rawhide lasso we set out, Smith being the leader of the party, as he claimed to have cut hundreds of bee trees without having been stung.

When we reached the tree we found the bees were in a limb about 60 feet from the ground. The diameter of the tree was such that climbing was impossible, so I volunteered to be hoisted by the lasso. This was promptly done, sailor fashion, feet first sometimes, until I landed safe on a limb 40 feet from the ground. I then discarded my shoes and left them standing on a limb, as climbing was easier without them. I found I needed some one to help me cut off the limb. The city boys would not allow themselves to be hoisted so my friend Percy volunteered to go up.

The lasso was then used for hoisting the tools and one end was tied around a limb as a kind of fire escape. The limb was soon cut nearly off when Major Smith suggested tying one end of the lasso around the limb so he and the boys on the ground could lower the limb gently in order not to mash the honey. I did not think the lasso was strong enough, but Smith was confident it was, so I did as he directed.

No sooner was the limb cut than the lasso snapped like a piece of cotton twine. One end flew back and struck me in the face almost knocking me out of the tree. I had hardly recovered from the shock when I saw about a million bees coming back to where I was sitting. In about 2 minutes they made it so hot for me I commenced to look for the lasso, but it was not there. I yelled to the boys below to throw the lasso up to me, but the boys were gone. I could just see Major Smith's coat tail disappearing in the brush. I begged and yelled for someone to come back and throw the lasso, but a 4-horse team could not have pulled the bravest of them back.

Then I saw Percy lying on a limb a few feet below me with his face covered by his arms and about a thousand bees taking turns in making life miserable for him. Something desperate had to be done. I could not endure the situation any longer so I ran out on the tip of the limb Percy laid on, took one deep breath and jumped into space. I landed in the top of a small oak below and fortunately caught a limb. From there I soon reached the ground. Percy at once followed my example and was equally successful.

I then made for the brush where the other boys were hiding. There I had my revenge. Smith's dog went to the tree and the bees took after him. He gave one howl and ran to his master for protection. The bees promptly followed the dog and on discovering his master's hiding place they gaily attacked him also. Smith dashed through the brush, hitting first his left ear, then his right, cursing the dog at every jump and coaxing him to stay away; but the dog stayed with him and the bees with both of them.

My shoes were still in the tree, but I did not care to call on the bees again. As I had no other way to get the shoes down I left them, for the bees to take revenge on, and plodded home without them, wiser but in no good humor.

LITTLE THINGS IN NATURE.

ARTHUR PHELPS.

Men write about hunts they have had after moose, and how they nearly got killed while after a bear, and all that sort of thing, which makes good stories for the man who can get to the wild woods and can understand what is talked about. The town man reads those stories and is envious of the other man, wishing that he, too, could see and study nature. He can, in his own home. Of course, it will only be the little things in nature, but they are as interesting as the big things. The little things easiest to study at this time of the year are the birds. A man can get many hours of recreation and pleasure watching them.

To hear a bird in winter always makes me want to stop and hunt up the little singer. I want to get a closer acquaintance, and it always repays me even when I have to walk through 2 feet of snow. The chickadees are the most interesting little neighbors we have. Of course, they don't exactly sing, but their pleasant "stic-a-dee-dee" can be heard in almost any locality, and at almost any time of the day.

The first one I saw last winter came and feasted off a meaty bone I had nailed up in our back yard. He preferred to pull a piece of meat off the bone and fly with it to an overhanging branch. There he would place one foot on the bone and while balancing himself with the other would pick the meat to pieces. I don't know why he chose this manner of eating. Perhaps it was because he was afraid of the downy woodpecker that had been there before him. The chic-a-dee flew away before I had seen nearly enough of him, and he had given me so much pleasure in watching him that I resolved to keep my eyes open in the future.

The next afternoon when I took my walk I was on the lookout, and because I kept my ears open I heard a chickadee call from some trees at the end of a small lane. I crept up to see what was going on. There were 2 birds, one in each tree, and from all appearances they seemed to be carrying on a conversation. They kept calling to one another in turn with variations at the end of the call. When one of them was about to give a call I made a step forward and was seen. Both birds flew at once, seeming to see me at the same time. I hadn't learned anything much about them except to take more particular note of their plumage, but it pleased me to know that I had little winter neighbors so close. I could get a new pleasure from my walks, and their only purpose would no longer be for exercise.

The other day when some odds and ends were thrown out I had a chance to see the chickadee at his best. Among other things thrown out were 2 or 3 small pieces of meat. Almost as soon as they touched the ground a chickadee flew down from somewhere and began picking about. He either was not hungry just then and was going to *cache* his food, or he was not going to let me see him eat it, for he selected the smallest of the pieces of meat and tried to fly away with it. It was too heavy for him, however, and he dropped it. Then he hopped away from it a few inches and cocked his head on one side and looked at it. He looked so much like a man estimating with his eye the weight of anything, that I laughed and frightened him away; but in a few minutes he was back again. After a few more unsuccessful attempts to carry the meat off he evidently decided that the best way was to eat what he could not carry and *cache* the rest.

The chickadee has many calls and notes besides the one after which he is named. When running up and down a limb looking for grubs or other food, he gives a peculiar little whistle or series of whistles with a soft undertone. I think this is his most pleasing note, and well worth hearing. I only mention this one note out of perhaps a dozen I have heard him utter. I leave the rest for the man who wants to study the little things to find out for himself.

The chickadee is not by any means the only outdoor friend we have in the winter. I have chosen him for this sketch simply because I think he is the most interesting of our winter birds. Among some of the other birds one may see and study in the winter are the English sparrow, who is interesting, for all that is said against him; the downy woodpecker, and the nuthatches, both white and red breasted. The red breasted is the rarer and smaller of the 2. I watched one yesterday while feeding. He slipped his long, pointed bill under a piece of bark and, running it along underneath for about an inch, gave it a twist and off came the bark, leaving his food exposed.

Watch the birds, make the acquaintance of each, and you will get more pleasure out of your walks than you ever before thought they possessed.

CRUELTY TO COUNTRY NEIGHBORS.

MRS. H. P. PIPER.

I live on the outskirts of a small town, and many of the farms adjoining have patches of woodland The wild creatures that live in the woods make their way into our gardens and shrubbery and are greeted by us according to our character. Some of us greet them with dog and gun.

One rainy Sunday I saw a large fox squirrel in the shade trees in front of the house. He was a most beautiful creature! His grace and agility made the dull day seem bright, and were quite as refreshing as a sermon. For several summers in succession a white robin slept in a shrub near the walk.

Last autumn an owl came at dusk, to watch me cover my flower beds from frost. He sat on the low branches overhead and he moved about the grounds with me as if superintending the work, turning his head to inspect it before following to another part of the garden.

The block in front of us has dense shrubbery, and one day I saw on the fence across the street a covey of quails. The man living there keeps a bird dog and he was after the beautiful creatures. The birds crossed the street and came into our lot, hiding in the rose hedge at the foot of the lawn. I went into the street and walked over the dainty trail they had left in the dust. The dog could not find the scent for several days, but one day I saw him and his owner on the next lot to ours, hunting for the lost trail. I went out and stopped the hunt. The next day I saw the birds in the garden, making themselves quite at home. There were 17 of them. Three seemed full grown and the rest younger. I was careful not to disturb them. One day I was working at my window and hearing soft sounds of rustling and whispering, I was delighted to see, in a pear tree in front of the window, a row of beautiful brown birds craning their necks to see me work. They pushed and hustled one another along the branch until 14 little heads in a row all turned bright eyes to peer through the screen at me. I do not think I ever felt prouder of an audience in my life. Unfortunately, the man across the street had a gun as well as a dog. One day when I was away from home he came with both dog and gun. When I returned at night only a few feathers and a drop or 2 of blood remained of my beautiful, trusting visitors. Not a nice act for a neighbor! I felt almost as if he had murdered a child of mine.

There are corn and wheat fields near us, and I hear the quails calling "Bob White." Once I whistled in reply to them and enticed a large flock into my garden. The same man with the gun heard me whistle, followed the little visitors a mile and came back with 5 of them hanging by their slender legs. I felt like a guilty accomplice that time. I had allured the dear little things to their death! Now I hear the quails whistle their call, but do not answer it. "Bob White" brings a constriction of the heart. I remember the little slaughtered ones I saw in that man's hand. I said something of what I felt when he stopped to show me his spoils, but his reply was,

"If I had not got them someone else would. They are made to be shot."

How do we know they were made to be shot? Perhaps they are intended to make the fields more joyful; perhaps more fruitful. I have not invited any more woodland visitors to come and be murdered. If Mr. Man with the gun wants game he may tramp the fields and woods for it; I shall not lure it within his reach.

NIGHTFALL.

A. N. KILLGORE.

The sun is sinking down the Western sky.
Dim shadows lengthen o'er the trembling rill.
The night-bird 'gins to voice his mournful cry
And quiet rests the wheel of yonder mill.

O'er distant field of yellow plumed grain
The crow flaps heavily with discordant sound;
While cattle amble down the dusty lane,
Past lonely, marble covered burial ground.

And now, the West takes on a rosy hue,
The cricket loudly chirps his noisy tune,
Pale stars begin to sparkle in the blue
Like diamond settings for the crescent moon.

The sun has sunk behind yon purple hill,
Beacon lights are gleaming from the town;
Save for the evening wind, all else is still
And night has drawn her sable curtain down.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

A PLETHORA OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

A. T. BICKFORD.

At the Southern extremity of Lake Okanagan, B. C., reached by the Canadian Pacific railway, from the junction at Sicamous, on the main line, is a country studded with hills towering 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the lake. The steep slopes of these hills are covered with patches of rich bunch grass, and with thyme, affording excellent pasturage to numerous bands of mountain sheep, which are indigenous to that part of the world. During the summer the sheep seek the seclusion of the higher mountain ranges to the Southwest, where the ewes can raise their lambs without being molested, as few hunters ever attempt to invade their summer solitudes. About the middle of October the sheep begin to make their appearance on the lower hills, gradually increasing in numbers until deep snow drives them all down.

After several days of severe frost, about the middle of November, my partner and I loaded our pack horses and set out for the haunts of the sheep to secure some good heads for mounting. Arriving at our intended hunting ground, we were disagreeably surprised to find 2 parties on the field. Camping there for the night, we learned from our neighbors that they had seen plenty of sheep on the adjacent hills, and about 8 p. m. one of their party gave color to the statement by bringing in a head with a 15-inch horn, base measurement. The next morning we moved farther up the hill to undisturbed country, and made preparations for a permanent camp in a sheltered spot among some pines.

On a fine frosty morning we commenced our hunt and barely half a mile from camp we came in view of a bunch of 9 sheep, standing among some scattered pines only 40 yards from where we stood. Having a good look at the sheep, we concluded that there were no suitable heads among them for our purpose, so we proceeded farther up the hill, and reached a position which afforded a view of a large extent of the hillside on either hand.

By the aid of our 8 power Lomb-Zeiss binoculars we saw a large ram feeding on a hill a mile or more distant. We decided to stalk this animal, and in order to approach we took advantage of some pine scrub running up a hogback, somewhat beyond, and above our game. Among the timbers we came on 2 ewes which ran down hill into a bunch of about 30 more, in the center of which we recognized our ram. A general stampede followed and the big ram became hopelessly mixed with the rest, making it impossible to get a shot. We tried to head off the sheep but failed. By that time we began to feel like eating our lunch, and watched, while we ate, the movements of 2 ewes, which were slowly approaching our position. When about 200 yards from our hiding place the ewes were joined by a good sized ram, which also allowed his curiosity to lead him to investigate us; but it cost him dearly. When he was within 100 yards he was met by a 50-110 bullet from my companion's rifle, which brought the ram down. The ewes, bewildered by the noise, ran within 10 yards of us, giving us an excellent chance to observe them at close quarters.

We took the head of our ram and started along the hillside toward camp. On rounding a rock bluff we saw another ram coming up a draw, or ravine, toward where we stood. We took some running shots and wounded our game, which turned and ran down hill. I left my partner to look after the head and hastened down after the ram, keeping him in sight for about half a mile, when he disappeared among some rocks. At it was late, I rejoined my companion, who in my absence, had located another bunch of 10 sheep.

We did not turn aside after them, but proceeded toward camp. However, our day's sport was not over, for when some distance from camp we saw a large ram and 3 ewes slightly below us, about 300 yards distant, which offered too tempting a chance to resist. Taking a careful sight on the ram with my 30-40 I fired, and broke one of the ram's front legs, sending him in the same direction as the former ram. Again leaving my partner I gave chase and followed the wounded animal into some rocky ground, startling 2 ewes, which were in hiding there. The ram went straight down hill toward camp. Following him about 300 yards farther, I got a good broadside shot at him as he stood 40 yards away behind a bunch of scrub, and he fell, shot through the heart.

It was almost dark, so leaving the carcass, I made for camp, crossing fresh sheep tracks and seeing shadowy forms vanishing into the gloom. My partner and I reached camp thoroughly tired, and well satisfied with our unusually good day's sport. The next morning we were lucky enough to kill the other wounded ram, and we put in the rest of the day securing our heads.

These 3 heads measured 14 to 15 inches around the base of the horns and now hang on the walls of our home.

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-THE-WOODS.

One afternoon I started with a boy about 13 years old, whom I will call George, for a small lake 8 miles from Lake George, N. Y. George told me he had often camped out over night. After going about 3 miles George wanted to rest, so we stopped, and ate some apples. We soon started again, however, and did not stop until we reached the top of the mountain. Then we had trouble in finding a road that went in the right direction. Not being able to find one we started through the woods, but soon had to stop and rest because George was tired again. I finally left him and my gun and walked alone to find a road. Presently I heard him call and I could tell from his tone that he was frightened, so I went back to him. I found him crying. He said he was sick and wanted to go home, but it was then 7 o'clock and nearly dark. I told him it would be impossible to go home that night and that we might better build a shelter and stay over night. After a while he became quiet and helped me build a small hut. We then ate our supper and went to bed, as we expected to be up at daybreak to start for the pond, in order to fish early in the morning, when the black bass bite, and the flies don't.

We had not been asleep long when George wakened me, saying something was trying to break in and he wanted me to shoot it quick. He was much frightened, but I convinced him the noise was made by a wood rabbit, not a bear. He evidently did not go to sleep for he woke me again and said there was something terrible in a tree near. It proved to be a large screech owl. This frightened him so he could hardly speak.

By that time it had grown cold, so I suggested that we go outside and build a fire. George was afraid to do that. I told him to stay inside and I would go out, but he did not want me to leave him. At last he came out and as there was no moon it was very dark. I had him stay by the camp while I found some wood and made a fire. I was almost frozen stiff and so was he. Every time there was a sound near us he would be frightened to death and want me to shoot off my gun to scare the animal away.

After a long night, day began to break and we started home instead of for the lake. I decided I shall never again take a boy out to stay over night.

Ralph S. Willis, Brooklyn.

SOUND LOGIC ON GAME PROTECTION.

Hon. W. B. Mershon, a prominent Michigan sportsman, writing to a friend in another part of that state, says:

I am glad to learn of the interest taken in your locality in game protection. Every migratory game bird should be protected from the time it leaves the South on its way to its breeding ground. It is all right to have a reasonable season in the fall in which to shoot game birds, but the number killed should be limited and the time in which they may be killed should be made sufficiently short so that the supply would be maintained. In short, no more should be killed than can be reproduced each year. I am decidedly opposed to spring shooting and to the late winter shooting allowed in the South. If shooting is allowed all through the winter, some restriction as to the number that may be killed and the shooting should be limited to a certain 2 or 3 days in each week. The sale of game should be stopped everywhere.

Thousands of birds are wasted by being served at hotels for banquets. They are never properly cooked and rarely are they eaten, but mussed over and pushed aside. I attended a banquet given to about 400 lumbermen in Washington, in March, and a quail was served to each guest. That meant about 400 birds for that one banquet and I do not believe half a dozen of them were eaten. There are probably 2 or 3 banquets in Washington every night in the winter, so it is easy to figure out what an enormous quantity of game is wasted in this way.

The writer of that letter should be in Congress.—Editor.

THE OREGON COAST RANGE.

The Western slope of the Coast range is strictly a dairy country, with a climate so mild that cattle can browse all winter on the dense underbrush. In this underbrush elk, deer and bear have a safe retreat from the stalking hunter, as he may pass within 5 yards of a deer and not know it. Only the keen scented dog will tell him there is game at hand, and after the dog has jumped the deer the hunter must be quick and sure with his rifle, as a few bounds will take the quarry out of sight. Should a wounded deer get 100 yards away it is lost to the hunter unless he has a well-trained dog. It is thus with all game from elk to pheasants. One rarely gets 2 good shots with a rifle.

All our lakes, rivers and streams teem with trout. The principal rivers are the Coos, Coquille and Umpqua. There is no season of the year but what there is sport of some kind; trout and salmon are always waiting for the hook or fly, and owing to the mild climate, deer are in fair condition all winter. In the fall pheasants and grouse afford unlimited shooting. This is the winter home of all sorts of water fowl. Canvasbacks, mallards, sprig, teal, blue bills, China geese, honkers, grey geese and brant come in great flocks.

J. D. Magee, Templeton, Ore.

ANOTHER GAME PROTECTIONIST IN CONGRESS.

Congressman W. E. Humphrey, of Washington, writes thus to a constituent about the bill to create a game preserve in the Olympic Mountains:

I regret to say that I have little hope of its passage this session. However, I shall get it through if possible. In this bill I make imprisonment the only punishment. This is done to catch that class of men who are willing to pay a fine in order to get an elk.

I desire to call the attention of your Association to another question of great importance in our State. Ours is one of the few states in which any great number of game birds, particularly water fowl, are to be found. As you know there has been recently placed on the market a new engine of destruction and extermination in the shape of an automatic shot gun. Your association should commence immediately a fight to have our next Legislature enact a law prohibiting the sale and use of these guns in our State.

As one whose greatest enjoyment is found in hunting, who has carried a gun almost from the time he left the cradle, and who has hunted from Florida to Alaska, you can count on my assistance in any fight to protect our game from extermination.

SPORT OR MEAT?

I endorse Mr. H. S. Terrell's article entitled "Sport or Meat?" in March RECREATION. I can't imagine a more barbarous way of killing deer, than going to their feeding grounds, lying in wait for them and shooting them down like a beef. I would as soon jack them, and that is the lowest order of hunting. I am a great lover of deer hunting and have killed many, but have never killed one standing and have no desire to do so.

Our game law allows only 3 months in which we can hunt deer, and each hunter is restricted to 5 deer for the season. Since the passage of this act, deer are increasing rapidly, and if the law is enforced continuously, as it now is, we will soon have great hunting here. I hunt deer with 2 trained hounds, 2 steady horses that can be shot from, and a congenial friend. When we have killed one deer we call it a day's sport.

You are taking a noble stand against the automatic gun. I hope the manufacturers will see the error of their way and not put such a dastardly weapon on the market.

Your magazine is a typical sportsmen's journal and I wish you every success.

P. D. Parker, Oak Hill, Fla.

GAME NOTES.

I am but 17 years old and have witnessed the almost total disappearance of small game from this part of Michigan, yet I remember when it was abundant. When 8 years old, I was fishing one day in the mill race in the center of town. A large covey of quail flew over me and lit on nearby houses and barns. To-day the man who sees a quail in the vicinity of Albion builds a story on it to surprise his friends. The few quails, grouse and squirrels left can be saved only by forbidding all hunting for at least 5 years. The sportsmen of Battle Creek are buying quail to turn out, but under present conditions the birds are not likely to survive the first open season.

Fred Davis, Albion, Mich.

One morning before the last open season I heard the report of guns and hurried to the scene of the shooting. For a while I could see no one, but soon there was another report and a quail fell not 20 feet from me. I stood in silence until the hunter emerged from the thicket to find his bird. He dodged back as soon as he saw me, but not before I recognized him. I had him up before Justice O'Neal the following day and he was fined $45 for 3 quails found in his possession. I have made up my mind to prosecute every person who breaks the game law in this section.

Henry Marshall, Laural, Md.

The past winter was a hard one on game. From 3 to 4½ feet of snow on the level, and phenomenally low temperature all the time. My dog found a woodcock on her nest yesterday, but did not hurt either bird or eggs. E. F. S. Jenner, Digby, N. S.

I am a reader of your magazine and have been for some years. I like the way you get after the swine.

O. L. Dillon, Memphis, Tenn.

Your magazine is giving better satisfaction here than any other we have, and we take them all.

Mark W. Thompson, Dover, N. H.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish mackerel—Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, Calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide. Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and Tide: Day and night flood.

Croker—July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead—June to October Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime; not affected by tides.

A BITTER ROOT BULL.

S. H. C.

"And the biggest fish I ever caught was the one that got away."—From the Opera, "Miss Bob White."

In the fall of 1900, while camped on the Bitter Root river, above Hamilton, Mont., I had the adventure of my life. We were held up there 36 hours waiting for our guides to finish preparations, for, as usual, they were not ready on time. One of my friends had been out the evening before and caught some good trout, so that morning I took a Bristol steel rod, an old line with a leader and a cast of 3 flies on it. I fished down stream with varying success, picking up a good sized trout here and there, until about ¾ of a mile below camp I came to a swift riffle ending in a great black pool, in which was some driftwood, including several trees. Here was a place that should produce good results. I waded out into the current nearly up to my knees. I could not venture farther, so I let my flies drift into the silent pool. I would let them go as far toward the driftwood as I dared, then reel in. I had made 5 or 6 such casts and had taken 3 fair sized trout. Finally I fastened a good one and started to reel him in. In a moment another struck and hooked himself. I had not taken 6 feet of line when something hit the tail fly, and I thought I had fastened to a whale. It was then that the real circus began. I had 3 fish on an old, worn line. Back and forward, crosswise, endwise and every other wise this tandem team went; but the big fellow was on the end and that helped me, the 2 smaller fish being governed mostly by his movements.

The minutes flew by and still the fight went on. Finally I realized that the war was entirely between me and the big trout. The others were licked and had quit. My flies were dressed on number 7 hooks, and I worked carefully. My right hand and arm had become so weary that I could no longer support the rod, so abandoning the reel, I grasped line and rod with both hands and thus the fight went on.

I had worked them to within 25 or 30 feet of me and held the big one up on the riffle in the hope of drowning him. It was my only chance. He arose to the surface and his mouth was open. It looked as if I could stick a wooden pail in it. I could have shot him if I had had a pistol.

I looked over my shoulder to see if any help was in sight, but no one was there. I dared not take any more line yet.

Finally the climax came. The heavy weight and the drag of the swift water gradually tore the small hook out of his mouth, and the monster floated slowly down the stream.

I reeled the 2 remaining fish in without opposition. One was 9 inches long and the other 11. One was dead, the other barely able to wiggle his tail.

I wended my way sadly back to camp, debating with myself if I should tell the story. I decided to tell it, and did so, and as I expected, got the "merry hoot" from the boys; but one of the guides said: "It is no fish story. I have seen bull trout 26 inches long taken out of this river. That is what you had, and it takes a strong line and a big hook to bring them. They fight like the devil."

I went down to the same place that evening, but it was no go. I think my bull friend was sitting in the back room with his jaw tied up, and would not answer.

A JONAH.

Swinging his legs from the end of one of the dilapidated fishing wharves of a Cape Cod fishing town was a tall, lanky individual whose general appearance betokened practiced neglect. It was the busy season, and fishing smacks could be seen anchored at favorable points along the coast, or dragging their nets slowly before the wind. Inshore were a few yawls and smaller boats, and on the beach some old men were digging clams. Even the children seemed more or less affected by the spirit of thrift, and were searching for crabs and mussels, or picking up bits of edible seaweed from among the coarser varieties.

Only the lanky individual on the wharf was idle, and he was without even the customary fishing pole of the wharf lounger His legs dangled, and his eyes stared vacantly at nothing. Now and then a fisherman, or sailor, or clam digger crossed the wharf, apparently unconscious of his presence. A visitor from the little hotel on the hill looked at him curiously, and then turned to an old man who was swinging along with a basket of clams.

"That big fellow seems to take life easier than the rest of you," the visitor said. "I've noticed him there 3 days in succession. Isn't he a little lazy?"

"Wal, I dunno." The clam digger lowered his basket and wiped the trickling rivulets of sweat from his leathery visage. "In fust sight it might seem so, but someway I never set Lem'l down as what ye might call lazy. He's a Jonah."

"A what?"

"A Jonah. Ain't ye never run acrost none? They bring misfortin to whatever they tech. Now that Lem'l was what ye might call a bright boy; wa'nt afeared o' work nor nothin', but he never seemed to git on. When he was old 'nough for v'yagin' Cap'n Knowles took him out with the fleet on his own boat, mind ye! But fish stopped a bitin', and when they found he was a Jonah they put Lem'l on the Saucy Ann, Cap'n Barker. Then the Saucy Ann broke luck an' they transferred him to the Crane, Cap'n Bill Potter. But 'twant no sort o' use. Wherever Lem'l was thar wa'nt no fish. No matter if they'd been bitin' like all p'ssest when he teched deck, arter that thar wa'nt so much as a star fish brung on board.

"The end on't was, a boat came back specially to set him ashore. Since then Lem'l's been sort o' dwindlin'. Folks would hire him now an' agin for a spell, but soon's their luck turned, poor Lem'l had to go. Now he can't git a job nowhar, of nobody."

"Why, it is sheer superstition!" cried the visitor indignantly.

The old clam digger lifted his basket.

"Mebbe, mebbe," he said laconically, "but thar's Lem'l on the wharf, an' thar's the boats tossing out yander, an' thar's the fish in the sea. S'pose ye hire one o' the boats an' Lem'l and try your luck."

"But why doesn't he go away?" persisted the visitor, as he followed the old man, who began to swing laboriously up the street.

The clam digger sniffed contemptuously.

"Go 'way! Huh! He was borned an' brung up here, an' folks that's borned an' brung up here never go 'way. They can't."

The visitor allowed the old man to swing on, but as he turned toward his hotel on the hill, he glanced back at the wharf. Lem'l was sitting in exactly the same position, his legs dangling above the water, and his eyes still staring vacantly into space.

F. H. Sweet, Palm Beach, Fla

OUR BOOT LAKE TRIP.

June 29th, 1901, Chick, Puss, Kitty and Porter left Chicago for a 3 weeks' trip among the waters near Eagle River, Wisconsin. June 30th we landed in Eagle River, and were met at the station by Ed., the head guide of the place. After a 10 mile drive through the woods we arrived at Everetts in time for breakfast, and there earned the proud title of the "Hungry Four."

The first week we spent fishing the lakes in the vicinity, and in that time we had enough good pike fishing to last a lifetime. Deer were numerous and could be seen at almost any time down by the lake.

Tuesday morning of the second week we started for Boot lake, 20 miles from Eagle River. We had a wagon loaded with 2 boats, our camp equipage, fishing tackle, and the 2 laziest of the party, myself, Puss, and Chick. Porter, Kitty and the guide followed. Ed had promised to get us back by water. After traveling all morning through dense brush, the branches along the narrow trail slapping us in the face, we stopped for dinner in the middle of a dense wood. We soon resumed our journey and at 5 o'clock we arrived within 100 yards of Boot lake, as near as we could get with the wagon. We carried boats, etc., from the wagon to the lake and at our first view of the lake saw a big buck on the opposite shore.

The next morning, after a plunge in the lake we drew straws to see who should strip and seine for minnows. Porter and Puss, of course. I always did get the worst end of things! We soon had 2 buckets full of large suckers and shiner minnows and lost no time in getting out on the lake. Chick and I were in the large boat with the guide, and Porter and Kitty manned the smaller one. It was ideal muskalonge weather, the wind being just right. We trolled around the lake twice, about 5 miles, and caught only a few pike. This did not look any better than Everett's, and Chick and I made remarks about people who thought they knew where the muskys slept. Just at that moment Chick's bait was struck.

"Another blamed pickerel," he said; but no. That time he was lucky, and a shining muskalonge flashed into the air frantically shaking itself to get rid of the hook.

"Keep the line taut," Ed. and I shouted together.

Chick was the youngest and least experienced member of the party and we thought he needed directing. He played his fish well, however, and after 40 minutes of hard fighting he landed his musky. It weighed 19 pounds by the pocket scales, and when Ed. cut the steaks from it for supper Chick's heart almost broke because musky would not keep a week, so he could exhibit it at the hotel.

Chick's was the only muskalonge landed during our trip and Chick now claims to be the best angler. He had a bad case of swelled head which we were not able to cure until he fell out of the boat on the way back while showing off his skill as a canoeist.

We certainly were up against it on our way back. Large trees had fallen over the creek, averaging one a mile, and every time we struck one it meant get out and drag. It took us nearly 2 days to reach Everett's, but the trip as a whole was one we shall never forget.

Percy L. Trussel, Berwyn, Ill.

A LAC VIEUX DESERT MUSKALONGE.

C. S. THOMPSON.

In a worn tackle box of mine is a small notebook and on its fly leaf is this memorandum: "About the last of May, or within the first 2 weeks of June, write Chris, at State Line, Wisconsin, and find out if the muskalonge are biting well. Whatever the answer is, go." For the 8th consecutive time I decided to follow its advice.

State Line ends with the name. It is in Northeastern Wisconsin. The nearest fishing resort is Lac Vieux Desert, the head of the Wisconsin river, a large and beautiful body of water, with a shore line of 20 miles.

The 7 mile drive from the station to my guide's cabin was an exquisite pleasure to me, after being cooped up in the city during the long winter. The trees were in the full bloom of spring. The trailing arbutus had disappeared, but in its stead were anemones, glossy wintergreen, and many varieties of ferns; and the birds sang among the pines and hemlocks.

We drove slowly by a large swamp, and out dashed, in full view, a beautiful deer. It stopped, gazed intently our way, then disappeared. I vowed then that I would come again later in the year and capture that beautiful creature. I kept my vow, too!

We arrived at the cabin long before sunset, and my guide suggested a short row and perhaps a musky that very evening. This was exactly to my liking, so my rod was quickly put together and we embarked in a birch canoe. The lake was rough, but not enough to interfere with fishing. Paddling down the lake over many likely holes, we fished the spot where there was no doubt about getting one; also the hole where it was a sure thing; but without other result than a bunch of lake weeds. The monotony was only broken by the capture of a 10-pound pickerel that put up a fight of great interest while it lasted.

The sun was high the next morning when we started out for our second trial. We had paddled some distance over a bed of weeds, when a vicious tug, a slight splash, followed by a widening swirl on the water, suggested a 50 pounder. The line sang and screamed as musky bolted for the thick patches of weeds.

"Be careful," cried my guide as the fish leaped from the water. "Don't let him have any slack! Hold him till I get this here boat out of these blamed weeds. Be careful or you'll lose him sure!"

The fish was not to be cajoled into leaving his point of vantage. Down he sped among the entangling weeds, dragging my line and my hopes toward certain destruction. Then up he came, completely enveloped in a mantle of weeds. There seemed to be a boat load of them hanging to his head. There was a frantic shake as he rose from the water. The weeds slid up, my line snapped, the musky turned over, and, with one swirl, was lost to view.

Then happened a strange thing; one perhaps seldom seen. Musky still had the spoon hook embedded in his mouth, and he made 4 vain attempts to dislodge it. First he rose about 50 yards back of the boat and shook his head violently, ringing the spoon like a bell. Then he fell back, only to repeat the attempt 30 yards farther away. Twice more he failed. The last time he was fully 100 yards distant, and my guide remarked,

"Wal, I'll be gol darned. He'll keep that up till he's clean played out."

I replaced the lost spoon with a new one and continued fishing. I waited long and patiently for a strike. Was that lost muskalonge calling an assembly of his fellows, with his jingling bell, and exhorting them to beware? We fished the morning hours away without success, then paddled ashore to lunch. After an hour's rest we resumed our fishing. We paddled around an island, and as we moved away from the shallow water there came a straining pull at my line. I jerked and an answering tug gave challenge to combat. My guide paddled quickly for the deep water, but I said, "Never mind doing that; this is only a small one, very likely another pickerel, or perhaps a voracious bass."

Looking back toward the island, along the straining line, I saw it slowly lift, then rise from the water with a swish, throwing fine spray into the sunlight. Could it be true! Yes, a brown body fully 40 inches long! What a picture! The light steel rod bent far back, from the strain. Thirty yards of line, every inch above the water and as tight as a banjo string, and at the end the frantic "wolf of the water," threshing about in a futile effort to disentangle himself!"

Three times the muskalonge showed his full length. Then he retired to the depths and sulked. I pulled hard, but he would not budge except to send ominous shakes of his wicked head thrilling along the tightened cord. My guide paddled around in a circle, and this changing of position enabled me to coax Musky from his retreat. Up he came, wavering to and fro, as if exhausted; but there was no exhaustion in that wild rush as he caught a glimpse of me! My line whirled out again with a screaming Zr-r-r-r-zr-z-z-z. Sulking again, he lay near his former place of refuge, gathering strength for another furious rush. Frantic dashes, wicked shakes of his head, desperate leaps, were all tried in succession, till at last the wolfish fighter came up exhausted, and yielded to the conqueror.

He was a splendid specimen; not quite so long as I had imagined when first I saw him leap from the water, but long enough; 38 inches; and plump, weighing 38 pounds.

BLOWN IN ON PAYETTE LAKE.

IDA HODGSON.

July 15th, 1902, a party of 6 started, from our camp on the East shore of Lower Payette lake, to go up the river fishing. With 2 rowboats, fishing tackle and luncheon, we set out at 8 a. m. About 10:30 we entered the river and went up as far as the log jam, where we tied our boats. Then, while some of us were getting dinner, the others went fishing. After dinner we all fished until about 4 o'clock. We had poor luck, catching only 23 fish.

At 4:30 we started homeward, but when we reached the lake we found the wind blowing hard and the waves so high we dared not cross. There was nothing to do but to remain in the river until the wind went down.

At 7:30 we tried again, the wind having moderated. By the time we reached the narrows it was blowing as hard as before, and the boys were so tired rowing that we decided to land. It was nearly dark when we beached the boats. The boys brought branches and built a fire, round which we gathered, telling stories and singing until we fell asleep.

It was just 11:15 when I woke and found the wind still high. I walked to the shore to see if we still had our boats. Finding them safe, I stood watching the waves, for by that time the moon had risen, showing white caps rolling high as far as the eye could reach.

I had been there only a few moments when I saw, far down the lake, a moving light. Presently I heard a whistle. Then I knew it was the steam launch *Lyda* from Lardo, and thought it must be out looking for us. Going back to the fire, I roused the rest of the party and told them of the coming steamer. Building up our fire as a signal, we went down to the shore and waited. When opposite us the steamer stopped, a rowboat put out and we were all taken aboard.

The ride back to Lardo was glorious; the steamer ploughing through the white capped waves and dashing spray high in the silvery moonlight.

Reaching Lardo, we had to walk about 1½ miles through the sand to our camp, which we reached at 1:30. Having had nothing to eat since noon, we lost no time cooking supper. By 2:30 we were ready for our beds, tired but happy.

Before the District Court of Sheridan county, Levi Milton was convicted of dynamiting trout and was fined $250 and costs. This is the first case of this kind that has been tried here.

J. E. M., Sheridan, Wyo.

I hope the disposition of this case may have a salutary effect on other game and fish law breakers in Wyoming. There are some excellent judges in the Western States, and our Eastern sages should emulate their example.—Editor.

AN ANGLING SOLILOQUY.

N. M. J.

Soon I'll straddle my bike,
Like an Alkali Ike,
And away I will pike,
Just to do as I like.

I will go to the stream
Where the bright waters gleam,
Yes, I'll go to the crick
And I'll go mighty quick.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

HE SHOULD GET AN AMERICAN GUN.

In April Recreation "Small Game" inquires of the readers of his favorite magazine as to the best gun, naming 5 well known American makes. While I do not approach this question from the point of view of the theorist or of the expert, yet from a practical standpoint I can assure Small Game that there is no question in my mind as to which of the guns referred to I should choose, if he wants a first class reliable weapon. Small Game is quite right in giving consideration to none but the products of American ingenuity and skill. By all means let us patronize home industry in this important matter, and thus avoid the disappointment that must, sooner or later, fall to the lot of the man who pins his faith to a foreign gun.

I have handled and examined all the guns referred to by the inquirer, have seen them in action at the trap and in the field, and in view of such experience will suggest to Small Game that he communicate with the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y. All the guns mentioned by him are good guns, but in my judgment the Lefever is superior to any other. Among the wealthier class of sportsmen the Parker is the most popular gun in American today, but this is largely a matter of reputation due to persistent and judicious advertising, and to the employment of skilled experts to demonstrate these guns.

I have shot an F grade Lefever for the past 7 years, and feel that I can recommend it unreservedly to the man who is looking for the best gun. In all this time I have had neither a break nor a balk which could be attributed to defect in material or construction; never an accidental discharge nor a missfire, to endanger my own life or the lives of my companions, nor disappointing the shooter at the critical moment. With the Lefever the sportsman can go afield feeling certain that no accident will happen to mar the pleasure of the day. In short, the owner of one of these guns can and will swear by his weapon, but he never has occasion to swear at it.

The cocking device of the Lefever is superior to any in use to-day; is simple, positive and absolutely reliable. A friend of mine, a mechanic, who is subject to periodic attacks of gun fever once said to me that he had examined critically the "internal workins" of every reliable gun, foreign or domestic, and that he considered the Lefever the most scientific of them all. In point of balance, symmetry and beauty of outline, this gun is unquestionably without an equal. Simplicity is the characteristic feature in its construction, and the parts are fitted better than in any gun of equal grade. In the matter of pattern and penetration, the manufacturers can satisfy the most exacting. The safety can be made either automatic or independent at will, and the hammers can be let down without moving the safety forward, a matter of no small moment.

If Small Game will select any one of the many grades built by the Lefever Arms Company, he will secure a weapon of which he need never feel ashamed, and one that, in point of execution, will keep pace with the fastest company in which its owner may have occasion to travel. But I would not advise him to be satisfied with the lowest priced gun on any list. Instead, let him select the highest grade he thinks he can afford, then go one better, and my word for it, he will never regret his bargain. A handsome well balanced and perfect fitting gun is always good for 10 points extra at the trap or in the field. Results in this life are largely a consequence of enthusiasm, and the best incentive to good work with the gun is the possession of an arm in which the owner can feel a genuine pride.

Some time since D. M. Lefever, for 25 years manager of the Lefever Arms Company, and to whose care and skill the enviable reputation of the Lefever Hammerless guns is largely due, severed his connection with the old company, and began the manufacture (independently) of high grade hammerless guns. While I have never had the pleasure of examining one of the new Lefevers, yet I feel certain that the output of the new factory must be worthy of consideration. "Uncle Dan" Lefever, as he is familiarly known, is perhaps the most widely known and ingenious of the inventors and makers of double guns. I have one of the catalogues of the New Lefever before me, and am satisfied that the prospective buyer would make a mistake if he failed to give the new gun due consideration. As D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co. advertise in Recreation, I would suggest that Small Game drop them a line requesting information. Let him consult both companies, make his own selection, and be assured that the word "Lefever" is synonymous with all that is reliable and up-to-date in hammerless, double guns.

In answer to further questions by Small Game, I would advise a 12 gauge gun for hunting purposes; for trap work, a 12 gauge of about 7¾ pounds, with 30 inch barrels, and bored to suit the skill of the shooter. Lefever, Hughesville, Pa.

A SHOT GUN THAT BEATS A RIFLE.

Where water fowl abound is where the true merit of a shot gun is proven. Most any gun will kill pigeons, quail or grouse. When it comes to downright hard shooting qualities of a gun, try it on a canvasback duck or a goose at 60 yards, and if you kill you can say you have a good gun.

Two years ago I was a rifle crank and looked upon shot guns as clay target breakers. I had a high priced 12 gauge gun of noted make that would do good work at the traps, but when I tried it shooting ducks, it crippled so many and wasted so much ammunition that I laid it away, considering it criminal to use such a weapon. I have used several shot guns of standard makes, but none came up to my idea of what a shot gun should do.

Two years ago I wanted a light gun for my wife, and after examining many guns I selected a 16 gauge Ithaca. I liked the gradual slope of the barrels and the entire piece had a business-like look that appealed to me.

Three days later my judgment was verified by the killing by the little gun of a 4-point buck at 62 yards, with No. 4 chilled shot and 2½ drams nitro powder. With two companions I was in the timber hunting cattle. Turning a bend in the trail we came on 2 bucks. I naturally raised my piece to draw a bead on the nearest one, with no intention of firing; I would have had more confidence in a club. But when one of my friends said, "Let him have it," I pushed the safety forward and fired. Both deer jumped at the report; one kept going but the one I aimed at made his last jump and dropped dead. We found 17 shot had penetrated the heart. I then realized that all shot guns are not alike.

Some time previous to this incident I used both barrels of my other gun on a deer at 35 yards with no more effect than to penetrate the hide, causing it to bleed. Not knowing how badly the animal was wounded and not wishing to have it go into the brush to die, I put the dog on its track and finally killed it with my rifle. That shot gun cost 3 times as much as my Ithaca and had wasted more than its price, in ammunition. The Ithaca nearly paid for itself with the first shot. Since then I have killed many deer at various ranges with my Ithaca and prefer it as an all round weapon, to a rifle. I have never lost a deer in the densest underbrush.

I have shot and killed hawks, grouse and pheasants out of the highest trees, and some of our trees are over 300 feet high. Last fall I shot a large black bear with No. 4 chilled shot at 54 yards, killing him almost instantly. There are many instances I could speak of, all of which can be verified by reliable witnesses, in which my 16 gauge Ithaca has done remarkably hard shooting. I have no difficulty in killing a canvasback duck at 75 yards. This is a game country and we carry a gun all the time, for we do not know at what moment we may see a panther, wild cat or bear, and my Ithaca is good for them all at any reasonable range.

J. D. Magee, Templeton, Ore.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE .25-35.

Can .25-.35 Winchester shells, factory loaded with high pressure powder, be safely reloaded with black or semi-smokeless powder?

I have an Ideal bullet sizer, .25-.20. Can that be used to resize for the .25-.35?

What is the trajectory, velocity and penetration of the .25-.35?

I am with you against the automatic shot gun.

George Bingel, Del Monte, Colo.

ANSWER.

The .25-.35 factory loaded shells can be reloaded even if they have originally contained high power powder. The principal danger about reloading smokeless ammunition is the fact that an unusually strong primer is used to explode the smokeless powder, and this primer contains more fulminate of mercury than the ordinary black powder primers. Fulminate of mercury has a great affinity for the zinc or spelter contained in the composition of the brass shell, and if the shells after being fired with smokeless powder are not quickly cleansed a decomposition sets in which makes the shell brittle.

I do not consider it wise for any one to reload smokeless ammunition for big game, unless he is in the woods and has to do so. In other words, it is taking an unnecessary risk. For target work it is, of course, not so objectionable, for if a shell splits or even bursts in 2, there will be no danger of losing game, and with a good shell extractor the parted shells can readily be withdrawn from the breech.

The .25-.20 bullet Ideal sizer can be used to resize bullets for the .25-.35 charge. The diameter of the bullet on all .25 central fire calibers is .257. The velocity of the .25 is close to 1,945 feet. The trajectory is: 100 yard range; height of bullet at 50 yards 1.30 inches. 200 yard range; height of bullet at 100 yards 6.14 inches. The No. 1 bullet penetrates about 40 inches in dry pine; the No. 2, about 10 inches.—EDITOR.

LIKES THE SAVAGE .32-40.

I find the Savage .32-.40 the best rifle for all purposes. For full charges use 32 grains Dupont .30 caliber smokeless, with 165 grain full metal cased or soft nosed bullets.

With that charge and full metal patched bullets, I have shot through 35 ⅞ inch pine boards; while the killing power of the soft nosed bullet is considerably superior to that of the .30-.30, I have found that a twist so quick as that of the .30-.40 and the .30-.30 is not necessary, even for long range shooting. With my .32-.40 I can make scores at 500 yards that I did not even dream of making with a .30.-30.

For a medium charge I use 12 grains Laflin & Rand Sharpshooter smokeless and a cast bullet, 1 to 16. This load is nearly as accurate as the standard .32-.40 black powder cartridge, besides being cleaner and more pleasant to shoot. For short range I use 6 grains of the same powder and a 105 grain bullet, cast 1 to 20. With this load I have put 10 consecutive shots in a one inch circle at 50 yards, and the cartridge is perfection for small game.

I use Ideal tool No. 3 and find it just the thing for experimenting. I also use Lyman rear and wind gauge front sights and the Lyman rear, without the cup disk and with large aperture, much superior to an open sight for hunting.

I should like to hear from some sportsman who has hunted in British Columbia as to whether game is plentiful there.

M. S. Brown, Hemet, Cal.

ONE OF THE VETERANS.

I went to California at the age of 8, in 1862, and ever since have been a hunter and a gun crank. My first weapon was a old flint lock. From that I worked up, trying almost every gun as it appeared, to the high velocity rifles of to-day. Of black powder guns I liked best the 45-70, and for long range work it has not been beaten yet. Among high power guns my favorites are the 30-30 and 30-40; though I think a longer barrel and larger caliber would be better still.

I have killed a lot of game, but I never wasted any nor shot out of season. Many a sack of wheat have I strewn around my straw stacks for the birds. Last winter I fed 7 coveys of quails. I fish, too, and use an 8 ounce Bristol rod. I never quarrel with any one—barring fish and game hogs—on questions of sport. If I think my gun and my rod are the best on earth, I still recognize the other fellow's right to his opinion. Lastly, I am a constant reader and unqualified admirer of RECREATION, and I wish it and its sandy editor all success in the world.

F. A. Windrey, Spokane, Wash.

HARD KNOCKS FOR THE GAME HOG'S GUN.

I am much pleased at the way you look at the automatic gun. Anyone knows that our game would be killed fast enough if only single barrel .16 gauge guns were used. I have used the Winchester pump gun in the past, but have bought my last one of that brand. Am now using a double barrel and find it plenty able to deliver my share of the goods. I intend to own a .32-.40 and a .22 Savage in the near future. Paddy Marlin couldn't give me one of his bear shooters except as a relic. It is too bad he doesn't try some of his guns on a full grown grizzly and receive the reward he so richly deserves.

The Peters Cartridge Co. is no better. What was said about their cartridges sticking in a pumper is perfectly true; also about their .22 ammunition hanging and missing fire. I shall use no more of their goods. F. G. Smith, Chico, Cal.

Waukegan, Ill.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:—I am informed that you intend to put an automatic gun on the market in the near future. Such a gun is fit only for a pot hunter and no true sportsman will be seen with one. If this arm is extensively manufactured, game in this country will be exterminated in a few years. I sincerely hope that such a gun will never be placed on the market for the benefit of a few greedy persons who can not get a large enough bag with an ordinary gun.

Harry F. Nye.

I have just examined one of the automatic shot guns and it is certainly a murderous tool which should be kept out of the hands of game hogs. No decent man would want it. I used a Winchester pump a season or 2, but have gone back to a 16 bore double. RECREATION is sound on the gun question.

Carl H. Thober, Newark, N. J.

I have seen the Winchester automatic gun, and I say it is a shame that such a weapon should be put in the hands of men to destroy the few remaining game birds. I hope something will be done to prevent its use.

Arthur Borck, Rocklyn, Wash.

I hope the Winchester people, being in business for money, will see the folly of putting on the market an automatic gun which by exterminating game will kill the demand for all sporting weapons.

H. R. Charlton, Seattle, Wash.

I wish you great success in your fight against the game hog and the new automatic gun. The latter would finish our already diminished fall flight of the welcome webfoot. Keep it up.

H. J. Dale, Millbrook, Ont.

Your proposition to stop the sale of repeating shot guns meets with my approval. I shall be pleased to do anything in my power to prevent the use of any gun carrying more than 2 cartridges at one time.

Wm. E. Shoemaker, Cheboygan, Mich.

SMALL SHOT.

I have left my shotgun at home the last 6 years, though I am in camp every September when grouse are at their best. My shooting is all done at targets, one over on shore, 200 yards, and one on the island in front of my cabin, 100 feet.

My rifle is a 303 Savage, and I have been engaged 3 seasons in trying to work out a short range cartridge that would do good work. I do not believe it possible for any one to get as good results with small loads in high power rifles as can be had with the older rifles. Still I get satisfactory results with a 125 grain Kephart bullet, 1 to 10 tin and lead, and 10 grains Savage powder.

The 170 grain bullet and 10 grains L. and R. Sporting Rifle Smokeless also make a good combination.

My island is shaped like a cigar, 40 feet wide and 294 feet long. The lake is clear and deep and has the small mouth bass, perch and rock-bass. Other lakes, which have pike, pickerel and muskalonge, are within easy reach with my little 10 foot canvas boat..

T. W. Harrington, 3814 Rhodes Ave.,, Chicago, Ill.

I have shot many years and with many kinds of smokeless powder, and I have found none so satisfactory as Robin Hood. The recoil is more like that of black powder, and while it is not excessive it feels like business. I have shot it in hot weather, in cold weather, in dry weather and in damp weather, and it works the same under all conditions. It is quick, and gives fine pattern and penetration. I have never found any other powder that did not seem to me to deteriorate with age. I have just returned from Florida where I did some quail shooting, and as I shot a 20 gauge I was obliged to carry my cartridges with me. Though over a year old they were as good as fresh loaded ones, and the result in dead birds was perfectly satisfactory. I have shot this powder 3 years and have never found a cartridge that did not seem fully up to standard.

George Linder, Boston, Mass.

In February RECREATION, Reloader, writing about 50 caliber loads, gives one which he says will, when fired from a Sharp's carbine, put 10 shots in a 2½ inch circle at 200 yards and kill squirrels without mangling them. This load, as he gives it, consists of a hollow base ball with a bearing of ⅜ inch and weighing 97 grains, and 7 grains of Gold Dust shot gun powder. Is there not some mistake in the weight of the bullet? The lightest 50 caliber bullet listed by the Ideal Manufacturing Co., if the 200 grain round ball is left out of consideration, weighs 285 grains.

What cartridge does the Sharp's carbine referred to by reloader take? Is it the 50-45-400 Government carbine, the 50-70-450 musket, or one of the sporting cartridges? G. T., St. John, N. B.

Last fall I bought from our local dealer a Steven's shot gun, guaranteed to stand smokeless powder. After firing it a few times with ordinary factory loaded smokeless charges, the barrel burst at the breech. That I did not get killed was due to good luck. I wrote the makers in regard to the matter and they referred me to the local dealer. Through him they offered to send me, on return of the old gun, a new one of a better make, that they were putting on the market. When the new gun arrived it proved to be precisely like the old one. I would not shoot it with smokeless powder for a farm. I deem it my duty to warn sportsmen not to take too many chances with the Steven's shot gun.

S. M. Book, Rushville, O.

I noticed in RECREATION an inquiry as to Parker shot guns. I have owned and used many of them, from the $50 grade up to the $175 ejector. They all shoot evenly and hard. In balance and finish, the Parker beats the world. The Parker people are not very accommodating about putting extra work on a gun; for instance, they will not accept an order to put an ejector on one of their own guns. I sent a $50 Parker to Chris. Fischer, Grank Forks, and he put on it the best automatic ejector I ever saw. It works perfectly with any shell and is simple in construction, there being but 3 pieces to it. I do not see why the Parker company do not put ejectors

on all grades. Other gun makers will put on all the extras you are willing to pay for.
R. F. Billings, Corona, Cal.

I have owned all kinds of guns, from the flint lock to the pump gun. My last was a Winchester pump, and I sold it last August, while away on my vacation. I was shooting crows off a corn field, got disgusted with the gun and sold it for $10. In September I got a Remington, grade K, 12 bore hammerless. Have tried this gun on ducks, plover and rabbits, and find it a hard hitter at long distances. Will some of the many readers of RECREATION kindly give me their experience with this gun? There may be handsomer guns than the Remington, but I don't think there are any that shoot better. My gun is full choked and shoots a little close for brush work.
Single Barrel, Montreal, Can.

I should like to read more in RECREATION about rifles for woodchucks and small game. The best 22 cartridge for 'chucks is the long rifle with hollow point bullet. A 'chuck hit in the shoulder with one of those is accounted for, while with the solid bullet the animal must be hit in the head or neck. I am now using a .25-.20 and consider it an excellent small game gun. Mine seems as accurate as a .22 and more so when there is a little wind, while it has much greater shocking power.
Ernest W. Vary, Watertown, N. Y.

W. C. Garthwaite asks the opinion of some one who has had experience with the Greener gun, as to its merits.

I have used a 7 pound Greener double gun the past 13 years, shooting it at the trap as well as in the field. In all that time it has never missed fire or cost me one cent for repairs, and I have given it severe usage. The gun is practically as good as new. Still, if I were buying a new gun it would be one made by Parker Bros., as thev are equal to the Greener and cost less money.
Harry A. Shields, Johnstown, Pa.

The explanation of the snake head problem of W. S. Jones, page 141, February RECREATION, is probably found in the facts stated, namely, a rock bottom and shallow water. The head was cut off by the shot, the bullet struck the rock in such a manner as to rebound toward the bridge, and happened to strike the head as it emerged from the water, carrying it to the bridge. Quite likely the bullet was flattened by contact with the rock, which accounts for the spattering of the water.
H. A. Dobson, Washington, D. C.

In the extremely interesting department of Guns and Ammunition reference is often made to the old Kentucky rifle. Will not some of RECREATION'S contributors familiar with the rifles of the past kindly write a detailed description of that famous gun? Such an article would be of interest to all the younger riflemen of the country, many of whom have never seen even a muzzle loading rifle.
U. N. Dyer, North Appleton, Me.

I spent 3 weeks last summer at Liberty, N. Y., and had great sport hunting woodchucks. I used a Remington No. 4, .22 caliber and found it an excellent gun for the purpose. My friends laughed at the caliber and said a .22 bullet would only tickle a chuck, but I made clean kills at 100 yards. For an inexpensive rifle, the Remington can not be beaten.
C. W. H. Goodyear, New York City.

The account in December RECREATION of the exploding of a shell when the gun breech was closed reminds me of a similar happening. In my case I had the shell measured and it was found that its base was a trifle thicker than usual, causing the block to jam the primer and thus explode the charge.
C. M. Smith, Campello, Mass.

I have not fired my shot gun in 10 years. You see I am in favor of protecting small game, but I am still a hunter. I use a Savage rifle, generally get one deer in the fall, and am well satisfied. The Savage rifle is all right, it can't be beat. It is a good honest made rifle.
Jos. F. Meyer, Rochester, N. Y.

I have given my premium Syracuse gun a good trial and am more than pleased with it. Have tried it at the trap and on ducks and grouse, and I think it is the best thing a man ever got for so little work. Many thanks to you.
Lon N. Van Duzer, Grand Haven, Mich.

Will some reader of RECREATION kindly advise me as to the relative value of the Colt .45 Army and .44 Frontier revolvers? Which is the more effective arm and which gives best results at various ranges?
Inquirer, Baltimore, Md.

Will you, through your magazine, request any readers who have had practical experience with the Winchester 32 Special carbine, to give their opinion of it?
Dr. J. P. Gilmer, City of Mexico.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

HOW TO SKIN A RATTLESNAKE.

ELESA M. GREMKE.

The very word rattlesnake fills the average person with horror, especially people who live in cities and seldom, if ever, come in close contact with the reptile. Yet one who has made its acquaintance feels no sense of creepiness at the sight of a beautiful diamond marked rattler that promises a rare trophy.

However, great care should be taken when traveling through country where the rattlesnake abounds. He is likely to be found almost anywhere among logs, rocks, near trails or running streams; and often in bed clothing carelessly left by the camper on the ground during the day. In higher altitudes, where the temperature is cooler, the reptile does not travel after sundown; he coils wherever night overtakes him. Both huntsman and tourist should be constantly on the alert, for the rattler does not always give warning when disturbed.

My brother and I, while traveling last summer in the high Sierras, had been riding horseback several hours. Being weary, we dismounted and walked for a change. Diverted by the beautiful scenery, we strolled carelessly along. Finally I tripped over a little snag in the trail, but passed on a few yards beyond. The thought occurred to me that possibly some of our pack animals, coming on in the rear, might stumble over the snag. I retraced my steps and began to tug at it. Suddenly I heard a loud, fierce rattle close behind me and sprang forward. On a bank to the right of the trail lay a large rattler, coiled and ready to strike.

Just then the guide rode up, and, securing a heavy stick, attacked the snake. At the first blow the reptile came down the bank into the trail, fighting furiously. He bit himself finally, and after a few more blows the fight ended. He was 4 feet long, 6 inches in circumference, and we counted 13 rattles. To our regret we had to leave him because his skin was spoiled in the battle.

There are various ways of dispatching a rattler. One who would save the skin should be careful to stun or kill the reptile at the first blow. A rattlesnake will always bite himself if wounded, after which the skin is dangerous to handle. If he remains coiled, with head erect in a fighting position, it will be difficult to strike him without bruising the skin of the body. If let alone he will uncoil and crawl away. The propelling movement being sluggish, renders it easy to deal the blow on the head, stunning the snake instantly. It is then safe to use a forked stick to hold the head down firmly while cutting it off below the poison sack, which is located under the jaw.

To skin a rattlesnake, make a cut about an inch long down the neck; turn the skin back and fasten a stout string to the fleshy part. Let some one hold it while you take the squirming snake with one hand and with the other rip down the center of the belly. Then pull down the loosened part at the neck and it will readily yield till you reach the small end of the tail. That will have to be carefully separated with the knife. Now the skin is ready for the salt and alum. Sprinkle it thoroughly on the inside and, if you are traveling and unable to stretch it at once, roll it in a moist cloth and keep in a cool place.

I kept a skin 3 days in a hot climate before I was able to stretch it, and it was still in good condition.

Use 6-ounce tacks and tack an inch apart, beginning at the neck and working down on either side. A better result can be obtained by tacking it on a vertical board instead of in a horizontal position. After the skin has thoroughly dried, remove tacks and roll it around, or place in a cylindrical can, after which it can be packed with safety.

A SCOURGE OF BLACK FLIES.

I was much interested in "The Architecture of a Beaver Dam," by Mr. Frank R. Grover, on page 419 of December RECREATION.

For several years I have been spending part of my summer vacations in Les Cheneaux and that vicinity. Last August my friend "Shag" and I were on Taylor creek. Shag and the guide, a native, fished downstream from a point where a lumber road crossed the creek. The guide told me I should fish upstream to the beaver dam, about 2 miles. I found the ruins of the old dam and the place where new work was going on. In the pool behind the work of sticks, stones and mud I caught a number of good trout. My orders were to find the big ones, above the beaver meadow, but I did not go far beyond the old dam. It is of the cause which halted me that I wish to have a word with Mr. Grover, who may have been there about the same time.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after probably 4 hours' fishing, Shag, the guide and I met at the bridge where we had separated. We all had good creels of fair sized trout, which had been like lightning in the icy water, and had risen savagely to any lure or bait presented.

The black flies almost murdered us; they were the most vicious ruffians of the woods I ever encountered. It was a peculiar day, which had dawned raw and cloudy. At times the sun shone brilliantly, raising clouds of vapor and making the atmosphere warm and close. Then a cloud, preceded by a stiff breeze, would blow up from the West and bring a shower of rain. The trout apparently did not care whether the sun was shining or not. They were hungry all the time; but during the periods when the sun was shining myriads of the black flies rose from the meadows. The breeze brought them in clouds. They attacked any part of our anatomy on which they made a landing. The moment they landed they were fast, and our guide said he had never seen the pests so fierce. My forehead, ears and neck were raw and bleeding at every pore. We remained as long as we could and then retreated before the attacks.

It was a 15-mile drive back to Sam Meiks', near Les Cheneaux club. Before we arrived there my face was badly swollen. During the night the swelling increased so that both my eyes were completely closed. My own mother would not have recognized me. The captain of the Sea Fox, a Detroit steam yacht, who is also a physician, recommended a plaster of unsalted butter, covered with a layer of pulverized chalk. A doctor from a camp near prescribed epsom salts in large doses, calomel, etc., and several merciful women treated me with witchhazel and delicate preparations for the skin. In 2 days my eyes opened and the swelling disappeared almost entirely. Six months later, after a cold day in the open air, all the old symptoms recurred at night and my face again took on gigantic proportions.

Shag did not swell as I did, but for weeks every bite showed on his skin and about many of the punctures were fierce little eruptions. He was everlastingly scratching. His physician is still treating him in an effort to eradicate the poison from his system.

I should like to know whether any other anglers on Taylor creek were as unfortunate as we, and whether the effects of black fly bites are frequently as severe as they were in our cases. The flies not only spoiled my fishing for that day, but they prevented my investigation of the beaver dams, and I was exceedingly glad to see the description given by Mr. Grover. It was my first encounter with the flies, and I should like some good brother to advise me how to fight them successfully in case I should have any further experience with the little fiends.

I am a newspaper man, temporarily out of the business, and Shag and I both want to know something about the game we were up against. None of the natives about Taylor creek seemed to know much about the fly except that he existed and that you were bound to meet him at certain seasons if you went into his haunts. Our guide said he had never seen the flies so fierce, but he seemed to carry something in his system which made him proof against their poison.

C. C. G., Pittsburg, Pa.

PERISHED IN A MINNESOTA BLIZZARD.

I send you to-day 2 small birds that I picked up on the snow, they having died apparently from cold and starvation. Thousands of these birds drifted in here during the severe gale of March 26th and 27th, and we fed I presume 10,000 of them, 3 days, as best we could; but hundreds of them died in nooks and corners where they had gone for shelter. Can you tell me what they are? We never saw any such birds here before.

The winter has no doubt been severe on the grouse. As many as a dozen have at various times come to our chicken house to feed and have become almost as tame as our brown leghorns.

Snow is melting fast now and deer find picking generally along the railway tracks, but they are poor and weak.

Trout fishing will be good, as the heavy snows, in spite of the severity of the weather, has prevented streams from freezing as deep as many had thought.

J. W. Russell, Adolph, Minn.

I sent the birds to Mr. Hornaday, who writes:

To the casual observer the birds sent by Mr. Russell appeared to be sparrows, strongly resembling the female English sparrow, or, by the printed descriptions, the clay-colored sparrow. To Curator Beebe, however, the thick and conical bill at once revealed the fact that the birds were finches, and the rather rounded wing and the presence of white on the outer tail feathers showed the group to which they belong. The unusual length of the hind claw revealed the fact that the birds belong to the genus *Calcarius*, the longspurs. The pure white breast and the inner web of the outer tail feather distinguished them from the Smith longspur, and showed unmistakably that they belong to the species *Calcarius lapponicus*, known commonly as the Lapland longspur. The spring plumage is just beginning to appear.

PROBABLY A WIDGEON.

In October last I was shooting ducks over decoys A bunch of ducks came down with the wind and at the crack of my gun one of them fell. I was surprised at its size and color. The back of the bird was nearly all white, as were the wings, while the neck and bill were of a fawn color. The body was similar in color to that of the blue wing teal. The bird weighed 4 pounds. What is the name of this bird?

A Reader, Windsor, Ont.

The bird may have been an American widgeon, *Mareca Americana*, but it is impossible to say definitely without seeing it. The only way to be certain of getting a correct identification of any bird is to cut off one wing, the head, tail and feet and send them in. Or better still, skin the bird carefully, dust the inside of the skin with powdered alum, then insert enough cotton to keep the different parts of the skin from touching and let it dry. For fuller instructions as to saving skins read Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," published by Scribner's Sons, New York City.—EDITOR.

DEFENSE OF THE ROBIN.

Robin redbreast has found an able defender from the attacks of the State Horticultural Society in Prof. E. W. D. Scott, who occupies the chair of ornithology at Princeton University.

Prof. Scott completely answers Charles Black, of Hightstown, and W. H. Reid, of Frenchtown, who presented the main argument for an amendment of the State law such as would permit the extermination of this beautiful and musical species of the bird creation, on the ground that it destroys immense quantities of fruit each summer.

Robins, Prof. Scott says, consume 60 per cent. of insectivorous food and about 40 per cent. of vegetable food, mostly wild. When cherries and strawberries are ripe, robins undoubtedly do help themselves to these dainties, but Prof. Scott says that for each cherry and each strawberry, the robins destroy 3 to 10 times as much in bulk of insects.

If all the robins in the State were destroyed, Prof. Scott says, cherry, apple, peach and pear trees and strawberry vines would be overrun with insects which the birds now eat and the resultant damage to the growers would be incalculable. What the fruit growers need, he says, is more insectivorous birds, not less.

All this sounds more logical than the plea of the fruit growers, as voiced by their delegates at Trenton. It is in consonance with nature. Surely it can not be possible that these beautiful birds which have been welcomed by farmers and fruit growers for centuries, can have been, or are now a nuisance.—Hoboken, N. J., Observer.

I am with a party of engineers locating a new railroad from Corpus Christi, the famous tarpon fishing resort, to the Rio Grande and 60 miles along the American shore. This country is purely Mexican in its customs and people. Deer, turkeys, panthers, Mexican lions, wolves, ducks and geese are abundant. The game law is ignored, for the reason that but few people here speak English. This well watered and lovely corner of Texas is one of the last stands of American game, and steps ought to be taken now to protect it, before the great rush of game hogs which will surely follow the completion of the road. Then a few hours' ride will take one from an up to date American city into the wilds of an isolated Mexican ranch country,

Yours truly,
Fred Percival.

A large Holboell's grebe was killed on St. Francis river, Poinsett county, latitude 35, February 15, 1904. It is a male, length 20½ inches, spread 30½ inches, weight 2 pounds 1 ounce, not fat.

An unusual number of golden eyes, generally rare visitors, have been seen here this season, among them the only female of that species I have ever seen.

Robert H. Mitchell, Marked Tree, Ark.

Please tell me the correct name of the bird called "meadow hen" in the Long Island game law.

Roy Latham, Orient Point, N. Y.

The bird referred to as the meadow hen is the clapper rail, *Rallus longirostris crepitans*.—EDITOR.

There is not much game in this country, but about 100 miles South of here there are a number of mountain sheep. The Indians kill them by hiding at the water holes and shooting them when they come for water.

W. H. Paddock, DeLamar, Nev.

At last, after years of search, Diogenes gave it up.

"No," he said, "there is no such thing as an honest man. Every mother's son of 'em will beat the street car company out of a ride if he can!"

Signaling to the conductor to stop the car, he got off at 75th street, put out his lantern and went back to his tub.—Chicago Tribune.

"Here's an advertiser," said the Western editor's assistant, "who offers us one of his 'Patent Sadirons for Shirt Bosoms' in exchange for advertising space."

"Accept it, of course," replied the editor. "Some day we may acquire a shirt in the same way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Al Vista camera came to-day. To say I am pleased with it would be putting it too mildly. I thank you for your promptness and courtesy.

Walter S. Abraham, Wall, Pa.

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DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.

WISCONSIN DIVISION.

Wisconsin has a good game law and it is well enforced. We let the hunters pay for the protection of game, fish and forests, and they are willing to do so. This protection not only costs the taxpayers nothing in our State, but they receive a large sum every year through the game wardens, because all the money for the fines goes into the county treasuries. The money for trespassing on public lands, which law is also enforced by our State wardens, goes into the school fund. Another good feature of our law is that all deputies are State, instead of county wardens. They all have authority over the whole State. This enables them to work to better advantage, for where they are not known they can often capture violators of the law who might evade them if the wardens were known.

In Wisconsin a hunter must take out a license for all protected game, including rabbits and squirrels. The license fee is $1 for a resident for all game, $10 for a non-resident for small game, and $25 for all game, including deer.

A hunter can take 2 deer home during the season, or 25 chickens or 50 waterfowl in one day; but no game can be sold except rabbits and squirrels, or shipped without being accompanied by the hunter. On that account and the strict enforcement of the law, the deer have increased rapidly within the last 2 or 3 years.

To show what game protection can do: In localities where we had no quails 3 or 4 years ago, they are plentiful now. We passed a law last winter to protect them for 2 years more. We also passed a law to create a State forest commission and a practical forester was appointed as superintendent with a salary of $2,500.

We had a hard fight again last year against spring shooting. Dr. Gropper, an active League member, and I appeared before the committee for game and fish laws and did all we could to kill that bill; but the committee was divided on spring shooting, so they made an agreement and combined the spring shooting bill with the bill to prohibit the sale of game, which we proposed. Our governor is a great game protector, but if he had vetoed the bill for spring shooting he would also have killed the bill which prohibits the sale of all game, because both bills were one. Now, hunters can shoot only from the 10th to the 25th of April certain kinds of waterfowl and only 15 in one day. I think we will be strong enough to kill or amend that section next year. If Illinois would prohibit spring shooting, it would be easy for us to do so. That gives the "shooters," as I call them, an argument. It is too bad we can not have a uniform or government law for waterfowl.

We protect all kinds of birds, except sparrows, hawks, crows and blackbirds.

About the settlers: Senator Morgan, of Minnesota, has said, "They need meat." I agree with him; but I would not let them think they can kill a deer every day. I enforce the law strictly, but make friends at the same time. A few game hogs and market fishermen don't like me very much. I never let a man go if he violates the law. It makes no difference to me who the violator is; but after I get him it makes a big difference to me if he is rich or poor, a farmer's boy or a pot hunter. If he is a poor farmer's boy or a settler who kills only some game for food for his own family and needs it, I am ready to make a motion myself to the court to suspend the fine or a part of it and to let him pay the costs, which are generally only $1 to $2, because I never charge a cent for fees if a man is poor. If a man shoots for the market, or if he is rich and thinks the laws are made only for the poor, I let him pay the highest fine. We never make it public that a fine is remitted.

The sentiment among the people has changed. Only 2 or 3 years ago, when a warden went up in our Northern woods, the people there looked on him as an enemy and in some places we could not get a meal. Now we are welcomed by the same people and they assist us in our hard work.

The Wisconsin Game Protective Association, a local organization, has also done good work in aiding to enact good laws and enforce them.

According to the official report of the State game warden, we received last year from resident hunters, $78,164; from non-resident hunters, license for small game, at $10, $2,980; and from non-resident hunters license for small game and deer, $9,025; for set-lines in certain waters and tags for same, $500; total, $90,669.

For trespassing on State lands, $3,164.01; 330 arrests were made and the fines amounted to $4,285; for seizure of game and fish, $2,877.56.

Thus our department for game protection is self-supporting, and gives a large income to the taxpayers in our State.

Valentine Raeth,
State Deputy Game Warden and Delegate.

MINNESOTA DIVISION.

This Division of the League has grown steadily during the last year. Our membership is now about 650. Our influence extends over the whole State and is growing stronger. Our efforts have been principally directed toward harmony with the State Fish and Game Commission, to whom we report violations of law that come to our knowledge, knowing that such cases will be pushed, if the evidence is sufficient. I have, however, paid one reward of $5 for a conviction secured through our Heron Lake chapter.

The opinion is now quite general that there ought to be a close season on gray squirrels and on rabbits. There are still too many gunners who, on cloudy days, can not distinguish quails or grouse from rabbits, so we intend to help them with a little more law and a little more Fullerton behind it.

From personal contact with people in the country, I can say that they are well pleased with our game laws, and with the part the League has taken in securing them and helping to have them enforced.

D. Lange, Chief Warden L. A. S.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR LOVERS OF NATURE.

The name of Col. Joseph H. McDermott, of Morgantown, W. Va., has been added to the list of prominent men who are life members of the League. Colonel McDermott, though but 33 years of age, has already gained for himself an enviable reputation as a man of sound character, substantial and progressive in business, a thorough sportsman and a good fellow.

For the past 8 or 10 years his business has kept him from enjoying outdoor sports, though he owns a number of fine guns and other paraphernalia, in the possession of which only a true sportsman can find pleasure. He has always taken an active and effective interest in the preservation of game and fish and of all harmless wild life. In 1898 he was the moving spirit in the formation of the Monongalia County Game and Fish Protective Association. This organization did good work, and mainly through Colonel McDermott's unselfish and tireless efforts kept at it till 1901 when nearly all the members joined the League and established a local chapter. He is still a member of that Chapter and will be such to the end of his life.

Jiggs—His song made me sick.

Wiggs—What was it?

Jiggs—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."—Chicago News.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

DANDELION GREENS.

C. F. LANGWORTHY.

The common dandelion is a weed which gives much trouble in lawns, as it spreads rapidly, is not injured to any extent by mowing, and unless carefully dug out is likely to ruin the turf. It is a common practice to give perfect freedom to the women and children who every spring invade the roadsides and parks or private grounds in search of dandelion greens. Tests carried on at the Maine Experiment Station showed that, contrary to the usual belief, this is bad for the lawns, for in addition to the injury caused by the knives and trowels used in digging the roots, it is probable that every top or crown cut off will in a short time send up in its place one to 6 new crowns.

The dandelion has long been used as a potherb, and though digging it from lawns can not be recommended, there are many places where it can be gathered without harm. It is less commonly eaten as a salad plant in the United States than in Europe, where it is often gathered for this purpose, especially in early spring when growth has just begun and the leaves are still small and tender. Dandelion greens are similar to spinach and other common potherbs in composition. They contain on an average, uncooked, 81 per cent. water, 2 per cent. protein, one per cent. ether extract, 11 per cent. carbohydrates, and 5 per cent. ash, the fuel value being 285 calories a pound. Dandelions have a more decided flavor than spinach, which is caused by a bitter principle contained in the milky juice. Canned dandelion greens may he had in the market and have substantially the same percentage composition as the freshly cooked materials. All potherbs are bulky foods and do not furnish a large proportion of nutritive material pound for pound; however, they add a pleasing variety to the diet and are undoubtedly wholesome.

As a cultivated plant the dandelion is assuming an important place in home gardens and in the large market gardens, particularly in New England, where it is grown extensively, yielding large returns per acre. According to the Maine Experiment Station, it, like celery, is at its best when grown rapidly on rich, sandy loam. The station gives in effect the following directions for its cultivation: Sow the seed in the early spring in drills 12 to 15 inches apart, and cover one-fourth to one-half inch deep. As the young plants are small, dark colored and therefore inconspicuous, it is well to mix a few radish or lettuce seeds with the dandelions, to mark the rows. Dandelions should be given the same culture as carrots during the summer, except that they require thinning to 8 to 10 inches apart. The following spring the leaves will be fit for use, and are best when partially blanched by placing a covering of boards or boughs over the rows. The blanched dandelions are superior to those growing wild, being more tender and less bitter. The plants are prepared and marketed in the same way as spinach, and may be profitably grown at 50 cents a bushel, though the price received is frequently much higher.

ARMY SUPPLIES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The annual report of the Commissary-General of the United States Army states that for the Division of the Philippines subsistence affairs are now on a settled and satisfactory basis.

The solution of the transportation problem, on which so many others hung, greatly aided a successful outcome. The reduction of the military forces of the islands, and consequent reduction of posts, removal of troops from interior places, and concentration at points on the seacoast and along the railroad, thus permitting refrigerator and meat boats and commercial liners to make regular routes and schedules, all made toward a successful solution of the various problems.

The sources of supply of the needed foods are various. San Francisco supplies the largest portion of the ration and many sales stores. Chicago furnishes the bulk of the salt meat and meat products, while Kansas City and Omaha are also drawn on for packing house products. St. Louis furnishes a few articles which that market can most economically supply. New York furnishes the greater portion of the articles for sales to officers and enlisted men. The policy of the Subsistence Department is to buy in the most advantageous market, considering cost and quality and the interests of the Government, and always favors the home or local market, everything being equal. In pursuance of this policy, the following articles were bought at Manila:

Fresh beef, fresh mutton, rice, potatoes, onions, teas, issue sugar, ice, matches, butter, cheese, cigars, clothes lines, ginger ale, Australian milk, toilet soap, table salt, cut loaf sugar, granulated sugar, powdered sugar, Tansan water, toilet water, stewards' stores for transports, and exceptional articles.

Fresh meat is the essential article of the soldier's diet, and has, almost without exception, been supplied in abundance throughout the islands. The chief commissary of the Division of the Philippines says:

"During the past fiscal year, through the services of the Navy Department, the fresh beef supply of this division was bought in Australia and brought to this city by the navy supply vessels. The quality of the beef has been uniformly good. Until the last cargo the beef furnished was all in hind quarters, but on account of the drought in Australia and the large demand made on the market as a consequence of the operations in South Africa, the price of beef was considerably advanced, and it was found advantageous to purchase both fore and hind quarter meat."

On the subject of fresh beef the chief commissary of the Department of Mindanao remarks:

"It is incontrovertible that troops serving in these islands desire a full supply of frozen or refrigerated beef, and their prejudice against native beef, or beef cattle obtained from any source, is so marked that they often prefer the canned meats. My experience during the past year but confirms earlier convictions that the only practical, economical, and satisfactory method of supplying troops with fresh meat component of the ration in these islands is by bringing to Manila frozen or refrigerated beef and issuing it from local and central cold storage plants."

A NOVEL LUNCH ROOM.

A lunch room was started recently in Boston on a somewhat novel plan, which aims at providing the best food at low rates by eliminating the cost of service. Furthermore, it was believed that the wear and tear of temper attendant on waiting for one's luncheon would be lessened by the privilege of serving one's self. Entering, the patron looks up at the bill of fare (varied daily), which is posted conspicuously on the wall; then, picking up a small tray from a convenient pile, slips into the slow moving, Indian file of customers, and receives promptly, on request, the various viands, served out in small dishes from large hot boxes behind the counter. The savory viands, beef stew, mashed potatoes, etc., are found at the first counter, then puddings, ice cream, bread and butter, tea and coffee, to which cream and sugar to taste may be added. A lightning calculator at a little desk gives a check covering the cost of the trayful, and the lunch may be eaten at any one of a number of small tables. When luncheon is over the tray with the empty dishes is carried to a side counter and left there.

Visitors to Munich will recall that a similar plan is followed at the Hof Bräu Keller. A visitor who wishes beer selects his own stein, washes it at a convenient water tap and takes it to the counter where beer is served. If sausages and bread are also wanted, they are procured in like manner. A table is chosen and you are ready to enjoy the fruits of your labor.

COOKING IN FRANCE.

A Frenchwoman, according to a recent writer, never heats her house by cooking or baking foods except in winter. Connected with many of the shops where fruit, vegetables, poultry, and game are sold is a place for roasting. This is generally in full view of the public. One can order a roast from these places, or the meat and poultry may be prepared and sent to these *rôtisseurs* to be roasted. The cooking is done before an immense wood fire in an open fireplace. The meat is put on a spit, which is turned constantly by clockwork. The roasting generally begins about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and continues till 9 o'clock in the evening. Cold roast poultry can always be obtained at such shops, which do a wonderful trade all the year round. Many of the geese, turkeys, and chickens, are cut up into 2, 4, or more pieces; a wing or a leg can even be bought. They are all placed on white china dishes and ticketed. You select according to your means.

I received the Bristol steel rod you sent me as a premium for a club of 5 subscribers. It is a beauty and I am well pleased with it. I thank you, also for the Laughlin fountain pen.

C. Griffin, So. Bethlehem, N. Y.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal I ever read.

Will H. DeGroff, Fleming, N. Y.

Recreation is the highest type of literature in its class.

L. T. Jackson, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Recreation is a gem, and I can't do without it.

Fred Zimmerman, Moray, Kan.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE NEW WONDERLAND.

The 1904 edition of the Northern Pacific "Wonderland" is out, and all that need be said of it is that it is fully up to the excellent standard of its predecessors. It deals with many subjects that are dear to the heart of every sportsman, including carefully tabulated information as to where various species of game and game fishes may be found. It gives a lot of interesting and valuable reminiscences regarding the explorations of Lewis and Clark, of Maximillian, the Spanish traveler, of the developments and improvements in the Yellowstone National Park, and of the great irrigation works in the Yakima country.

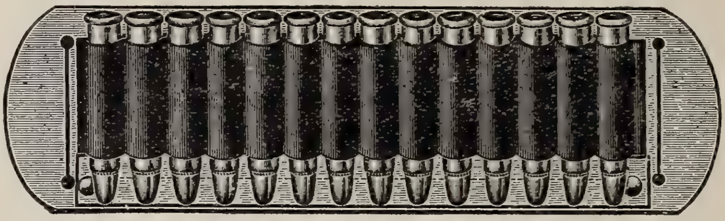
The book is jam full of beautiful, interesting and instructive pictures of scenes along the Northern Pacific railway, by artists and art photographers. Some of the drawings date back nearly 100 years and portray the great Northwest in its halcyon days. There is one photograph reproduced on page 39 showing 10 mule deer on the parade ground at Fort Yellowstone in the Yellowstone National Park, which is alone worth the price of admission. One of the most gratifying sights open to the sportsmen tourists of to-day is the herds of deer, elk, mountain sheep, antelope and buffalo which are to be found in that wild animal republic. The United States Government has never done so good a thing anywhere else, in the way of preserving our wild animals, as in the creation and maintenance of that park, and the success of this venture has proven the necessity of establishing such havens of refuge in various Western States. We all hope this may be done in the near future.

The Northern Pacific railway has been an important factor in the creation and development of the Park and it is only proper that it should now reap the benefit of its work by carrying thousands of people there every summer.

Any person can get a copy of "Wonderland" by writing A. M. Cleland, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn., and enclosing 6 cents in postage. The book is easily worth $1. In writing please mention Recreation.

A NEW BELT.

The Marble Safety Axe Co. has turned another trick. This time it is a cartridge carrier, made of leather and so arranged that it can be slipped on an ordinary belt. The sample before me is made to hold 14 cartridges, and these carriers are made in any size desired, from 22 caliber up to 50. The time was when a man going into the big game country wanted a belt full of cartridges; but that time is past. Most men now go out with only what cartridges they can place in the magazine. Sometimes it is necessary to have a few more, and this new scheme of Marble's will answer every requirement for a day's hunting in any country.



ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE.

Persons going into the woods or mountains, or on the water, should all know the need of wearing woolen underclothing. There is no item in a camping or fishing outfit more important than that of clothing which is to be worn next the skin. After an experience of 40 years, a large portion of which has been spent in the woods, I can say truthfully and conscientiously that I have never found any underwear so thoroughly adapted to the needs of campers as that made by the Jaeger Sanitary Woolen Company, and I think every man who has ever worn Jaeger underwear will agree with me in this statement. These goods are absolutely all wool and the wool is prepared more carefully before being made up than by any other manufacturers I know of. I have several times ventured to buy a suit of underwear of some other make, which was recommended as "just as good"; but none of these has ever proven anywhere near it; so I have always gone back again to the old standby, and shall probably continue to buy Jaeger goods as long as I live.

Minneapolis, Minn.

A. W. Bishop & Son, Racine, Wis.

Dear Sirs: I am much pleased with your novel invention. I gave the reel and independent spool as severe a test as possible and nothing could work better. I had no difficulty in casting a small frog 75 to 140 feet from the boat. Your reel beats my fine Julius Vom Hofe reel, and I would not part with yours if I could not get another. It has another advantage over all other spoolers, as in case the guide should get out of line, caused by backlash, one can slip off the band and turn pulley on spooler until the guide is in line with the line on the spool.

You will get more orders from here as all my friends are enthusiastic over it.

Yours truly, Jno. F. Perkins.

The 1904 edition of "Fishing on the Picturesque Erie" has just been issued by D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent of that road. The book is brimful of information, as usual, and every Eastern angler should have a copy of it, whether or not he may intend to fish on the Erie. There are dozens of pictures in this book that will make an angler's mouth water, and it is a great satisfaction to know that if you ever do get 2 days in a bunch when you are not compelled to work, you can pack your grip, step on an Erie train and in 3 or 4 hours be next to the black bass.

In writing for the book, please mention RECREATION.

The Century Camera Company has issued a new catalogue in which amateur photographers will find much to interest and instruct them. The book is beautifully and elaborately illustrated with photographs of a variety of subjects, made with Century cameras. It also contains illustrations of all the Century cameras and a great deal of valuable text. A new feature of the Century line is the revolving back, which is certainly a great improvement over the old form of reversible back. This new device is fully described and illustrated in the new book. Write for a copy, to the Century Camera Company, Rochester, N. Y., and mention RECREATION.

Janesville, Wis.

D. M. Tuttle Co.,
Canastota, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Our 4 H. P. Jump Spark engine bought of you last spring has exceeded your guarantee in every respect. It is simple, strong and absolutely safe and reliable.

There are 15 gasoline and 3 steam launches owned here, of one to 7 H. P., and my launch, the Russell G., has led the entire lot the whole season.

Thanking you for your generous treatment, I remain,

Yours truly,
C. C. Searles,

The Marble Safety Axe Co., of Gladstone, Mich., has put out a new model knife called the special hunting knife. It has a straight bevel ground blade, with bone chopper at back of point, and the blade is a quarter of an inch thick. There are 2 oblong recesses in the sides of tang, thus making the knife balance perfectly. The side plates are selected slabs of German stag horn This blade is 5 inches long and the knife sells at $2.50. This new knife is illustrated in Marble's latest catalogue, which also illustrates and describes many other handy tricks for sportsmen. Get a copy of it, and mention RECREATION.

W. R. Crosby, one of the champion shots of the world, was treated to a surprise recently in Atlanta, Ga. Despite a heavy wind, amounting almost to a gale, Mr. Crosby broke 94 out of 100 clay birds, a remarkable record under such adverse circumstances, yet he was beaten by one bird, as Mr. Worthen smashed 95 of the clay flyers.

The battle between these 2 men was a right royal one, and Mr. Worthen and the Parker gun achieved a triumph of no mean merit. Mr. Worthen used, as he always uses, the Old Reliable Parker gun.

I wouldn't take a dollar for it, says a man who owns a copy of Polk Miller's book, "Dogs." A copy of this book only costs 3 cents in stamps to cover expense of mailing. No dog man or kennel owner should be without it. When you haven't it, you'll need it most, therefore write now to the Polk Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va., for a copy. Don't fail to enclose 3 cents in stamps to pay postage. This same firm will charge you nothing whatever to prescribe for your sick dog. In writing them, please mention RECREATION.

Marble, the axe manufacturer of Gladstone, Michigan, has invented an aluminum knife sheath protector that is interesting and that will certainly prove useful. The aluminum sheath slips into the inside of any of his leather sheaths and prevents the knife from cutting into the leather. This metal lining costs only 15 cents postpaid. Make a diagram of your hunting knife, send it to Marble with 15 cents in stamps, and you will get the trick by return mail. In writing, please mention RECREATION.

The Savage 22 caliber junior single shot rifle has just been placed on the market by the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y. It shoots the C. B., short, long and long rifle cartridges, and, as with all Savage rifles, has some new mechanical features. It is an excellent little gun to take into camp or away on your vacation, as a companion piece to your big game rifle. The little rifle goes nicely into your pack and is well worth the price for which it sells, $4. The same Savage quality all through.

Douglass H. Shepherd, Taunton, Mass., is making glass eyes to be used in mounting birds and animals, and it would be well for all readers of RECREATION who are interested in taxidermy to get his circular and price list. Mr. Shepherd is a young man, but has been engaged in this work for other people during the past 7 years. He has lately started business himself, and I am glad to be able to commend him to my readers.

Spratt's Patent, Newark, N. J., has published a new edition of "The Common Sense of Dog Doctoring." The book has been recently revised and enlarged by adding to it a lot of valuable information on various topics of interest to dog fanciers. This book sells for 25 cents, hence there is no reason why every owner of a good dog should not have a copy of the book at hand. In writing for it please mention RECREATION

The Ideal Mfg. Co. has issued a book giving full instructions as to how to load and reload 30-40 Krag and other shells for high power rifles. This, like all the other publications that come from the Ideal people, is jammed full of detailed information, and every rifleman should have a copy. In writing please mention RECREATION.

A profusely illustrated booklet of 40 pages, descriptive of St. John and New Brunswick, containing maps and useful information for the traveler has been received from the Secretary of the New Brunswick Tourist Association at St. John, N. B. Copies will be mailed free to any address on application to Mrs. R. E. Olive, Secretary, St. John, N. B. Any person contemplating a trip to New Brunswick should be supplied with this book.

Fred Gilbert, the champion trap shot of 1902 and 1903, is doing wonderful shooting this year. Out of 1,000 targets shot at in 9 events, he broke 962, or 96 2-10 per cent. Gilbert was shooting the old reliable Parker.

Mr. T. W. Morfrey holds the championship of New Jersey, won with the Parker.

Walter Huff, shooting at 100 targets at

Macon, Ga., broke....................	69
Columbus, Ga., broke..................	94
Americus, Ga., broke..................	96

Such scores as these speak volumes for the Parker gun.

R. C. W. Lett, an old time contributor to RECREATION, and a man who has won several prizes in my various photo competitions, has written a song entitled, "I Saw A Star." It has been set to music and published by C. W. Thompson & Co., of Boston.

At Lexington, Ky., Mr. Robt. R. Skinner using a Parker gun broke 49 out of his first 50 clay birds and then broke 71 out of 75. Mr. Skinner is loud in his praises of the Parker gun, and is a shooter of considerable ability.

NEW PATENTS.

Patent No. 753,189 has been issued to W. C. Buckalew and J. P. Flournoy, Jr., Shreveport, La., on a new device for cleaning rifles.

Patent No. 752,809 has been issued to M. E. Sutherland, Westville, Canada, on a rifle rear sight.

Patent No. 752,932 has been issued to C. H. Snow, Stockton, Cal., on a magazine gun.

Patent No. 752,550 has been issued to J. C. Heritage, Minneapolis, Minn., on a landing net, which is arranged to fold up into convenient shape for carrying.

Patent No. 752,600 has been issued to W. A. Sinclair, Springfield township, Kalkaska county, Mich., on a device for automatically closing the cover of a fish basket.

Patent No. 752,786 has been issued to A. E. Leaver and W. H. Leaver, Chicago, Ill., on a fishing reel.

Patent No. 745,561 has been issued to Peter Bergersen, Cheyenne, Wyo., on a so-called practice barrel for rifles. The device consists of a headless shell to be inserted in a rifle barrel and within each a shorter cartridge than the regular one intended for the rifle may be inserted.

Patent No. 745,657 has been issued to O. H. Peak, Parsons, Kans., for a single trigger mechanism for double barrel guns.

Patent No. 745,825 has been issued to J. D. Guthrie, Shelbyville, Ky., for a drying reel for fishing lines.

Patent No. 745,885 has been issued to O. P. Mosberg, Chicopee Falls, Mass., for a single barrel breech loading shot gun mechanism.

Patent No. 746,619 has been issued to Joseph P. White, Savannah, Ga., on a single trigger mechanism for shot guns.

Patent No. 747,350 has been issued to Herbert B. Andrus, Dillon, Mont., on a rear rifle sight.

Patent No. 747,422 has been issued to Clinton B. Helm, Rockford, Ill., on a cartridge loading machine.

Patent No. 747,732 has been issued to A. Kremer, Sacramento, Cal., on a decoy duck.

Patent No. 746,859 has been issued to Albert D. Marble, Oklahoma, Okla., on a cartridge magazine, which is to be inserted in the breech of a rifle.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

HOW SOME PHILADELPHIA ROOTERS WERE CAUGHT.

Late last fall a large party of hunters, not sportsmen, went to Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, and engaged in hunting deer with dogs. Several deer were run into the water and killed, thus effecting a double violation of the State law. Deputy State Warden Joe Rightnour went after the bristlebacks, rounded them up and took them before Justice ——————, of Carthaus, who persistently refused to hear any evidence against the men and discharged them. Their trial was set for a certain hour in the day, and Dr. Josephus Kalbfus, secretary of the State Game Commission, started to Carthaus to attend the trial. On arriving there he found the men had appeared before the Justice several hours before the time set for the trial and had been dismissed.

As every sportsman in Pennsylvania knows, Dr. Kalbfus does not quit a case when he starts on it until he has exhausted every resource. He followed up these miscreants, arrested 6 of them, took them before another Justice and had them bound over. Meantime, several of the men weakened, pleaded guilty and paid fines of $100 each and costs, the total amounting to nearly $1,200. One of the other men caught cold while breaking the law and died.

The names and addresses of the poachers, so far as learned, are: Alois Oslertag, a hotel-keeper of Philadelphia; George D. Kelley, Philadelphia; O. S. Bailey, J. D. Burkhart and J. D. Wolf, of Sinnemahoning, and William Shultz, of Carthaus.

The lesson taught by Dr. Kalbfus and Mr. Rightnour has proved a most salutary one, and has aroused the indignation of all friends of game protection in Clearfield county. It is certain that not only the sportsmen of that county but the farmers as well, will keep a sharp lookout for game law violators hereafter, and it is not likely these Philadelphia swine will again invade that neck of woods.

HOW 2 CHICAGO HUNTERS CAME TO GRIEF.

John Baumgartner and Henry Cidjake, of Chicago, went to Escanaba, Mich., last fall, got a team, drove to Round lake, made a camp and went to hunting deer without going through the formality of taking out a license. Game Warden Aaronson, of Escanaba, camped near them and ostensibly went hunting deer also. He, however, spent all his time while in the woods in getting evidence against the 2 non-resident hunters. He finally became friendly with them, and when they told him what day they would leave the woods, he announced that he would go out about the same time, so they invited him to ride with them. The Chicago hunters packed a lot of venison in a big trunk they had brought in with them, locked it up and told their neighbor they intended to have it checked home on the pretext that one of the owners was a commercial traveler. When the outfit arrived at a half way house and the owner came out, he recognized the game warden and innocently called him by his title. This sprung the trap and the 2 Chicago men asked the warden what he was going to do about it. He told them he was going to take them to court. They put up a bluff and threatened to fight. He told them that was useless and that he should take them, dead or alive. Then they weakened and were finally landed in Rapid River, where they were arraigned before a magistrate and fined $50 each and costs of $22.85.

MISCALCULATED THEIR DEPTH.

Four whales entered the mouth of the Sislaw river, Oregon, in April last, on a high tide. The watchman at the Government jetty took a rifle, got into a boat and went after them. They started out to sea, but in shying around the boat 3 of them ran aground and were unable to get off. The 4th started up the river, when the watchman shot it. It turned over and appeared to be dead. The watchman put a rope around its tail and attempted to tow it down the river but was unable to move it. A steam tug came along and hitched on, when the whale revived and started up the river again, dragging the boats with him. The tug struck a shoal and her line parted. The whale turned and headed for the ocean, struck the watchman's boat, breaking it into splinters and pitching the man about 20 feet into the air. He succeeded in swimming ashore, but did not relish the cold bath he got. When the tide went out the 3 whales were left high and dry and the people of the neighboring town of Florence cut them up and converted them into oil. Two of the whales were 42 feet long, each, and the other 40 feet.

MANITOBA KNOCKS OUT THE AUTOMATIC.

Section 14 of the game law recently enacted by the Legislature of Manitoba, reads as follows:

"None of the contrivances for taking or

killing the wild fowl known as swans, geese or ducks, or any of the birds mentioned in sub-section a of section 7 of this Act, which contrivances are described or known as batteries, swivel guns, automatic guns, sunken punts or night lights, shall be in the possession of any person, nor shall they be used at any time; nor shall any beaver or muskrat house be destroyed at any time; nor shall any spring gun be used to kill or destroy any animals hereinbefore mentioned."

There are men who claim that you cannot prohibit the use of an automatic gun by law. Such men would no doubt admit that the present Manitoba law is all right in forbidding the use of batteries, swivel guns, spring guns, sunken punts and night lights. If it be proper to legislate against the use of one form of slaughtering device, why not against another?

PLEASE WRITE THE GAME AND FISH HOGS.

There are many men who believe I speak only my own sentiments when I condemn game butchers and that my custom of rebuking them is not approved of sportsmen in general. In order to convince these men that their slaughtering of game and fish is condemned by all good sportsmen, I should like the cooperation of my readers.

I wish you would hereafter write letters or postal cards direct to every man whom I may denounce in Recreation for slaughtering game or fish and endorse what I may have said of him. Add to each man's address his number in the swine book, so there may be no question as to identity. For instance, address Col. F. W. Dunn, Game Hog No. 972, Los Angeles, Cal. Put his number on the envelope or postal card, as the case may be.

By this method, you can greatly aid in my work of making these men ashamed of themselves, if they have any such quality left in them.

NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Pinehurst Gun Club these officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Priest, Franconia, N. H.; Vice President, H. A. Page, Aberdeen, N. C.; Secretary, H. L. Jillson, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, T. B. Cotter, Winchester, Mass.; Captain C. A. Lockwood; Lieutenants, A. E. Laird, Washington, D. C., M. C. Parshall, Warren, Pa., M. B. Byrnes, New York City.

The program for next season's tournaments was referred to a committee which will announce the events in the fall.

Lylle Landred and Charles Mentzer, of Schuyler, Neb., went duck shooting in March last, a thing no good sportsman should ever do, and in the course of the day killed 2 quails. They were arrested and when taken into court claimed they thought the birds were ducks when they got up. A man who can not tell a duck from a quail when he sees it, should not be allowed to use a gun

We have recently organized divisions of the League in Mississippi, North Carolina, Alabama and Louisiana. This leaves only 2 states in the Union unorganized. These are Delaware and the Indian Territory. The sportsmen of these 2 states should now get a move on them and send in the necessary number of applications to enable us to organize there.

I am informed that Wm. Hanson, of Harrisville, Alcona county, Mich., located on the Detroit & Mackinac railway recently caught a brook trout 28 inches long and which weighed 9 pounds 6 ounces. This is supposed to be the largest brook trout ever caught in Michigan. The fish has been photographed and mounted.

I have just received the Ithaca gun you sent me as a premium and am delighted with it. I thank you very much for your kindness and promptness in the matter. If I can at any time get more subscribers for you, I shall be glad to do so.

Wm. Lane, Bridgeport, Conn.

"Don't be too quick to strike another, my boy," said the kindly old man, who had interrupted the fight; "always count 10 before you do it, and then——"

"Yes," replied the boy, contemptuously, "an' den it'll be de referee dat'll be countin' 10 on you."—Philadelphia Press.

Shem and Ham leaned against the rail of the ark looking at the schools of fishes in the water. "Ham," said Shem, "just think of all those fishes, and we with only 2 worms on board!"

"Do you think the street car system in New York is worse than in any other town?"

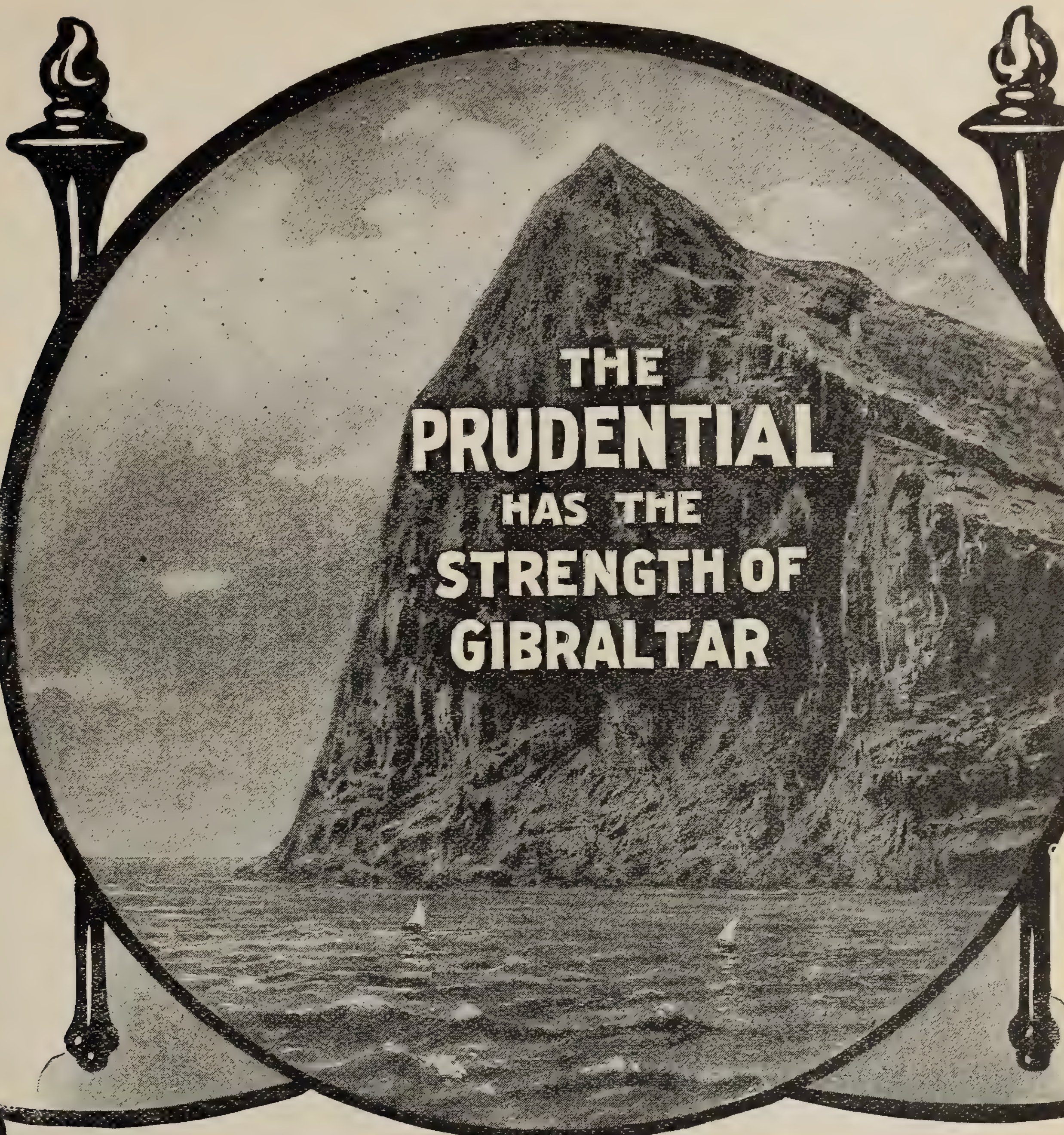
"Oh, yes, much worse. It's in abler hands."—Exchange.

I received the Harrington & Richardson shot gun and am so pleased with it that I am trying to get up another club for you.

J. Leonard, Blossburg, Pa.

Recreation is the best magazine I ever read.

G. L. Rainboth, Aylmer, Que., Can.



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SEEN BY THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

SHERMAN A. PADDOCK.

The dense, all-pervading gloom of a summer night settled slowly over the forest, wrapping it in black as if in mourning for the day just dead. The contented little forest birds gave a goodnight chirp, the saucy red squirrels one last chatter, and the stately ruffed grouse tucked his tufted head beneath closely folded wing to await the dawn. The cautious rabbit hopped silently from his grassy retreat, the buck stamped on the resonant earth as he went forth with his harem, and the great horned owl, with a soft, euphonious swish-swishing of his mighty wings, sailed gracefully from his hiding place in a monster spruce, startling the tiny sawwhet into uttering its old "queech - quench - queech - queech."

The great horned owl wings his easy flight through the solitude, looking with watchful eyes for his evening meal. Suddenly he pauses in his onward flight, curves to the left, hovers, then swoops downward with the speed of an arrow, dodges underneath a log and rises with a disappointed shake of the tail, for bunny has escaped him. The next attempt is more successful. An unfortunate rabbit, grasped in cruel talons, gives a shrill scream as a blunt beak is driven with the force of a hammer into the base of his skull. The great horned owl, lifting his limp burden, flies heavily to a distant pine, and there, ensconced in its highest branches, places the dainty feast upon a bough and breaks his fast. His great, honey colored eyes glance toward the roots of the old pine and a curious fire burns within them when he sees 2 youths slumbering there, their guns at their heads, a dog at their side. One the great horned owl has never seen; the other, though he has not seen him for many years, he recognizes as the trapper's son. Probably the boy is home on a visit and the one beside him is undoubtedly his college friend. The great horned owl remembers having heard the proud old trapper tell how he had saved the proceeds of 10 years' trapping that the boy might attend college.

The wind toys with the leaves of the silver birch and plays sweet music among the redolent pines. From far away and faintly comes the wailing cry of a lynx, but the boys slumber on. The great horned owl picks at the inanimate flesh before him, a silent sentinel. From the South comes the sound of a crackling stick, then all is still. The great horned owl watches; the dog below cocks an ear attentively forward, opens his eye and listens. A ray of light appears, dances about on the hoary tree-trunks, and brings into view 2 shadowy forms The great horned owl is experienced. He knows the shadowy forms are deer hunters, with guns and one with a bull's-eye lantern strapped on his head. The sentinel sends forth his challenge, "Whoo-whoo-who-who." No answer. The dog growls softly and his eyes burn like coals in the advancing light. Nearer and nearer draw the figures. They see the gleaming eyes, stop, lift their guns, aim, fire. The buckshot hurtles true to the mark, the eyes disappear, and there comes a sound as of something struggling.

"We've got him!" cries the man with the light.

"Yes," chorused the great horned owl, "you've got him—the trapper's son." But the men, not understanding owl language, pay no heed. A wild human cry breaks from where the eyes had been. The cowardly hunters, realizing their awful mistake, dash the light to the ground, mutter startled exclamations, turn on their heels and flee madly through the forest. The companion of the trapper's son lights a match and gazes at 3 black spots on his friend's face and forehead; sees, also, that the dog is dead. Then, jumping to his feet, he runs like a frightened deer toward the West.

"Queech-queech-queech queech," says the sawwhet. The great horned owl devours his victim and waits. The moon appears, tints the treetops with delicate silver, and is 2 hours high before the sound of crackling brush is again heard. The sound approaches and soon the boy comes into view accompanied by an old man with flowing beard and hair of snowy whiteness, barefooted and hatless, dressed only in trousers and buckskin shirt. He sinks beside the body stretched at the foot of the pine, lights a match, eagerly scans the features and then, clasping his hands and sinking back on his knees, breaks into sobbing lamentation:

"He's dead! my son! my last and only hope! For 10 long, weary years I worked and struggled and saved that he might amount to more than his poor old father! And this—this is the end. This is my reward!"

"Queech-quench-queech-queech!" says the sawwhet. The great horned owl, with a last mournful hoot, launches himself from his lofty perch and is lost in the recesses of a cedar swamp.

A German immigrant sought to obtain citizenship in the United States.

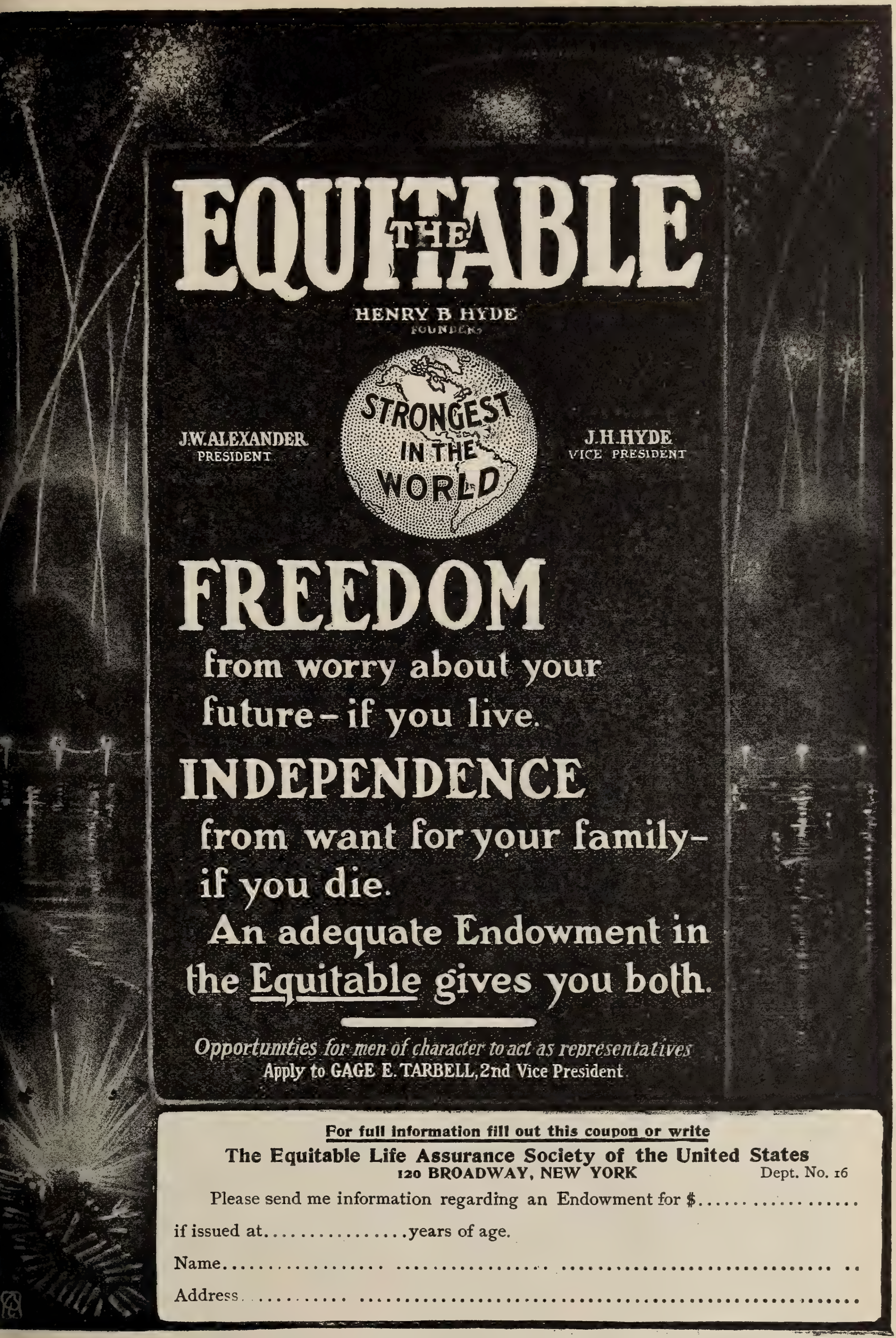
"You have read the Constitution of this country?" asked the judge to whom application for naturalization was made.

"No, your honor," responded the German; "no, I haf not read der Constitution; but my frent Krause he haf read it to me, und I like it fery much. It is fery nice, your honor, und I am much bleased mit it!"

The judge granted the necessary papers.—Saturday Evening Post.

I would not be without Recreation. It is the cleanest and best sportsman's magazine published. Game hogs are thick here and I wish you could come down and ring a few dozen of them.

Frank Dettman, Galt, Ill.



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THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

RECREATION has conducted 8 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 9th opens April 1st, 1904, and will close November 30th, 1904.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A 4 x 5 Petite Century Camera, with Goerz Anastigmat Lens and Century Shutter, listed at $73.

Third prize: A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Lens Co., Rochester, N. Y.; listed at $36.

Fourth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, and listed at $32.

Fifth prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $30.

Sixth prize: A No. 3 Focusing Weno Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27.50.

Seventh prize: A 12 x 12 Waterproof Wall Tent, listed at $16.30.

Eighth prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Ninth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $8.

Tenth prize: A pair of High Grade Skates, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a pair of chrome tanned leather driving or hunting gloves made by the Luther Glove Co., and listed at $1.50.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $1.

A special prize: A Goerz Binocular Field Glass, listed at $74.25, will be given for the best picture of a live wild animal.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

DEVELOPING PAPERS.

The more I work with developing papers the more I am convinced that there is no best kind or grade. In spite of all the skill one may exercise in exposing and developing, and notwithstanding all the tricks and dodges one may employ to improve the plate after development, it is practically impossible for amateurs to produce negatives of a uniform quality.

The professional portrait artist, working under the skylight, learns to know his light and the proper exposure, and his work can be even in quality; but for the average amateur, this is an impossibility. To-day he goes out to secure some choice bits of landscape; to-morrow it is the family cot or the new baby that is forced to face his deadly lens; then, perhaps, his next plate will be used in copying a faded daguerrotype. Working thus, with all classes of subjects and under all conditions, his collection of negatives can not but be as varied in quality as in subject. The manufacturers of developing paper realize that a variety of grades is needed, yet 9 out of 10 amateurs stick to one grade of paper as if it were the only one on the market.

Many of my acquaintances are believers in the carbon grade, using it for all work, irrespective of the character or quality of the negative. It is needless to say that the results they obtain are not always of the highest class. When developing paper was first introduced I tried it, using the carbon grade. I gave it up in disgust, as the resulting prints were poor. I tried the paper at intervals for a year or 2, with indifferent success, until I happened to get hold of a package of quicker working paper, known as the portrait grade. From that time on I have used developing work almost exclusively for my ordinary paper, and have tried most of the brands on the market. Nearly all are good when rightly handled, but care is needed in working them if success is looked for. I keep on hand 4 or 5 grades of different speeds and surfaces, and there is always some one of these that is preeminently the best for use with a particular negative.

To realize how many different effects are possible from one negative one must try it with different grades of paper. This I strongly advise the progressive amateur to do. Once he understands what an important means for improving his work is thus placed in his hands, he will no longer be content to use one grade of paper for all work, but will keep at hand a supply of the various grades, so he may test each negative as it is made and make his final print on the paper best suited to its character.

C. M. Whitney, Bayonne, N. J.

THE HYDROMETER TEST.

The hydrometer used by photographers has a different scale from the standard hydrometers for taking the specific gravity of fluids as used by chemists, and is called the photographer's hydrometer or actinometer. Whenever the directions for compounding any developing or other photographic solution say "by hydrometer test," it is intended that this special photographers' actinometer should be used and not the standard hydrometer.

The actinometer scale indicates the number of grains of silver nitrate to the ounce of water. For example, in a solution of silver nitrate 10 grains to one ounce of water, the actinometer would read 10. In the same solution the standard hydrometer would read 1.019. For ordinary purposes it is sufficiently accurate to count 2 points on the standard hydrometer scale for each point on the actinometer scale, if one wishes to find the relative value of a reading of one instrument on the other. For accurate readings the fluids to be tested should be at a temperature of 60 deg. F. The chief advantage of using the actinometer for making solutions is its accuracy. Solutions can always be made just alike, no matter whether the chemical, say sodium sulphite, for instance, is in crystals, dry anhydrous or granular form. It is not necessary to change the quantities for the different forms as it is when we weigh them. Just keep adding the sulphite until the required reading on the scale is reached.

Another advantage is the convenience of the actinometer and the quickness with which solution can be made. I buy my sodium sulphite and sodium carbonate in 5-pound bottles, getting the C. P. crystals, as the crystals dissolve better than the anhydrous form. As soon as I get a new supply I fill the bottles with water and add water as I use the solution; so I always have a saturated solution on hand from which any strength of solution can be made in a few minutes by adding water.

R. L. Wadhams, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Please compare the F system of stops with the universal. If the exposure was one second with the F system (largest stop) would the exposure be 2 seconds with the next succeeding stop and so on?

Please explain the F system. Why is it different from the universal?

H. E. Roberts, New Castle, Pa.

ANSWER.

There are in common use 2 systems of numbering stops, the F and the uniform. Some lens makers have systems of their own, but nearly all the lenses now use one or the other of these 2. The 2 systems compared are as follows:

UNIFORM SYSTEM.

No.	1	2	4	8	16	32	64	128	256
F.	f/4	f/5.6	f/8	f/11.3	f/16	f/22.6	f/32	f/45	f/64

F SYSTEM.

For example, take F|8. This means the focal length of the lens divided by 8, but for convenience it is written F|8. In the uniform system each succeeding number is ½ the area of previous one and requires double the exposure. Beginning with No. 1, F|4 was chosen as a starting point. As the light that passes through a stop is proportionate to the area of the aperture and the areas of circles are proportionate to the squares of their diamaters it is easy to calculate the F value for any number of the uniform system. No. 1 is equal to F|4. To find the value of No. 2, square 4 = 16, then multiply by 2 = 32 and extract the square root = f 5.6; and so on for each succeeding F value.

With lenses numbered on this basis knowing the exposure for any one stop the exposure for the next larger stop will be ½ and for the next smaller stop twice the known exposure.—Editor.

Will you kindly state in RECREATION whether I can get satisfactory negatives under the following conditions: I have a No. 3 F. P. Kodak, for films, without plate attachment. With this I wish to copy some very artistic engravings, 10x12 inches. A friend tells me to put the print on the wall, place the Kodak about 8 feet distant and draw out Kodak as far as it will extend; but I should like your opinion in the meantime.

E. Worthington, Montreal, Can.

ANSWER.

To obtain good copies of the engravings you speak of with your F. P. Kodak No. 3, will require some careful experimenting. There are a number of details to be observed.

Fasten the engraving on the wall so that it will be perfectly flat and smooth. Arrange the lighting so it will be uniform over the whole picture. Side light and top light should be screened off, as they intensify any grain or roughness of the engraving. Set your camera on a level with the center of the engraving. See that the plane of the film is absolutely parallel to the picture to be copied. To focus, remove the back of your Kodak and fasten a strip of paraffined paper, without folds or creases, across the rollers in the same position the film will occupy. Focus on this paper the same as on the ground glass of an ordinary camera. As the focusing must be sharp, use a magnifying glass. If you prefer you can have a piece of ground glass cut to fit in the back of the camera instead of the paper and hold it there by rubber bands, but it is more difficult to fix the glass in the proper plane than it is the paraffined paper. After having focused properly, remove the paper or glass, put in a film and make your exposures. Of course the camera should not be moved in the least between the focusing and the exposure. To get detail and sharpness stop the lens down small and give full exposure. The development should be slow and not forced in the least, in order to get detail and clearness without choking.—EDITOR.

During my vacation last summer I decided to develop some plates as soon as they were exposed, instead of waiting until the end of my vacation to do the work. Being away from home this was inconvenient, but I finally rigged up a place and procured the necessary chemicals. The weather was warm and one or 2 trials showed that before the various manipulations could be performed the gelatine film became decidedly soft. Of course the use of alum at once suggested itself, so I added a quantity to the hypo bath. This was efficient in hardening the film sufficiently, but when I gave the negatives a careful examination after washing, I found that they were mottled and covered with patches of uneven density, and, in fact, useless for printing.

I had developed several dozen plates before I discovered the trouble, and these exposures, of course, should have been duplicated, though in several instances this was impossible.

Though it is possible to use a fixing bottle containing alum without this mottling, as I have proved, still it would appear safer to use the alum as a separate bath after the plate is fixed and washed; or, what is much more convenient, use one of the numerous fixing baths which contain in addition to hypo, sulphite of soda, sulphuric acid and chrome alum. When properly prepared a fixing bath of this kind is efficient in hardening the gelatine. It lasts a long time without renewal, though there is no economy in overworking it. Lastly, it works evenly on the film, never leaving patches of uneven density.

C. M. Whitney, Bayonne, N. J.

WARMING THE DEVELOPER.

The advantage of warming developer to get out detail in under exposed plates has lately been attracting notice. In one case a jet of hot air is strongly advocated, this being turned on to the particular spot where detail hangs back most. A jet of steam from a kettle is also suggested, but great care would have to be exercised in its use for fear of melting the gelatine film, especially when using metol, which has not the tanning and hardening effect of pyrogallic acid. Good as the 2 methods undoubtedly are in expert hands, a still better plan for the ordinary amateur is to dilute the developer slightly with hot soft water, so that the glass feels comfortably warm to the hand. The effect of the developer on the film will be best appreciated if one plate of the same exposure is developed with cold solution, and one with the warm liquid. In the first case details will come up in a manner little short of marvelous, while the other will hang back an uncomfortably long time, and finally come up hard and black, short of detail and with a decided tendency to fog. Another good way is to place the developing dish in a tray a size larger, full of common hard water just so hot that the finger can be placed in it, and then rock the 2 trays steadily, adding fresh hot water as the heat evaporates. This plan is to be preferred when hot soft water is not easily obtainable.—The Queen.

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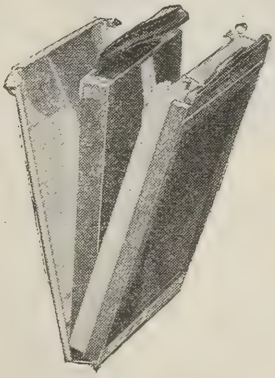

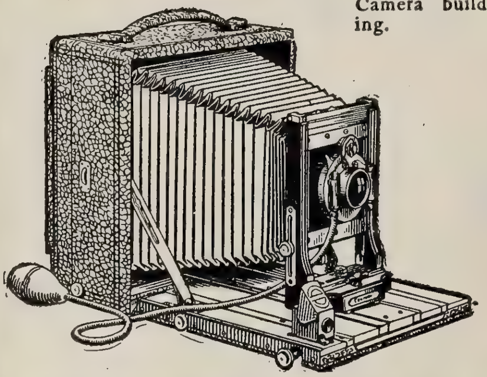

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A. E. Chase, Brunswick, Me.

The Harrington & Richardson shot gun you sent me as a premium is a fine shooter and in every way better than I expected.

W. Malcolm, Moline, Ill.

Percy Staylate—Father thinks it would be a good thing if I should travel.

Miss De Sharp—I think so, too. How soon do you intend to start?—Chicago News.

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I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION

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New York City.

LEST YOU FORGET, IN A FIT OF ABERRATION, I SAY IT AGAIN, PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

A MUSICAL TRIUMPH.

(Recent reports from somewhere in New England state that caterpillars have been killed by the playing of a brass band. People who have heard brass bands of the village variety will have little difficulty in crediting the reports.)

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,"
At least so we have often heard it said;
And yet for soothing savages out West
We always had a preference for lead;
We had a notion, it must be confessed,
A savage is most soothing when he's dead;
Which same is why we never tried to fill him
With harmony, but figured how to kill him.

Yet this does not disprove the adage; for
If we had tried on him a modern chorus
We might have saved the shedding of his gore
And changed to wholesome dread the hate he bore us.
He would have found our music worse than war
And to escape he would have fled before us.
By taking thus an opera along
We might have had the country for a song.

"Music has charms." 'Tis wonderful the sway
That it has held o'er warriors, bards, and sages.
Across the past we hear it far away,
Its sweet strains wafted down from distant ages.
Yet it has shown a greater power to-day
Than has been chronicled in history's pages.
The erstwhile charmer now becomes a killer
And knocks the tar out of the caterpillar.

The forest waltzed when Orpheus played his lute;
The devils, charmed, forgot their devilhood.
When Pan upon his pipes began to toot,
There fell a panic through the fearsome wood.
Such skill had the Pied Piper with his flute
That even rats the music understood.
Our players show a magic still more fetching.
The worms succumb unto its spell bewitching.

J. A. Edgerton in New York Times.

The Syracuse gun, my premium for a club of subscribers, is much better than I expected. C. W. Booth, Lowell, Mich.

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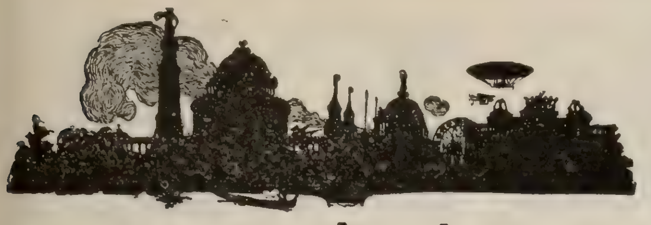

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Chas. L. Selleck, Mankato, Minn.

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Everett E. Johnson, Lewiston, Me.

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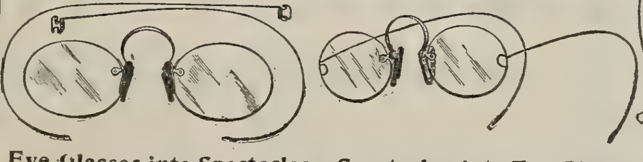

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Established 1842 GALL & LEMBKE, Dept. C, 1 W. 42d St. 21 Union Sq., New York *Send for Circular*

SLEEP

IS TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER

After a hard day's tramp, you must have

A Good Night's Rest

in order to fit you for the next day's work. Better to sleep on a good bed without your dinner, than sip at a banquet and then sleep on the cold, hard, wet ground. You can get

A Recreation Camp Mattress

of rubber, with valve for inflating, made by the Pneumatic Mattress Co., and listed at $18.

For 10 Yearly Subscriptions to

RECREATION

Send for Sample Copies

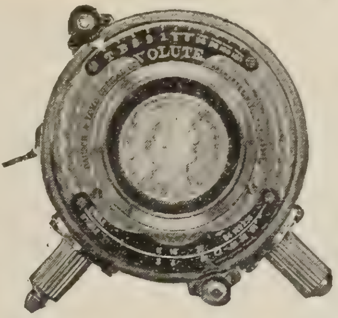
Address RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York.

The Chautauqua County Fish and Game Club bought last year about 30 ring-neck pheasants and distributed them in different sections of the country. It is doubtful if many of the birds liberated survived the severe winter.

I noticed that at the meeting of the New York League at Syracuse in December last, it was voted to recommend the cutting off of 15 days from the latter part of the present open season for deer. The members of our club, some of whom visit the Adirondacks every fall, object to any shortening of the open season in the month of November, as that is the time when the game is at its best and when it can be transported without risk of spoiling. It must be recollected that 9-10 of the deer killed in September are got by floating for them. If too many are being killed as the law now stands, limit the number to one deer for each hunter, as that is all we outsiders are allowed to take on our journey home at present.

T. J. F., Jamestown, N. Y.

The silver in the sailing cloud,
The gold that's in the tulip—
All these are naught to me; I want
The mint that's in the julep.
—N. Y. Times.



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WHEN BUYING A CAMERA
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Our Booklet tells why.
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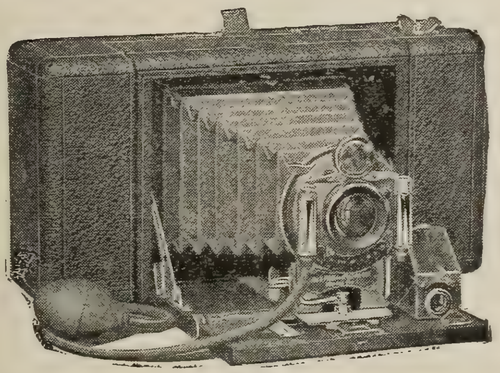

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A New Film Camera which allows the operator to focus on ground glass.

May also be used with glass plates.

Fitted with Extra Rapid Rectilinear lens, B. & L. Automatic Shutter, rising and falling front controlled by rack and pinion.

No. 3 Combination Hawk=Eye, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, equipped for film and plates, - - $27.50

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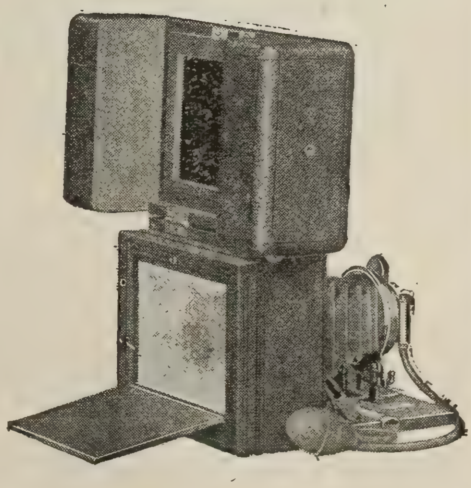
Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



THE NERVE OF A TENDERFOOT.

E. L. HOWE.

I passed the summer of 1902 in the Cascade mountains in the company of Jack Purdy, who came to me through RECREATION. Purdy was about 40 years of age, strictly city bred, and had never fired a gun more than half a dozen times in his life; but he proved to be one of those rare tenderfeet who can adapt themselves to any circumstances. He brought with him a new 30-30 rifle and after a few days' practice he became proficient with the little gun, making good scores at target practice.

We left Creswell, Oregon, July 16th, journeying by easy stages up the middle fork of the Willamette. We took 4 horses, 2 of which we rode, the others being packed with an ample supply of provisions. The 18th of July we reached a place on the river called Campers' Flat, where we remained several days. The third day at this camp we crossed the river to a deer lick and took our position behind a huge log. In about an hour 2 deer came in sight, one of which proved to be a large buck. The deer advanced within 50 yards when the buck stopped, offering a broadside shot. I expected to see Purdy trembling with excitement, but he was as cool as when shooting at a mark; and when at the crack of his rifle the buck fell, shot, as we afterward found, through both shoulders, Purdy seemed as free from buck ague as an old hunter.

We could easily have secured the other deer had we wished, but as we were out for sport and not for butchery we let her go.

We made our permanent camp on the North fork of the Umpqua river, to the Southwest of Cowhorn peak, which is a notable landmark in the range. One morning while we were hunting together about a mile from camp, we discovered a large bear, evidently a grizzly, about 150 yards from us on the opposite hillside. He did not discover us until we had opened fire on him. At least one of our first shots took effect, for, as the bear started to run, we could see that he was wounded. One of his hind legs dragged as if it was broken. In spite of his wound he ran like the wind and soon disappeared in a small thicket. Each of us feathered in 6 or 8 shots apiece before he reached cover, but could not stop him. On crossing to where the bear was first discovered we found a plain trail of blood. Purdy was for following the trail into the brush, but I persuaded him not to, telling him it might be the same as committing suicide. We found, however, on making a circuit of the thicket, that the bear had passed through the thicket. We followed the trail 2 or 3 hours until it entered a small thicket of greasewood brush. There we separated, Purdy going to the right while I went to the left. We had nearly come together again where the trail entered the brush, when I saw my companion throw his rifle to his shoulder. At the same instant the bear broke cover, charging directly on Purdy. Jack stood pat, and fired as fast as he could work the lever of his rifle, but without apparent effect. The bear passed within 20 yards of me and I fired no less than 3 shots, point blank, without checking his speed in the least. At the same time I shouted,

"Run! Jack, run! For God's sake, run!" but Jack did not run until the bear was within 6 or 8 feet, and he afterward said he would not have started then but that his gun was empty. As I raised my gun for the 4th shot it seemed to me that no power on earth could save Purdy, but I drew full and fair on the head of the bear just at the butt of his ear. At the crack of the heavy 45-90 the animal collapsed like a wet rag, the bullet crushing the whole top of the skull. Had the shot been delayed a fraction of a second, the life of my friend would have been snuffed out like a candle, for at the instant I fired the bear made one of those terrible overhand swings, barely missing Purdy's head, and literally tearing the coat from his back. I have seen men exposed to extreme peril, but I never before saw a man so near death.

The most singular part of the affair, to me, was that Purdy did not seem to realize the danger through which he had passed. He hardly changed color, while I was so weak and sick after it was all over that I could hardly stand. I have never been able to determine whether Purdy was in ignorance of his great peril or whether it was a matter of sheer nerve on his part.

The skin of the bear was in poor condition, owing to the season of the year, so we did not preserve it. We merely removed the largest claws, which Purdy took East with him.

We remained at that camp about 2 weeks before returning to the valley, when Purdy took his departure home well pleased with his trip.

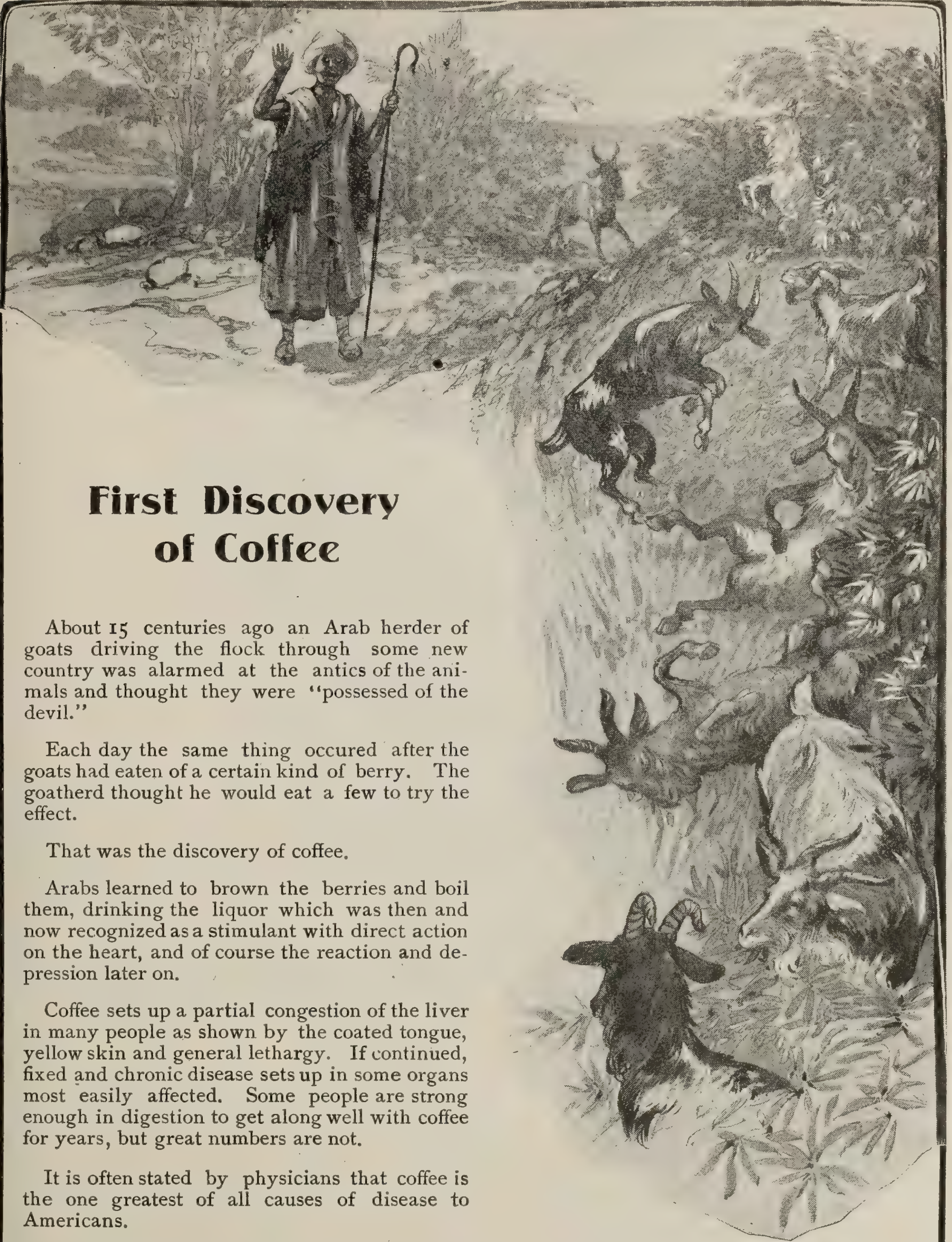
RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

EDITH L. SMITH.

The cloud is a harp in the sky, and a song
Drips sweet on the strings of the rain,
To the Earth lying parched and dry, "Do not mourn,
Resurrection I bring you again.

"For I am the music of Birth, and I come
After Death that goes silenced and bare,
Looking down I see verdure of Earth, faint and numb,
And I weep o'er her whitened hair.

"Drip fast my voice! O men hark, it is I,
Bid you turn to your ploughs at hand—
Perfume of sod, and song of swift lark, rise on high!
I bring life to a thirsty land."



First Discovery of Coffee

About 15 centuries ago an Arab herder of goats driving the flock through some new country was alarmed at the antics of the animals and thought they were "possessed of the devil."

Each day the same thing occured after the goats had eaten of a certain kind of berry. The goatherd thought he would eat a few to try the effect.

That was the discovery of coffee.

Arabs learned to brown the berries and boil them, drinking the liquor which was then and now recognized as a stimulant with direct action on the heart, and of course the reaction and depression later on.

Coffee sets up a partial congestion of the liver in many people as shown by the coated tongue, yellow skin and general lethargy. If continued, fixed and chronic disease sets up in some organs most easily affected. Some people are strong enough in digestion to get along well with coffee for years, but great numbers are not.

It is often stated by physicians that coffee is the one greatest of all causes of disease to Americans.

Anyone can easily prove whether it be coffee that causes the periodical headaches, sick stomach, bowel troubles, weak heart, kidney complaint, weak eyes, neuralgia, rheumatism or nervous prostration.

Simply leave it off entirely for ten days and that's easy when you can have a piping hot rich cup of POSTUM with the coffee color and a crisp coffee snap (if well made according to the directions on the package.)

If you find, in a day or two, that you are getting better, that's your cue, follow it straight back to health, comfort and the power to do things.

POSTUM FOOD COFFEE, 10 days, **"There's a Reason."**

CANOEING DOWN THE KENTUCKY.

HENRY J. BROWN.

"Have you seen 2 tramps pushing an Injun canoe down this river painted green?"

"No," said the bridge watchman; and I knew he knew, though I think the paint puzzled him.

This was at Frankfort-on-the-Kentucky, and I said tramps, because that was my guess. When they left Louisville for Beattyville both were spick and span in ducks and blazers, the ducks being white and beautifully creased.

When you are waiting to meet friends who, some 5 days before, have started from 200 miles upstream to meet you at a designated spot, and you find them not, you want something to amuse you while you wait. I went to the express office, took out my canvasback canoe and found a dozen holes punched in her skin.

A big lump of pitch, some light canvas, a tinner's firepot, his soldering iron, a quantity of patience, a stock of perseverance, a guard on the tongue when skin of hand and skin of canoe graft together in the ironing process, and lo! time flies.

I said to the accommodating bridgeman, "Please inform those folks, when they come, that the person they expected to meet here has dropped down the river and will wait for them at the first good camp ground below the locks. If they should not recognize a good camp ground, that is their misfortune and they will get over it. They are out cruising and must learn these little things. The parties are of disreputable appearance and it has rained on them a week. Their whiskers have that much of a start. By these signs you shall know them."

He said he would, and dingy but beautifully situated Frankfort receded behind one of the lovely hills that surround her. At the locks I found darkness and a roar of waters over the dam which so appealed to my imagination and charity that I did not disturb the lockman. In the morning, when I had straightened out the kinks in a lanky anatomy, I determined not again to bivouac in the canoe. This first camp was named Camp Cramp.

Being new to locks and keepers, though old to cruising, I asked a boy if they would open to such a small craft as mine.

"Yes," said the boy, "they've got to open even to a d—— chunk"; and I was left with a doubt as to whether he should be chastised by the lockman or me.

Between the locks I did what every novice is likely to do: tied up to the ladder and climbed out to help the keeper open the sluices. It was due to his thoughtful warning that I saved my duffle from dropping into the canal from the canoe suspended 15 feet from the water. At his word I reached ship just in time to cast off and drop with the sinking water. One is not likely to forget the first locking through.

"Steamboat Holler" the natives call it. The river sweeps in a graceful curve within the crescent of a high wooded ridge. There I camped and decided to await my friends. Hummingbird camp it became, because I stopped to watch one of the little fellows, a rubythroat, as he dangled about a trumpet vine. I found other amusements besides watching Rubythroat, for the rocks made nice, soft pillows, and bolstered up the bed and fitted cosily into the semblance of a Dutch oven. Also they served to tie the canoe to; also to bark the shins on. A passing fisherman called,

"Looks like rain. Reckon you'll get wet, stranger, if you stay in that washout. That's where the water comes down from the mountain. Them rocks in your house comes down with the water."

Happily it did not rain, and I waited for the long-deferred meeting with the voyagers from upriver. Here is how they describe it:

"We saw a white patch away off at the foot of the mountain and wondered if that was he. We paddled and paddled and paddled. After so long a time the white patch grew, and at a long last it became a tent. The blue streak at the water's edge became a canoe; and after some more paddling we saw him, lying at ease under the fly of his tent, smoking his pipe and reading a magazine, b'gosh! We forgave him when we saw the steam of his kettle and smelt the contents of the same, for we had paddled and wearied since daylight and it was now high noon."

Here is the way I saw it:

I was enjoying myself, ever and anon gazing out to the horizon, for it was high time a vessel should show in the offing. At last a speck was discerned on the waters, which became after a time animated and appeared a tiny scissors, upright and snipping away at the surface of the river with regular, steady motion. The scissors grew gradually into 2 veritable Indians in a birch bark canoe. I wondered if I were not Simon Kenton or Daniel Boone, and was reaching for my trusty rifle when I remembered it was only a modern breech loading scatter gun. The Indians then resolved themselves into 2 of the toughest looking pirates that ever sailed the Spanish main; but as they neared my encampment I learned by certain familiar signs and gestures and language that they were of my race, and indeed of my own kindred; whereupon we foregathered.

Duck shooting in this neighborhood is in the hands of a gun club that controls the preserves. There are plenty of market hunters and game hogs here, too. Geese are much scarcer and more wary than they were 10 years ago. Trout fishing in the mountains of the Sacramento valley is an uncertain proposition, while deer are scarcer than hen's teeth except far back in the Coast range. We need more protection here. You are doing good work and I wish you all possible success.

Frank G. Smith, Chico, Cal

SHREDDED
WHOLE
WHEAT

WISDOM IN THE MOUTH OF BABES.

SHREDDED (WHOLE) WHEAT BISCUIT and TRISCUIT

ARE TOOTHSOME FOODS.

The use of Shredded Whole Wheat makes **strong, sound teeth.** The reasons for this are:

1—that Whole Wheat contains the mineral matter (phosphates) and all other food properties required to build perfect teeth. The phosphates are found next to the outside coat of the wheat and are removed in the milling of white flour;

2—that Shredded Wheat is crisp and firm, requiring thorough mastication, thereby giving the teeth the natural exercise necessary for their normal development;

3—that Shredded Wheat, being naturally short and porous, contains no greases or artificial "shortening" or chemicals of any kind to make it "light." These substances tend to form a coating on the teeth and create a source of decay.

Give those you love the richest of all heritages **Sound Teeth and Health.**

Among the many letters we have received from dentists we publish the following:

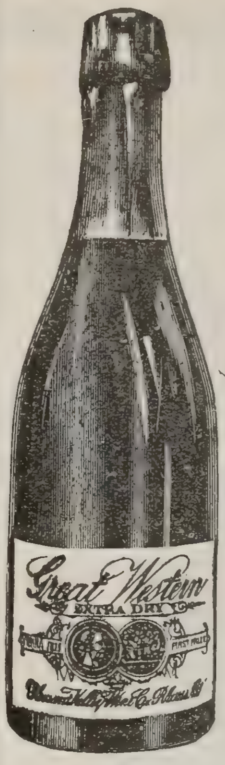
"I am interested in inducing people to get more of the phosphates into their bones. I am a dentist, seventy years old, and I have seen so many young people with teeth almost as soft as chalk, simply structures of nothing, comparatively speaking. I wish that people could be educated, could learn what to eat. I think Shredded Wheat comes the nearest of anything to a perfect food." Dr.——(name upon request.)

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is the standard all-day cereal and may be served with milk or cream or in combination with fruits, preserves or vegetables.

Triscuit, the New Toast, is used as bread, toast, crackers or wafers. Try **Triscuit** spread with butter or cheese.

Write for our ilustrated cook book "The Vital Question"—sent FREE.

The Natural Food Company, Makers of Shredded Whole Wheat Products **Niagara Falls, New York.**



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Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

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There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

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The Daintiest, Dryest Salt for table or kitchen. Packed in tins it is handy in camp, and NEVER CAKES in any atmosphere. Contains wheat phosphates, restoring the vital salts lost in cooking.

Never Cakes

Send for sample, enough for the family, naming your grocer
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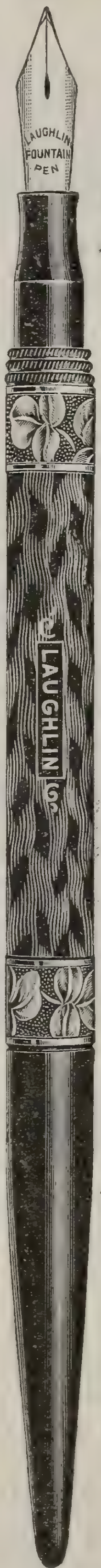

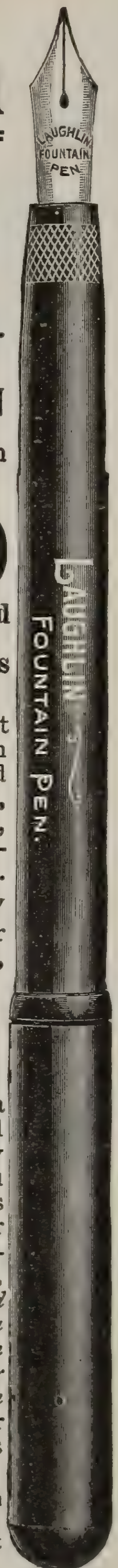

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You may try the pen a week; if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other make, if not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and *we will send you $1.10 for it, the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen*—(Not one customer in 5,000 has asked for his money back.)

Lay this RECREATION Down and Write NOW.

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen

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Laughlin Mfg. Co.
424 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

THEY ALL KNEW HOW.

When Cleopatra, wise old girl,
Got gay one night and drank a pearl,
All frugal folk cried out, "For shame!"
But marveled at her just the same,
And she was right and she was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When Cheops made his subjects bid
On contracts for a pyramid,
He got a tomb well worth a king,
Though not a very useful thing,
But he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When old Diogenes began
Pot hunting for an honest man
His chances for success were slim;
But folks began discussing him—
And he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When Dr. Johnson made a spree
Of forty-seven cups of tea
He surely showed his *savoir faire*
By having Mr. Boswell there;
And he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

'Tis sad, but it is true, the same,
That those who fill the Book of Fame
Have left their records, more or less,
Through some tremendous foolishness;
Yet they were right and they were wise
To thus get in and advertise.

Blame not the actress out of funds
Who plans to lose her diamonds,
Blame not the millionaire who capers
To get his actions in the papers;
They've little to immortalize,
But they at least can advertise.

—Wallace Irwin in Life.

I received the Marble axe and Luther gloves as premium for subscriptions to your magazine. After giving both a trial during a 10 days' hunting trip I find them far more serviceable than I should have expected.

W. E. White, Citronville, Ala.

The Webber hand knit shooting jacket which you ordered for me arrived the other day. I must express my thanks for your liberality in sending such a valuable premium.

H. S. Hill, Washington, D. C.

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Popps?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."—Comic Cuts.

I thank you for the Bristol rod. It is first class in every particular.

W. H. Johnson, Dayton, O.

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The Top-Notch of Scientific Brewing
Is reached in

Pabst Blue Ribbon

the Beer of Quality. Medals conferred by leading governments of the world confirm this fact. The fame of Pabst, with his sixty years of study and experience, is behind it. A thousand master-minds have contributed to its perfection. The Pabst malting process is the highest attainment in this art. The barley and the hops are the choicest grown, and the beer is brewed in the cleanest brewery in the world, making it a palatable and delicious product of the most perfect brew. The name Pabst on every bottle stands for purity and maturity.

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The **Pianotist** can be attached to any piano and can be played by foot treadle, electricity or both.

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Do you want a Good, Reliable, Substantial, Well Made

Single Barrel Shot Gun

If so, send me
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It is made by the *DAVENPORT ARMS CO.*, and this means it is made of good material and that only good workmanship is put on it.

This is one of the many remarkable opportunities *RECREATION* is offering to men and boys to fit themselves out completely for shooting and fishing.

Sample Copies for Use in Canvassing Furnished on Application.

Address
RECREATION
23 W. 24th St., New York City.

Jacob Zimmerman is a resident of the famous Sugar valley, once named by Dr. Rorthrock, State Forestry Commissioner, as the best grouse hunting country in the State. Since then the grounds have been hunted to death, and last season comparatively few birds were to be found, although one party which I accompanied killed about 24 in 2 days. Four years ago, Dr. Housel, of Watsontown, made the best record to my knowledge in the Sugar valley section, killing 8 grouse in 9 shots.

Thousands of birds have been killed in the last 5 years in that section, and it is common rumor that certain persons, residents of the valley, have caught an equally large number in snares. The result is the present scarcity.

The Zimmerman farm is at the East end of Sugar valley, and has been for 30 or more years a favorite headquarters for deer hunters. Frequently during the open season as many as 30 hunters are entertained at his cosy place. Within 6 miles of Zimmerman's 23 deer were killed last season, the largest number killed in one season in 25 years. The strict game laws, especially the prohibition of hunting with dogs, is credited with causing an increase of the game.

L. C. Fosnot, Watsontown, Pa.

The Syracuse hammerless came promptly to hand. It is an excellent shooter and a most generous premium.

L. J. Mountz, Williamsville, Ill.

Would you sleep on a MATTRESS stuffed with human hair, gathered from many heads anywhere, everywhere—even though a doctor's certificate that each person was well and healthy accompanied same?

Does it not conjure visions that are most unpleasant? The horror of disease, the danger of contagion? And yet, consider how much more repulsive is the idea of mattresses stuffed with *horse hair*—impure animal hair from tropical countries where malignant diseases abound. The

Ostermoor Mattress, $15.

contains no animal fibre and is absolutely sweet, pure and clean. Not "*stuffed*" like hair, but "*built*" in eight layers of light, airy, interlacing, fibrous OSTERMOOR sheets of everlasting softness, and enclosed within the tick by hand.

The OSTERMOOR MATTRESS is better than hair in every possible way, softer, purer, cleaner, and far more elastic—besides being dust-proof, germ-proof, vermin-proof, water-proof, and practically un-wear-out-able—first cost is last and only cost; the OSTERMOOR never requires remaking.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:

2 feet 6 inches wide,	25 lbs.,	$8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide,	30 lbs.,	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide,	35 lbs.,	11.70	
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EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

In two parts, 50 cents extra. Special sizes at special prices.

30 Nights' Free Trial

Sleep on the "Ostermoor" thirty nights free and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50. hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

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Mailed on postal card request. "The Test of Time" is printed in two colors, contains 250 beautiful illustrations, heaviest plate paper. Probably the most expensive book issued for advertising purposes. May we send it to you?

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just-as-good" kind. Ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. "*It must be Ostermoor.*" Mattresses expressed, prepaid by us, same day check is received. Estimates on cushions and samples of coverings by return mail.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 114 Elizabeth Street, New York

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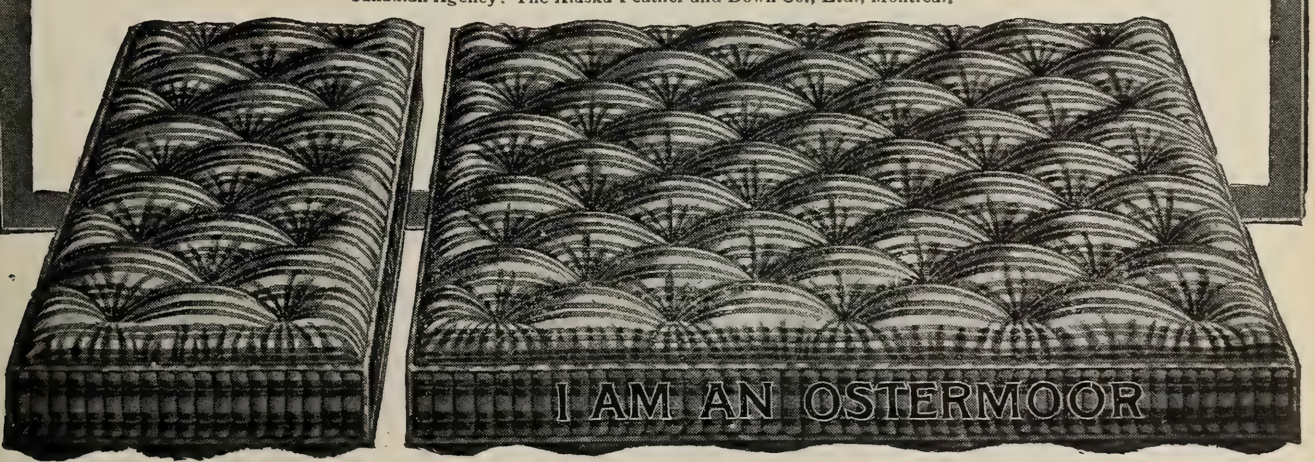

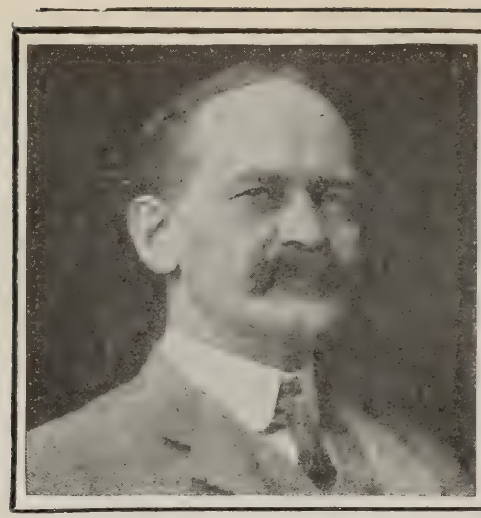

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Orangeine is sold by druggists generally, in 25c., 50c. and $1 packages **Composition published in every package.** Ask your druggist or write us for a free sample; full information, voluminous volumes of prominent endorsement.

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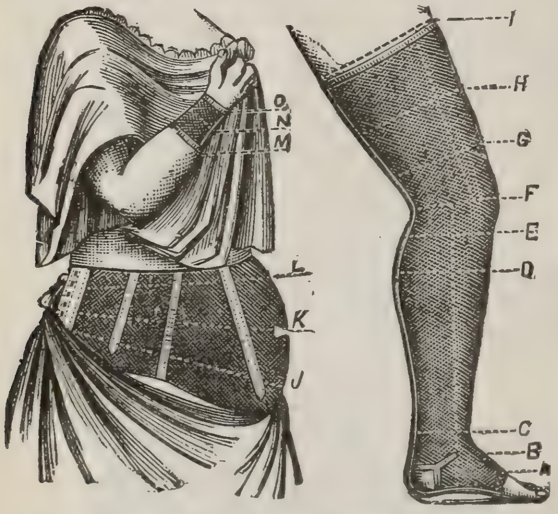

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Beaufort, N. C., November 20, 1903.
The Winchester Arms Co.,
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Gentlemen:

I think it my duty to write regarding the new automatic gun that I understand you are putting on the market. From the standpoint of the true sportsman, there would be as much honor in a full bag of game taken with an automatic gun as if the bag were filled from a trap or from the market. The true sportsman can not use such a gun; it can be used only by the game slaughterer. The result must, therefore, be such extermination of our game that there will be little use and little demand for your legitimate firearms.

Should some of your automatic guns be sold in our community, it must be expected that, of necessity, within a few years, the demand for your guns and ammunition would decline, with the continued extermination of our game.

My words may not have great weight with you, but I trust our Legislature may, now that this extreme has been reached, pass a long needed law, effectually prohibiting the bringing into this state, for sale or use, any gun other than the respectable single or double shooting shot guns of reasonable bore.

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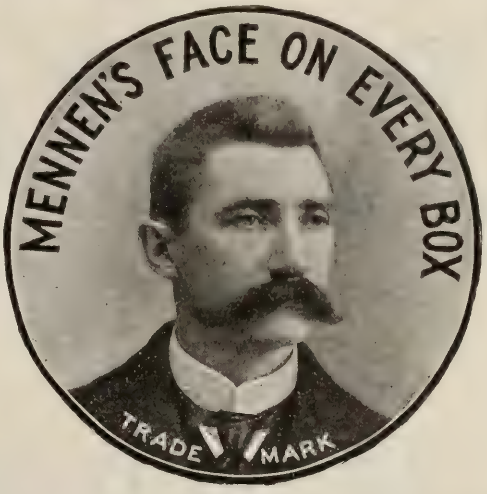
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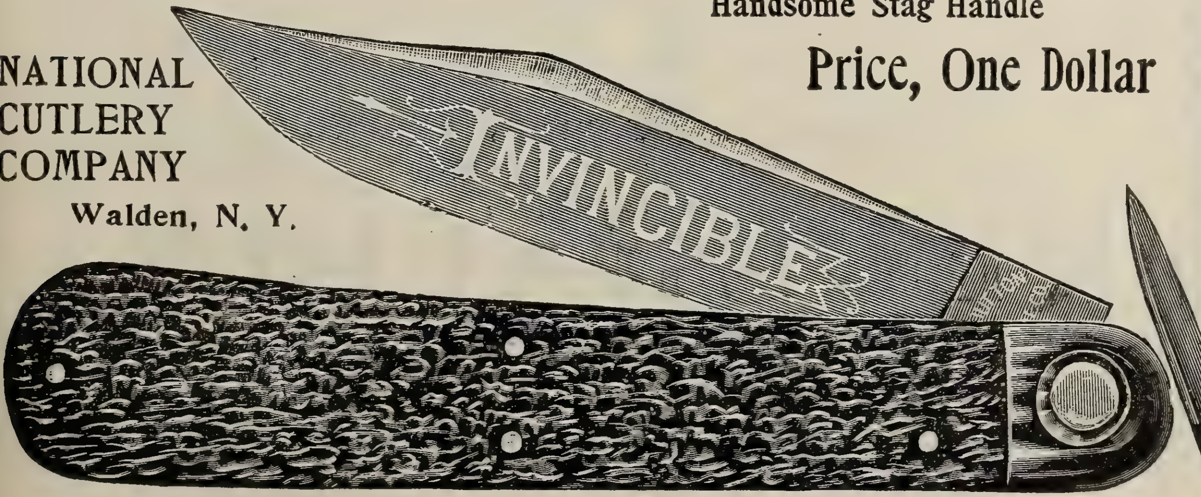

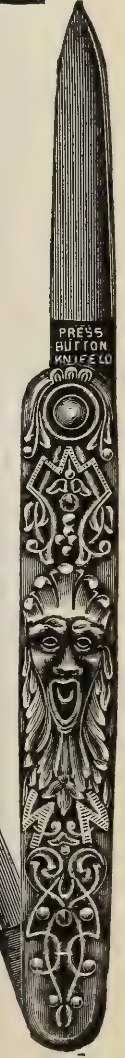

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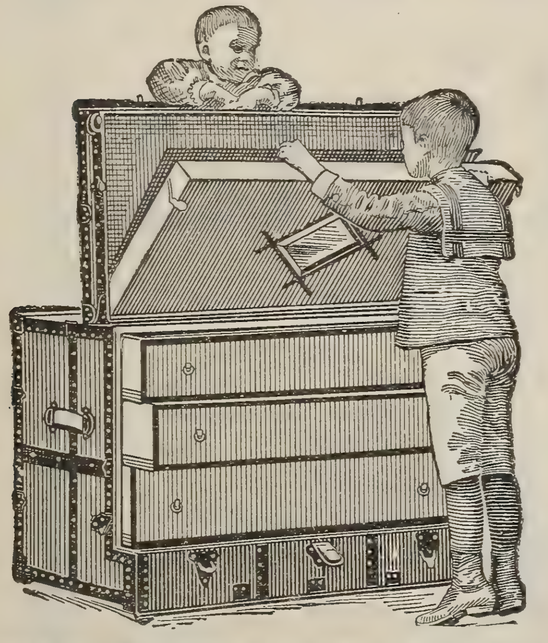
One hunting party consisted of C. C. Wood and wife, Mrs. McGlochlin and I. Mr. Wood shot a 12 gauge Parker, Mrs. Wood a 16 gauge Baker, Mrs. McGlochlin a 16 gauge Spencer, and I a 12 gauge Lefever. On one of our trips last fall we left the city at 12 o'clock at night and drove 30 miles, getting to the lake about daylight to get the morning shoot. We killed several mallards, a few chickens and a brace of jack rabbits, the ladies getting their full share of the game. We have a regular hunting rig with a place in the back covered and curtained for the dogs. We use a plumber's torch for cooking.

R. E. McGlochlin, Aberdeen, S. D.

I am sorry Mrs. McGlochlin should ever have used a pump gun, and I trust that before making her next trip she will convert this into scrap iron and get a double barrel gun.—EDITOR.

He threw his small clock at a cat—
He missed her, you can bet;
The clock it stopped at half-past three,
The cat is going yet.
— Yonkers Statesman.



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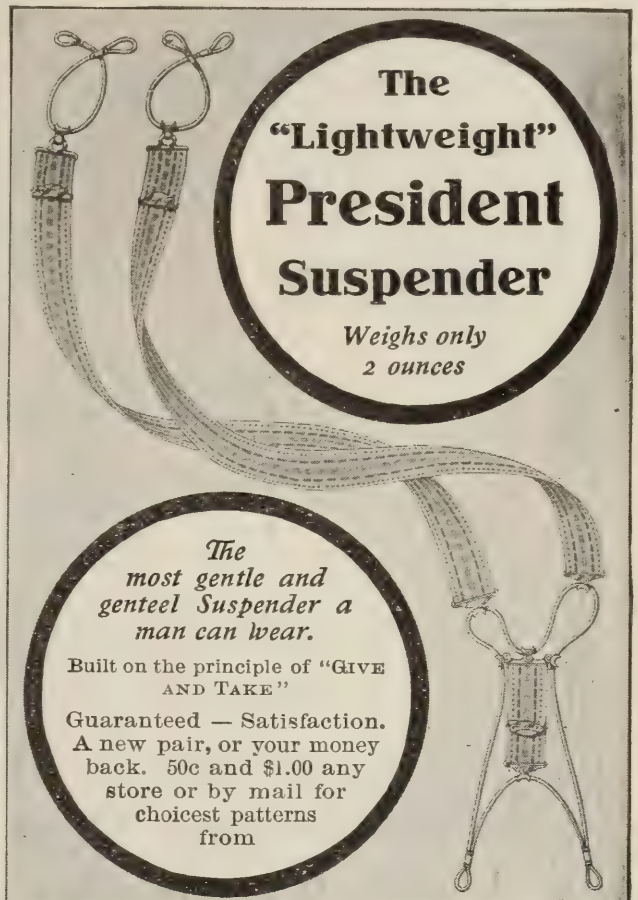

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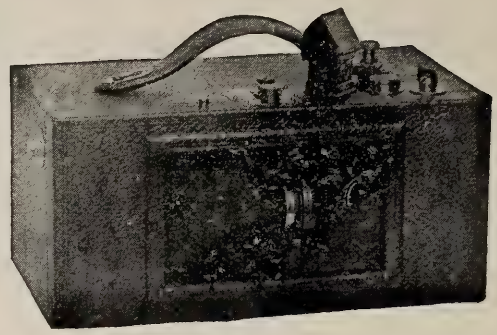

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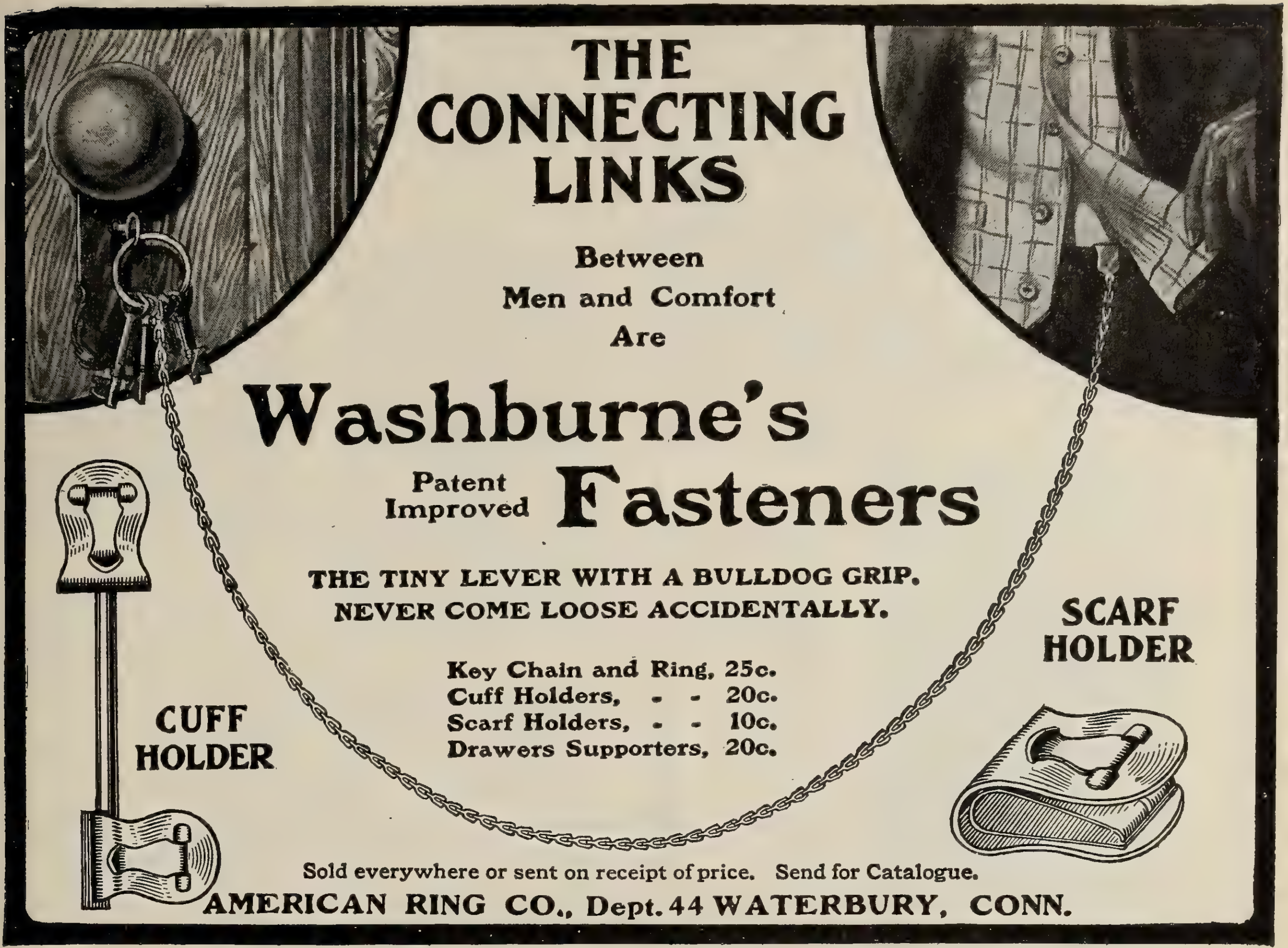

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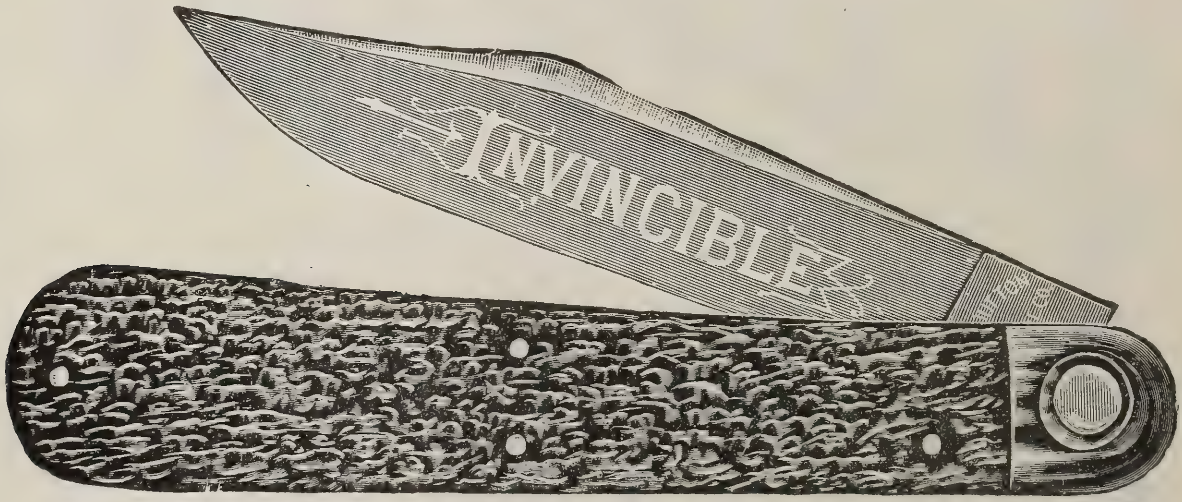

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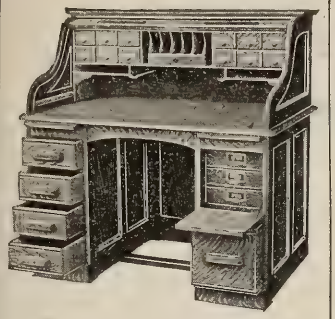

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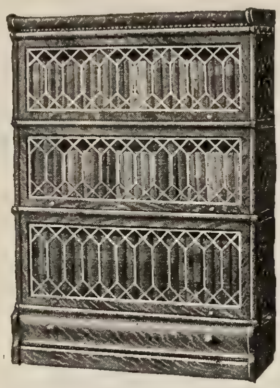

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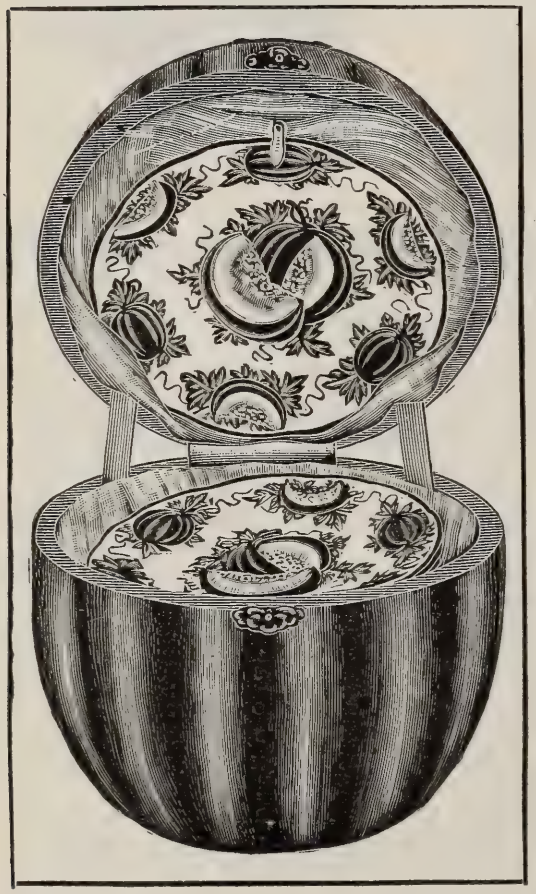

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J. J. Campbell, Montgomery, Ala.

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MRS. H. H. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N.Y.

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The Harrington & Richardson shot gun is at hand. Many thanks for so valuable a premium.

Arthur Matteson, Idaho Springs, Colo.

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These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

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TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, listed at $1; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a pair of chrome tanned horsehide hunting and driving gloves, listed at $1.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4.

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SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4; or a Pocket Poco B 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $9.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10.

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TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10, or a Cycle Poco No. 3, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $15.

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TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-ft. King Folding Canvas Boat, listed at $48.

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TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

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When Your Dog Won't Eat

Didn't know a dog could have chronic dyspepsia? Just let a case of disordered digestion run on unattended to, and you'll see a dog with chronic dyspepsia.

Sergeant's Condition Pills

will improve the appetite, because whatever the cause may be, these pills will seek it out at once—hit the nail right on the head—and set things right; tone up all the dog—give him vim and vigor. At all Druggists and Sporting Goods Dealers. Two sizes.

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Sergeant's Sure Shot

The dog's lack of appetite may come from a very common dog ailment—WORMS.

Sergeant's Sure Shot will rid a dog or puppy of worms with never-failing promptness, and contain absolutely nothing that can injure any dog.

Price, 50c. per Bottle

If you can't get Sergeant's Dog Remedies, we will send them to you, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

POLK MILLER DRUG CO., Richmond, Va.

☞ *3 cents and your address will bring you our handsome Dog Book and pedigree blanks—FREE*

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OUR 10 FOOT BOAT WEIGHT 40 LBS.
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Latest patent and improved Canvas Folding Boat on the Market.

Puncture proof. Tempered steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds most compact of any boat made.

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Is what we offer you. A Boat built on modern lines that will prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected materials used throughout, and it comes to you **guaranteed** the best. A handy and safe boat for fishing and shooting. Write for descriptive circular and catalogue.

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**LIFE SAVING
FOLDING CANVAS BOAT
COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigan**

The automatic shot gun is a pest, and should be exterminated.

My advice to J. P. Tilson is not to use a rifled chamber in a shot gun, for the purpose of shooting a bullet. It is not nearly as accurate as a rifle, owing to the inferior sights and short-rifled chamber. Then as one of our friends said some time ago, there is a sidewise blast of gas that is damaging to the barrel of the gun. The use of this auxiliary chamber will not damage the choke of the gun in the least.

Alfred J. Miller,
174 Pratt St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Have tried the Syracuse shot gun you sent me. It is O. K. and I am much pleased. F. A. Webb, Waukegan, Ill.

Some writer has insinuated that the old fashioned Colt revolver is better than the so called improved model. I believe this on comparing those illustrated on pages 14 and 4 of the Colt catalogue. I should like to read an article treating of the merits of each as to durability, wear, action, shooting qualities, etc. The newer models must have merit, for the company is putting out target revolvers of this kind.

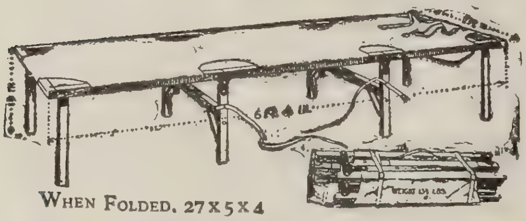
I am sure your readers would be glad to read something on this line.

Charles B. Keller, Ridgway, Pa.

I received the Syracuse gun and all my friends admire it. I thank you sincerely for such a fine premium.

R. A. Merrill, Beloit, Wis.

Alexander Hamilton was a
MODEL OF ELOQUENCE



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For the Camper, Canoeist, Yachtsman, etc.

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THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

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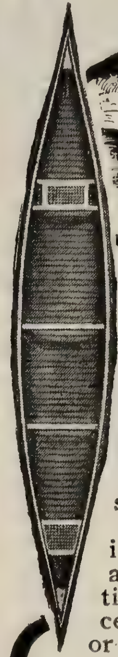

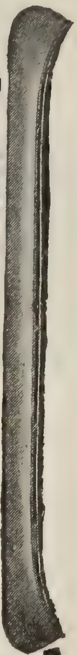

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CANOES

For Solid Enjoyment

on lake or river, nothing surpasses the canoe, with its entire absence of dirt and noise, its ease of paddling, its restful, gliding motion, and its combination of lightness and speed.

Don't miss this pleasure. Order immediately to make sure of getting a canoe in time for this year's vacation. My famous canvas-covered cedar "Indian Girl" model, 15, 16, 17 or 18 feet long, $32 to $44. Price includes packing.

Send for my complete Catalogue of pleasure boats, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, oars, paddles, sails and fittings—free for the asking.

J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water St., Canton, N. Y.

A kiss is a temporary erythema and sporific effulgence of the physiognomy, aethologized by one perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrity from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with a radiance effemenating from an intimidated praecordia.—Southern Medicine.

Give 'em hell on the automatic gun. We have absolutely refused to sell it in this store.

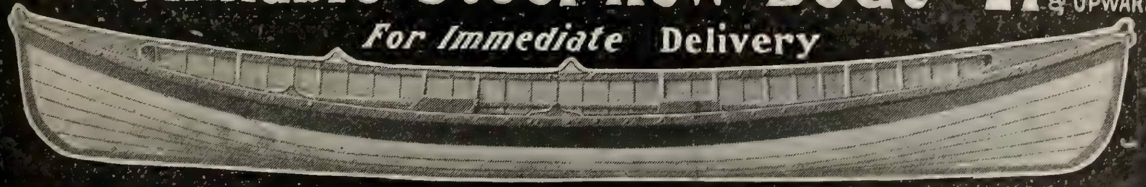
H. R. Sweny, Albany, N. Y.

I spent a week last November hunting with 3 friends in the vicinity of Oxley, Pocahontas county, W. Va. The woods were full of sign, but the only deer we saw was feeding among some cattle. We cut him out from them and finally dropped him with a .30-.30 Savage at about 350 yards. It was a big 5-point buck and the first wild deer any of our party had seen.

D. E. Jones, Pine Grove, W. Va.

The Yawman & Erbe automatic reel received. I thank you kindly for it. It is certainly a beauty, and I feel a thousand times repaid for my efforts in procuring the subscriptions necesssary to win it.

F. Fellgraff, Jr., N. Y. City.



Non-Sinkable Steel Row Boat $21.00 & UPWARDS

For Immediate Delivery

Will not crack, leak, shrink, swell, dry out or rot. With reasonable care will last a life time. Can be left out in the weather without damage. Being heavily galvanized, will not rust in fresh or salt water. Graceful in design. Strong and light. All boats fitted with air chambers. **Can't Sink.** Send for detailed description. Over 20 different styles—square stern and double pointed. **Immediate delivery**—We build thousands of these boats in the winter for spring and summer shipment. Can make immediate delivery.

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1275 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Western Recreation Launch

ABSOLUTE LAUNCH SATISFACTION

Is contained in the "Western Recreation." It possesses those essential points, Grace, Beauty of Outline, Symmetry, Simplicity and Safety. Speed is there too if you want it. Most reasonable in first cost, most economical to maintain.

THE BEST FINISHED, HANDSOMEST, MOST RELIABLE.

We build them with either Torpedo or Semi-Elliptic Hulls, and in completeness, it is the ideal and dependable craft for both pleasure and security.

The Western Marine Engine Will please those who build their own hulls. Beautiful Art Catalog describing our Launches and Marine Engines sent upon receipt of 10c. Catalog L.

Western Launch and Engine Works, No. 12 Linn St., Mishawaka, Ind

Friends just in from a goose hunt at Willows, Glenn county, say that their automatic shot guns are simply great; nothing gets away. One bunch of 8 birds all stopped by 2 guns. This is in line with your claim that these guns are murderous. The use of this gun will certainly exterminate water fowl much quicker than would the ordinary double or the pump gun. I have a 3-year-old boy who takes a great notion to guns, but if automatics are much used he will never know the pleasure of wing shooting.

E. A. Green, San Francisco, Cal.

RECREATION is the best magazine for sportsmen in the country.

R. M. Simmons, Decatur, Tex.

It was a well-dressed young man, with a sad, far-away look in his eyes, that stood on the steps as the lady opened the door.

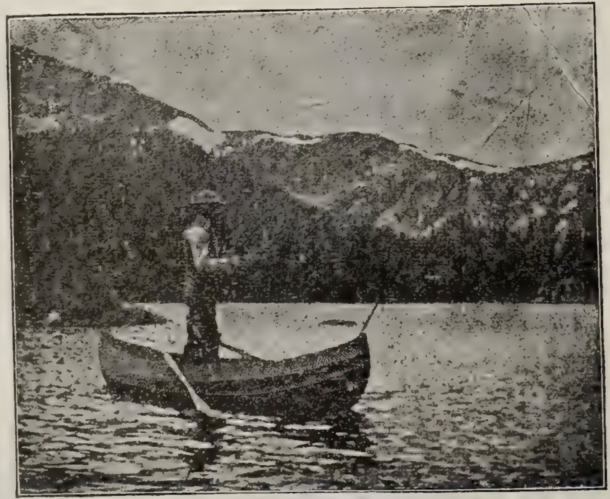
"Excuse me, madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "but could you direct me to the Home for the Friendless?"

"Do you mean to say that you are seeking it as a refuge?" she asked, in surprise.

"I am, madam," he replied. "I am a baseball umpire."—Chicago News.

I received the Al Vista camera in perfect working order and am well pleased with it. I heartily thank you for your kindness.

Fred T. Miller, Lyons, N. Y.



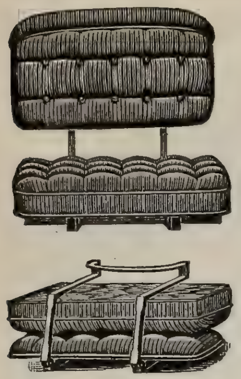
11-foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats were not satisfactory until the KING was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof,* wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention RECREATION. KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A



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Folding Boat Seat

Can be instantly applied to boats, wagon seats, lawn seats, ball park seats, in fact can be applied to any board seat not over 1⅛ inch in thickness.

Price, { Corduroy, $4.00.
{ Imitation Leather, $3.50.

Delivered to your address in any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, by

The Old Hickory Chair Co.

MARTINSVILLE, IND.

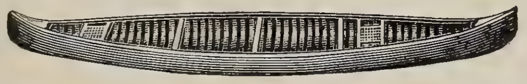
BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

BY THE "BROOKS SYSTEM"

16 FT-LONG 4 FT-BEAM PATTERNS $5. Exact size PATTERNS of every piece. Complete INSTRUCTIONS. Each step plainly ILLUSTRATED. Experience unnecessary. Hundreds have built this boat, working spare time, at a total cost of $14.00 · Boat Patterns of all kinds and sizes up to 51ft. at prices from $3.00 up. We also build completed boats and knock down frames.

COMBINATION LAUNCH-SAIL & ROW-BOAT. PARTICULARS FREE-25 ¢ brings 64 p. illustrated catalogue. set of working instructions and illustrations.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO. STA· B BAY CITY, MICH



CANOES and ROWBOATS

Built of Maine Cedar, covered with best canvas. Made by workmen who know how. Models and sizes for all kinds of service. From $28 up. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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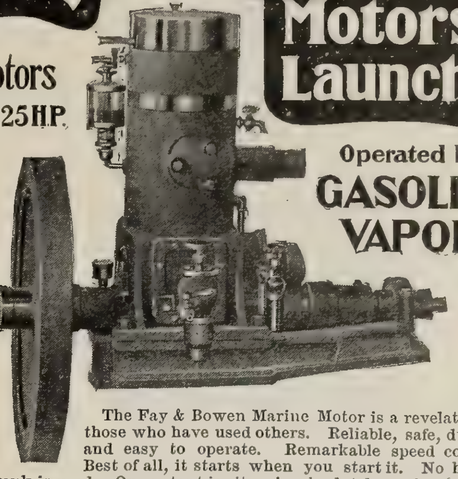
Motors & Launches

Motors 1½ to 25 H.P.



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The Fay & Bowen Marine Motor is a revelation to those who have used others. Reliable, safe, durable and easy to operate. Remarkable speed control. Best of all, it starts when you start it. No handle or crank is used. Our patent igniter is absolutely unique and always instant and positive in action. It is really the only perfect and satisfactory igniter. Motors complete from 1½ to 25 actual Horse Power ready for installation.

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FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO.

74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.

(FORMERLY AUBURN, N. Y.)

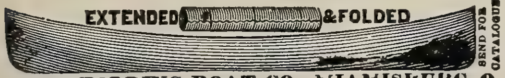
Willie Peebles—The horse was goin'—
Teacher—Don't forget your g, Willie.
Willie Peebles—Gee, the horse was goin'.
—Puck.

RECREATION is the best magazine of to-day.

Geo. A. Nebele, Milwaukee, Wis.

Game of all kinds is scarce in this vicinity. Rabbits and quails are occasionally met with. Farther from town, fair hunting can be had. Ducks, ruffed grouse, rabbits, quails, racoons and now and then a woodcock represents about all of the available game. Plenty of coots in the late fall, although they are not shot much here.

R. V. Haskin, Durand, Mich.



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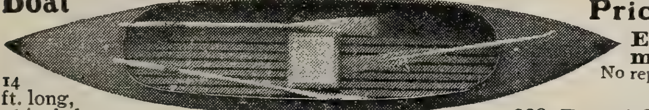
Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

A Sportman's Boat **MULLINS "Get There" Steel Duck Boat**



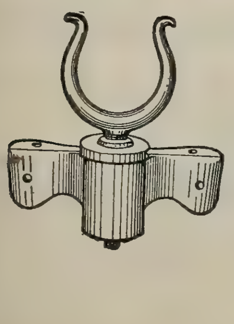
14 ft. long, 36-inch beam.

Price $20—Crated on cars Salem

Endorsed by Thousands of Sportsmen. Air Chamber each end. Always ready No repairs. Send for handsome free book.

W. H. MULLINS

228 Depot Street, - - - Salem, Ohio



THE BALL-BEARING OARLOCKS

A device that does for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy applied to the handle is transmitted to the blade without loss. No clanking or squeaking—does twice the work with one-half the effort. **Absolutely noiseless and frictionless.** The ideal locks for pleasure rowing, hunting and fishing. For either tight or loose oars as desired. If not handled by your dealer, write for descriptive circular and prices.

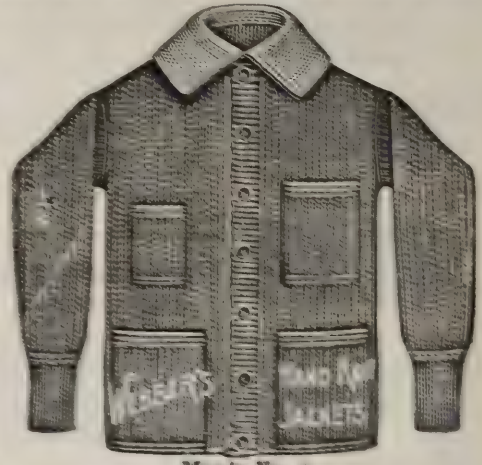
T. H. GARRETT, Jr. Mention RECREATION **AUBURN, N. Y.**

Webber's Hand=Knit Jackets

Ladies' No. 14. Notice the pockets

Look for Webber's name in collar band

The cuts represent two of my best numbers. These jackets are made of best zephyr yarn, and are very soft and elastic, strictly hand knit and fashioned to fit the form. Are suitable for outing, hunting, fishing, cruising, camping, golf, etc.



Men's No. 4

More convenient than a sweater
More comfortable than a cloth coat

E. K. Tryon, Jr. & Co., of Philadelphia, say: "The jackets seem to be great favorites, and since receiving the goods we have sold several; you will see by this they are going to be sellers."

T. B. Davis Arms Co., of Portland, Me., say: "The best yet."

Made in any color, suggest oxford, tan or myrtle green.

Price, MEN'S $7.00
LADIES' $6.50

Sizes 46 and 48 $1.00 extra

If your dealer does not handle them send me the price and I will send you a jacket, express prepaid, and if not satisfactory, return the jacket and I will return your money. Mention RECREATION.

Geo. F. Webber, Manufacturer, Station A, Detroit, Mich.

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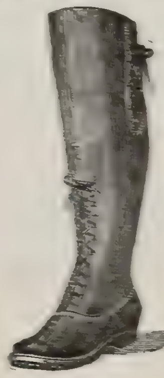
Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest



Get a pair of

Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE
33 William St. NEWARK, N. J.

The Buffalo Is Well Nigh Extinct

And every nature lover wants a relic of him. Here is a chance to get it:

I have in stock a limited number of buffalo horns, highly polished and fitted with nickel plated flanges at the base, so that they can be screwed on the wall, thus forming

A Novel and Effective Gun Rack

So long as the supply lasts I will give a pair of these horns for

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Recreation, 23 W 24th St., New York

STILL HUNTING OR HOUNDING?

H. S. Ferrell, of Weiser, Ida., is right in his claim that there is more sport for the many in driving deer with hounds than in still hunting, or "stalking," to be quite English in my nomenclature. But I don't agree at all with the rest of his assertions. Still-hunting is high art, that can only be practiced successfully by one who is a rifle-shot and a master of woodcraft. When deer are driven by hounds any rabbit hunter can pour a handful of buckshot into one and pose as a mighty hunter before the ladies, if the deer happens to be driven by his stand, and he doesn't have buck fever and drop his gun at the crucial moment. For the average city hunter this is a great advantage, as but few of them have a chance to gain any practical knowledge of woodcraft. A pack of hounds and one deer will give more sport to a crowd of 20 novices than 10 deer will give one expert still hunter.

No one who has eaten clean still-hunted venison, cares much about tasting the semi-carrion that results from running a deer with hounds several hours before killing him. Six Shooter Bill.

I agree with Mr. Ferrell that hounding is not so destructive to deer as still hunting. Neither is it so dangerous to the hunter. Accidental shootings, now so common in the deer woods, were extremely rare in the days when hounding was allowed. L. H. G., Pittsfield, Mass.

Free:— To any person sending me $1. for 1 new yearly subscription to Recreation, I will send a deck of the celebrated golf playing cards.

For 2 subscriptions, a fine artificial minnow listed at $1, or a spool of 50 yards of Kingfisher No. 5 silk casting line listed at 75 cents.

For 6 subscriptions, a lancewood casting pole, length 5 feet, with middle joint convenient length for carrying, and fine agate tip. This is a pole that can always be depended on as it is made of selected stock. List price, $5.50. Arthur W. Bruce, 508 Woodward Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Morris Canvas Covered Canoes

Special Indian model for safety. Catalog on request.
Mention Recreation.
E. N. MORRIS, Veazie, Maine.

Bicycle News.

JULY.

Never since the beginning of this industry have bicycles been so near perfection, both in construction and equipment, as they are to-day. Modern inventions like the two-speed gear and new coaster brake have brought the chainless wheels to a wonderful stage of development.

The two-speed gear is rightly called a hill leveler. A slight pressure of either foot on either pedal changes the gear from high to low for hill climbing and difficult roads. Another like pressure sets the high gears for a swift run on the level.

The coaster brake increases the rider's efficiency about one-third.

American highways are in better condition than ever before, so that touring awheel is attractive.

The people have never been more outspoken in their appreciation of bicycling as a health-giving exercise. It is rapidly returning to a leading place in the list of outdoor recreations.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has two departments, the Eastern and the Western, the former at Hartford, Conn., manufacturing and marketing the famous Columbia, Cleveland, Tribune and Crawford wheels, and the latter at Chicago, Ill., producing the well-known Rambler, Crescent, Monarch and Imperial models.

Catalogues are free at the stores of over 10,000 dealers, or any one catalogue will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

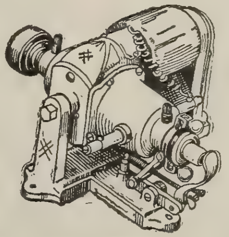
CANOEING

Comfort in canoeing depends to a great extent upon the freedom from annoyances, such as mosquitoes and flies. In the shadiest nooks and corners the pests are always found. You can thoroughly enjoy the quiet seclusion of a shady nook without annoyance if you burn Japstick. It not only drives away all flies and mosquitoes, but lends an agreeable odor. Box of 12 Japsticks, each burning one hour, mailed, 50 cts.

JAPSTICK DRIVES AWAY MOSQUITOES

THE CULECIDE CO., 170½ Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Recreation is the best magazine of its kind ever published.
Samuel Kink, Wooster, O.

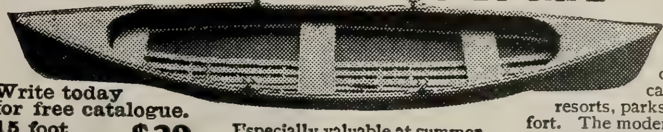


TO OWNERS OF GASOLINE ENGINES, AUTOMOBILES, LAUNCHES, Etc.

The **Auto-Sparker**

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.
75 Main St., Pendleton, Ind.



EASIER TO ROW ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Write today for free catalogue.
15 foot boat, crated $29

Especially valuable at summer resorts, for family boating.

Mullins Galvanized Steel Pleasure Boats

Made of steel. Practical indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot leak. Require no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

is absolutely essential to the pleasure and profit of every camping trip. Here is a way to make this easy

For 4 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I will send you a FOLDING CANVAS COT that weighs only about 10 pounds and which you can roll up with your blankets without adding materially to the bulk.

You can sleep as comfortably on one of these cots in camp, as you can at home on a brass bedstead, with woven spring and hair mattress.

I have but a few of these cots in hand and when this supply is exhausted this offer will be withdrawn.

Send for package of Sample Copies for use in canvassing

Recreation 23 West 24th St., **New York**

At Night
whether running or
standing still
The Apple

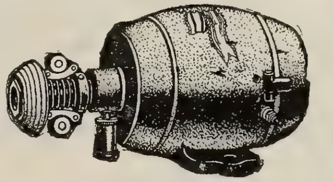
Ignition and Lighting System for Gasoline Launches, Automobiles and Gas Engines has not only the advantage of **absolutely sure ignition, more speed and more power** but the Apple Igniting Dynamo furnishes sufficient additional current to maintain three electric lights, (two side lights and one rear light) on your Automobile. Outfits of various capacities for Launches.

The storage batteries in the Apple system will maintain 3 lights when the dynamo is not running. No weak batteries. No coal oil. No carbide. No matches to blow out. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries.

Don't be at the mercy of a twenty-cent doorbell battery.

Write for information.

See our exhibits in the Automobile and Electrical Sections at St. Louis.



The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co.
126 Reibold Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

A QUESTIONABLE JOKE.

I have your letter asking if it is true that I and 2 friends killed 100 rabbits in a day or so, as was stated in the Coeyman's Herald. It is not true and I am not that sort of man at all. The largest number of rabbits I killed in one day last fall was 6. The day referred to in the Herald's item my friends and I killed 2 rabbits, 1 grouse, 1 grey squirrel and 1 fox. The item was inserted as a joke and I enclose a letter from its author acknowledging the fact. I am a member of the Albany County Fish and Game Club, and no one in the county has worked harder than I to protect fish and game. I caused the arrest of 2 persons for dynamiting, and since August last I have helped plant over 4,000 trout in our streams.

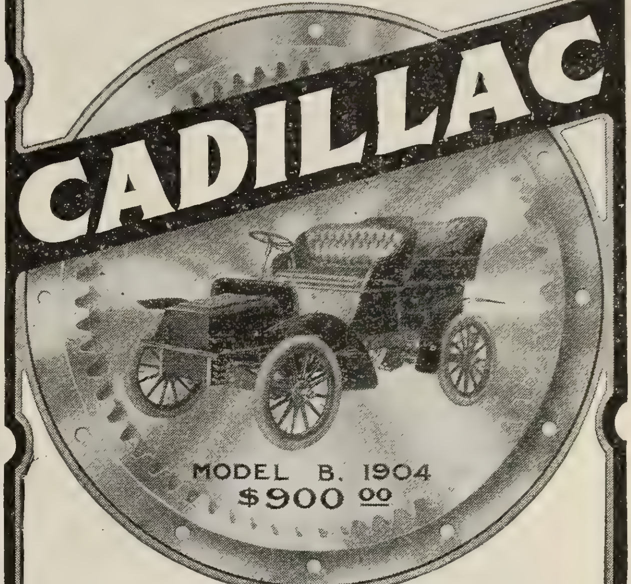
C. Griffin, So. Bethlehem, N. Y.

The article about Mr. C. Griffen and 2 friends killing 100 rabbits was only a friendly joke. The 3 men had been hunting a number of days and had killed so little game that I thought they deserved mention of some kind.

Wm. McGee, So. Bethlehem, N. Y.

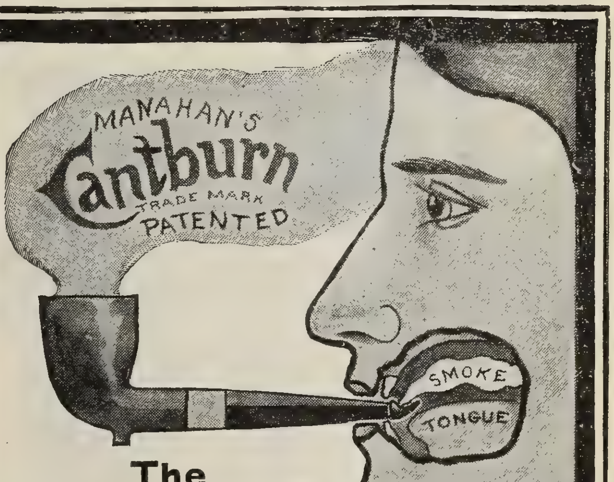
I am glad to learn that Mr. Griffin was not guilty of slaughtering rabbits, and I regret that Mr. McGee's idea of what constitutes a joke should have induced him to libel his friends.—Editor.

"The Car that Climbs"
Is climbing in favor.



Write for our free illustrated book K which fully describes the various Cadillac models, and gives address of nearest agency where demonstrations are given. As to performance in everyday service—ask any Cadillac owner.

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



The "Pipe of Peace"
(TRADE MARK)

"Just what you've been looking for"

Can't burn the tongue. Tobacco heart prevented, as saliva saturated with **nicotine** cannot get into the mouth and poison your system. **No valves. No piths. No water** used to filter the smoke, and become rank.

Always sweet and dry. Best Briar and Solid Hard Rubber Stem (bent or straight). Sent anywhere, postage paid, for . . . . **50 Cents**

Please send money order.

The Practical M'f'g Company
Room 125, 1907 Park Ave., New York City
RELIABLE AGENCIES WANTED

LOOK ON THE CAN FOR THE LITTLE RED DEVIL
ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM
TRADE MARK
Wm UNDERWOOD CO BOSTON MASS

Wm UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM

In **camp, picnic,** or **home,** it will be found not only pure, but delicious and satisfying. Made only of pure spices and sugar-cured ham. There is but *one* deviled ham — Underwood's Red Devil Brand. All others are imitations, but imitations in name only, no more like Underwood's than chalk is like cheese.

Send for book of 43 prize receipts.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Am glad to see RECREATION go for the game hogs. Keep it up. As a youngster, in a country teeming with game, I was guilty on occasions, but now I make it an ironclad rule never to exceed the limit. I can put my gun away and lay off for the balance of the day without the least regret.

I should like to see a vigorous crusade carried on against spring shooting. It is all wrong. Spring shooting is responsible for so many of our waterfowl moving their breeding grounds farther North. Many varieties that a few years ago bred in immense numbers in North Dakota are now seldom known to breed South of the boundary.

H. H. Parkhouse, St. Paul, Minn.

Merrill, Wis.

Winchester Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I have used your rifles many years and find them all that any decent man can ask for, but I would not associate with any man who would use an automatic shot gun.

Yours truly, H. Ackerman.

Simple Simon was riding on a Broadway car.

"You must let me have your fare," said the conductor, "or get off."

"I'm glad to know," said Simple Simon, as he prepared to alight, "that there's some way of stopping the car."—Life.

FREE ON APPROVAL

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

Is made of the best rattan it is possible to purchase, with a water-tight, non-rustable metal lining and non-conducting interlining of hair-felt and asbestos.

A removable compartment of sufficient size to hold enough ice to keep the contents of the basket cool and sweet for hours (see sectional view below), makes it an ideal acquisition to any sportsman's kit—an ideal utility for all persons going on picnic excursions or outings of any kind.

THE HAWKEYE REFRIGERATOR BASKET WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

SENT FREE ON APPROVAL.

Ice
Food Compartment

READ OUR OFFER.—Send us $3.50 and we will send you our No. 2 Basket, size 20x13x10; use it ten days, and if not fully satisfied that it bears out every claim we make for it, send it back at our expense and we will cheerfully refund every cent of your money; or, we will send the basket to any responsible person FREE ON APPROVAL; test it in any way you like for ten days and if not satisfied it is the best thing you ever saw of its kind for the purpose, send it back at our expense, otherwise send us your check for $3.50.

We want customers,
but we want satisfied customers.

THE HAWKEYE REFRIGERATOR BASKET IS FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY

Descriptive booklet sent free to interested persons. Better write for it today.

The Burlington Basket Co., 18 Main St., Burlington, Iowa

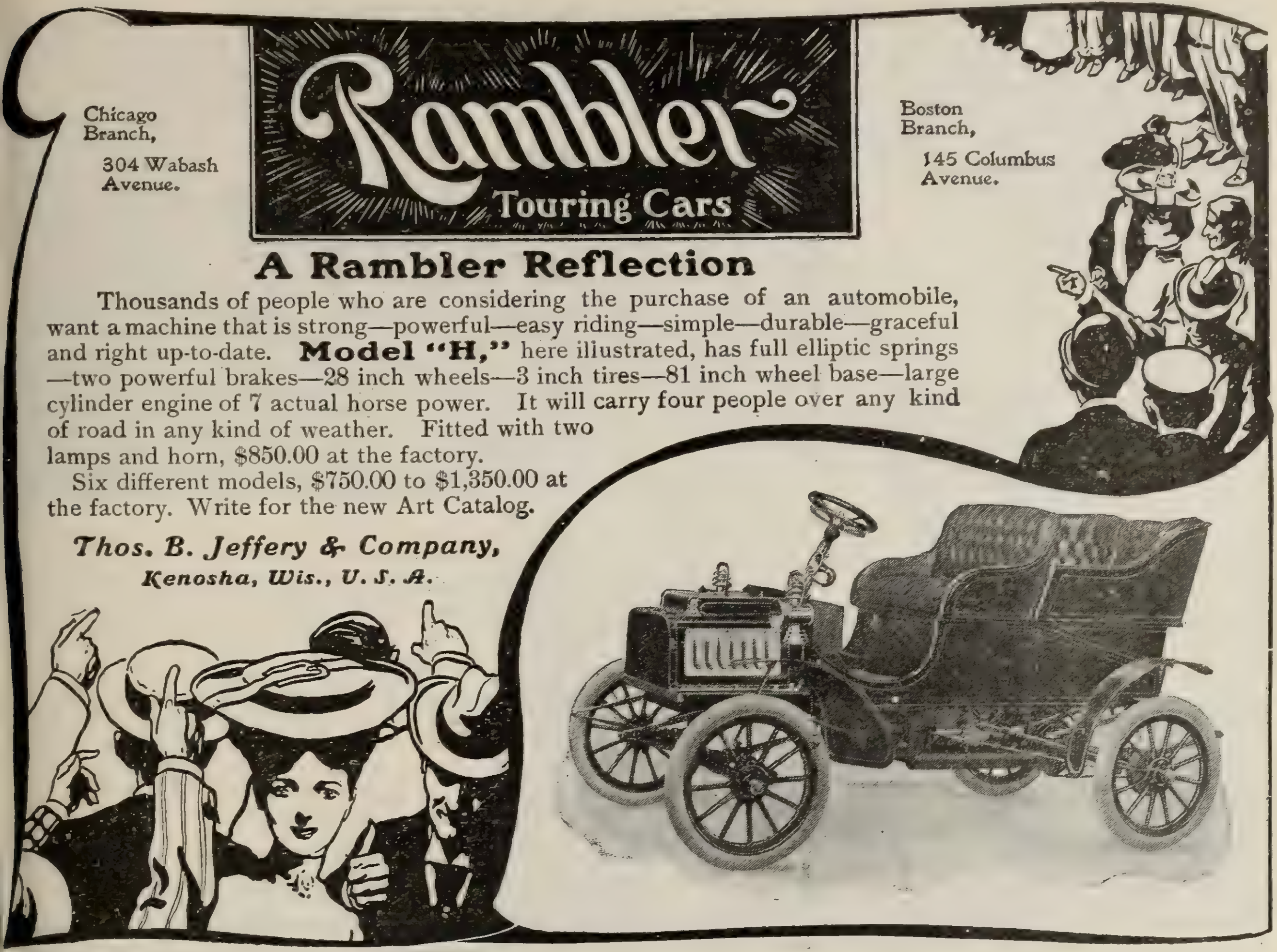
THE CLUB COCKTAILS
The Club
TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Club Cocktails

Famous the world over for purity. They never vary. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled. Be sure you have them in your camp, on the yacht, and on your outing trips wherever you go. They are ready and require no mixing. Simply pour over cracked ice.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 BROADWAY, N. Y. HARTFORD, CONN.



Chicago Branch,
304 Wabash Avenue.

Rambler
Touring Cars

Boston Branch,
145 Columbus Avenue.

A Rambler Reflection

Thousands of people who are considering the purchase of an automobile, want a machine that is strong—powerful—easy riding—simple—durable—graceful and right up-to-date. **Model "H,"** here illustrated, has full elliptic springs—two powerful brakes—28 inch wheels—3 inch tires—81 inch wheel base—large cylinder engine of 7 actual horse power. It will carry four people over any kind of road in any kind of weather. Fitted with two lamps and horn, $850.00 at the factory.

Six different models, $750.00 to $1,350.00 at the factory. Write for the new Art Catalog.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Company,
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Take good care of your hands

You may need them next year

Send me
2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation
and I will send you
a pair of Leather Hunting Gloves
made to your measure, by the
Luther Glove Company
Berlin, Wisconsin

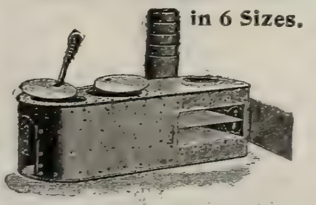
Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

In Venango county is a queer fellow who is called Tom, who drinks and stutters and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—but was believed to have reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was close by. As Jim came up out of the water he said to him:

"Is it c-c-cold, Jim?"

"No," replied Jim; "not at all."

"D-p-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom. "He l-l-lies yet!"



Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes. CAMP STOVE

Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

"BRISTOL" RODS
for
BAIT-CASTING
Oliver Kemp.

The Bristol Steel Fishing Rod adds keen delight to the sport. Flexible, light—equal to almost any emergency, full of life and backbone. Made to last—not for a season only.

The "Kalamazoo" Bait-casting Rod (with patent detachable finger hook, enabling one to "thumb" the reel properly) is a pronounced favorite, With it a novice can cast from 75 to 100 feet after a few trials, and an expert can excel his best previous record.

Send for Catalogue "D" giving full description of this rod and 25 other styles. Your dealer can supply our rods at reduced prices this season.

The HORTON MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

"BRISTOL" RODS
on the St. Lawrence River

The "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod is universally popular on the St. Lawrence River. The fishermen buy them to use—the boatmen buy them to rent.

The strong current and heavy fish common there will take all the heart out of an ordinary rod but the "Bristol" will never give up, and hangs just as true after a long season's service as at the start.

If you want a Rod that will stand hard work—anywhere—get the "Bristol;" it will not disappoint you. Sold by all dealers, at reduced prices.

Free Catalog "D" showing more than twenty-five styles of Steel Rods

The Horton Mfg. Co.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

Don't let Mosquitoes, Gnats or Flies Bother You

It would take millions of mosquitoes or gnats to fill a peck measure. But one miserable little mosquito can make a peck of trouble.

PRESTO Keeps Mosquitoes Away

Spray a little **PRESTO** around a room or tent and it will keep mosquitoes, flies and all other winged pests from entering. A little **PRESTO** rubbed on the face and hands and all exposed parts will protect you absolutely against the bites of mosquitoes, gnats, flies, etc.

They Will Not Bite When PRESTO Is Applied

Here is an extract from a letter sent us by a well-known sportsman—one of scores that have come to us unsolicited; he has used **PRESTO** after trying other pest deterrents.

"I have just returned from a salmon fishing expedition on the west coast of New Foundland away up near the straits of Belle Isle. I am writing to say that **PRESTO** is without exception the best remedy for mosquitoes, black flies, gnats, etc., that I have ever been able to get hold of," etc. ROBT. C. LOWRY, New York

PRESTO KILLS ALL INSECTS

It is colorless and harmless, leaves no stain and has a pleasant odor.

Ask Your Dealer for It. If he does not have it mail 20 cents for sample can, postpaid. Accept nothing as a substitute, for there is nothing that can take its place.

PRESTO MANUFACTURING CO.
LOCK BOX 1248 When writing mention RECREATION OSSINING, N. Y.

While I am a constant reader of RECREATION and agree with it on all other points, I must maintain that hounding deer is better sport than still hunting. The man who thinks otherwise prefers a whole carcass to a share of one in good company. It is no trick at all to kill deer at a water hole, and that is the way most men still hunt. I think the deer would last longer if hounding was allowed and still hunting forbidden.

T. Van Auken, Beaumont, Tex.

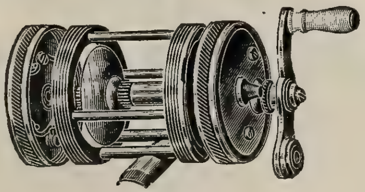
Reading RECREATION wakens me up and puts new energy in me.

F. Wiscoskie, Argentine, Kan.

"TAKAPART" REEL

(No tools required.)

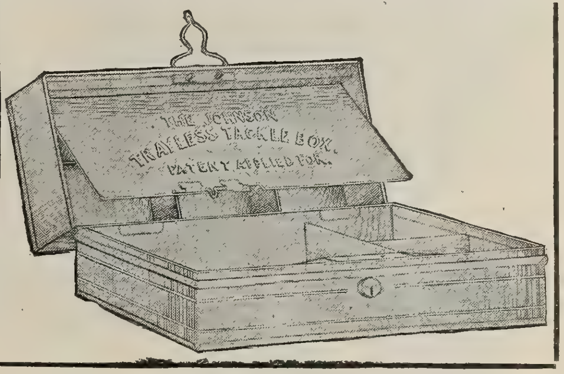
"Best Casting" Reel on Earth



Very Smooth Running.
Highest finish and workmanship. Handle is adjustable in any position. Bearings on spool are adjustable, with which a slight friction can be applied to prevent back lashing. Quadruple action. Compare it with any other, if it is not the best by all odds, return it. 60 yd. $5, 80 yd. $5.50, 100 yd. $6. With "Automatic" Click, 50c extra. **From all Dealers.**
Send for Catalogue.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., Mfrs.
Mention RECREATION. **6 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.**

Ideal yet Practical
Compact but Capacious


THE JOHNSON
TRAYLESS TACKLE BOX.
PATENT APPLIED FOR.

On that VACATION TRIP take this up-to-date

FISHING TACKLE BOX

And have constant occasion to thank us for the suggestion.

SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, FOR $2.00

REFERENCES
"Recreation," New York City
Yale National Bank, New Haven, Conn.

Address with remittance or for further details

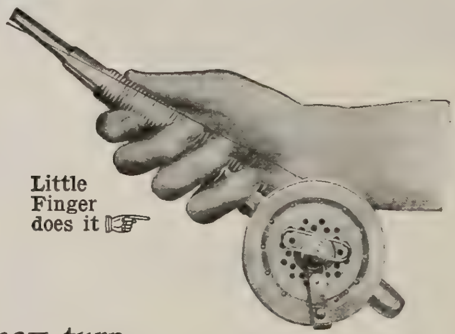
MERRIAM MFG. CO.
DURHAM, CONN.

Sole Makers of JOHNSON'S TRAYLESS TACKLE BOX
Mention RECREATION

For the True Sportsman (or Woman)

No other Reel makes a Battle with the Finny Tribe so alluring as a

"Y and E" Automatic



Little Finger does it ☞

¶ THE AUTOMATIC FEATURE: To automatically control the tension of the line so that no slack will be given, no matter how swiftly your fish may turn.

¶ THE FREE-RUNNING FEATURE: Simply press a slide, making your Reel free-running (just like any other Reel) or automatic. Make your cast free-running; reel in your line by releasing a spring instead of winding a crank like fury.

¶ Write today for our new and complete Reel Booklet No. 107 —"When Pardner was Mascot"—the exciting story of the biggest Rainbow Trout ever landed.

BOOKLET 107
Sent Postpaid on Your Request

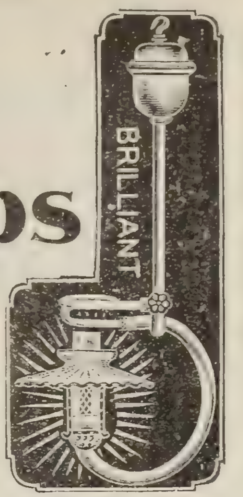
"Putting the Camel Through the Needle's Eye"

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

VACATION LIGHT

Equal or better than your light at home. One gallon gasoline lasts all summer in our

Brilliant Gas Lamps



100-candle power.

They make their own gas, while they burn 100-candle strong. For in or outdoor use; portable, light and handy. Can be hung anywhere. Safer and cheaper than kerosene. If you are not using them, write for our "R" catalog, or we will send a lamp like cut, complete, ready for use, to your nearest express station prepaid on receipt of **$5.00,** every lamp guaranteed.

Mention Recreation.

BRILLIANT GAS LAMP CO.,
42 State St., Chicago, Ill.

The deer season closed November 1. Only 4 or 5 were killed, although many were seen. We have only 10 days in which to hunt them. As soon as the season opens they are hounded, though that is unlawful, and they seem to disappear as by magic. Those killed here were not large, but were in fine condition.

Dan Rijenburgh, Bennington, Vt.

A Spanish man dwelling in Cadiz,
Had no special love for the ladiz;
  But his wife and her mother
  Were women—no other—
And his life was a regular Hadiz.

—Baltimore American.

Small Profits—Quick Sales

TROUT FLIES

for trial—send us

15c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 24 cents. Quality A Flies
30c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 60 cents. Quality B Flies
60c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 84 cents. Quality C Flies
60c for an assorted dozen Regular price 84 cents. Bass Flies

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS

Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces **57 cents** Bait Rods 9 feet, 8 ounces

With cork grip and extra tip, in wood form

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway, New York City

Catalogs of any of above goods free on application.
Mention Recreation.

Two young men, Almon Coffee and Griff Coffee of Effington, S. D., were arrested last fall by Game Warden F. C. Nedjley for shooting before the open season. They had 7 or 8 ducks when caught. Police Justice Prindeville confiscated their guns and fined them $25 each and costs.

S. S. M., Sisseton, S. D.

The Harrington & Richardson gun you sent me came safe and sound. It is a peach and shoots as well as my father's $50 gun.

H. E. Smith, Ottawa, Kan.

PHEASANTS

WATCH RESULTS

Have your "poults" died at an early age? If so, use in future Spratt's Patent Pheasant Meal and watch results.

Have they grown strong and healthy? If not, feed Spratt's Patent Pheasant Meal and watch results.

Are the old birds strong and vigorous? If not, try Spratt's Patent Pheasant Food and watch results.

If eggs are scarce and infertile, feed Spratt's Patent Pheasant Food and watch results.

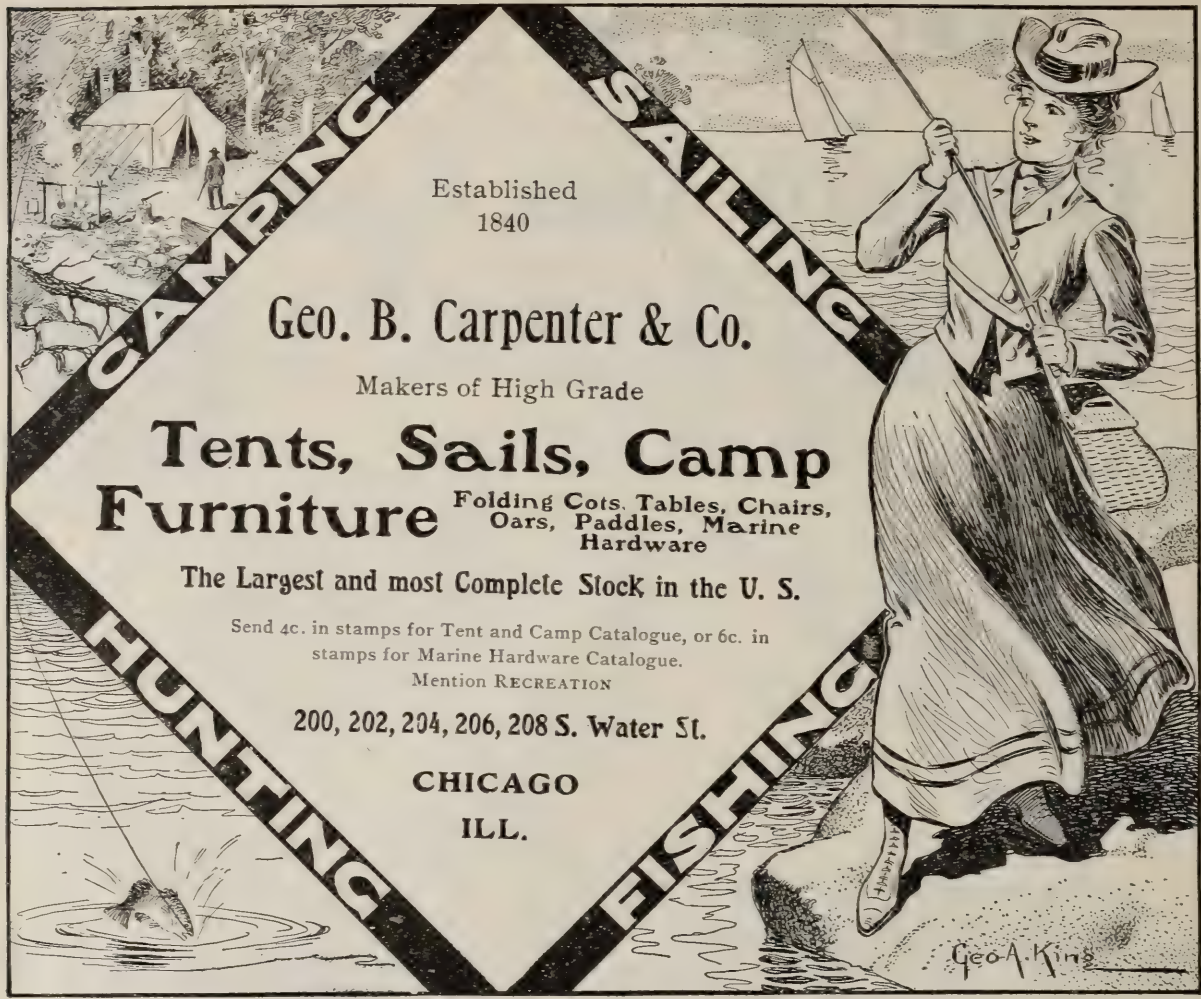
The Common Sense of Pheasant Rearing. By Spratt's Patent, 10 cents.

We also manufacture a specially prepared food for dogs, puppies, cats, rabbits, poultry, game, pigeons, fish, birds, etc.

Write for our **free** Catalogue, "Dog Culture," with practical chapters on the feeding, kenneling and management of Dogs, also a chapter on cats. Mention Recreation.

Spratt's Patent (Am.) Ltd.

450 Market St., Newark, N. J.
714 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.
1324 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal.



Established
1840

Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.

Makers of High Grade

Tents, Sails, Camp Furniture Folding Cots, Tables, Chairs, Oars, Paddles, Marine Hardware

The Largest and most Complete Stock in the U. S.

Send 4c. in stamps for Tent and Camp Catalogue, or 6c. in stamps for Marine Hardware Catalogue.
Mention RECREATION

200, 202, 204, 206, 208 S. Water St.
CHICAGO
ILL.

HERE IS ANOTHER!

If you will send me

15 Yearly Subscriptions

to

RECREATION

I will send you a high-grade, powerful

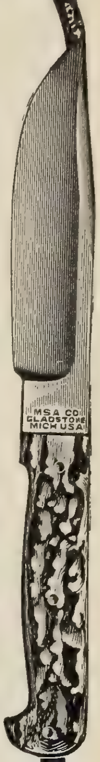
FIELD GLASS

LISTED AT $15.00

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately.*

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application

A HUNTING KNIFE



to swear **by,** instead of **at.** This is Marble's Special Hunting Knife. It is made of the same quality steel and temper as our celebrated Ideal Knives, which were so widely advertised last month, and was expressly designed to secure the greatest possible strength together with the fewest parts obtainable in hunting knife construction. It is pronounced by many expert woodsmen to be the acme of perfection.

It is straight bevel ground, has bone chopper at back of point, is one-quarter inch thick at back of blade and is of the same thickness in the tang. Two oblong recesses are forged in both sides of the tang, thus making the knife balance perfectly. Side plates are of selected slabs of German stag horn.

This knife carries our regular guarantee. Made with 5-inch blade only.

Price, prepaid, $2.50

All our specialties are for sale by dealers. New catalog shows 18 new specialties. Send for it and mention RECREATION.

Marble Safety Axe Co.
Dept. A. **GLADSTONE, MICH.**

If the Winchester people persist in manufacturing an automatic shot gun I for one will never use anything made by them. Heretofore I have been strongly in favor of both their guns and ammunition.

C. N. Ely, Chicago, Ill.

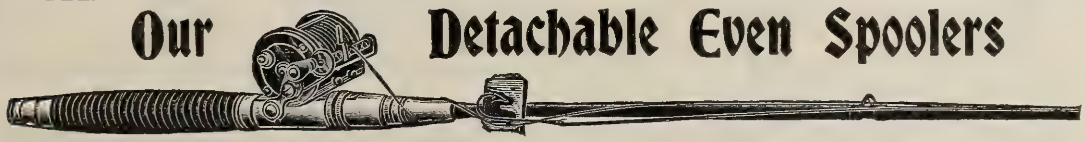
I have read your magazine one year. It beats anything I ever read.

Geo. T. Norris, Torrington, Con.

The 3¼ x 4¼ pocket Poco, given by RECREATION as a premium for 6 new subscribers, arrived all safe. I wish to thank you very much for your promptness in sending it, and I am well pleased with the camera. I have no doubt it will prove as good as it looks. I had no difficulty in securing the required number of subscribers, and hope to be able to secure more.

Harry Messenger, Danville, Que.

Our Detachable Even Spoolers



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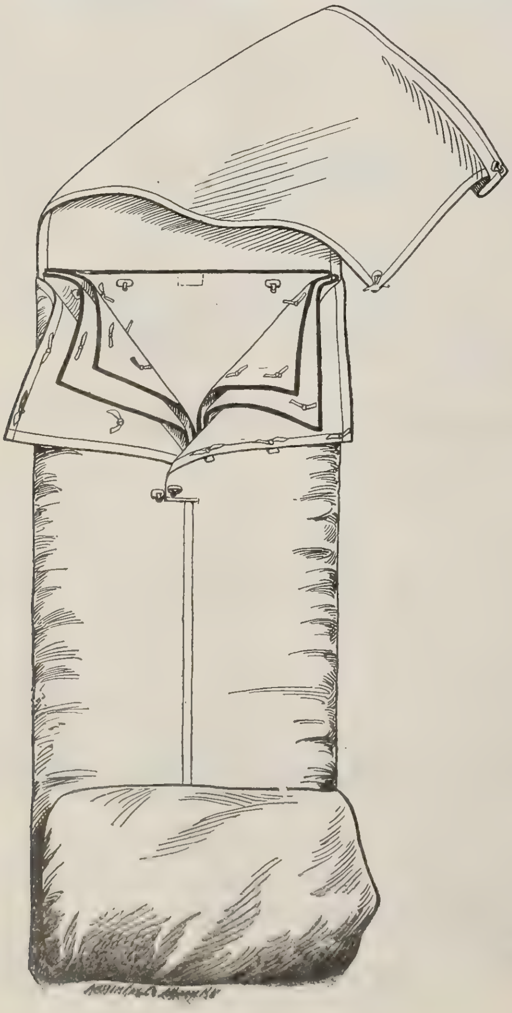

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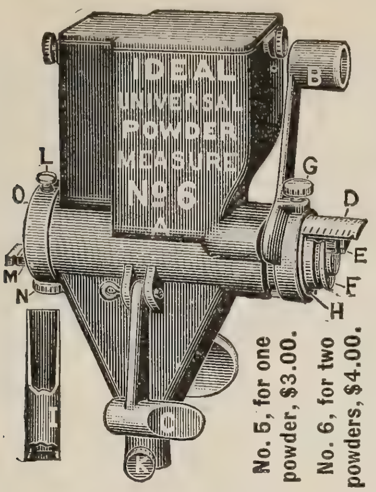

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N. B. Anderson, Redwood Falls, Minn.

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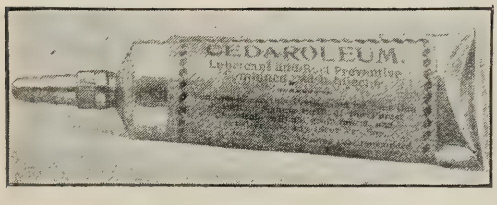

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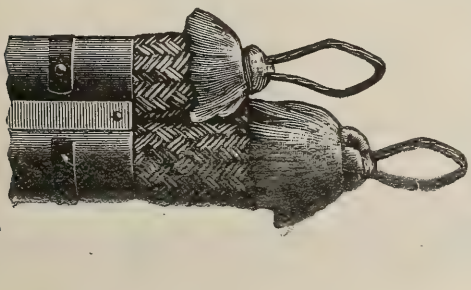

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Chas. Marble, Chestnut, ditto.

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Charles H. Sherman, Audrey, bear, deer, grouse and trout.

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Munro Wyckoff, Port Townsend, deer, bear and grouse.

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Carl Bersing, Newcastle, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, bear and grouse.

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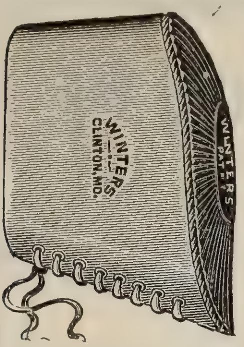

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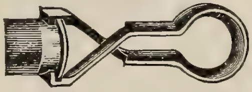

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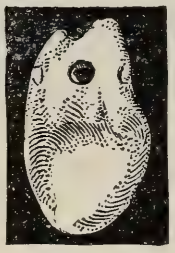

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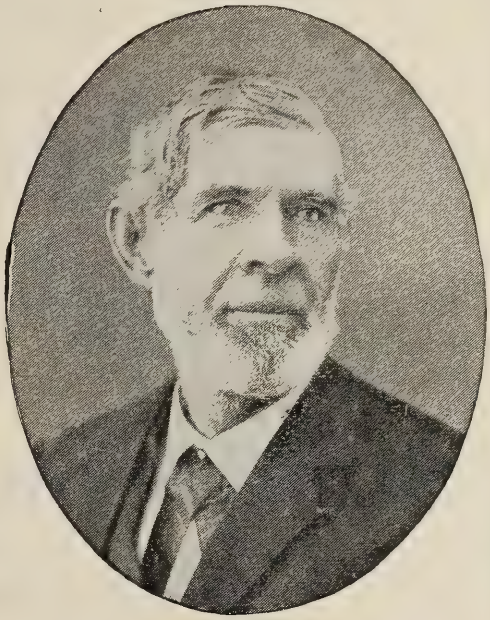

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Clifford Hadley, Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

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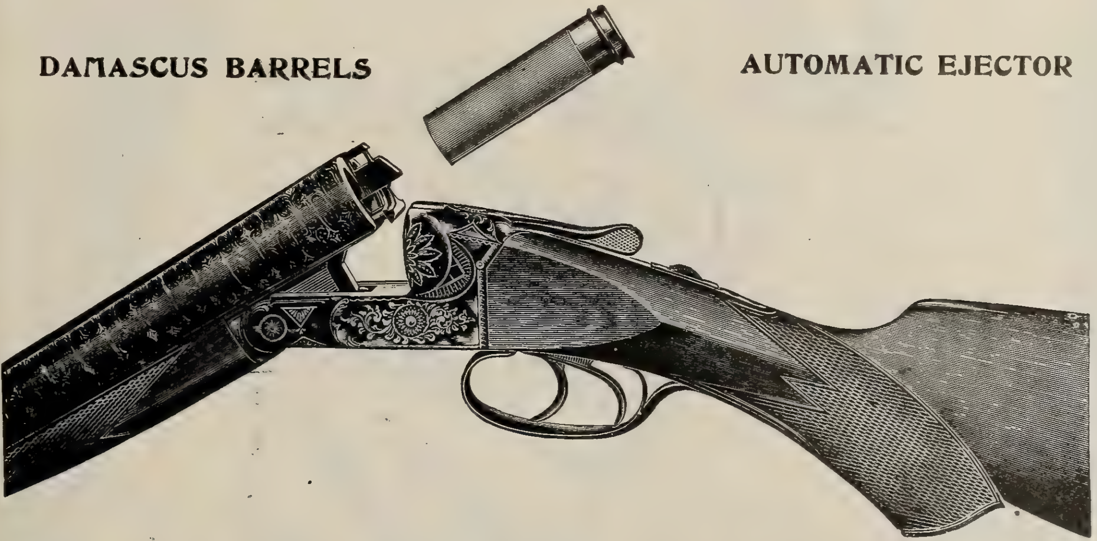

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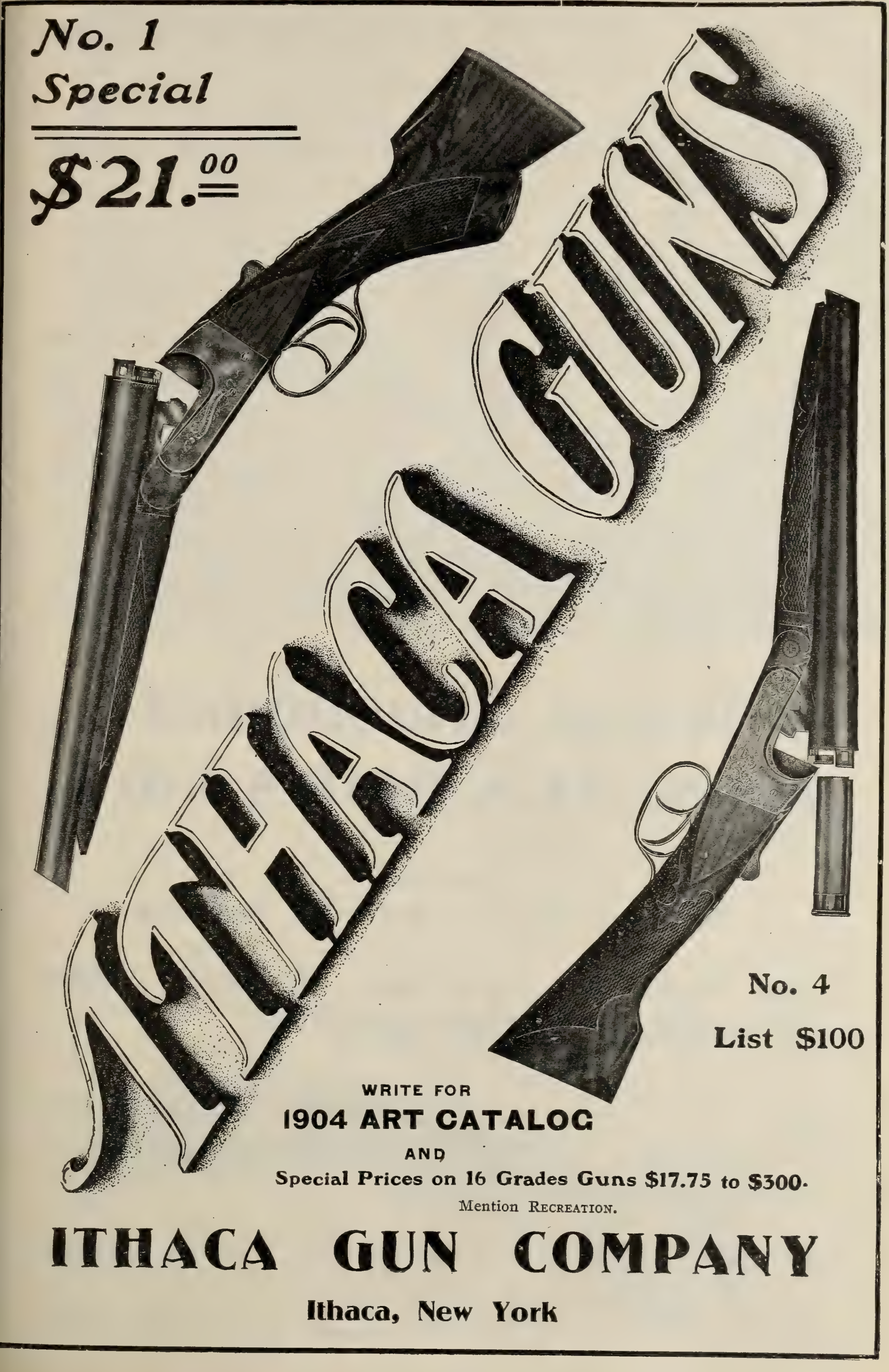

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CATALOGUE G
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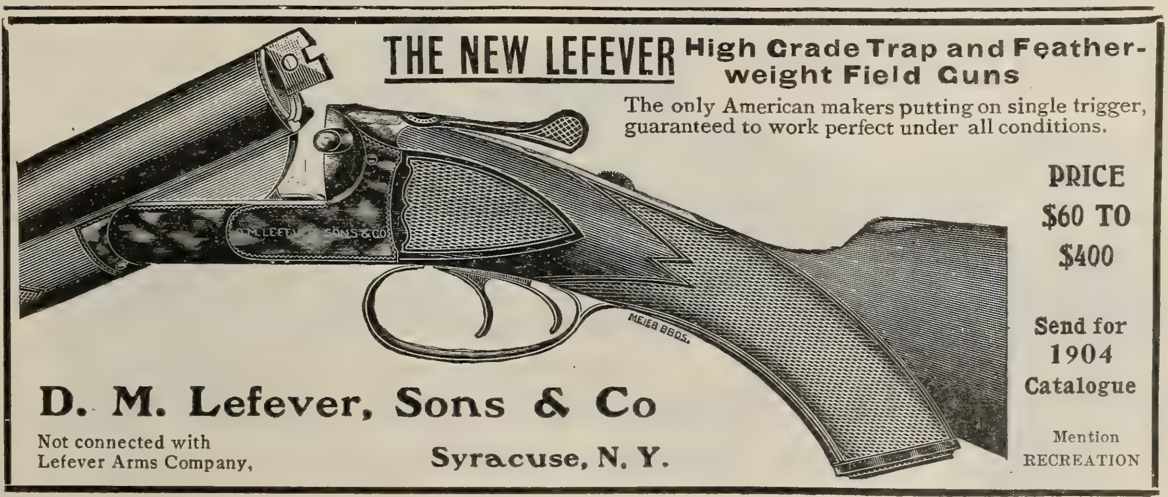
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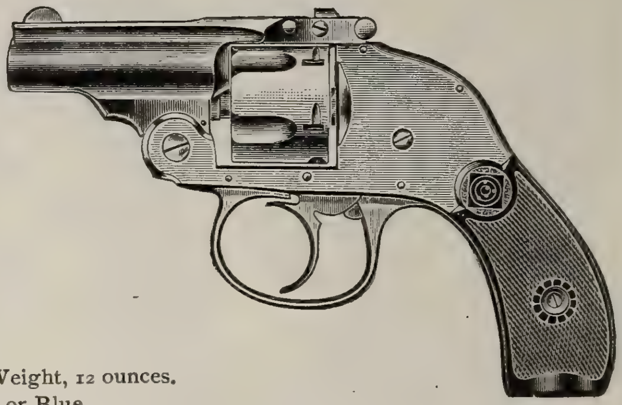

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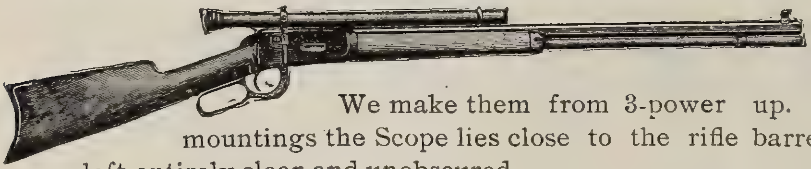

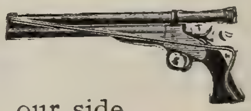

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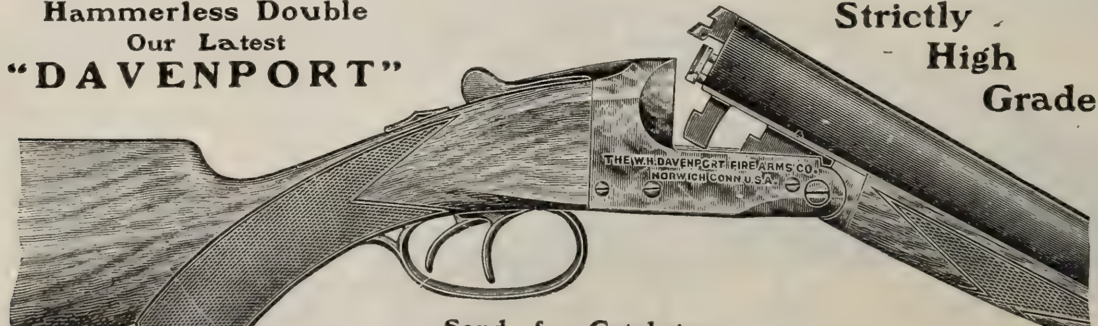
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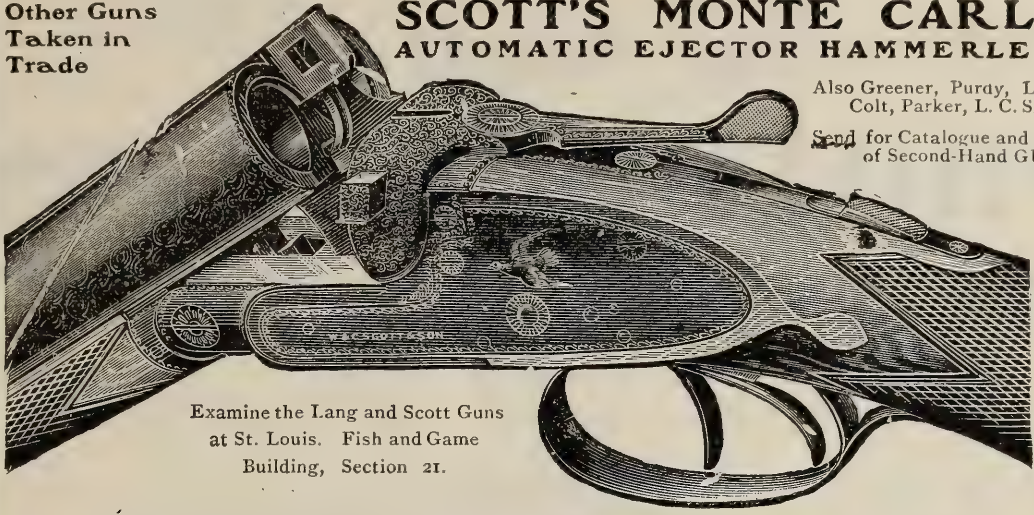

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  I just read Recreation.

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Victor Scott, Millinockett, Me.

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J. R. Craig, Bentonville, Ark.

I think Recreation is worth its weight in gold.

Emil Schneegass, Jersey City, N. J.

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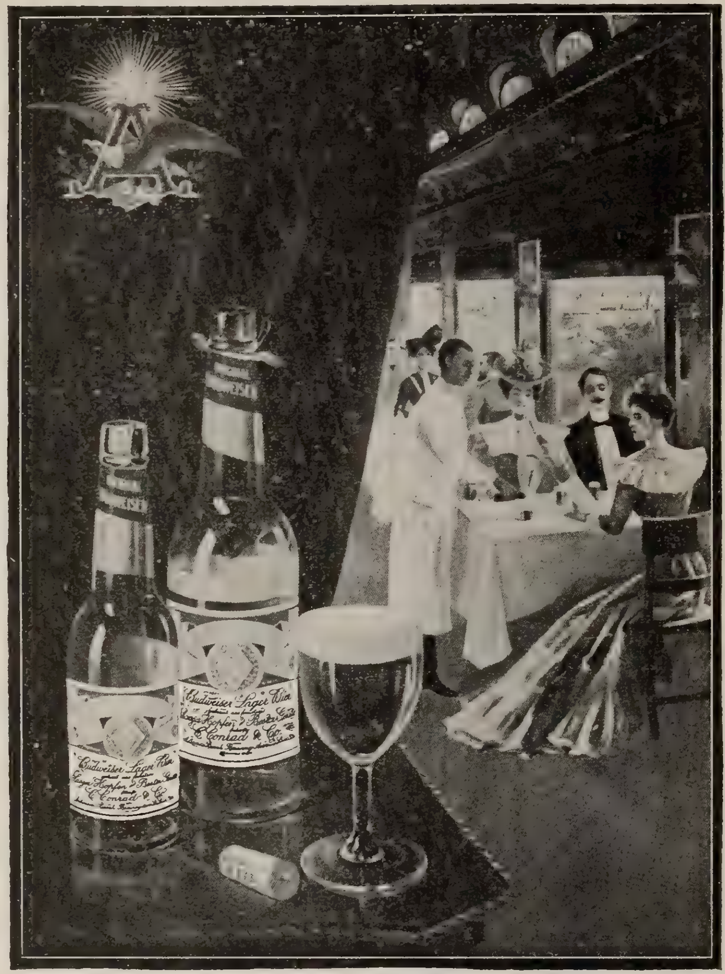

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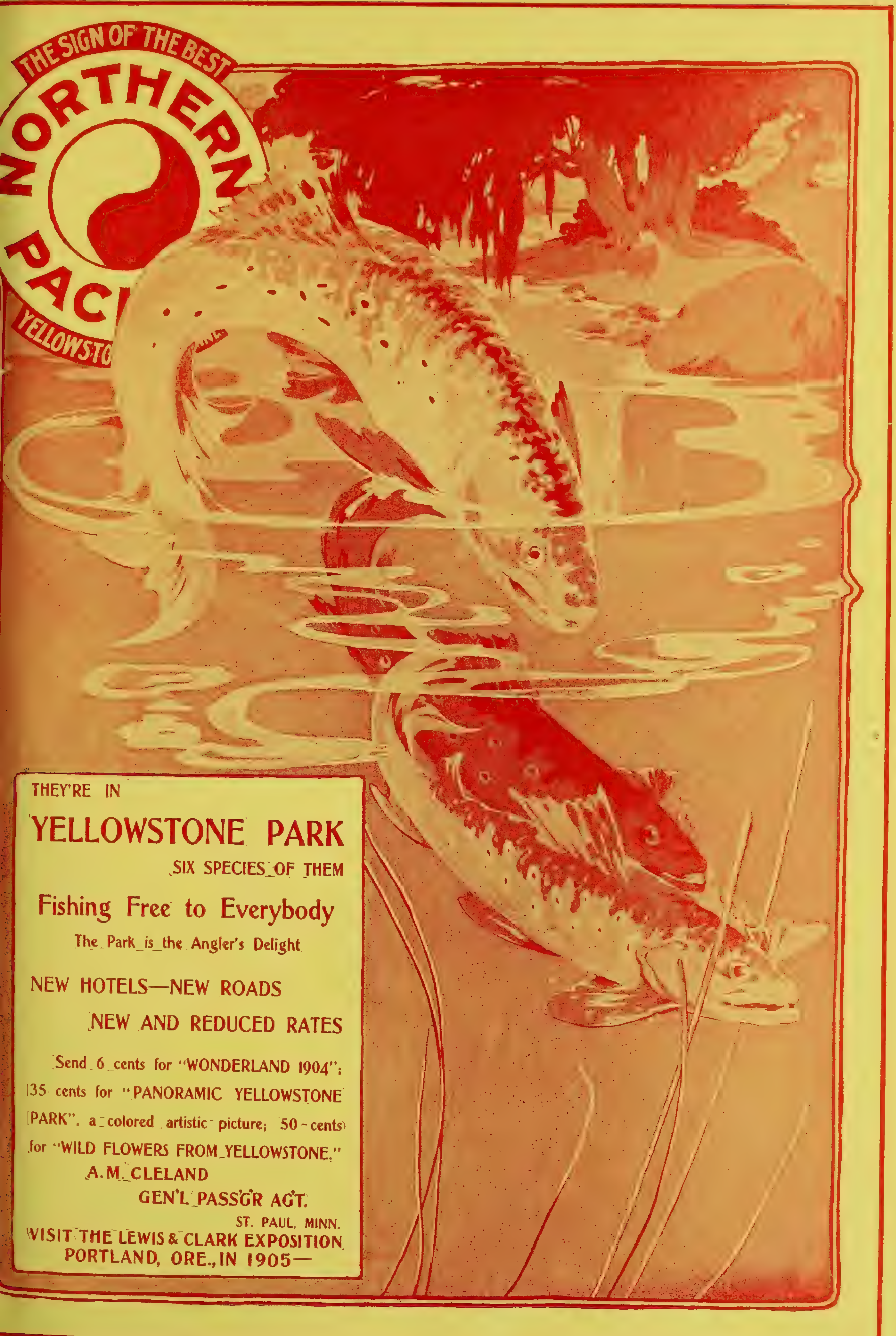

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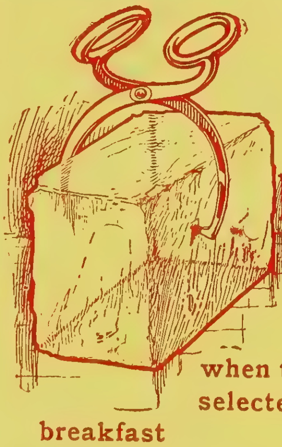

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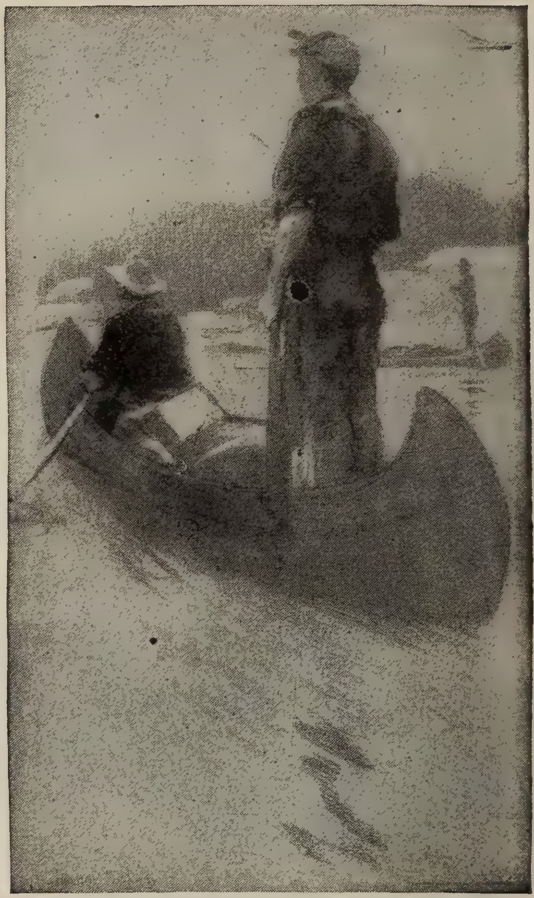

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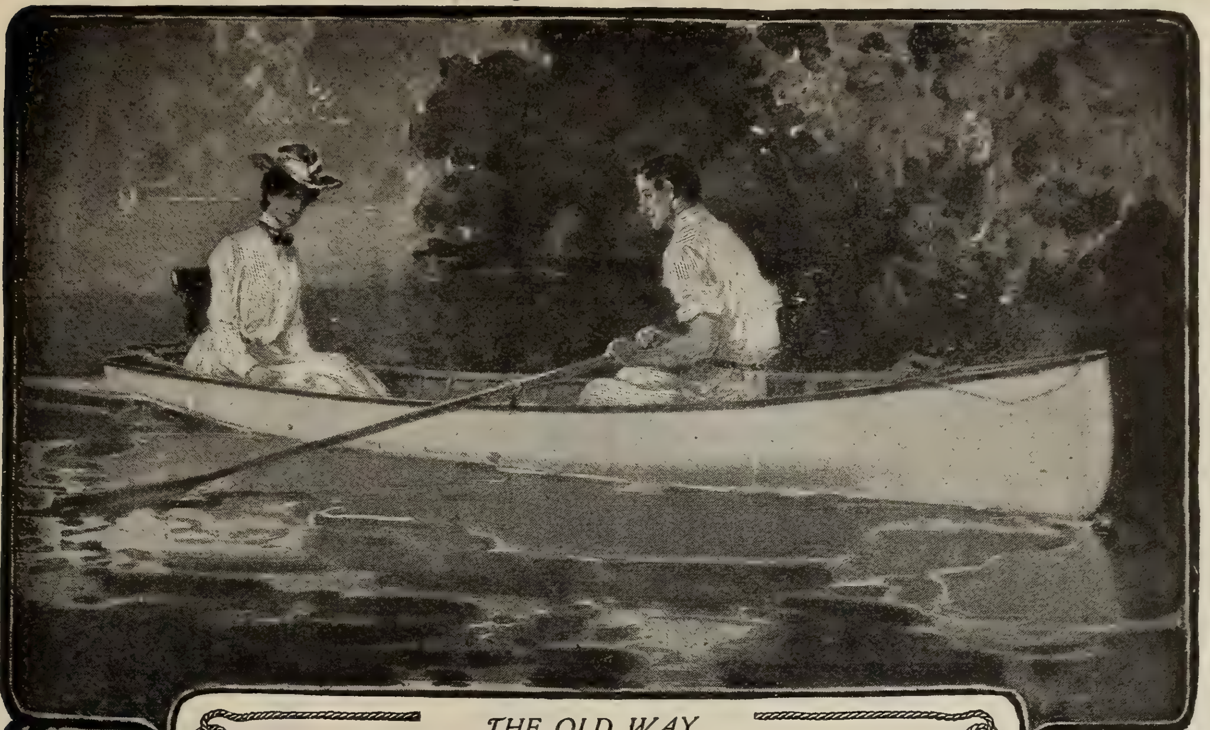

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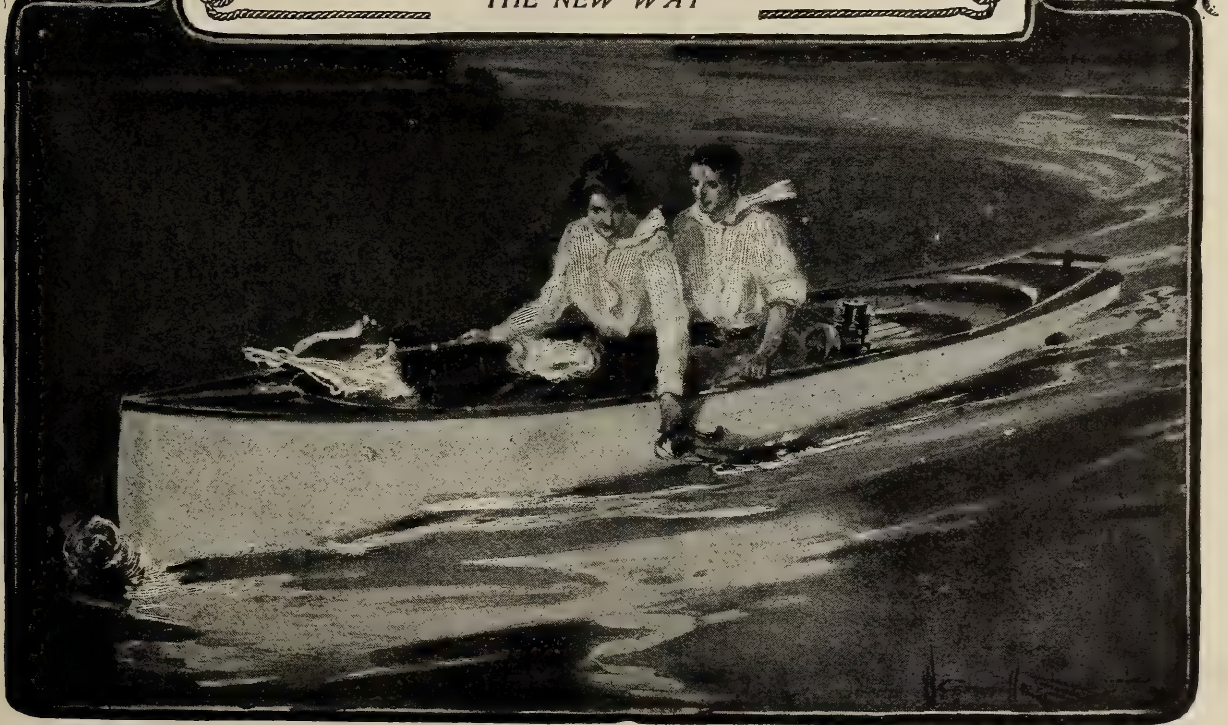

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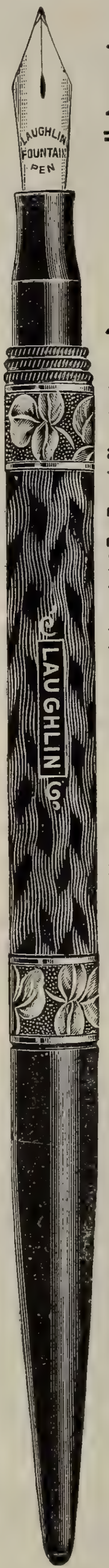

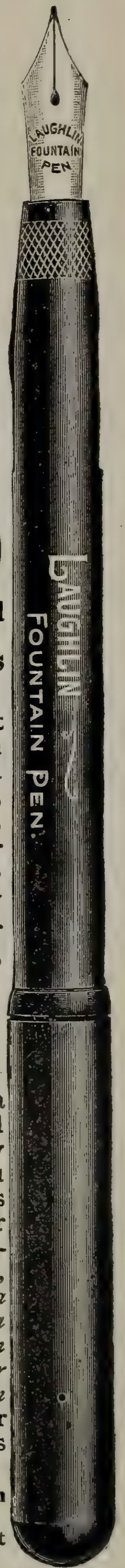

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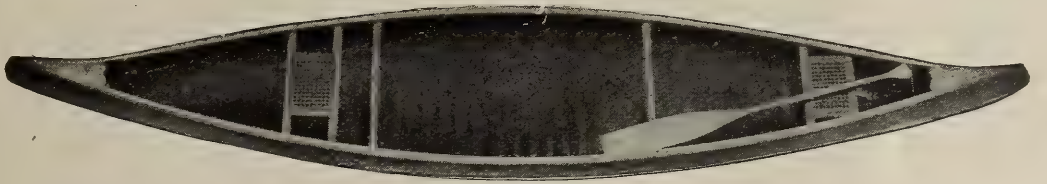

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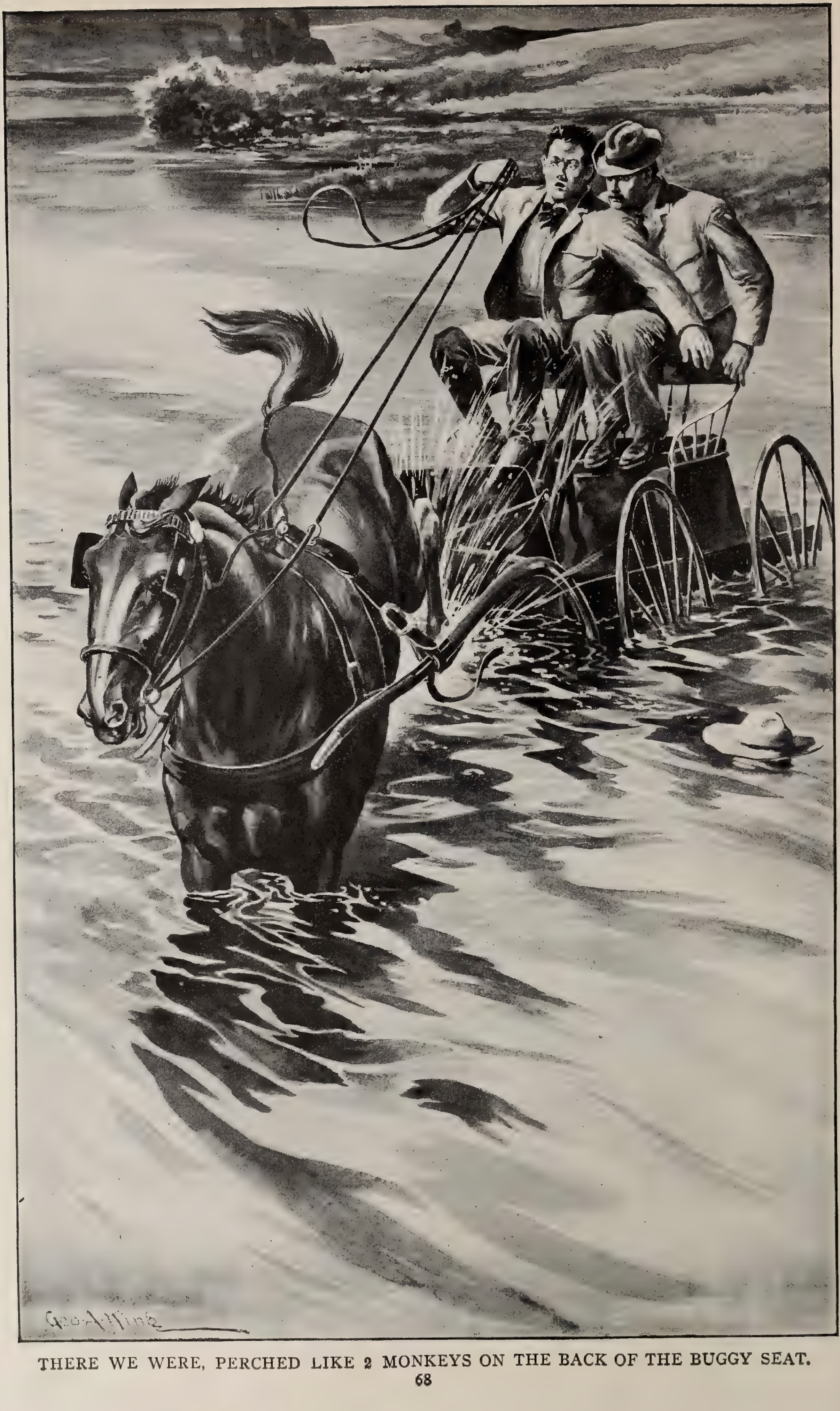


THERE WE WERE, PERCHED LIKE 2 MONKEYS ON THE BACK OF THE BUGGY SEAT.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. AUGUST, 1904 Number 2

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

A TREACHEROUS FERRY.

W. W. BRIDGERS.

In the latter part of September, 1901, I was one of a party of 4 who took a trip of 20 miles up the Rio Grande in quest of ducks. Our destination was a certain lake in Dona Ana county, New Mexico, situated on the opposite side of the river from El Paso. The road leading up to the lake took us to a point about 2 miles above, where we had to cross the river and drive down to our destination. None of the party had ever before been to the lake in question, and our progress was to some extent the result of guesswork, as wagon roads led in numerous directions and there was but one route to the lake after turning into the river bottom. It was impossible to take a crosscut, as it was not safe to cross the river except at some recognized ford, and because the numerous bosques (dense growths of Mexican mesquite or tornilla) made progress next to impossible except over traveled roads. We took the wrong road once and had much trouble and delay in getting back on the right track; but finally we reached the crossing we had been directed to take.

The Rio Grande, much akin to the Nile, had, some weeks previous, been out of its banks at certain points, but was clearly fordable at that time and place. We crossed without incident, but many troubles lay ahead of us. Immediately in front of us was a small Mexican village, nestling at the foot of the hills. There were a dozen or more small adobe houses, stern, uncouth and uncivilized in appearance, emphasizing the solitude of the country and the inactivity of the native inhabitants. There were no farms nor other evidences of industry to be seen. Untouched by the magic spark of civilization and progress, the inhabitants, though almost within sight of a thriving, prosperous, bustling and active city, were content to live as their forefathers had lived, whiling away the weeks and years in idleness, ignorance and superstition. The inevitable adobe church, with its weather beaten and time worn cross above the door, was only about 200 yards distant, directly on the road in front of us. Between us and the church, however, as we afterward learned to our chagrin, was an impassable gulf of thick, crusted mud. We suspected the difficulties that confronted us, but did not doubt that we should make the passage, as the road seemed to have been recently traveled. We drove ahead, but the front buggy was soon in the mud up to the hubs and one of the horses was down and unable to rise. There was nothing left to do but for all hands to wade in, unharness the horses and back the buggy out. The 4 of us had enough exercise in the next 30 minutes to have trained Jeffries for a $50,000 prize fight.

We were a sorry, sick looking, mud-bespattered lot when we had completed the task and were again ready to resume the journey; but, valiant hunters that we were, nothing could daunt us, and after a brief breathing spell we were ready to make another start. It was evident, however, that we were between the devil and the deep blue sea. On one side was a river, which we thought had to be crossed at that particular place, and on the other was an impassable mud slough which seemed to hem us in on all sides. It was growing late in the afternoon and we yet had a hard drive of several miles through the sand hills ahead of us, to say nothing of crossing the slough. A brief investigation satisfied us that the only hope of getting across was to drive down the river. That we did, only to discover that we were cut off in that direction, for there the slough joined the river. While debating what was best to do a bunch of redheads flew by and I knocked one with each barrel, making 2 very pretty shots.

The sight of ducks set our blood leaping and we determined to do or die right then and there. We found a narrow place in the slough and cutting a number of weeds we laid them on top of the mud. We then led the horses across, and by hand pushed and pulled the buggies as far out as possible. After that we tied ropes to the buggies, hitched them to the horses and finally succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. We were engaged in that work about an hour and when the task was completed we were all exhausted. However, the lake was then almost within sight and we felt that the next day's sport would more than compensate us for the trials and tribulations we had undergone.

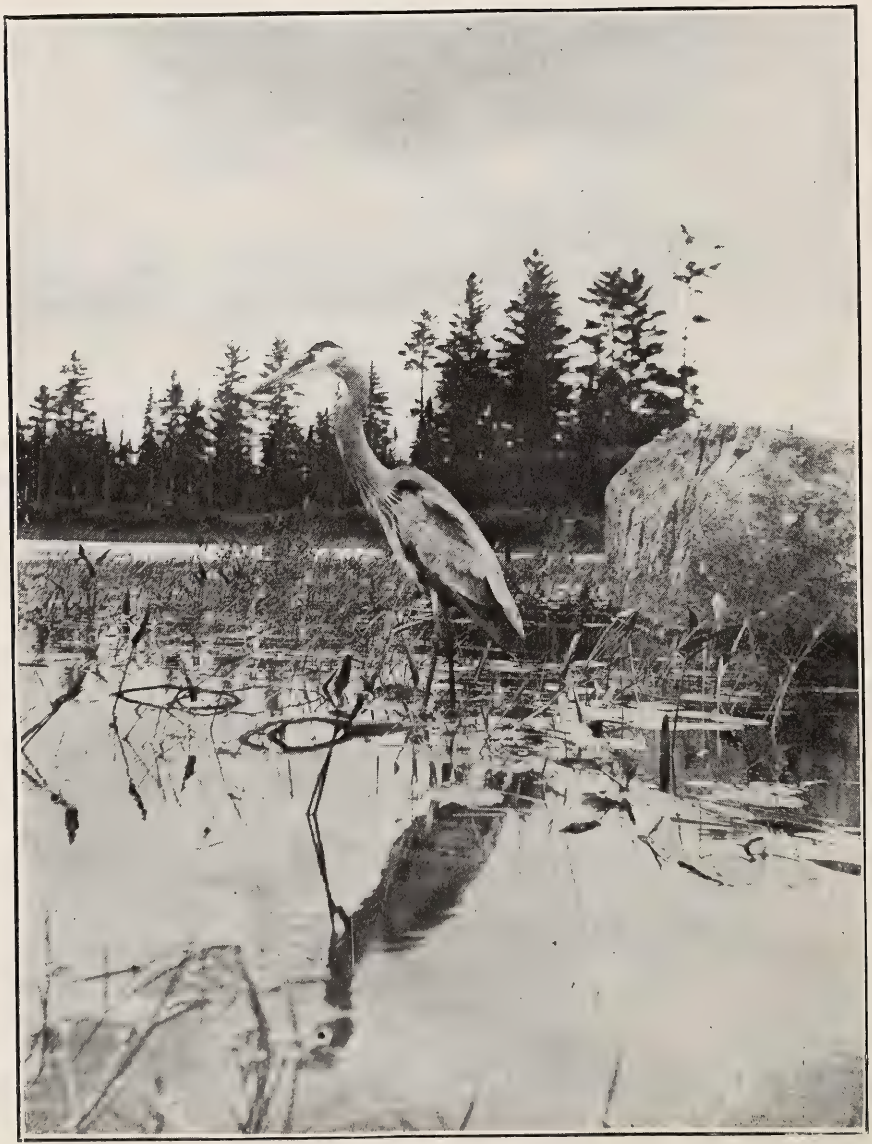
All our troubles up to that time had been due largely to some Mexicans who had not directed us to the proper crossing. Our disgust was deep when we learned later that had we crossed the river 200 yards higher up we would have had a clean, clear road and no obstacles to impede our progress. On account of the vexatious delays experienced we did not reach our destination until dark, but we had the satisfaction of learning from a Mexican who lived on the banks of the lake that there were plenty of ducks. We fed our horses, cooked supper, and, tired and sore, were soon asleep and dreaming of the morrow.

The next morning we were astir long before daylight, and when the first streak of dawn shot above the mountain range East of us I was standing on the shore of the lake in keen anticipation of the first shot. I soon perceived a bunch of ducks, high above, coming from up the river and direct for my blind, affording me 2 shots. During the next half hour hundreds passed over me, but I was not bagging any game. I must have fired at least 25 times before I began to realize that I would have to change my tactics, for up to that time I had only crippled 2 ducks, which, in my excitement, I made no effort to get. In fact, I was too busy shooting to pay any attention to cripples; but when I looked down at my feet, saw a box of empty shells and realized that I had not bagged a single duck I decided to cool off and do better, for I was sure the other boys had loads of game. It was a shameful satisfaction to me to learn later, that they had been doing about as badly as I had. The truth was that in the early morning light we had all been deceived as to the range. The lake is surrounded by hills which rise 100 feet or more above the water, and ducks coming looked much lower than they really were.

I took a survey of the lake. It was only a temporary body of water which had formed from recent rains, but was 3 feet deep in places and covered 15 or 20 acres of ground. In the center, covering about half the lake, was a growth of mesquite and weeds, and a more ideal place for a blind could not be imagined. The mesquites grew on little hills, and in between were strips of water where the ducks were alighting. I waded across to one of the mesquite hillocks and for 2 hours had some excellent shooting. As I was the only one in the party who had rubber boots I had a practical monopoly of the shooting. The others had to content themselves as best they could on the outer shores. I bagged about 25 ducks and had the pleasure of making some beautiful shots, as well as the embarrassment of having the boys see me make some awful misses. When we returned home that night, we had, all told, about 50 ducks, and 15 quails which we killed on the road back. We stopped just out of town, under an electric light, to divide our game, and while counting it out 3 other parties of hunters came by. They had not killed anything and their remarks as they stopped to size up our pile, which looked wonderfully large, delighted us. We cheerfully lied to them as to where we had killed the ducks, which we said was just where they had been hunting. They thought it strange they could not find anything when it was evident that game was so plentiful. We were extremely sympathetic with them and agreed that it was strange indeed they had been so unfortunate. Before separating for home we each solemnly pledged the others that we would not give the snap away, but somehow the secret got out and within the next 2 weeks half the shooters in town had visited the scene of our success. They returned practically empty handed, however, as the ducks had already gone South, we probably having frightened away all we did not kill.

Ducks are not plentiful in this immediate locality, though in September and the early part of October we frequently have fair shooting, provided the fall rains put any water into the lakes. A few days afterward 2 of us attempted to make a sneak back to the lake in question, so we could have a good shoot all by ourselves, but we failed to reach our destination. We decided to take a nearer route, which compelled us to cross the river 3 times. At the first ford we succeeded in crossing, but not without wetting our bed clothes, ammunition and grub. We had a choice lot of sugar, coffee, crackers, etc., after it had been ducked in the chocolate-colored water of the Rio Grande; but we were still brave and had visions of more ducks. After a brief council of war we solemnly resolved never to turn back. We drove valiantly into the next ford, perched on the back of the buggy seat and swearing we were going to stay with it. When the water struck the buggy seat again and everything depended on the steady stride of the old mare, she balked, and in answer to the whip she kicked the singletree in 2 and snapped some of the harness. There we were, perched like 2 monkeys on the back of the buggy seat, the current carrying the buggy down stream and threatening to turn us over, and the old mare cutting up all kinds of antics. I hastily climbed out of the buggy and into the water, not taking time to don my bathing-suit. The water was swift, deep and chilly, but it made no difference, as the situation imperatively called for prompt and effective action. I cut some of the harness, and the mare, thus released, forded the river like a veteran, leaving us and the buggy in the middle of the river, with a horse on the opposite side. Turning the buggy with the current, we soon had it out on the bank, after which I swam the river and returned with the horse. During this performance we played to a delighted audience of Mexicans who lined the river bank, shouted all manner of gratuitous pleasantries to us, and were as entertaining as possible, having fallen in with the spirit of the free exhibition we were giving.

While we were engaged in patching the harness and buggy, one of the natives shouted across to us that the river was rising, and thus cheered our dampened spirits, although just before we had crossed another *hombre* had told us that wagons had been crossing all the morning and that the river was falling. The news that the river was rising did not add any pleasure to our predicament, as we were compelled to cross the river again if we would return home. There was no way to avoid it; so, cold, wet and bedraggled, we proceeded with our preparations to give another impromptu performance. We hitched up the old mare again, but at the first cluck she did some more kicking and broke some more harness. That settled it. We then succeeded in hiring a Mexican to come across to us with a little pony and some harness, and thus we finally gained the other shore, I again swimming the river, just to keep in practice, and my companion carrying our effects across on the old mare's back. That put us on the high road home. Luckily we did not lose our guns, so we consoled ourselves with the thought that it was not so bad as it might have been. Darkness favored us as we returned home that night, wringing wet and shivering cold. That was my last duck hunt.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY GARDNER CORNETT.

THE LONE FISHERMAN.

Winner of 21st Prize in RECREATION'S 7th Annual Photo Competition.

A BIG ONE THAT DID NOT GET AWAY.

H. B. LANDGRAF.

Mr. William Locraft, popularly known as Uncle Billy, and I had been planning a trip up river for some time. On receipt of a telegram from our old friend, George Walters, that the water was in condition and the bass were biting freely, we gathered our traps, hied away to the railroad station and boarded the 5:30 p. m. train for Dickerson's station. There we found George, Jr., awaiting us.

We climbed aboard the wagon and drove 2 miles to the old familiar house which stands on the bank a short distance from the junction of the Monocacy and the Potomac rivers.

Early the next morning we were at the river. It was an ideal day for bass. There was a light frost on the ground and the air was sharp and crisp. As I shoved the boat out in the stream, Uncle Billy said,

"Son, one of us is due for a whopper to-day."

Uncle Billy rowed while I trolled as far as Red Rock, catching a small bass on the way down. We cast anchor at a favorite hole, fished it half an hour, and I caught another small bass. We moved about frequently on the way, catching occasional bass, until I had 6, but not even a nibble for Uncle Billy.

At 3 o'clock we were gradually working upstream toward the house; also toward a favorite spot where we seldom failed to hook a bass. Uncle Billy remarked,

"It appears you have it on me this trip."

We anchored again, and he got his first strike, which was a good one. He hung the fish but, unfortunately, lost him, the fish running under a snag, part of which Uncle Billy brought up on his line. The most patient and optimistic of anglers, he was plainly nettled at his persistent ill luck, for it is unusual for him not to have the majority catch in any company.

We finally anchored at our favorite last chance, as we term it, and Uncle Billy said,

"Son, it's now or never."

Selecting the largest smelt in the pail, he fastened it on the hook, spitting on it for luck, and cast toward the Maryland shore. He then lit a cigar and began a discourse on the uncertainties of life, angling in particular, when suddenly his reel shrieked. He turned pale and shook as if he had the ague. The fish ran out fully 100 feet of line before Uncle Billy could check him. He was extraordinarily active for a fish of his size and weight, practicing all the tricks of his kind, several times leaping clear of the water in his efforts to free himself of the hook, sulking and lying back like a jackass, refusing to be coaxed or forced.

Uncle Billy was not so confident as usual concerning the outcome; he was visibly nervous, though he afterward swore he had never been more composed in his life. After a spirited and exciting contest of 20 minutes, the bass succumbed to the superior skill of the veteran, and was brought to net, defeated, but not conquered, for as he lay on the bottom of the boat gasping for air, he made a last desperate flop and came near going over the side.

After firmly securing him to avoid another story of how the big one got away, we hoisted anchor and pulled for the house where congratulations were in order.

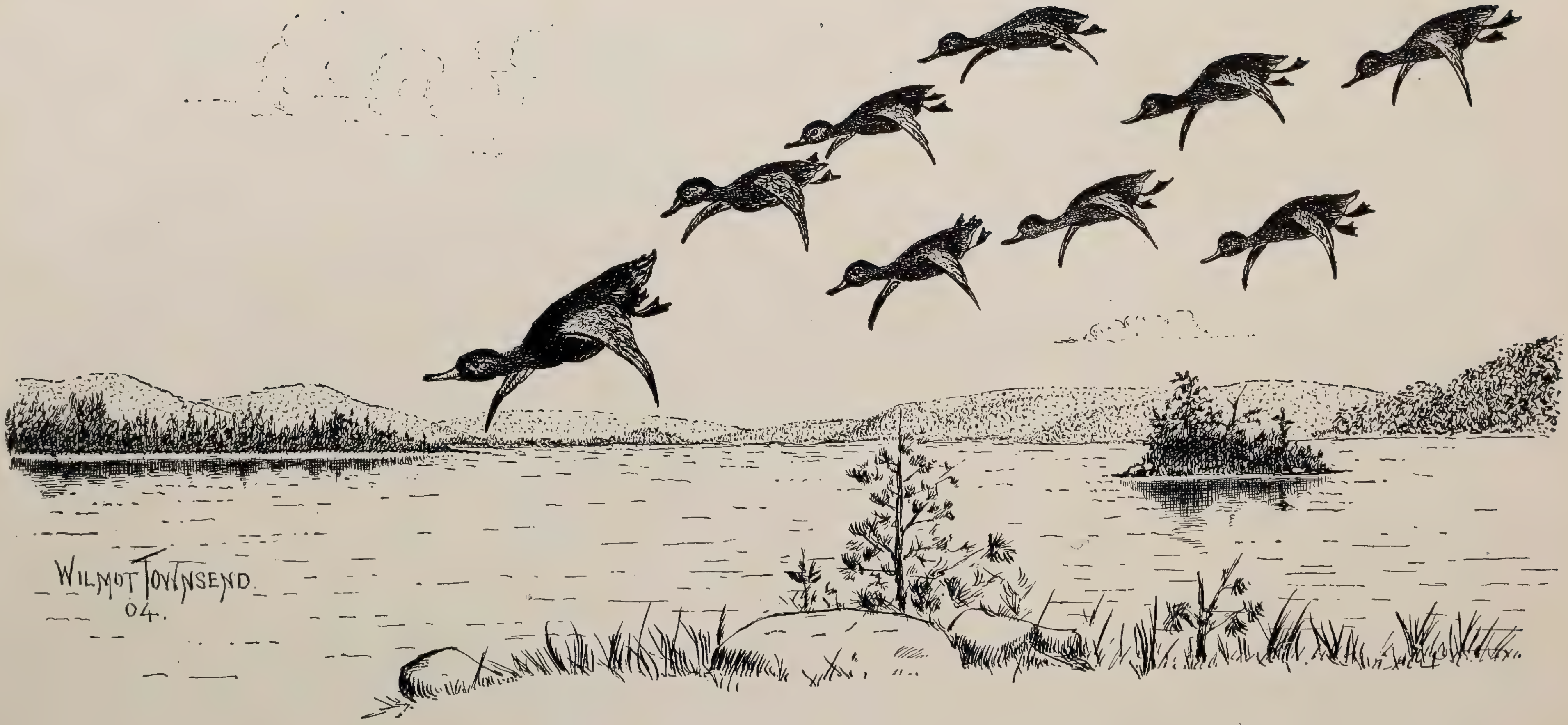
The next day we departed, with a hearty invitation to return soon and duplicate the feat. Arriving in due time at Dickerson's, we boarded the train, proud and happy. Had we been inclined to gamble we could have won considerable money, as there was a party of anglers in the forward car, one of whom had caught a 5½ pound bass at Point of Rocks. They were anxious to bet their clothes that their bass was the largest fish on the train, until they saw our champion. For the rest of the homeward journey Uncle Billy was kept busy telling about his capture.

Uncle Billy presented his fish to the Smithsonian institution, where it is now on exhibition. The officials were highly pleased to receive so fine a specimen and awarded him a diploma, also stating that it was the largest fish of its kind on record ever taken with hook and line from the Potomac or any of its tributaries. It is tagged as follows:

Species, small mouth bass, *Micropterus dolomiei*. Weight, 6½ pounds; length, 22½ inches. Tackle, Bristol steel rod, Von Hofe reel, No. 44 braided silk Kingfisher line, No. 30 New York bass hook. Bait, live smelt. Caught, November 1, 1903.

"Aren't you afraid of catching cold? This room is like a barn."

"That's all right. I'm working like a horse."—Harvard Lampoon.


WILMOT TOWNSEND
04.

DROPPED INTO A LARGE WOODLAND LAKE.

BLACKPAD, THE LEADER OF THE V.

E. C. ALLEN.

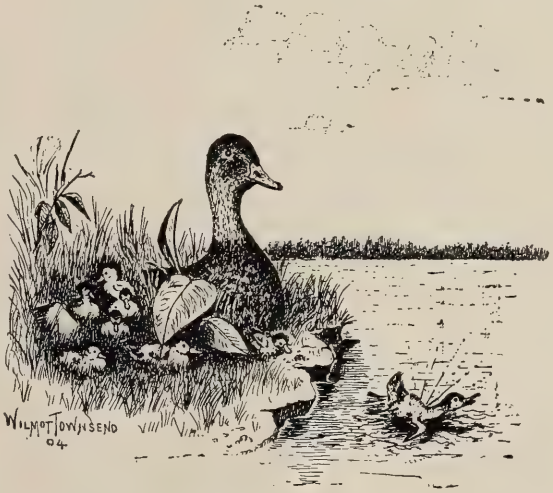
It was late spring. Far back from the coast the cinnamon ferns in the swamps had lost all their graceful curls, and had spread forth to catch every beam of sunshine that filtered through the dense growth above. Along the brooks the lily pads were creeping close to the surface of the water.

One of these brooks, after flowing several miles through a mixed forest of hemlock, spruce, and hard woods, emerged into a long, grassy meadow, in which it broadened out and flowed slowly, as if unwilling to leave the warm spring sunshine; then, disappearing into the forest again, flowed off to join its sister streams on their journey to the sea.

At the upper end of the meadow, and at the edge of the thicket, was an old maple that had been uprooted by a heavy wind years before. Under the trunk and down near the gnarled roots, with the dead meadow grass and low bushes forming an excellent screen, was the future mother of the leader of the V sitting quietly on 11 pale blue eggs. Only a wily old black duck. She had little fear, for the nesting place had been well chosen, and her dark brown, buff margined feathers blended perfectly with the dead leaves and dead meadow grass. She had seen nothing of her mate since she had begun her faithful watch over her treasure, though she had sometimes heard his loud "quack, quack," and the whistle of his wings, as he sailed down into the brook on his return from the coast. Of this she cared little. She was anxiously listening for the sound that would tell her she would soon be the mother of as large a family as any old duck could properly care for.

At last it came; only a faint tapping on the inside of a shell. This was followed by another, then another, which soon developed into quite a commotion, as 11 downy, dusky babies burst their bonds and struggled for an entrance into a sunny but cruel world.

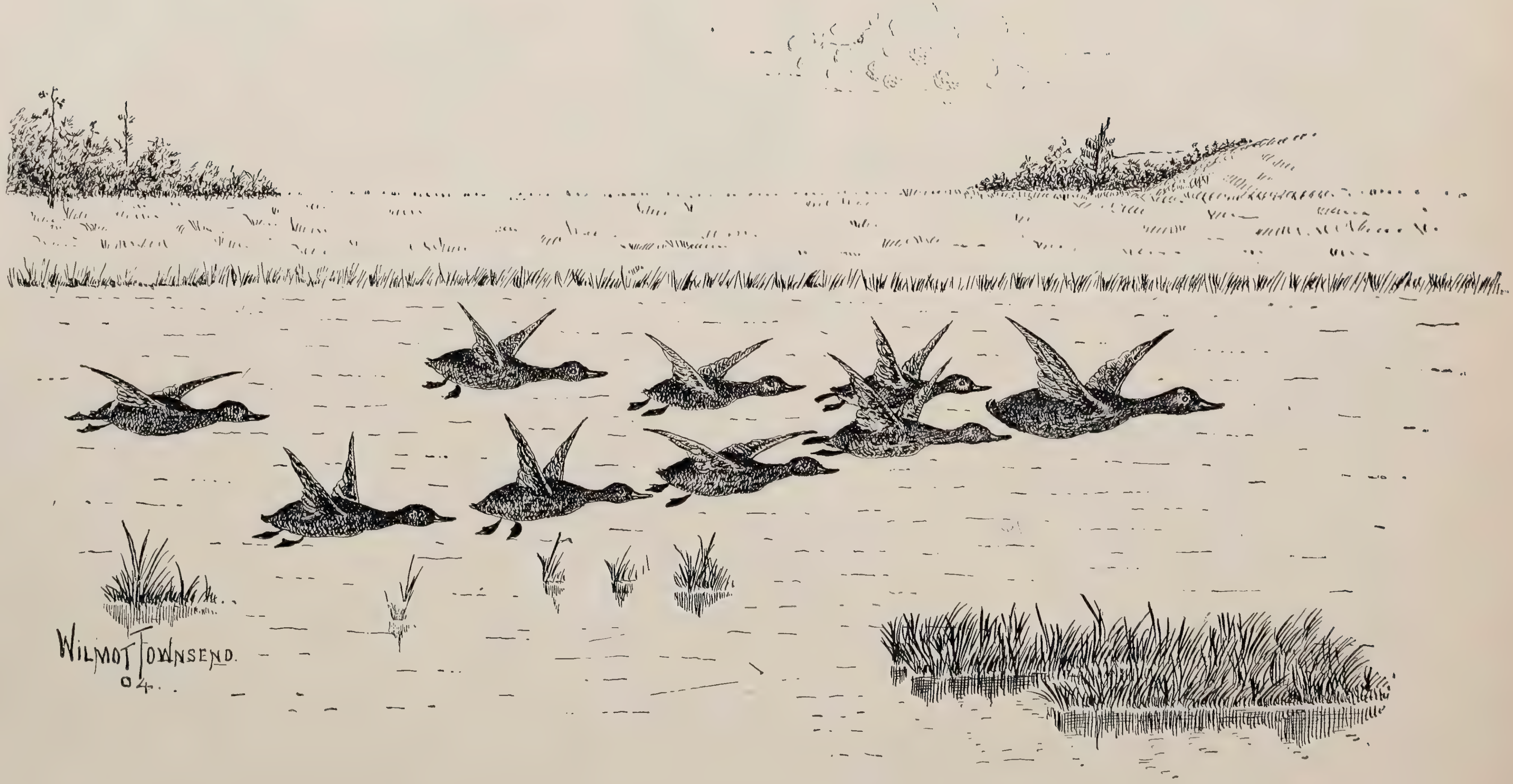
The following morning, after a careful survey to see that the coast was clear, Madam Duck led her offspring from the shelter of the old maple, toward the brook, for their first lesson in discovering food on its muddy bottom. No lesson was needed in swimming, although they had never seen water. The way to the brook was so selected that every convenient bush aided to conceal the duck family. It needed but the stirring of a branch or bit of grass to bring the head of the dusky mother into an erect, watchful position. What living creature can be more rigid than a black duck or a bittern, scenting danger. Despite the efforts of the mother to make a guarded advance and yet keep at the head of her family, or rather keep them in her rear, one youngster, who, like many a youth of our own species, considered the ways of his parent too slow, persisted in forcing himself in advance of her, and actually, on reaching the brook, tumbled in without any attempt at secrecy. This youngster was Blackpad, who was destined to be the leader of his clan; but he still had to learn that life in the forest was a wild, wary fight for existence.



BLACKPAD TUMBLED IN WITHOUT ANY ATTEMPT AT SECRECY.

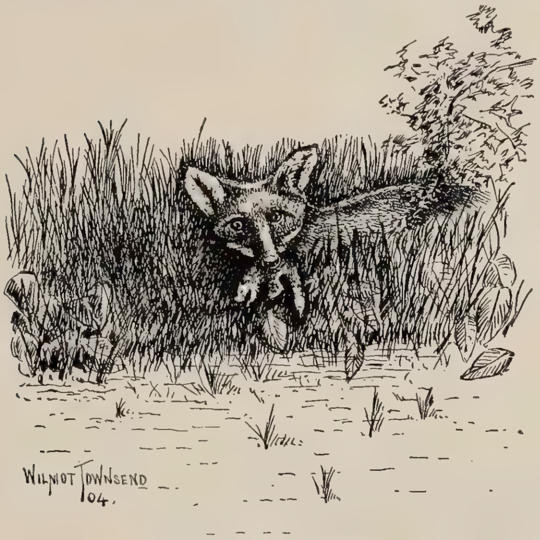
What a jolly day that was, and how they enjoyed themselves, ducking their heads into the clear water and throwing it over their backs, or probing the soft bottom for insects, roots or water snails. The succeeding early summer days were full of enjoyment. The nights were spent in some convenient clump of bushes, far enough back from the brook to be off the highway of the crafty mink and other night prowlers, who had their paths along its borders. How Blackpad enjoyed those cool summer evenings, as, nestled close to his mother, he listened to the piping of the frogs down in the brook, and the sweet flutelike notes of the hermit thrushes on the edge of the woods. Then when the thrushes ceased and the stars came out, he would push his bill under his stub of a wing and forget the brook, and the thrushes, and the stars.

One morning while the family was tak-


WILMOT TOWNSEND
04

LED THE LONG, V-SHAPED SQUAD FAR INLAND.

ing its usual meal from the brook, Blackpad seemed to feel a sense of danger; and though the others were feeding as usual, he watched the shore intently. Presently something yellow crept from behind a rock and couched under the bushes on the very edge of the bank. With a shrill "peet, peet," Blackpad was under water; and, coming up under cover of the projecting bank, on the farther side of the brook, he turned to look at the yellow monster. Then he saw what made his heart almost stop beating. Creeping up the other bank of the brook was a large, yellow, furry animal, with sharp ears and nose, and a bushy tail; and in its mouth, all limp, and with head hanging, was one of the ducklings that had so lately been enjoying its morning meal.



THE YELLOW PERIL.

When Blackpad had given the alarm, old Mrs. Duck, with much splashing and quacking, had disappeared down the brook, while her family, with the exception of the unfortunate baby which had been feeding, had followed Blackpad's example and taken refuge under the banks. It was several minutes before she appeared, circling above the tree tops, and finally shot down into the brook near the old feeding ground. Then one by one the fugitives left their retreats and huddled close to her in the middle of the brook. They all understood now. They had had a visit from old Reynard and the family was smaller by one. A lesson had been learned, and during the remainder of the summer the daily meals were taken in the widest parts of the brook, well away from either shore.

A change had been wrought, too, in the heart of Blackpad. He had proved himself a worthy sentinel. Henceforth he was trusted by his mother to give timely warning of danger, and he was proud of the trust. There had been recent changes, too, on the outside. His downy coat was now covered with buff and brown feathers, and the wing feathers had lengthened, till he thought when he flapped what had formerly been 2 downy stubs, that the rest of the family should look on in awe.

Those lessons in flying! How the whole family would leap from the water, at the beginning of some straight stretch of brook and after much flapping and quacking, alight at the other end. On one of these grand occasions, instead of stopping in their flight at the edge of the woods, they mounted higher and higher, above the tops of the trees, and after a flight of 5 or more miles, with their mother as leader, dropped into a large woodland lake. There were collected several other broods; and there Blackpad made a number of acquaintances. During the time spent with them he showed himself as able a sentinel as he had been in his own meadow home.

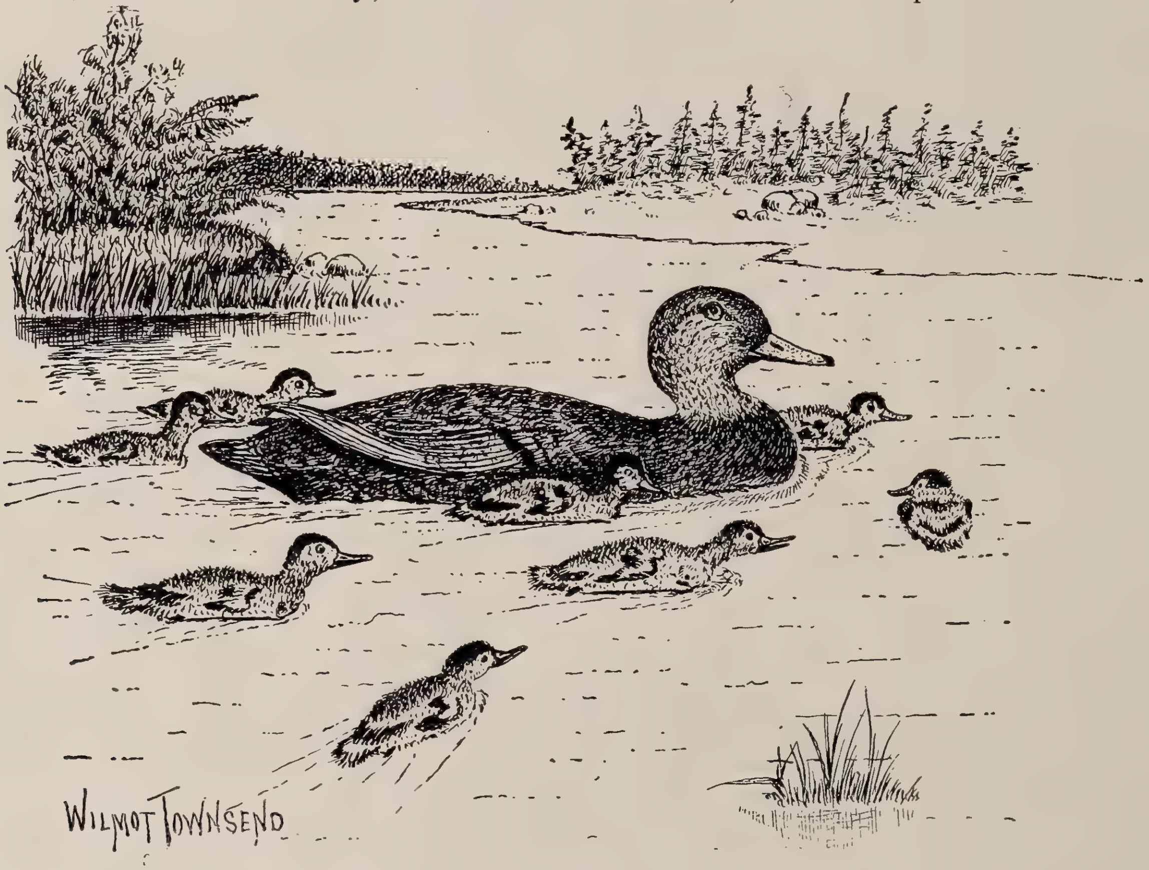
Then came the long looked for journey to the coast. What an event it was! One evening at sunset the whole flock rose from the lake, and forming into a long V, flew South to the level stretch of flats that the tide had left plentifully supplied with food. Blackpad had held undisputed sway in his own home meadow and in the lake first visited, for there the flocks had consisted of young ducks and their mothers; but when he reached the coast, he was deeply chagrined to find several old drakes who were not at all inclined to obey his orders, or even to trust the safety of the flock to his watchfulness. One old fellow particularly seemed to have a decided hatred for Blackpad, and chased him from his presence whenever opportunity occurred. One night this old drake disappeared, no one knew where; although a banging sound on the other side of the island where they were feeding may have had something to do with it. The remaining drakes fought fiercely for the mastery, Blackpad winning.

Ah! Then his joy and pride knew no bounds. With what dignity he gave, each morning, his loud "quack, quack," rose from the flats, or salt ponds, and, followed by the whole band, led the long V-shaped squad far inland to the chain of lakes. How careful he was, when they arrived over a desirable drinking spot to lead them in a whistling circle 2 or 3 times around it before they steadied their wings and shot down to enjoy its freshness.

Blackpad never gave himself up to this enjoyment, for no sooner would the flock be settled, than he would swim round and round them, with raised head, steadily watching the shore, and keeping the careless members of the flock from venturing too near its margin.

On coming to their favorite lake one morning, Blackpad noticed an odd looking clump of brush on the shore, that he knew had not been there at the time of their last visit. He wisely led the flock down into the water farther than usual from the shore; then took up his incessant beat around the band.

Presently a yellow animal appeared from behind the brushwood, and in an instant every head in the flock was up. It was an animal that sent a thrill through the heart of Blackpad, for he remembered the incident of his childhood, when the first break had occurred in their family; but this animal was larger and acted differently. It played with sticks on the shore, disappeared behind the brush, then appeared, and resumed its gambols on the shore.



HUDDLED CLOSE TO HER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BROOK.

Blackpad did not understand this, but he was too cautious to venture any nearer, and kept a steady watch on the flock, that no curious one should attempt to solve the mystery. In spite of his efforts a small detachment left the main flock and paddled slowly toward the mysterious spot. Nearer and nearer they approached. Then Blackpad, from his distant station, saw 2 dark objects rise behind the bush. With a loud warning "quack, quack," he was out of the water, followed by the less curious part of the flock; but the warning had been too late. Bang, bang—bang, bang—came 4 heavy, thundering reports from the shore. Then the flying, frightened flock, glancing back, saw more than half the number whose curiosity had overpowered them, struggling from the spot or lying motionless on the water.

This backward glance was enough; and ever after, when Blackpad and his flock were in the lakes, the appearance of a yellow animal on the shore sent the whole flock in a swift whistling flight from the spot, for a more secluded retreat farther back in the wilderness. That is why the guides of that region, who take sportsmen with their yellow Chesapeake dogs to the lakes, when they see a goodly flock of black ducks settle down into the water, and a lonely figure begin a slow beat around the flock, will always say:

"No, gentlemen, don't put out the dog. That flock will not toll."

Mr. Waunta Noe—Did your husband die peacefully?

Mrs. Berrymore—No; he had 3 doctors.
—Chicago Chronicle.

CANOEING IN GEORGIAN BAY.

G. H. HODGETTS.

The countless islands of Georgian bay are destined to become one of the most popular summer resorts for both Canadian and American recreation seekers. They lie along the Eastern and Northern shores of the bay from which they derive their name, and which forms the Northeastern part of Lake Huron. Not many miles inland to the East, are the Muskoka lakes, famed for their beauty and picturesqueness. In the opinion of many who have camped in both localities, however, the Muskoka scenery can not compare with that amongst the islands to the West.

Already many of the most desirable islands have been purchased from the Canadian government by gentlemen from American cities. Several beautiful club houses have been erected, and every year brings hither a larger number of our neighbors from across the line. I am a Canadian, but I am sure it is with pardonable pride that I extol the beauties of a part of my country of which the Americans themselves can not speak too highly.

My last trip to the islands was made in the company of my 2 brothers, who live in St. Catherines, not 12 miles from Niagara Falls. We crossed Lake Ontario by boat to Toronto, thence by rail to Penetanguishene, a distance of 100 miles. A large and beautifully equipped passenger steamer connects with the train, and for several hours winds through countless channels and passages until one becomes almost bewildered by their intricacy. The islands are almost entirely of rock, but covered in most cases with pine, spruce, cedar, birch, poplar, maple and oak, with an undergrowth of juniper and a variety of berry bushes. The trees grow in crevices in the rock which have become filled with soil, and it is surprising how thickly wooded some of these rocky islands are. Immense trees will often be seen apparently growing in the solid rock. There is also much heavy moss of different kinds and colors, which further adds to the beauty of the islands.

We took our canoe and supplies from home. When the steamer reached a point about 50 miles from Penetang, we were landed on one of the islands. We immediately camped for the night on the rocks. Our tent I had made specially for this trip. It is of 8 ounce duck, is round, 12 feet in diameter and 8 feet high, with a 2½ foot wall. This style of tent is, I think, the most suitable for a canoe trip, being light, capable of being packed in small compass, and requiring but one pole, an important consideration when you carry your whole outfit in a canoe. We slept on the ground, placing our blankets on a mattress of cedar boughs. Another year we intend having individual sleeping bags; also a heavy canvas ground-cloth for the tent. We anchored the tent with small rocks, as there was, of course, no chance to drive pegs.

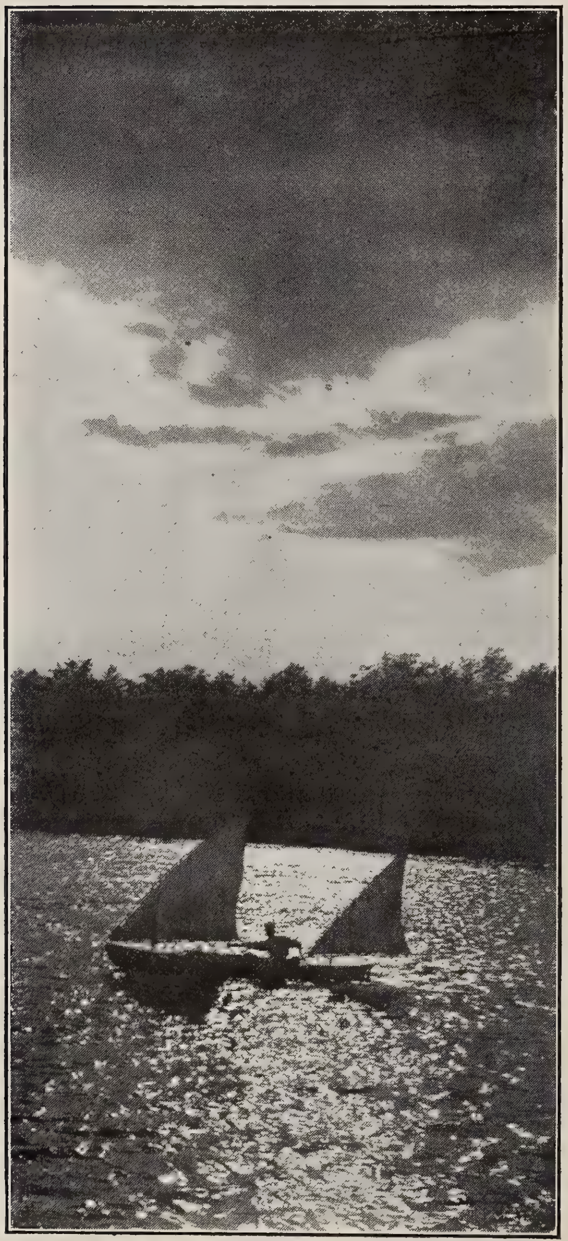
Our provisions and cooking utensils were packed in 2 small boxes, and our bedding and clothing in canvas bags made for that purpose. We changed our clothes at Penetang and thus had not the trouble of lugging around civilized garments during our 2 weeks' trip. We congratulated ourselves more than once that we had done so, as every additional article requires valuable space in the canoe, and makes extra work in loading and unloading. Our canoe is of basswood and was built to order in Peterboro. It is simply perfection, as we have proved to our own satisfaction. Length, 18 feet; width, 37 inches; depth, 13 inches. It will hold our entire outfit conveniently, and leave plenty of room for 3 or even 4 persons to paddle. We were not at all overloaded and paddled over 400 miles with all our stuff on board.

We had with us a repeating shot gun, a .38-55 repeating rifle, a double barrelled shot gun, and a .22 caliber Stevens rifle. Game is plentiful among the islands and on the mainland. We went prepared for everything up to bear, which are often seen in the fall. Ducks were innumerable, but hard to get at. We could seldom approach within gunshot of the numerous flocks which we frightened from their feeding grounds. By stopping in some of the rice beds for a day or 2, we might have shot dozens of wild fowl had we been so inclined, but we were on the go continually. For the same reason we got but few ruffed grouse, as we did not go into the bush for them.

The fishing is, during the proper season, unsurpassed. Black bass, pike, muskalonge and trout are abundant. The bass fishing in Georgian bay is celebrated; its rocky ledges seem the natural home of this most gamy fish. We had no difficulty in securing all the fish and ducks that we needed. We caught all our fish by trolling from the canoe.

If the weather was favorable we broke camp as soon as we finished breakfast. Everything was packed up and placed in the canoe, and in a few minutes we were started on our day's paddle of 25 or 30 miles. A light lunch at noon saw us through until we camped in the evening on the first suitable spot that appeared. By the time tea had been prepared it would generally be past sunset. Then we would of necessity be compelled to eat by moonlight, assisted by our candle-lantern. By the way, that last mentioned article we consider a grand invention; no coal oil to leak or spill, merely a few pounds of candles and a light globe lantern.

I have camped in this same locality for some years past, but my brothers agree with me that until this fall we never knew what real camping was. For those who do not mind roughing it, and can put up with and enjoy little inconveniences, a canoe trip through these islands is an ideal outing. The constant exercise, pure and invigorating air, dazzlingly clear water, ever changing scenery, and abundance of fish and game, combine to make one of the most enjoyable experiences that one could imagine.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY ALBERT HAANSTAD.

SAILING BY MOONLIGHT.

Winner of 51st Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

KING'S EX.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

The children are playing the old, old games
  Out there on the beckoning grass.
I hear the laughter, and mocking names
  Of rollicking lad and lass.
And sudden an urchin halts his pace,
  The swoop of his comrades checks,
And see! He is granted the sought-for grace
  At the spell of his cry: "King's ex."

"King's ex!" and never, tho' stout the fray,
  This charm in vain is tried!
And are we, who were children but yesterday,
  The right to such ruse denied?
Look here, friends all, I would stop and rest,
  My respite let none dare vex;
Come quiet and truce, by naught oppressed,
  "King's ex!" busy world, "King's ex!"

"King's ex," to the hurrying to and fro;
  The strenuous rush and rout;
The city's pitiless ebb and flow,
  The struggles within, without.
"King's ex!" I am weary of barter and throng;
  To win or to lose, who recks?
Oh, the wildwood ways, and the thrushes' song!
  "King's ex!" Father Time, "King's ex!"

"Lizzie's come home from th' city with a lot o' newfangled cookin' idees," said Mr. Meddergrass. "Fixed up a new kind o' custard pie last night with what she called a mee-rang on top of it."

"Mee-rang?" said Mr. Cartapple. "Now, what'n airth's thet like?"

"Hanged if I know. Somepin' like sweetened soapsuds."—Judge.

"Please print instructions for smoking sausage," wrote the constant reader to the answers-for-the-anxious editor.

"Which—the long or the fine cut?" he wrote beneath the query.—Judge.

A BALD FACED GRIZZLY AND THREE OTHERS.

G. B. McCLELLAN.

In July, 1885, my partner, Billy, and I left the round-up on Bridger creek, Wyoming, for a trip to Yellowstone park. At that time it was generally thought impossible to enter the park from the Southeast, or by following the Shoshone river. We had a good pack outfit of 11 horses, with the necessary camp duffle, 2 No. 6 Newhouse bear traps and some beaver traps.

After many mishaps we arrived at the head of the North fork of Stinking Water, and were glad to be in the open country above timber line, after our struggles with the canyon and its dense timber. Once clear of the timber, Billy stopped, looked the prospect over, and advised that we camp there, kill an elk, and jerk the meat for us during the journey through the park. I agreed, and pointing to a scrubby spruce, suggested that we pitch camp under it.

Billy rode ahead to reconnoitre, while I turned to drive forward the pack train. Chancing to look to my right, I saw an enormous silvertip with his fore paws on a log, looking us over and listening interestedly to our conversation. He was not more than 30 yards off. I tried to warn Billy, whose rifle was in his hands; my gun was in its sling, that I might be able to give my whole attention to the horses. Billy did not hear me. A second call in a louder tone alarmed the bear, which made for a deep gulch to the rear.

I dismounted, snatched my repeater from its scabbard, ran to where I had last seen the bear, and waited. He came into view 200 yards away, lumbering leisurely along. I fired twice, but without effect, as it proved. At the report of my rifle Billy came tearing back to know what was up. I replied, somewhat gruffly, that if he had kept his ears open, he might have had a good shot at short range.

We unpacked hastily, prepared a quick snack, and then took the bear's trail to see if I had bled him. Convinced that I had missed, we gave it up and devoted ourselves to looking for elk signs. Those we found in plenty, and bear signs everywhere. Climbing to the summit, we found a perpendicular wall cutting off all travel toward the East. Below us was a bunch of elk, 25 or 30, but the wall was so high they seemed no bigger than sheep. Taking a look around with our field glass, we were convinced we could not reach the band without a flying machine, or making a wide circuit.

As we were about to turn away, Billy called my attention to an object to the right of the elk, which proved to be a bear coming out of the timber. He went to a miry place, dug a hole and wallowed as a hog does on a hot day. We rolled a boulder over the wall. Bruin raised on his haunches to listen, then resumed his mud bath. The elk paid no attention.

Returning to the timber, we struck an old, well defined game trail, which we followed toward a wooded point. On the way I discovered a white faced bear. We had heard a good deal about bald faced bears and resolved to kill this one. We managed to get a bunch of scrubby pines between him and us, and sneaked up closer. Then we found there were 2 bears and that they were on the opposite side of a deep gulch. Flat down we lay and crawled to a line behind a second bunch of pines, where we took a fresh peep.

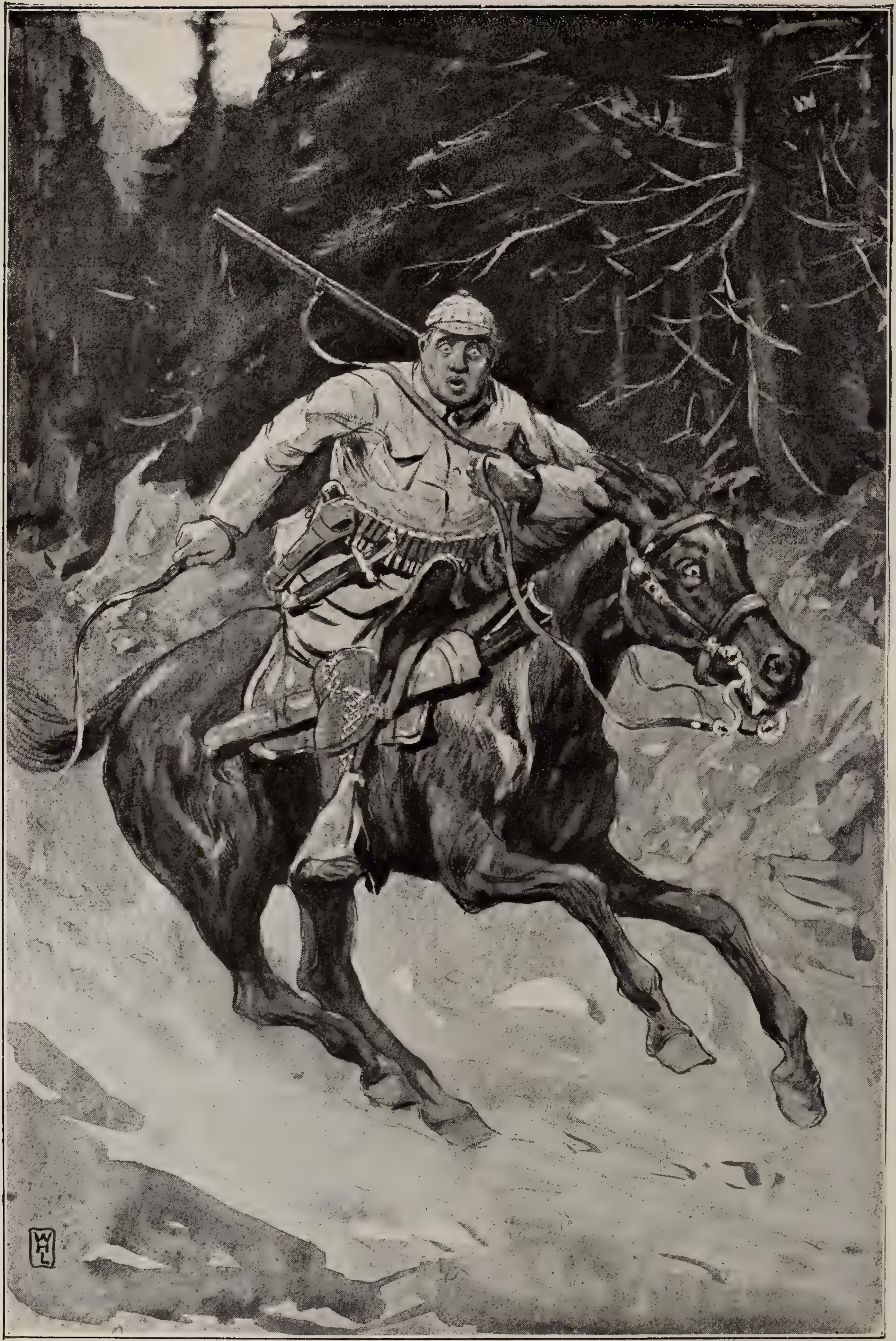
Holy Moses! There were 4 of them! Another bunch or 2 of pines and there might be a score!

They were feeding on roots, which they were busily digging. One more sneak and Baldy would be ours. Watching when heads were all down, we stole to a last pine bunch. There, Billy suggested, we were between them and the shelter they would seek when we began shooting. I said I couldn't help it; I wanted Baldy's dress suit, even if we had to climb a tree.

Old Baldy was highest up the bank, and just then turned broadside on. I told Billy I would kill Baldy and he could then take another as they started out. Taking a careful bead on the white faced old fellow, just back of the shoulder, I pressed the trigger. Dirt flew up beyond him, and at first I thought I had missed, but in a moment I saw him rolling down hill. As I rose to my knees Billy shouted, "Look out! Here they come!"

Sure enough! And 5 of them at that! Within 15 yards of us they came, tearing for the timber, and whether we or they were most scared I can not tell. I know we should have stopped the whole bunch, and we got only 3—Baldy and a pair of yearlings.

My first shot, a 45-90 bullet, had gone through Baldy's heart, but it did not stop him under 200 yards. We examined his bald face with interest, and I am convinced he was only a silvertip so old as to be turning gray. Around the ears and extending below the eyes was a gray streak 3 inches wide. There was another band of gray hair reaching more than half way round the neck on the upper side. I should like to hear through RECREATION from others who have had to do with bald faced bears.



THE MIGHTY BEAR HUNTER CAME DOWN THE TRAIL AT BREAK NECK SPEED.

HOW SOME TENDERFEET HUNT BEAR.

FRANK SEAMAN.

Some years ago a certain Eastern man went to a well known summer resort in the mountains for the avowed purpose of hunting bear. He put up at the best hotel, employed a guide, engaged saddle horses and spent several days in preparation for the trip, meantime telling the other guests at the house what a mighty hunter he was, how many wild animals he had slain, how anxious he was to meet a big grizzly and how he would annihilate him when he did meet him.

At intervals, the hunter would bring down a gun, a revolver, a knife, a belt of cartridges or some other item of his outfit, show it to the loiterers, explain to them how he was going to use it when he met the bear, and entertain them with stories of his hunting exploits in other regions.

Finally, the morning of the eventful day dawned. The mighty hunter appeared early on the veranda, clad in hunting togs and armed to the teeth. In due time his guide came, riding one horse and leading another. The hunter mounted and proceeded to pose for some of the kodakers on the balcony. He was a fearful and wonderful sight. He was a short, stout man, and when in the saddle looked nearly as big one way as the other. He wore a suit of brand new, stiff brown canvas, including a fore and aft cap, from beneath which his bushy gray hair protruded slightly. He had one rifle in a holster under his right leg, and another slung over his back by a strap. He wore a belt outside his short hunting coat, some 4 inches wide and filled from end to end with long cartridges. On this belt hung 2 revolvers and a big knife. He wore heavy leather hunting boots that came above his knees, and that were laced in front and on the sides. On these he wore big spurs, and in his hand he carried a saucy looking quirt. Finally, after having displayed himself to the gaze of the admiring crowd for what he deemed a sufficient length of time, he and his guide rode away up a mountain trail.

They had gone 3 or 4 miles when the guide saw in the trail the track of a large grizzly. Without mentioning the fact to the hunter, he dropped out and said to his patron,

"You'd better ride ahead now. We are in the bear country and you are likely to get a shot anywhere along here."

The hunter touched his cayuse with the spur and moved forward. The guide said he would follow at a little distance, so that the hunter might have all the better opportunity to find game.

The guide was riding leisurely along, some 50 yards behind his modern Don Quixote, when all at once he heard a yell and the clatter of hoofs. He guessed the cause and turned out of the trail.

There was a mighty crashing of brush and rattling of rocks, a succession of yells which sounded like "Police! Help! Murder!" and various other startling ejaculations. In an instant the mighty bear hunter came down the trail at breakneck speed, with his eyes fairly sticking out. He passed the guide, apparently without seeing him, and went out of sight in a flash, the horse hitting only the high places.

The guide pursued the fleeing apparition and after riding a mile or 2 overtook his employer. The former had by that time somewhat recovered from the stampede, had slowed down to a walk and was looking back. When the guide overtook him and asked what was the trouble, a storm of curses and imprecations broke forth.

"You blankety blank idiot! You imp of Satan! You vile conspirator! You infernal jailbird! What do you mean by trying to get me killed? You ought to be shot for taking a man into such a death trap as that!"

The guide remonstrated with the hunter and asked him to explain.

"Why, you blithering idiot, didn't you see him?"

"See what?"

"The bear."

"No. Where was any bear?"

"Why, up there. He rose up in the trail not 30 feet from me, and I'd take my oath he was 12 feet high, 4 feet wide and you are liable to get some man killed by taking him into such a country as that, and I shall report you to the police as soon as we get to the hotel."

Then the hunter put spurs to his horse again and the next the guide saw of him was when he called at the hotel to ask for his pay.

The Nimrod had cooled off by that time and was busy packing his guns, ammunition and hunting togs into his trunks. He said he had found all the bear he wanted, and took the next train for the East.

A certain Englishman came to America, went West and got off the train at Red Dog. He told the people he had come out to hunt bear, especially grizzlies. He had killed several other kinds of big game, but had never killed a bear and that was what he aspired to do now. Several loungers offered their services as guides, but he said he did not want a guide. He was competent to take care of himself, find his own game and kill it. The people sized him up as a rank tenderfoot, and, winking at one another, several of them advised him how to proceed. Two or 3 of the Northwest mounted police were present and regarded the stranger rather more seriously than the cow punchers did. They feared he might get lost if he went into the woods and perhaps starve to death. The sergeant told one of the policemen to notice which way the man went, follow him at a distance, and after a few hours to bring him back to the station.

The cowboys told the Englishman to take the main road down the valley, and that after getting out of town a mile or so he would stand a good show of finding a bear anywhere. After dinner, the Englishman shouldered his fancy double barrel express rifle, hooked on his cartridge belt, in which he carried a large hunting knife, and walked off down the road.

The town loafers were having all sorts of fun among themselves as to what the result would be. There were ranches all along the road and the hunter could hardly get out of sight of a house anywhere within 20 miles. Bets were made as to how long it would take him to get tired of hunting bear and return to the village.

Night came on and all eyes were turned down the road, watching for a dusty traveler; but none appeared, and at 9 or 10 o'clock the men scattered to their bunks.

The next morning the sergeant started 2 of the police officers to hunt the Englishman. Several of the loiterers mounted their horses and accompanied the officers. They had gone but 4 or 5 miles down the valley when they saw smoke rising from among the trees, a hundred yards from the road. They turned out and found the Englishman complacently leaning against a tree, in front of his fire, eating some crackers and cheese he had carried with him, and 10 feet away lay one of the biggest grizzlies that had been killed in that country in years. The Englishman had simply stumbled into a piece of luck. He had found a fresh track of a bear crossing the road, had followed it so quietly that he came on the bear before it knew there was any harm in sight, and had bowled the old chap over with 2 well directed shots. The laugh was on the men who had laughed at the tenderfoot.

Another Englishman went to Bozeman some years ago and made known to the local gun dealer his desire to go on a bear hunt. A guide, cook and packer were employed, an outfit of horses, food, tents, etc., was pulled together, and the next morning the party strung out for the mountains. This Bozeman crowd had also sized up their patron as a tenderfoot and had congratulated themselves on having an easy snap in sight. They had gone but a short distance into the foothills when they found where a big bear had crossed the trail. The track was several days old, but they did not say so to the Englishman. They told him it was fresh, and that a bear nearly always returned on his trail within a few hours.

"Now," said they, "if you will just sit down here and keep quiet, you are sure to get a shot before night, or if the bear does not come back to-day he will to-morrow or the next day. We will go up the next creek a mile from here, make camp, and have dinner ready for you about dusk."

The Englishman was obedient and confiding, so he did as he was told. He sat there patiently all the afternoon, looking up the side of the hill and waiting for the bear to come doubling back on his trail. The afternoon wore away, the sun sank behind the mountain, darkness began to gather, and when it got too dark to see to shoot the Englishman shouldered his gun and hit the trail for camp. On arrival there the boys expressed their sympathy with him and said,

"You are sure to get a shot to-morrow or the next day, if you stick to it."

The camp was astir before daylight and by the time it was light enough to see the trail the Englishman was at his post again. He stayed till near sundown, when he showed up at camp and asked the boys to come down with him and help skin the bear. At first they thought he was joking, but when he assured them he was in dead earnest, they were speechless with surprise. They could scarcely believe he was in his right mind. However, they went with him and when they arrived at the place where they had stationed him, they found an immense grizzly with 3 or 4 bullet holes through him. Again the laugh was on the Smart Alecks.

A writer who lives in Washington, D. C., was traveling in the Canadian Rockies in search of adventures and other things, on which to write a book. He found one thing that he probably did not record in his book. One day while in camp at the junction of Bear creek and the Saskatchewan river he and 2 of his men went out to look for something to write about, and found a big white animal, of which they got a fleeting glimpse as it moved through the bushes. One man fired at the animal and wounded it. The bookish man asked them what it was and they said it was a grizzly, whereupon *Litterateur* shinned up a tree. The men followed the wounded grizzly, leaving the author high and dry. He staid up the tree nearly an hour. Then he got tired of his perch, came down off it and ran like a scared cat to camp, where he arrived out of breath. Between gasps he told the man who had been left in charge, what had happened. When he got cooled down a little, he said he was afraid the bear would turn on the boys and kill them.

“If they don’t come back soon, we must go down that way and holler for them.”

Finally the hunters returned and reported that they had killed the bear and hung it up. The old packer who had staid in camp, said it could not have been a big grizzly or they could not have hung it up.

“Yes,” they said, “it is an immense one.” one.”

“All right, we will go out and skin him,” said the packer.

They had some trouble in coaxing the literary man to go with them. He said he was afraid the bear might come to life by the time they got to him. However, the men prevailed on the writer to accompany them. When they got in sight of the game the old packer said to the literary man,

“Well, that’s the first grizzly I ever saw that had horns.”

“By gum,” said the writer, “it has horns, hasn’t it?” And as they got nearer to the animal they found it was a big, white goat.

For weeks after that the literary hunter did not like to talk about grizzlies.

Two Chicago men went out West on the same errand as the other fellows. They were both anxious to kill bear, and though they had previously hunted nothing larger than deer, and no farther West than Michigan, they felt sure they were equal to any grizzly that ever came down the pike. They employed 3 guides and plenty of horses. They outfitted liberally and went high up among the snow slides where they were told bear were numerous. The guides proved a scurvy lot and after 2 days of inefficient, weak efforts at finding game, told the tourists they did not believe there were any bears in the country at that time. They advised an early return to the railroad and a trip in another direction. The tenderfeet agreed to this suggestion and the next morning camp was broken.

Meantime rain set in and the conditions rendered it likely that snow would soon follow. The guides led the outfit up the side of a mountain, near timber line, where they advised the hunters to wait until they (the guides) could look up a short cut to the railway station. The hunters halted and the guides lit out. They found the short cut easily enough and rode directly into town, some 15 miles away. The packer undertook to follow with the pack train, but did not find the trail the guides had taken. He then headed for another trail he knew of, but a much longer one. By that road it took him 2 days to reach the railway.

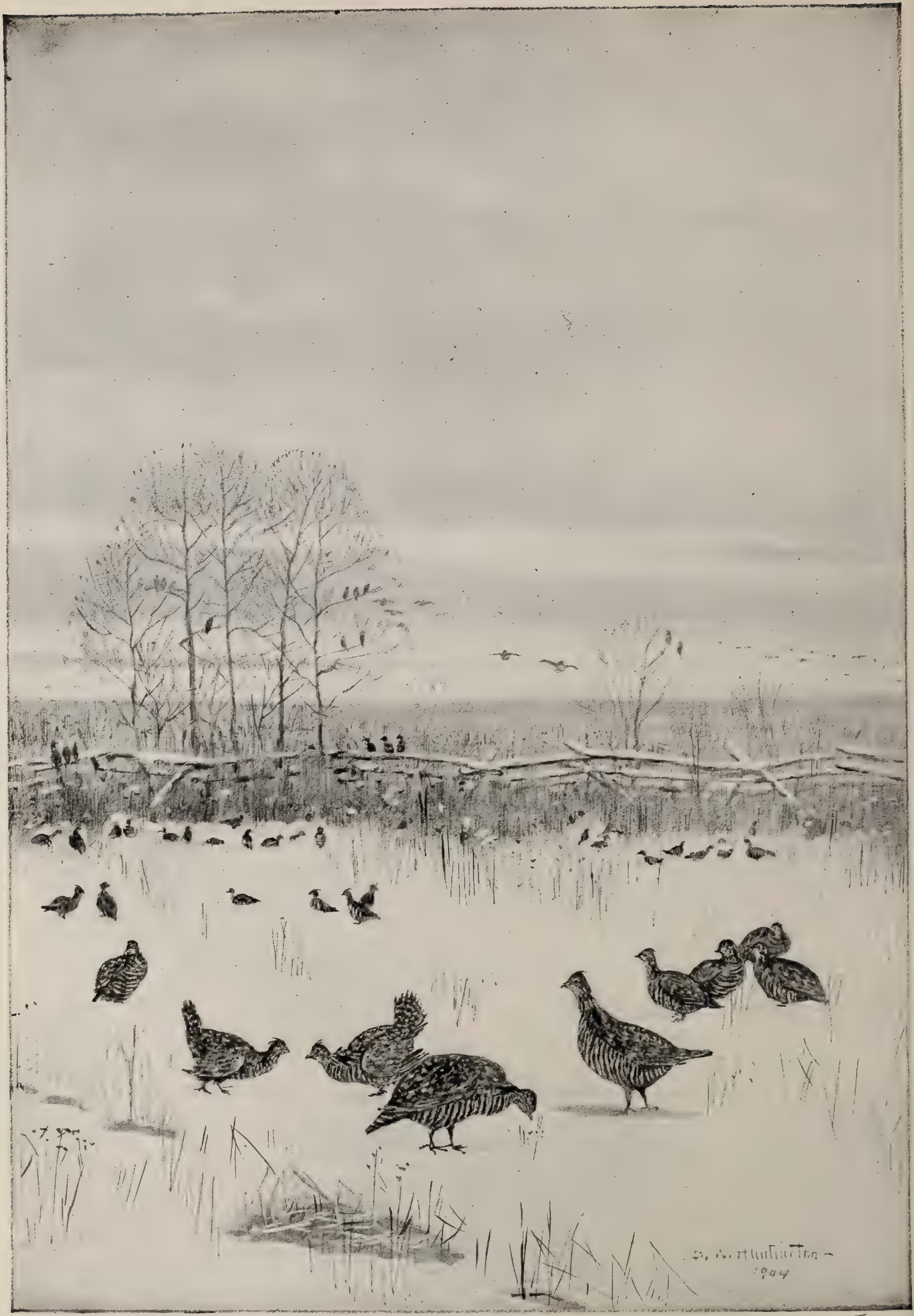
The poor, shivering tenderfeet were left on the mountain with only their saddle blankets and the bit of lunch they were carrying in their pockets. They spent a miserable night at timber line, in a cold rain, and had great difficulty in keeping their fire and themselves alive. Late in the evening the owner of the horses found the 3 guides in a saloon, drinking beer and having a high old time. He rounded them up, threatened to kill them, and on learning where they had left the hunters, employed another man and started him early the next morning to rescue the hunters.

The new guide found the poor fellows shivering around a small fire. Though they had been away from their guides less than 24 hours, they had already killed one of their saddle horses and one of the men sat by the fire toasting a piece of quivering horse flesh on a forked stick. One of the hunters had lost a good shot gun, and they had hung up the saddle belonging to the dead horse, and had entirely forgotten where it was. All 3 of the men hunted for it but could not find it, and finally abandoned it. Both saddle and shot gun are somewhere among the rocks in that vicinity, and the hunters say any man who will find them may have them. The men are sore on bear hunting and say they do not care to kill any more.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. C. WARNER.

HAWK EGGS.

Winner of 46th Prize in Recreation’s 8th Annual Photo Competition.



Huntington
1904

HE JOINED ANOTHER FLOCK OF 50 OR MORE.

Puzzle: Find the Newcomer.

A PRAIRIE LIFE.

HATTIE WASHBURN.

The hero of my story first saw the light beneath a thick clump of grass on the prairies. His mother, being an old and experienced prairie hen, led him, with 9 other beautiful little balls of brown and yellow down, from the nest when they were only a few hours old. It was a balmy day in May, and many an unwary insect, basking in the genial sunlight, found its way from the bill of the mother down the throats of the young.

A week passed, and in spite of the parent's loving care the number of the brood was reduced to 7. Two strayed in the rank grass and became the prey of a foraging skunk, while a third was borne away in the talons of a hawk. The remaining fledglings, their pretty down having given place to a rough coat of feathers, were about to try their wings. This they did suddenly one day, being startled by a pedestrian, and such was the whirring of their wings that the intruder was in turn much startled.

Their maiden flight was short, and dropping into the long, thick grass they lay securely hidden, while the hen ran on, dragging an apparently broken wing and uttering cackles of maternal concern.

Having learned this new mode of locomotion they made longer flights day by day and relieved the mother of her anxiety as to their safety and their food supply. They fed largely on grasshoppers and other insects, with the buds and leaves of various plants, until the grain ripened, when they made some inroads on the farmer's crop.

Thus passed their childhood, with the happy summer, and the grain was in the shock when the cool air of early morning echoed and re-echoed with the report of hunters' guns and dogs ranged throughout the fields. The time during which the game is protected by law had expired but the grouse did not realize this. They only knew that from field to field a fusillade of death and terror ran.

The family of my hero were among the first to be disturbed. Two were killed on the first rise. The remaining members were frightened from their retreats by the dog and all but 2 found their way into the sportsman's bag. One of these carried a broken wing and a maimed breast to a tuft of coarse grass, there to suffer in solitude until nightfall. Then a wandering coyote succeeded where the dog had failed, and carried the little victim to his den. The chick to which this story particularly relates found concealment in a clump of wild sunflowers at the margin of the field.

Being the last of his family, and soon growing weary of being a lone wanderer, he joined another flock of 50 or more. There, though ignorant of the relationship, he first met his father, who, after the manner of pinnated grouse, had shirked all paternal duties and passed the summer with a few other cocks in feasting and idleness. Others joined the pack from time to time and in spite of the ardor of the hunters, they numbered, by the first snowfall, more than 100.

Thus my hero passed the winter, a member of a large social circle, who, undisturbed, gathered the scattered grain in the fields, ate rose fruit and weed seeds, and when these were covered by great drifts of snow, even visited the farmers' stacks. When the mating season arrived he chose a young female whose shapely body was beautifully barred with white, buff and brown, and on either side of whose graceful neck were dainty pinnates; but as she had won the admiration of another cock, many and long were the contests which ensued. With many other like combatants he met his rival on the old booming place which their ancestors had trodden smooth each season for more than 20 years. His lady looked on and joined the other females in their excited cacklings. The intrepid suitor elevated his long pinnates, inflated the orange colored sacs on the sides of his neck and uttering a melodious boom, like the low notes of a powerful organ, rushed on his rival. That less daring lover lacked the courage to meet the onset, and bounded into the air, allowing the more valorous combatant to pass under him. These sham battles were repeated again and again, and their booming pleasantly broke the early morning stillness and the hush of evening. At last, driven to desperation, his rival met him in close combat, and oblivious of all else they fought long and desperately until the heads and necks of each were covered with wounds and their beautifully barred plumage was stained crimson. At last our hero triumphantly claimed his prize.

His domestic joys were destined to be of short duration. One day when flying rapidly before a gale that swept the prairie, piling the newly cultivated soil in drifts along the grass-grown margin of the fields and filling the air with dust until the noonday sun was pale, he came in contact with a telegraph wire and died before reaching the ground, many rods beyond, with a deeply wounded breast and head and one wing entirely severed from his body.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY S. G. JAMESON.

THE ANGLER

Winner of 49th Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. H. FRASER.

NEST AND EGGS OF RUFFED GROUSE.

Winner of 53rd Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

A CRUISE THAT BEGAN.

E. D. H.

When we planned the cruise, it was our intention to spend a week visiting the various old fashioned villages on the North shore of Long Island from Glen Cove to Port Jefferson. A cruise of this character is generally attended with little danger and great pleasure. The Sound is comparatively narrow, and the many deep land locked inlets afford perfect security from the storms that occasionally sweep in from the Atlantic. There were the usual 3 in our party. Rob acted as captain, while I performed the miscellaneous duties of cook and crew. For goodfellowship we invited Tom, a landsman.

Our vessel was the *Stingaree,* a sloop that had not gained an enviable reputation for beauty. She had been a lobster smack in her day, and her day was passed. Still, she was not utterly devoid of good qualities, being extremely staunch and seaworthy. She was of clinker build, 22 feet over all, 8 feet beam and 26 inches draught, and carried in addition to her dingy, weather beaten working rig, a club and a jib topsail, brand new and of amateur make. A square summer cabin with roof of light pine and canvas, constructed over the forward end of the spacious cockpit, intensified her ugliness.

We certainly did not look yachty. We had tacked a matting on the floor. On one side of the centerboard trunk we had piled cushions, blankets and valises; on the other, cooking utensils and provisions. An oil stove, 2 lanterns, a mirror, and an alarm clock completed our furnishings.

One beautiful morning in the latter part of August, 1893, we slipped our moorings in the upper harbor of Stamford, and with a light, fitful, Easterly wind abeam, dropped lazily down the narrow channel into the broad bay. As we drifted out from under the windward shore, the freshening breeze aroused us to activity. Club and jib topsails were hoisted and sheets made taut. The broad track astern, flecked with foam, told how fast we were traveling. Merrily we bowled along toward the open Sound, leaving far behind Pine island with its 3 lonely, skeleton-like trees, and the white beaches dotted with summer cottages.

The day was perfect. The sky was a pale blue; the waters, glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, reflected the blueness above, but added a deeper sapphire. A few scuds of leaden hue hung motionless on the Eastern horizon.

Leaving the Light, we let off sheet and, with the wind on our quarter, headed Southwest for the point, faintly seen through the enshrouding haze, marking the entrance to Hempstead bay. We were then fairly on our cruise, perfectly happy and contented. We were at our respective positions: Rob at the helm, I at the sheets, and Tom sprawled out on the cabin roof, deeply interested in yellow covered literature. An ebb tide was running strong, and bucking against the wind, kicked up a little sea. The *Stingaree* was pitching and rolling considerably. Suddenly Tom sat bolt upright.

"Say, boys!" he exclaimed, laying down his pipe and book; "I don't feel well."

"Tobacco," I suggested.

"Couldn't hurt a hardened subject like me," he answered with a sickly smile.

He certainly did look ill. An ashen gray was creeping over his face. In a moment misery and despair had taken the place of peace and contentment. It was not many minutes before he was hanging over the lee rail, gazing contemplatively into the green depths. Rob and I did what we could for him. The only thing that seemed to give him relief was a lemon, the old fashioned remedy for seasickness. We were obliged, however, to fasten an end of the main sheet about his waist to prevent him from pitching headlong overboard when the boat heeled.

In a little over 2 hours the *Stingaree* left the turbulent waters of the Sound, poked her nose around the outer point, and headed up Hempstead bay. The wind, coming down over the bluffs, blew in squalls. At times it struck heavily and we were finally obliged to take in our topsails. The weather was beginning to look decidedly owlish. The scuds in the East, noticed at our departure, had grown and expanded until the sun was completely obscured. A storm was brewing; of that we were certain, but we felt secure, for we were putting into one of the safest harbors on the coast.

We let go our anchor just inside the breakwater. Sails were lowered and everything was put shipshape; but Tom, who was slowly coming to himself once more, could stand the suspense no longer. While we were at work tidying up he crawled into the dinghy and rowed ashore. We said nothing for fear we might hurt his feelings. It was past midday and we were ravenously hungry. The pot of coffee and chicken sandwiches which I had prepared were delicious. Nevertheless, we missed Tom, for he is a good fellow except in a heavy sea.

The afternoon we read, smoked and loafed, for we were prisoners aboard our boat, since the dinghy, our only means of getting ashore, was tied up at the wharf. Tom did not arrive until late, and had evidently been seeing the town.

When the flagship of the small fleet of yachts in the bay fired the sunset gun, we, too, hauled down our pennant and hung out our light. Then we made preparations for the storm. We inspected the anchor and cable, made fast all halyards, and stowed away odds and ends. We next slung our tarpaulin over the boom, thus making a tent-like covering for the after cockpit. Into this cozy little den we crawled, lighted the lantern, and settled ourselves among the cushions and blankets. Out came pipes and tobacco. As we lay there dreamily smoking and talking, sweet strains of music and the gay laughter of dancers drifted in from the Casino up the harbor; wavelets clicked merrily against the sides of the boat, and soon drops of rain pattered gently on the roof above. Our cup of happiness was full to overflowing. It was then, in our ecstasy, that we voted cruising a complete success.

"Douse the glim!" called out Tom. "I am going to bunk."

Before Rob and I could remonstrate, he had blown out the light, leaving us in total darkness. He was sorry a moment later, to judge from the remarks he made as we stumbled over him on our way out to take a peep at the weather before we should turn in.

The night was of inky blackness. The wind had shifted to Southeast, and was blowing steadily at 10 knots. There was an ominous singing in the rigging, and the halyards were whipping angrily back and forth.

"I don't fancy this music aloft," said the captain. "If I am not much mistaken, we are going to have a disagreeable night.

The lights of vessels that had made shelter after nightfall were brightly glimmering all about us. There was one only a few rods to windward.

"I wish those fellows had chosen a different anchoring ground," the captain remarked, referring to the vessel ahead.

"It would go hard with us if she should drag," I added.

I did not fall asleep so quickly as the others. The stimulating effects of strong coffee and tobacco, together with worry over the coming storm, kept my brain active. Several times I arose and peered out. Each time I noticed a change for the worse. The wind was increasing and it was still raining. After several hours of wakefulness I must have fallen into a doze, for I was suddenly startled by a violent lurch of the boat. I sprang up, lit a match and looked at the clock. The light awoke the captain. It was half-past one.

The *Stingaree* was rolling and tossing fearfully. Every once in a while there was a tremendous tug at the anchor. The boat would shiver as if struck by a blow. Then she would lie quiet a second and, recovering, would again leap to the next wave. This was repeated over and over as the billows struck and passed under. The rain was coming down in torrents. The cabin roof had begun to leak. A small rivulet was sportively chasing its way down the chin of our slumbering comrade.

"Poor fellow," remarked Rob. "He has had a hard time of it to-day, and must be tired if he can sleep amid such surroundings."

Suddenly, breaking in through the tumult of the elements, came a faint cry.

"Boat, ahoy!"

We scrambled out on deck. We were sorry a moment later that we did not have on our bathing suits. The spray was coming over the bow in sheets. Clinging to the boom, we made our way forward over the cabin roof, while the boat was tossing about like an egg-shell. Reaching the mast, we seized the halyards and held on for dear life. We could barely discern the dim outlines of a small vessel. Our surmisings in the early part of the evening had come true. She was dragging and drifting fast. If she struck us, it meant disaster. We would either go to the bottom on the spot or be dashed to pieces on the breakwater astern.

"Hello! What's the trouble?"

There was Tom poking his head out of the tarpaulin. During the excitement of the moment we had forgotten him. His position was exceedingly dangerous if the boat should go down.

"For heaven's sake, get out of there and come on deck," thundered the captain.

Tom crawled out and made his way gingerly toward us. It was a ticklish moment for us all. The roar of the storm, the swash of the waves, the downpouring of the rain, and the drifting vessel, drawing nigh all too speedily, were sufficient to cause the stoutest heart to quail.

The captain stood with the cable in his hand, after taking several turns around the mast, ready to let it run quickly out when the collision occurred, and thus lessen the force of the shock. The stranger was holding directly for us. There seemed no chance of escape. We waited in breathless suspense. Then something happened. A gust of wind struck us and whirled us to port, the captain at the same time slackening the cable. We were saved. The stranger passed across our bows to starboard with scarcely a foot to spare.

"Hey, you! Catch this line."

We could faintly see a man on the vessel, with a coil of rope in his hand. As he spoke he gave it a toss and it fell across our deck. I sprang quickly forward and took a few turns with it around the mast, just above our own cable, which the captain was now making fast. It was a dangerous thing to do, but danger was not thought of in the excitement of the moment. Could our anchor hold both vessels? That was the question that stared us in the face. As the line grew taut I gradually loosened my end in order to break the force of the final tremendous strain which would probably have snapped the stranger's line or own cable. At last the vessel was riding free and swinging to her line. Our anchor was still holding firmly. We were compelled, however, to change the line from the mast to a cleat in the stern, since it was playing havoc with our tarpaulin, as it swung back and forth.

"This is glorious," said the sport, as we crawled back into the cabin, shivering with cold and excitement. We looked at him with disdain. He was to be excused, though; he was not a sailor.

But danger was not yet over. Suddenly there came a fearful lurch, and a mighty strain at the anchor. For a second there was no response.

"Boys, she's gone! The cable's parted," I cried, and sprang wildly toward the opening. But I was thrown headlong off my feet. Another wave had struck, and the cable pulled taut. We were still safe.

I fumbled round, lighted the lintern and looked at the clock. It was just 3. The dim, yellow light fell on 3 of the most miserable and abject creatures imaginable. We sat there, glum and silent, drenched to the skin, with our hands clasped about our knees. Two long, weary hours before us till dawn. How slowly the minutes dragged; but soon our anxiety was removed when we discovered that the tempest was abating. The rain ceased to fall, and wind and sea were subsiding. Tom started a song. Rob and I tried to join in the chorus; but it was a dismal failure; our spirits were too dampened.

At 5, faint streaks of light were visible through the trees crowning the bluffs to the Eastward. The rising sun soon gave promise of a fair day. The wind had entirely died out and the water presented so peaceful and unruffled an appearance that one could scarcely believe it capable of the fury into which it had lashed itself only a few hours before.

The first thing we did when we went on deck was to take a look at our visitor of the night. She proved to be an aristocratic looking Newport cat; she was apparently uninjured and was riding quietly at her own anchor once more. As yet there were no signs of life aboard. Other vessels in the harbor had not been so fortunate, as the wrecks of several on the breakwater testified. Happily there had been no lives lost, although there were many narrow escapes.

As quickly as possible we hauled out on deck our household goods for drying. In a moment we had converted the *Stingaree* into a monstrous clothes-horse. Blankets and clothing of all kinds floated from masthead, shroud, halyard and topping lift. The cook had a great deal of trouble preparing breakfast that morning with damp matches and smoking oil wicks. However, our patience was rewarded when we sat down to our simple but appetizing meal of cornbeef hash, boiled eggs and fragrant coffee. While we were eating, our friends from the catboat rowed alongside and almost swamped us by expressions of gratitude for our service during the night.

The bright sun and the brisk Northwest wind dried all our clothing beautifully by afternoon. When we had stowed everything away and put the boat shipshape once more, we called Tom and held a council to decide whether we should continue the cruise. To our astonishment, Tom sprung on us the startling information that it was necessary he should be home that very evening. He had an important engagement to fill which he had forgotten until that moment. In fact, he must take the train for New York right away. Rob and I thought it strange this had not occurred to him before. Still, we did not blame him. He had been through experiences that were trying to a landsman. Well, this turn of affairs settled the question. We did not care to continue the cruise alone. Then, again, our provisions were ruined, and everything else was in bad condition. So we took Tom ashore and bade him a fond farewell. Not many minutes afterward our sails were hoisted, and we were soon cutting the waters of the Sound at a lively clip, with a puffy Nor'wester abeam. By the time we reached Stamford Light the wind dropped with the setting sun, and it was with difficulty that we beat up the harbor. We arrived home late in the evening. Our friends were relieved, since they were beginning to feel anxiety for our safety. The storm had been a severe one along the coast from Florida to Maine, and many vessels were lost.

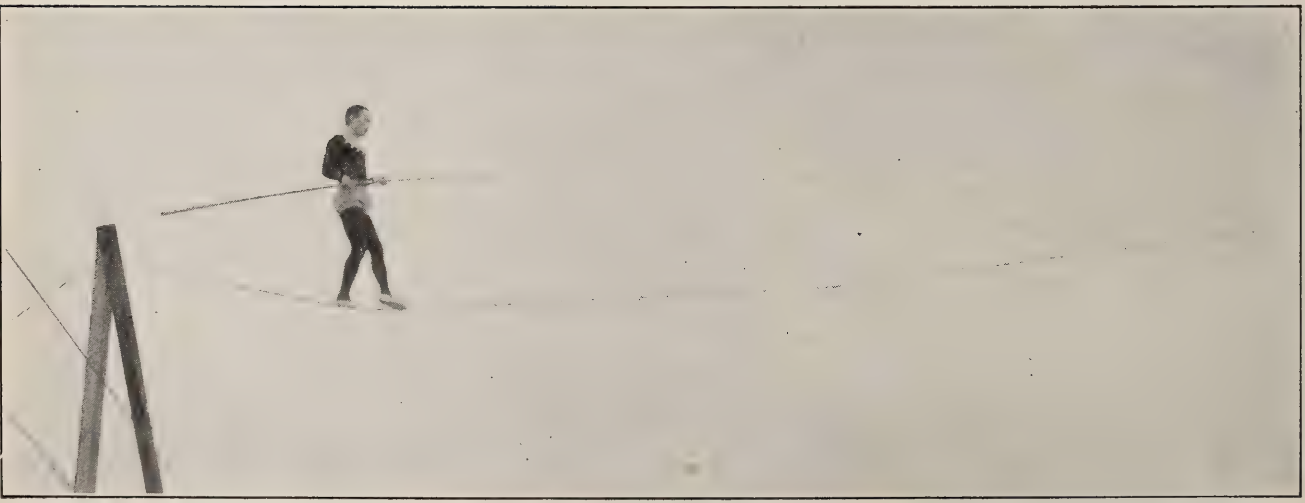
THE RUSTIC'S COMPLAINT.

H. P. VAN ARSDALE.

I've been a-readin' all about these here new fangled riggin's
Like that there city chap has got that's down to Farmer Higgins';
Of shiny spoons an' feathered hooks, an' all such useless things,
An' butterflies they make themselves with bright an' gaudy wings.
Now, what they want of all such things I'm sure I can't quite see;
Just common butterflies an' hooks is good enough fer me.
All I want is a runnin' stream, a cool an' shady nook,
A willow pole, a bobber, an' a common line an' hook.

They've got these poles you take apart, all painted up so fine,
An' little wheels stuck on the end so they can wind the line.
These wheels has got a handle on, I think they call 'em reels;
An' then to put the fish in, they've got baskets they call creels.
Now, what they want of creels I swan I don't exactly know;
Why, half the fun is stringin' 'em an' watchin' the string grow!
But they can have their fancy things; all I want is the brook,
A willow pole, a bobber, an' a common line an' hook.

I even hear that they have got printed direction books,
That tells 'em just what bait to use, an' where to find the nooks!
Why, I can go down to the crick 'most any sunny day,
An' catch all of the speckled trout that I can tote away;
While that there city feller with his tackle new an' bright,
Will walk beside me on the bank an' never git a bite.
So he can have his tackle bright an' his direction book;
All I want is a willow pole, a bobber, line and hook.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. F. COWGILL.

STEPPING HIGH.

Winner of 30th Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

PTARMIGAN SHOOTING IN THE YUKON DELTA.

FRED. G. PARK.

It was while on the way to the new gold fields at Nome that our party chanced on the finest 2 hours' shooting any of us had ever experienced.

Nearly 40 days of drifting coastward on the bosom of the mighty Yukon had put Dawson far behind and we found ourselves, a browned, weather-beaten, decidedly hungry quintet, at the mouth of Andrefsky river. We had found the few supply stations along the river not yet restocked for the summer and our larder, in consequence, had grown scant.

We were within a few hours of the Yukon flats, where the waters of the great stream separate into innumerable deltas, each trending toward Bering sea and presenting in their sameness a decided puzzle to the inexperienced navigator. With the provision problem to be solved and the knowledge that we had already been too long on our journey, we beheld with joy the smoke of a steamer creeping swiftly downstream which proved, as she passed our camp and tied up at the trading-post, to be the Alaska Commercial company's freighter Bella. We speedily boarded her and engaged passage to St. Michael.

It was with a touch of sadness in our hearts that we dismantled and abandoned the staunch little sailboat in which we had spent so many jolly days and which had borne us so safely through whirling rapids and driving storms, but with the quick adaptability of experienced travelers we soon made ourselves comfortable on board the big barge attached to the bow of the Bella, and when the gong sounded at supper time we devoured a well cooked, bountiful meal for the first time in days. A quick run brought us to the extreme mouth of the river early the following afternoon, and as we passed out to sea, following a line of buoys marking the always uncertain channel, we bumped squarely into a new sand shallow and stuck hard and fast despite the powerful efforts of the steamer to clear herself.

There was nothing for it but to await the incoming tide, so we passengers prepared to kill time as best we could. It was a bright day, the sun tempering the soft breeze from the sea to a delightful warmth. To the West the long swells of the sea lazily heaved and smoothed away in broad, glassy planes, while through the hazy distance the tops of an island or 2 showed blue and restful. Northward and behind us stretched the endless flat waste, green with new born moss and glinting with numberless lakes.

Only a boat's length separated us from the shore, so it was not long before a hunting party was landed, armed with a most nondescript lot of firearms of various makes and bores.

Within a few yards of the beach we began putting up bands of ptarmigan until the air was full of them and the guns were popping away right merrily. The birds were fairly quick on wing, having a rather deceptive flight as to speed, arising to a level like the quail, only going much greater distances before alighting. They had lost their beautiful snowy winter garb and put on a dull brown that blended with the cover from which they arose.

After the first rise it was grand sport, for the birds scattered enough to make it uncertain just where the next would get up. They broke cover only when absolutely compelled to do so, and it was a frequent occurrence to have a bunch of lively brown feathers roar out from between one's feet and go hurtling off, in many instances untouched by the shot sent after it.

We found the flats interwoven with small lakes, none more than 2 acres in extent, all excellently grassed, and the homes of thousands of ducks and geese. These fowl seemed not in the least afraid of man, permitting us to approach within a few yards of themselves and their fluffy bodied broods, never offering to fly, and only paddling slowly away when the intruders seemed too close. Not one of these birds was killed by our party, though for 2 hours we were winding in and out among the lakes seeking ptarmigan hidden in the long moss and grass. Possibly we were the first human beings who had ever visited that spot.

A long blast from the steamer's whistle, warning us that the tide was coming in, called our party on board once more, and an interested crowd gathered on the deck of the barge to count the game. About 180 ptarmigan had fallen before 11 shot guns, loaded chiefly with No. 4's and B. B.'s, and one 44 Winchester rifle. Every man, the rifleman included, had killed his birds on the wing. Despite the number of birds killed in the brief time ashore, we could scarcely be classed as game hogs, as we were shooting for grub as well as for sport, and there were about 50 people on board to be fed. The nicely browned birds were a luxurious treat to our bacon-satiated appetites, and by the time we reached St. Michael only a few sacks of feathers, appropriated for pillows, remained to remind us of our 2 hours in Gameland.

CAMPING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

SYCAMORE.

A man who is penned up in an office through the winter could not make better use of his 2 weeks' vacation than to take a trip to the Adirondacks; and this region is within reach of limited pocketbooks.

The outfit is important. The first thing to consider is your feet. They should be well looked after and properly dressed. I have found that the nearer I follow the customs of the guides and natives, not only in footwear, but in general dress, the better off I am. They wear either moose hide moccasins, with common rubber overshoes, or old leather shoes with soft soles. These are worn over heavy woolen socks, the trousers being folded and socks pulled over them, thus preventing the trousers from flapping around the ankles, getting caught in brambles, etc. I have found that moose hide moccasins, heavy socks and canvas leggings are the best. I have the soles of my moccasins topped with rubber soles, as one's feet are too tender to stand the sudden change from shoes to the soft soled moccasins. Do not wear either leather or rubber boots. The former will blister your feet, the latter sweat and parboil them painfully. One need not get into water deeper than a few inches, and even if you get your feet wet the climate is such that it is almost impossible to catch cold. These moccasins are almost waterproof to the ankles; they give perfect ease to the feet in the long tramps and enable one to travel through the woods without the slightest noise, which is an absolute necessity in deer hunting. The canvas leggings protect the trousers from getting caught in twigs or brambles and from getting wet by the early morning dews and wet grass.

The next thing to avoid is the canvas hat and coat. They are noisy, and the swinging of your arms or the scraping of a twig on the canvas is remarkably loud in the stillness that prevails in the depth of the wilderness, and is often the means of losing a good shot. There is also great danger in wearing canvas clothes. Their color so closely resembles that of a deer that one is liable to "get a hole through his skin," as the guides put it. An old suit of heavy dark clothes, with coat that buttons close and has a belt, and a black felt slouch hat fill the bill.

In addition to the cloth suit, one will derive much comfort from a heavy sweater, especially at night. A flannel outer shirt is the proper thing to wear in the shirt line at all times, and heavy underclothes are never uncomfortable except in July.

If it is possible one in a party of 4 should take a rubber coat, for the special use, during wet weather, of the one whose duty it is to get wood and water and do odd jobs about camp.

For a genuine camping and hunting trip, take only the necessaries of life. Provide yourself with an Adirondack pack basket, and do not take more duffle than will fill it, rifle and blankets excluded. With one of these baskets you have free use of your hands and arms in getting over logs and pulling yourself up river banks and steep places in the trail.

I smile when I recall my first trip to the North woods. There were 4 in our party, each dressed as he thought best; some in canvas and some in old wool clothes. Big grain sacks took the place of pack baskets, and these were loaded with 65 to 80 pounds each, including our guns and ammunition. These we carried in the only free hand we possessed to save us from eternity. Our launch into woods' life on that trip was a 6 mile carry down a riffle of the Ohio river, and it was a severe test, rigged out as we were and not used to anything harder than the work one finds in an office. The 6 miles seemed like 36 and our duffle to weigh 200 pounds. Before we reached our destination darkness overtook us and one may as well be in a coal mine as in the woods without a lantern. It became difficult to keep the trail, which in many places where there were pine needles was hard to follow even in daylight. My companion, M., and I brought up in the rear of our procession, carrying the tent between us on a pole, besides our duffle, which was no easy undertaking, as fallen trees across the trail occur every few hundred feet. Notwithstanding our precautions, we ran off the trail and walked into the bed of a stream which had dried up during the summer and was filled with fallen timber and brush of every description. M. was in the lead, and fell backward in trying to rid himself of the tent pole. Luckily the brush saved him from a heavy fall, but his pack bag fell through the brush, and being strapped to his shoulders, held him flat on his back, utterly unable to move. In trying to help him I got into almost the same situation. We managed to stop the rest of the party, who were ahead and had been lucky enough to keep the trail. After shouting to them to wait, knowing it was useless for them to try to find us, we began our struggle for liberty. I do not doubt that our antics were laughable, but they were far from amusing to us. We were almost exhausted before we got out and on the trail again, minus a box of matches and our entire stock of cuss words. This taught me never to go into the woods without a lantern.

Aside from the tin kettles, frying pans, knives, forks, spoons, salt, sugar, butter, in fact all such articles of cookery, I always take in my pack basket a change of socks and underclothes, my heavy sweater and woolen sleeping cap, 2 or 3 bandana handkerchiefs, a pair of gloves, and a heavy blanket or sleeping bag. A small pillow tick to be filled with balsam will add much to one's comfort at night. If you go in before the fall frosts do not forget your punky paste, which is also a good shield against mosquitoes. You will find use more than once for a needle and thread, a few buttons, some nails and a few feet of heavy cord.

No man should go into the woods without a reliable compass, so secured that it can not be lost, and plenty of matches. A pipe, tobacco and fire water may be added according to taste.

For a firearm on such a trip never take anything smaller than a 45-70 in black powder. Fifty cartridges are enough for a 3 weeks' trip. For the best shooting I ever had I only used 10 shells during my stay. Do your target shooting at home.

A guide is a necessity in a strange country. Even if you know the country it is worth a good deal to have some one to do the cooking and other hard work.

The best cover in camping is a log cabin leanto, with covered dining table and pantry; but if one is moving camp each day or 2, a tent is the quickest to erect and transport. In pitching it select high ground and dig a ditch 6 or 8 inches deep and wide all round the 4 sides to keep out the water in case of rain. If stopping for any length of time and using a tent, it is best to build a platform of logs and pitch the tent on that.

July and August are the best months to go to the woods if you wish trout fishing and do not object to being eaten without mercy by black flies and punkies. The deer and grouse season opens August 15th, but I consider both unfit to eat so early and wish the State would shorten the season on both one month. I go for deer and grouse during September and October, by which time birds have strengthened after raising their broods and the young birds are in a fit condition to shoot. The deer have their new winter coats and have lost the moss from their horns, while the does have fattened after nursing their fawns through the summer, which weakens them and makes the meat unhealthful.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. MARSDEN.

MIDWINTER RECREATION.

Winner of 54th Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

FREDERICK D. MARTIN.

I sat beside a shady brook
And cast my line with anxious look;
A fish was soon upon my hook,
The line was yanked out taut!
I quickly grabbed my rod of cane
With sundry shouts and words profane,
And sadly gazed, with sheer disdain,
Upon the fish I'd caught.

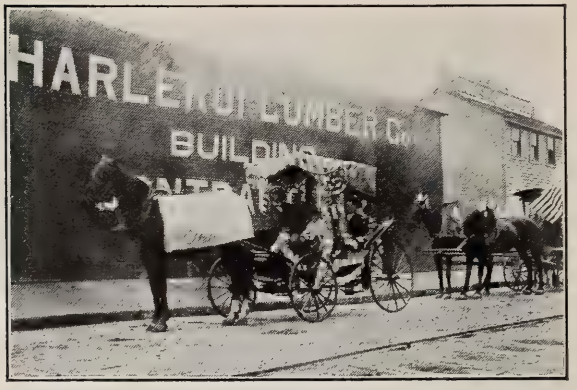
I said a "fish"; that is not right.
It was a minnow, small and light;
A minnow that could hardly bite
The bait which I had cast.
A word from some great sage's pen
Appealed unto my mind just then,
The saying ran: "Try, try again;
Success will come at last."

I followed out that maxim trite;
I sat right there and fished till night;
But not another faintest bite
Did I get that sad day.
For once that adage did not hold,
That saying false as bogus gold;
I stand aloof from proverbs old,
And things that sages say.

A FREAK PHOTO

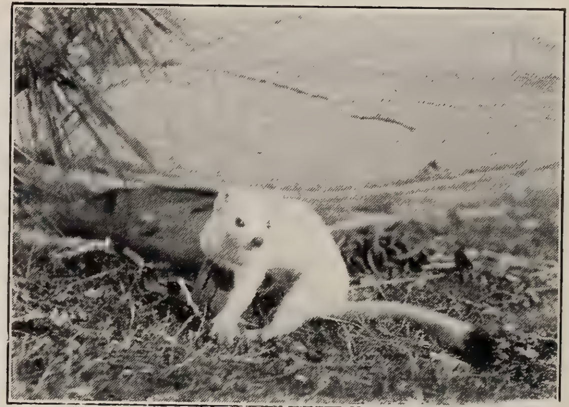
Enclosed is a print. I should like to have you explain why the letter and the plank show through the horse's head. I have submitted it to 2 photographers and they are unable to offer any explanation.

Thornwell Beach, Columbia, Ala.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY THORNWELL BEACH.

The picture was evidently a time exposure. The horse held his head perfectly still until just prior to closing lens, when the head was switched around to the right side of body, allowing the letter and boards to be uncovered just long enough to act on the plate. That would necessarily give the impression that the horse's head was behind them.—EDITOR.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. L. FULSTONE

ARIZONA WEASEL. *Putorius Arizonensis.*

Sheriff—Yes, that's Spike Moran, alias Big Eddy, alias Jim Thornton, alias Kid McDuff. He's a burglar.

Stranger—But why do you let him live here?

Sheriff—Jest to fat up the census. We put him in the directory under each name, you see.—Judge.

Belle—You were always fond of flowers, were you not?

Bob—Why, yes, except during a short interval in which I studied botany.—Puck.

OUR ANNUAL CAMPING TRIP.

ALFRED C. FOX.

One beautiful day in August we set out for our annual camping trip. There were 4 of us and we had worked hard to earn our vacation. I do not think there could have been a more mixed crowd. Two were newspaper reporters, one was an embryo mechanical engineer, and Wilson, the lad with the long face, expected to become a minister.

The C. M. & St. P. Ry. dumped us at the little town of Minocqua, Wisconsin, after we had been looking at pine trees and swamps 18 hours. Minocqua is a metropolis containing one flagpole and a little row of general stores.

By evening we had our camp all snug for the night. It was on the North bank of Little Tomahawk river; among the pines in the heart of the famous lake district of Wisconsin. We were up with the sun, had our first real camp meal, and were soon fishing for muskalonge.

It is strange that a man can never entirely forget his business. For instance Denton sat on the bank studying the working of his reel.

"I tell you what it is, Wilson," he said, "I could improve on that multiplying gear and——"

He did not finish his sentence, for just then he got a "big one" on his line, and by doing some poor playing, he promptly lost his fish. That did not faze Denton. He was too accustomed to having his largest fish get away to let it bother him. He threw his line back into the stream and began to look about the landscape.

"Say, fellows, there is enough waste power in this stream to drive a plant that would light half of Chicago!" he called out. "All you would have to do would be to put a dam across that ridge and——"

That's as far as he got, for just then Falls said it would be a bully thing if Denton could be damned.

Falls was the next one to demonstrate the fact that a man can't forget his business training. While I was walking along a slippery part of the bank, I had the ill-luck to slip and fall head first into that ice-cold stream.

Before I had time to call for help or even realize what had happened, Falls was bending over me, notebook in hand, and asking me what my name was, and about 50 other questions. He had already put down his head lines: Chicago Man Nearly Drowned! When I clambered out he was sore; he hates to lose a story.

We all learned something in those 2 weeks. To tell the truth, we thought we knew a little about the woods, but we did not know what a little it really was. Wilson learned that it is bad policy to step out of a boat into water that looks as if it is only 3 inches deep, if you happen to be in a swamp at the time. We found him after he had been in mud up to his ears about an hour. He was badly fazed, but said something about not minding the water so much, but it was the mud that he had not figured on.

I believe we were the most impressed by what I learned. I know I shall never forget it. I was taking a quiet stroll in the woods one morning, when I saw what I thought was a bobcat. Any wise fellow would have known by the smell what it really was, but as I was not wise, I let fly at it with my little Remington. My supposed bobcat did the rest. I went down to the river and got out of that suit of clothes as fast as I could. The fellows handed me some clean duds on the end of a pole. Hereafter when I see anything that looks like a bobcat, I am going to make my own tracks.

A school teacher at Three Rivers asked her pupils the other day who Nero was. The only response came from a little fellow who held up his hand. "Arthur," said the teacher, "do you know who Nero was?" "Yes, ma'am," he answered, proudly, "he's the one we sing about in our Sunday school." The teacher was unable to recall any song in gospel hymns where Nero was mentioned.

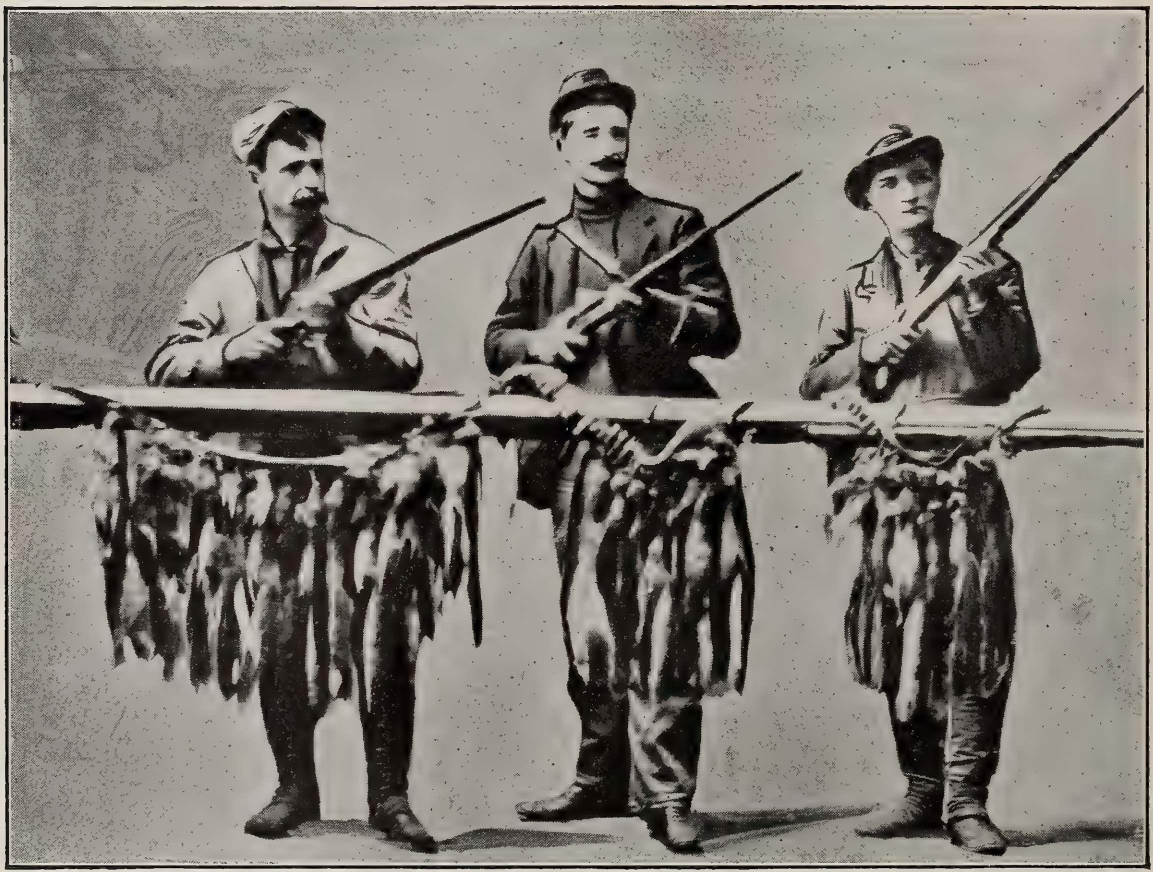
"What is the song like, Arthur?" she asked.

"Nero, my God to Thee," said the child.—Detroit Journal.

SUCCESSFUL BUTCHERS OF GRAY SQUIRRELS.

Game is reported to abound in Centre county this year. The photograph herewith shows the luck which attended T. W. Kramer, R. H. Kramer and George Loneberger, of Bellefonte, on a 2 days' gunning expedition through Brush valley. Some of the city sportsmen who visit the Centre county woods do not fare so well.—Philadelphia North American.

The faces of these men will prove interesting to every student of the nature and habits of the genus game hog. The picture indicates that these men have about as much mental machinery in their heads as the wax figures in a dime museum. T. W. Kramer looks more like a man than either of the others, but even he does not appear to know enough to come in when it rains. It is strange he should ever have learned to load and fire a gun. If he had lived in the days of the muzzle loader, he would not have lived so long as he has, for he is of the kind who blew in the muzzle of the gun to find out whether or not it was loaded. The other 2 men look like girls dressed in men's clothing, and as if their proper place would be behind the notion counter in a department store, rather than behind a gun in the woods. It will be noticed that R. H. Kramer and George Loneberger use pump guns. What a glorious advertisement for the companies who make these pot hunters' weapons! The same sissy boys are, no doubt, saving their odd dimes now to buy automatic guns.



T. W. KRAMER, R. H. KRAMER, GEORGE LONEBERGER.

The real men of Bellefonte must certainly feel ashamed of these imitation men. It affords me great pleasure to record the names of this blooming trio in the game hog book. T. W. Kramer's number is 1,019, R. H. Kramer's is 1,020, and George Loneberger's is 1,021.

Sunday School Teacher—Now Tommy, can you tell me whose day this is?

Tommy—Yes'm; it's Bridget's. Delia had last Sunday out!—Philadelphia Press.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

FOREST RANGERS AS GAME PROTECTORS.

Hon. W. A. Richards,
Commissioner of General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I am informed that under existing rules and regulations of your department the forest rangers are simply requested, when appointed, to co-operate with the State authorities in which they serve in enforcing State game laws. This term "co-operate" is, as you know, flexible and may convey varied meanings to different men.

I learn that a further regulation prohibits forest rangers from leaving the reservations to which they are assigned, except under orders; that if a ranger follows a game law violator off the reservation, in case he arrests one on his own territory and takes him to a court outside the reservation, the ranger is subject to censure and to loss of pay for the time spent off the reservation. It seems to me it would be entirely in keeping with the general policy of the government regarding the protection of game to give all forest rangers authority and even positive orders, to enforce the game laws of the States in which these men serve and to provide that such rangers may leave their reservations in the discharge of such duty, for a stipulated period, without loss of pay.

A California judge has held that a State game warden can not arrest an Indian for killing game on an Indian reservation at any time. This raises a question as to whether a State officer may go on government land in the discharge of his duty as such State officer.

In order to forestall any such claims on the part of the law breaker it might be well to request the Secretary of the Interior to formulate rules in regard to the taking of game and fish within the forest reserves, such rules to be as nearly as possible identical with the game and fish laws of the States in which the reserves are located.

Will you not kindly consider these suggestions and let me hear from you by early mail, greatly obliging,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
New York.

Sir:

Referring to your letter relative to the co-operation of forest reserve officers in the matter of enforcing local game and fish laws, I have to advise you that this office insists that all forest reserve officers assist the State game officers in the enforcement of the game laws in every way practicable, consistent with their duties as forest reserve officers. The assistance rendered by the officers of forest reserves consists generally in reporting any violation of the game laws to the proper State officer, when it is possible. As a forest reserve officer is not authorized to arrest violators of the game law unless he has an appointment as deputy game warden, it would be useless to issue definite instructions relative to the forest officers' actions in connection with arrests.

It is impracticable to direct forest reserve officers to leave their districts and reserves in the interest of game protection; first, because of the fact that in many States sufficient funds are not appropriated to enforce the game laws, and if a forest ranger, who receives only a small salary, was required to leave his reserve for the purpose of making arrests for the violation of the game laws and to remain in some town with an added expense of subsistence, without reimbursement from the State, it would apparently work a great hardship. A second reason why directions to leave the forest reserve in connection with the enforcement of game laws could not be given to advantage is because most of the violations of the game laws occur during the summer, when the danger from fire and through trespass on the reserves is very great, and, if the reserve officers were compelled to leave their districts without the proper protection, great destruction of the forests by fire might result.

It is thought that forest reserve officers fully understand what is expected of them in the matter referred to by you, and no doubt render great assistance to State game officers. It must be understood that this office does not object to forest officers leaving their districts and reserves for the purpose of prosecuting violators of the game laws, provided they can do so without prejudice to the reserve service. A reduction in salary during such absence does not follow unless their expenses and salary are paid by State officials. It is suggested that if State authorities would confer with forest reserve officers and arrange some definite plan for the protection of the game, further good could be accomplished. In a great many instances, it has developed that State officers are under the impression that Federal forest reserve officers are to devote as much time as is necessary to the enforcement of State game laws. If this condition could be overcome and State officers would unite with Federal officers, the game laws would be comparatively safe from violation.

Your attention is called to my recommendation in regard to this matter on page 44 in the report for 1903, from which I quote:

> The provision in the Act of March 3, 1899, which has been reenacted annually, by which all forest officers and employees are required to aid in the enforcement of the local laws for the protection of game and fish in their respective reserves, has been of great service in those States or Territories where such assistance was desired.
>
> If there could be a unity of action between the Federal and State authorities great good could be accomplished in game protection.
>
> It is generally conceded that the larger game animals, now chiefly to be found in the mountains of the West, should be protected from ruthless and wanton destruction. A Federal statute which would tend to harmonize State legislation on this subject, without creating a divided jurisdiction over forest reserves, and which would not encroach on the proprietary rights of the States to control the game and fish within their respective boundaries, would do much toward accomplishing that purpose.
>
> I recommend that the attention of Congress be called to this subject.

As to your question whether or not a State officer may go on government forest reserve in the discharge of his duty, I have to reply that there appears to be no doubt of the State officer's authority in this matter. The Act of June 4, 1897 (30 Stat. 34-36), states:

> Jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, over persons within such reservation shall not be affected or changed by reason of the existence of such reservation, except so far as the punishment of offenses against the United States therein is concerned; the intent and meaning of this provision being that the State wherein any such reservation is situated shall not, by reason of the establishment thereof, lose its jurisdiction, nor the inhabitants thereof their rights and privileges as citizens, or be absolved from their duties as citizens of the State.

This office is always willing and anxious to render assistance in the matter of game protection in the forest reserves. The forest reserve field force appreciates this fact. Any negligence on its part in this matter, if brought to the attention of this office, receives due consideration.

Yours respectfully,
W. A. Richards, Commissioner.

WHAT IS SPORT?

REV. G. W. LUTHER.

In March Recreation there was an article entitled, "Sport or Meat?" At its close Mr. Farrell says, "I should like to hear more in regard to what our wild game is for."

It seems to me self-evident that game exists for the very purpose for which it should be protected. That game is for the enjoyment of man, like everything else in this world, will not be denied If, then, it be true that wild creatures were made for the pleasure of man, or as Mr. Farrell puts it, "for sport," surely they should be protected in a way which will enable man to continue to derive sport from them.

Sport is an inclusive term, but really means the pleasure which we get out of a thing. Our game should be so protected that the greatest possible pleasure may be realized from its presence. How to get the most pleasure out of game is the point on which men differ.

Mr. F. tells us how to get the most sport out of a deer. First find its range, then get a pack of dogs on its track, mount your horse and follow. After covering miles of country and spending hours of time, bring the weary, half-dead creature to bay, to cap the mountain peaks of sportsmanly ecstasy by slaughtering it for sport. He says, "Killing an animal for meat is only butchery." No doubt this is true; but what shall we call killing for sport? Is taking life because we take pleasure in slaughter really a more commendable act than taking life because we are hungry?

It is apparent that the word sport has as many shades of meaning as there are grades of men who carry guns. That is why we need game laws, and why I believe in Recreation and the grand work it is doing in endeavoring to find a more sane and humane definition of the word "sport." Surely no one who has a true interest in our game and the pleasure which can be derived from it, can fail to rejoice at seeing the definite change which is coming to those who read this magazine from month to month.

My experience has been that sport is not in the killing of game or in any form of torture. That really decreases the pleasure. To kill for food or in self-defense is legitimate, but it is not sport.

There are few who do not relish well cooked game, but the man who would not rather hunt than eat could hardly be called a sportsman. To make a good shot with a favorite gun is a real pleasure, but a marksman is not necessarily a sportsman. This pleasure is not at all dependent on our wild game. To protect game simply for gun practice would be at least a low motive.

After all is not the sport found in matching our cunning and prowess against that of the game we pursue? For years I lived where deer were plentiful, and though I never shot at one I derived as much sport from them as many who killed their allowance each year. To be able to come within a few yards of one of these beautiful creatures, to know that ears, eyes and nostrils almost perfect in their powers were unable to detect my presence, and, best of all, when the animal did see me, to behold his utter amazement at being defeated at his own game without evil result to himself, gave me pleasure a thousandfold greater than I could have derived from dogging him to exhaustion, or in seeing him fall dead from a rifle shot.

Is not the sport really in the contest, just as it is in chess or any other game? There is no doubt some satisfaction in defeating an opponent, but any game not worth playing for itself, no matter who wins, is not worth playing at all.

Who has not seen men come in at night blue and ugly because they had not killed anything? They were not sportsmen. I have seen others who, though they brought home no carcass, were the embodiment of satisfaction and cheer as they recited the contests of the day. These were the real sportsmen, and I should like to see our wild game protected for them.

A BUNCH OF BUTCHERS BRANDED.

Loami, Ill., Dec. 5.—The big rabbit hunt of the season came off today, with the following scores: Loami—G. T. Hall, 98; Bud Brown, 72; W. L. Turpin, 57; W. E. Sturgis, 55; Ed. Potter, 40; Melvin Workman, 40; Charles Lemin, 39; L. B. Jarret, 38; S. E. Hall, 43; C. L. Vincent, 34—516. Oak Grove—W. G. Loving, 77; Peter Hunter, 47; H. B. Angel, 49; Charles Wread, 32; William Workman, 32—322.

The rabbits will be sold and the proceeds will go toward furnishing an oyster supper to the hunters and their families.—Springfield (Ill.) State Register.

I wrote to all the persons named in the above item and received the following replies:

In reply to yours will say that I did kill 98 rabbits the day you speak of.
G. T. Hall, Loami, Ill.

I killed 74. It is true.
Bud Brown, Loami, Ill.

Yes, sir; the report is correct.
Ed. Potter, Loami, Ill.

I killed 34 rabbits in a day.
C. L. Vincent, Loami, Ill.

I killed 49 as reported.
H. B. Angel, Oak Grove, Ill.

Yes; I killed 77 rabbits.
W. G. Loving, Oak Grove, Ill.

I received your inquiry about my killing 43 rabbits in one day. It is true, and as I have not hunted much in some years I was badly out of practice.
S. E. Hall, Loami, Ill.

In regard to my killing 57 rabbits, the story is true.
W. L. Turpin, Loami, Ill.

It is a fact that I killed 55 rabbits in one day. Could have killed more if I had not run out of shells. If it not too cold Monday, I expect to kill 40 or 50 more.
W. E. Sturgis, Loami, Ill.

Will say that I killed 45 rabbits instead of 39. Could have killed more if I had not grown tired of carrying them about. Please send me a copy of Recreation. I have read it a good many times.
C. J. Lemin, Loami, Ill.

You have all shown your bristles. Some of your letters show that you are illiterate men who could not be expected to know any better. Lemin, who says he has read some copies of Recreation, should have known that such butchery as he reports is abhorrent to all decent men. But the trouble is he has not really read Recreation. He has probably glanced over a few copies, trying to find some reports of big slaughter like his own, on which to feast his savage tastes. The names of this bunch go in the game hog register as follows:

H. B. Angel, 1022.
Bud Brown, 1023
Ed. Potter, 1024.
W. G. Loving, 1025.
G. T. Hall, 1026.
S. E. Hall, 1027.
W. L. Turpin, 1028.
W. E. Sturgis, 1029
Chas. J. Lemin, 1030.
C. L. Vincent, 1031.
Melvin Workman, 1032.
L. B. Jarret, 1033.
Peter Hunter, 1034.
Charles Wread, 1035.
William Workman, 1036.

—Editor.

PRIVATE LANDS AND THE HUNTING PUBLIC.

Your answer in November Recreation to Harvey Waite, respecting the right to fish and shoot on other people's property, brings up an interesting subject. The matter is capable of settlement by proper Legislation, and I offer the following as a subject of debate:

Let the State allow a substantial rebate from taxes of such land owners as will give up their right to exclude the public from their lands. Properly framed and administered laws will then accomplish the most desirable results for the whole community.

If you will look at this in all its aspects you will see how far reaching and complete such a system might be. In the first place the State would compensate the land owner for giving the use of a part or the whole of his land, during a certain part of the year, for healthful and otherwise beneficial recreation. In the second place, those wishing to keep a considerable quantity of the State's game and fish for their own exclusive use would individually pay for the privilege as they ought to do. The law of eminent domain is an unmitigated evil when it obstructs passage across large districts without any compensating public benefit.

There are plenty of sportsmen who can perfectly well afford an interest in a preserve, but who would not feel any enthusiasm for such shooting. When things are cut and dried and organized for you, you feel as if your guide were a day nurse taking you out for an airing and feeding you through a rubber tube. I, for one, wish to feel as if I were fishing and shooting on equal terms with the rest of the world; the love of the mystery of new surroundings will long prevent me from wishing to do the thing in the conventional way.

It must be conceded that there are conditions under which preserves are right and beneficial. They are certainly better than inefficient laws and lax administrations. The cheap sport who wants to get a day's shooting for nothing is detestable. To draw a circle with a 15 mile radius around our great cities, within which no shooting would be permitted, would be quite reasonable. To limit the bag to protect depleted districts for a term of years, to impose special licenses on guns and hunting dogs are all available means if the machine can only be put in working order. At present, with half way laws, and half way enforcement, with farmers in some localities feeding the birds through the winter, in place of its being done by wardens; and with streams polluted by one man and preserved by another, the owners of preserves have the best of the situation.

Wm. M. Elliott, Baltimore, Md.

WHERE TO GET GAME.

I have received many inquiries from your readers in regard to the game in this section of country. On that point all the American sportsmen who have hunted in this section agree that we have more moose and caribou to the square mile than any other place in America, or possibly the world. Nevertheless, on account of the density of our forests the game is as hard to see as ghosts. With the exception of the lakes, this country is a jungle; and when the game is on the alert you must keep well to cover.

Anyone who will write to James E. Patterson, McKeesport, Pa., or M. L. Shover, of Ostrander, Ohio, can get full information as to chances for getting game here.

Mr. Shover killed 2 as fine specimens of caribou and moose as it would be possible to find anywhere. His caribou was a sight, and more than a sight; it was a miracle. It had 46 points, and the brow antler had 14 points. It was undoubtedly a stranger to this side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and probably came from Ugavie by way of Quebec. I had seen him alive 3 times, and saw him after Mr. Shover shot him. Out of some hundreds I never saw one like him.

We had several real American sportsmen here last fall, and in all there were about 35 moose killed in the vicinity of Chipman.

From several letters I have received from sportsmen they seem to think I am a guide. This is not so. I rarely guide anyone, though I have engaged supplies, guides and teams for several Americans, but I have never charged them a cent, and will continue on this line.

I will cheerfully answer all inquiries to the best of my ability. I do this in order to protect strangers from sharps, who are to be found here as in all hunting countries. I have no ax to grind. This is a lumbering country and there are several thorough woodsmen who make good guides, but none of them have any hunting camps, nor do they make a business of supplying parties. Sportsmen can get everything they need at Chipman, pay for it themselves, load it on wagons and go straight to the hunting grounds. Teams cost $3.50 to $4 a day, for 2 horses, a lumber wagon and a driver. Guides charge $2 to $3 a day. We have trout and salmon in our rivers, but poor canoeing in summer on account of low water. The Salmon river is the only stream here that a canoe can be used on, and in a dry season it is difficult to run.

P. H. Welch, Chipman, N. B., Canada.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

L. L. BALES.

A stranger to the Northland would be utterly lost on any of the vast reaches of frozen tundra found near the Bering sea coast of Alaska. Especially would he be so during one of the blinding snow storms that visit that section; but the native to the tundra born, is as certain of his course as the wild goose in its unerring flight.

One year ago last April I arrived at Captain Moore's place on the North mouth of the Yukon river, outward bound from Nome to Seattle. It was late in the season and I was making a forced march with an important mail, including government dispatches and many love tokens, equally precious. Storm or no storm, the only thing to do was "mush." Although familiar with winter traveling in Alaska, usually alone, and accustomed to taking desperate chances, I hesitated before striking out in the bitterly cold, blinding, shrieking snow storm then raging. It was 1 p. m., and I had 25 miles to make across the tundra to a native igloo, near New Hamilton.

Captain Moore suggested that I take a native and his dog team. I did so. We took a 5 mile pace and kept it up; the native running ahead of the dogs and I running behind the sleigh. The native never swerved from his course and only looked at his compass once. At first I thought he was using the wind for a guide. In reality, he was familiar with every bunch of brush, every depression and elevation of the tundra and every lake, swamp and stream.

Our range of vision during the storm was not more than 30 yards and sometimes less. The wind shrieked and moaned in that weird, lonesome way only heard in the far North. As the storm increased in fury and the snow swept by in great waves, on their crests, wreathed in robes of snow, I seemed to see a female form that cried. "Oh, man! knowest thou the precious burden thou dost bear? Think of the gray haired fathers, lonely mothers, wives and children, sisters true and sweethearts dear, who are waiting for a token from loved ones in the North. Fail not! Fail not!" With an effort I shook off the drowsy feeling that precedes death by freezing. The noble dogs rushed forward and out of the storm appeared the igloo. The overland mail was safe.

CHARITY NO EXCUSE.

W. R. Joyner, chief of the fire department of Atlanta, Ga., who has become famous as an amateur chafing dish chef, was asked to cook and serve 100 quails at a dinner. The chief readily accepted the invitation but he was informed that he was not only to cook and serve the birds, but to furnish them. He thereupon selected M. G. Benson and G. C. Courtney, 2 members of the Atlanta fire department who are excellent shots, and told them to go out and kill every bird they could find.

Courtney and Benson spent one day in the fields and woods with guns and dogs, and returned with 130 quails and 16 rabbits.—Georgia paper.

I wrote Joyner as follows:

I am informed that you instructed 2 of your firemen, named Courtney and Benson, to provide the quails for a dinner and that they did so, bringing in a string of 130 quails and 16 rabbits as a result of one day's shooting. Will you kindly let me know if the report is true?

You are correct in reference to Courtney and Benson, 2 members of this department. Last winter I promised a charity organization to furnish and serve for them a quail lunch to be cooked on chafing dishes. I thought the best way to get these quails was to have some one go out and kill them, so I selected Messrs. Courtney and Benson, both good shots. They were gone a little over a day and possibly got about a day and a half of hunting. The number killed was as you state. The birds were served and the charity organization succeeded in getting a neat little sum out of the lunch.

W. N. Joyner, Atlanta, Ga.

This is another case where a man borrowed the cloak of charity to cover his sins. Poor old cloak! It is a great wonder it has not been torn into strings long ago, but it is not large enough to cover the proceedings of these 2 men. Courtney's number in the game hog book is 1037 and Benson's is 1038. I am sorry Chief Joyner did not go with them so I could properly give him a number as well.—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

Local sportsmen would like to have somebody explain the present inequalities in the game laws of California. The limit on quail is placed at 25 a day. It is enough and to spare, though the birds are plentiful and increasing; but why should the limit on ducks, which are few and rapidly diminishing in number, be held at 50 and their sale be permitted? Some local associations have taken the matter in hand; please help us stir up the rest in your columns. Can you call a man a game hog who stops within the legal limit? If so such beasts are numerous here.

R. R. Cameron, Los Angeles, Cal.

ANSWER.

Yes, a man who kills 50 ducks in a day simply because the law of the State permits it is a hog, and no amount of whitewashing or of legal sanction will make anything else of him.

The laws in effect in 3 or 4 States which permit the killing of 50 ducks a day by each man are made at the instance of game butchers and in opposition to the wishes of decent sportsmen. Time will work changes in the minds of these bristlebacks and the bag limits will be reduced in all States to 20 or 25 birds; but that will doubtless be after most of the ducks have been killed.—Editor.

An Indiana paper recently printed an item to the effect that James Wilson had killed 117 rabbits in less than 2 hours. In reply to a letter of inquiry I received the following:

These are the facts: Seven of my friends and I decided to go rabbit hunting, sell the rabbits and expend the proceeds for an oyster supper for ourselves and families. Determined that my side should win, I was on the ground early, commenced shooting as soon as it was light enough to see, and by sun-up I had killed 25 rabbits, getting them all off an 11 acre tract covered with wild grass.

After breakfast I killed 94 more before 1 o'clock, when my shells were exhausted; making, in all, 119 rabbits before 1 o'clock. The 8 members of the party killed in all 465.

J. D. Wilson, Crawfordsville, Ind.

You evidently have not the remotest idea of what is meant by decent sportsmanship.

If you had, you would not openly boast of such vulgar and disgusting slaughter as this. Your number in the game hog book is 1039 and I regret I have not the names of your friends, so that I could brand them as well.—EDITOR.

I was one of a party of 10 who were hunting recently in the Bow String country. We killed about 1,700 ducks in 2 weeks and could have killed 5 times the number had we so desired. The country was full of ducks, mostly blue bills.

W. H. Magie, M.D., Duluth, Minn.

As a matter of fact, the average kill of each man in your party does not seem to have been unreasonable in itself, but in the aggregate, you killed at least 15 times the quantity of game you should have killed. What legitimate use could 10 men make of 1,700 ducks, even in 10 days? Assuming that each man might eat 3 ducks in a day, or 30 in the 10 days, this would leave 1,400 ducks for the 10 men to bring home, or 140 to each man. This is simply wasteful slaughter, and you and your party have contributed very largely to the general wiping out of the wild ducks. These are decreasing rapidly every year, and while market hunters are mainly responsible for this decrease, such reckless killings as you and your friends made in this instance, put you in the same class with the market hunters.—EDITOR.

Your grand magazine seems, much to my discomfort, unalterably against the killing of gray squirrels. For 20 years past I have spent a few days each season in the oaks and hickories of this section, looking for grays, and have found true sport in the hunt. I know of no more foxy and interesting game than gray squirrels and of no more dainty dish than squirrel pot pie. With my good old uncle, than whom no truer sportsman ever lived, I have passed many a happy and healthful day in this sport and I wish to continue. I do not claim to know it all and if you can convince me that my ambitions in this line are misplaced I am ready to be convinced. Last fall I visited a good farmer's woods and killed 6 grays before 4 p. m., just as the wind was going down and the animals were moving. Then I unloaded my gun and left the woods, though other squirrels were dropping nut shells in all directions. I had had my fun and was willing to go home. If all hunters would do the same and not hog it I believe that no good sportsmen would object.

C. A. L., Portsmouth, N. H.

"The Personnel of the Pack Train" is the real thing as many of us know by experience. A sketch more sympathetically true has never been written. Yes, we love that sort of thing. The equine veteran of those far Western wilderness trails, whose delightful pen and photographic portraits you have given us, was a horse to know and to love on the trail. How fit he looks as he stands for a cruise in a timber tangle, with rifle slung on the Indian side of the horse, and in the safest possible position for the work in hand. I wondered as I looked on the picture, if he would let you step into the saddle from the white man's side of the horse.

Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Byron, Ill.

Some time ago a clipping was sent me, stating that one Alec Mermod, of St. Louis, (probably the well known Smart Aleck) went to Louisiana last spring and with a friend killed 200 jack snipe in 3 days. The clipping further states that Mermod uses a pump gun. I wrote him as follows:

I am informed you and a friend recently bagged 200 snipe in 3 days. Will you kindly tell me if this report is true.

To which he replied:

None of your damn business.

Mermod evidently reads RECREATION and knew what was coming. This is where he differs from most of the ignorant game butchers who use pump guns. All the same, Mermod goes down in the game hog book as No. 1040.—EDITOR.

Having hunted around Grand Rapids I was mildly interested in Card's attempt to be funny in a recent number of RECREATION. He has a bad reputation as a game killer. I have heard him tell of killing 50 to 60 deer in a season for the lumber camps North of Grand Rapids, and having worked in those camps I believe his story. He also claims to have killed 100 deer in one season in Michigan. Card is only one of many camp hunters, and if they were all in jail it would be a blessing to the country. It is no wonder that game is disappearing while these outlaws are at large. G. S., Monterey, Minn.

Black bear and deer were killed within 2 miles of this place last fall. Ruffed grouse and woodcock are scarce. It is no wonder, for one year 2 pot hunters killed 945 grouse These men now claim that foxes exterminate the grouse. Last fall they waged war against the foxes and killed nearly 40 in 6 weeks. Rabbits and squirrels are plentiful. The latter are rarely hunted. Many ducks and geese pass this way but seldom stop save in spring.

H. J. Kingsley, Salisbury, N. Y.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish mackerel—Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, Calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide. Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and Tide: Day and night flood.

Croker—July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead—June to October Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime; not affected by tides.

LAND LOCKED SALMON AT LAKE SUNAPEE.

G. H. GRAHAM.

A question often heard as summer draws near, is: "Where is there a good place to fish for trout or salmon, that is not too far away or too expensive?"

The past 10 years I have spent my vacations at Lake Sunapee, N. H., where from the moment the tourist steps from the train onto the steamboat landing his eyes are delighted with the splendor of the scenery around him. The lake is ½ to 3 miles wide, 10 miles long and is 1,300 feet above sea level. It is about half way from Concord to Claremont, on the Boston and Maine railroad.

The trout and salmon fishing is good and the bass fishing excellent. This is due to the pains taken by the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners to stock the lake properly and protect it.

In May and June land locked salmon are taken by fly casting, or by trolling with a phantom minnow, or an archer spinner; but in July and August they are taken by still fishing or deep trolling. It is important to have the right sort of tackle. Take strong rods, a large net, perfect running reels, good lines, leaders and hooks, and be sure your tackle is all right before you start.

The fishermen who are most successful in taking salmon and trout at Sunapee first put out a buoy where the water is 60 to 70 feet deep. They fasten their boat to this buoy every time they go out, and fish in the same spot all the season. The bait used is smelt, which are caught at the bottom of the lake by using a heavy sinker and a small trout hook baited with a tiny piece of smelt.

As soon as the lake water begins to get warm the smelt go to deep water where it is cold, and trout and salmon go there to feed on them. It is for this reason that we fish in deep water. As soon as you have put out your buoy it is well to scatter some coarse corn meal around, to attract the smelt. The meal should first be soaked, so it will sink rapidly. Let your smelt line down to the bottom, and then raise it about a foot. When the fish bite draw them in carefully, as they are tender. I have found it an excellent plan to carry along a piece of ice and keep the smelt in ice water. They will live all day in this way.

Bait the salmon hook by putting it through a smelt just in front of its back fin, letting the hook come out toward the head, or by hooking it through the mouth, fastening the upper and lower jaws together. Let your bait down 35 to 40 feet, changing it every 15 or 20 minutes, as live bait is best, although salmon often take dead smelt. Start fairly early as it is easier to catch smelt when the lake is still.

If you are fortunate enough to hook a big salmon, don't be in a hurry to get him into the boat; take plenty of time and you will be almost sure to save your fish.

My experience with a 14 pound land locked salmon, last July, may be of interest to some readers. There were 3 of us in the party and we left camp about 7.30 for one of the salmon grounds. We fastened our boat to the buoy we had previously put down and soon had a good supply of smelt, which we kept in ice water. We caught several good sized trout, but it was 1.30 o'clock before I hooked a salmon. He went to the bottom at once and began to sulk. We soon found that the fish had made a circle around the boat and taken in all of our lines and the anchor rope. The anchor had to be drawn up and all the lines cut away before we could free the line on which I had my fish. All the time this was being done the fish stayed at the bottom. Soon after it began to pull down the lake and towed us fully 400 feet. We had out 200 feet of line and in no way could I induce the salmon to come up from the bottom. One of the party rowed us back up to the fishing ground and then down we went again.

It was not until 4.30 o'clock that the fish, which now had out 250 feet of line, made a run toward the boat and jumped fully 5 feet into the air. He went down again, taking out 200 feet of line; but he was about exhausted and was soon safe in the landing net.

WHERE TO GO IN MAINE.

Trout fishing is always good in the Dead river region of Maine in May, June and the latter part of July. There are a few lakes here where trout, salmon and pickerel take either fly or bait every day in the season. Generally the trout in such lakes run small. The best lakes are 3 to 20 miles back from the settlement and from 1,800 to 3,000 feet elevation. The country is mountainous, Mt. Bigelow, 3 miles South of here, being 4,947 feet above sea level, and the second highest in Maine. Hundreds of square miles of forest, lake, meadow, bog, farm and mountain land can be seen from Bigelow. The Canadian boundary mountains, Moosehead lake, Mt. Washington and the New Hampshire hills are all in view. People can not buy such pure water as is wasted by our thousands of springs and some of these will do wonders for an invalid in 2 or 3 weeks.

To the angler who also values the camera this region is a paradise. The great amount of large and small game to be found about the waters early in the season gives many a chance to make photographs that money could not buy. If the camera artist is cool and knows how to use a good outfit I will undertake to do the rest. I am not only a practical guide and hunter but can work in sympathy with an artist.

There are hundreds of old log driving dams, tumble down hunter's camps, lumber camps, canyons, cascades, falls, rapids, lakes, bogs, rivers, streams, brakes, all rich picking for the camera enthusiast.

Flagstaff, where Benedict Arnold laid over in winter camp, on his way to Quebec, is a backwoods hamlet and is headquarters for parties of anglers. The big cities can be reached by telephone and telegraph, but you can get away from all improvements of that kind and live in any stage of primeval forest life you choose.

The real hunter, angler and lover of nature I advise to camp out or go on a knockabout canoe trip. Those in search of rest can go to the regular camps where you have not only the rough comforts, but any reasonable extras you may care for.

Bring warm wraps and underclothing. Our weather is clear and bracing nearly all the time. Price of board and boats or canoe run from $1 to $3 a day, and less by the week or month. Professional guides work for $3 a day and board; canoe 50 cents a day. You can get a boy or a fake for a song, but you'll have to sing it and you won't forget the song for some time.

My only guarantee is to give my patrons a square deal, and a successful trip. Our interests are mutual and I am looking for future business. I refer to Dr. R. Lee Banister, La Fontaine, Indiana; Ralph E. Bassett, Bassett, N. J.; Geo. M. Wallace, New Haven, Conn.; Julius Berger, 368 Central avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Buy your return ticket on the Boston and Maine railroad for Flagstaff. Make your arrangements early, give me all details in first letter. I will make special arrangements if desired.

H. R. Horton, Flagstaff, Me.

CAN PICKEREL CUT?

In your reply to Mr. Gordon Wrighter's fish-snake story in March RECREATION, I note you claim that the stories of pickerel cutting lines "are all rot." My occupation being that of guide for 15 years, I have had much experience in fishing, especially for pickerel. I have always been observant, trying to get at the scientific points in connection with fishing as much as possible, and I am sorry that I am compelled to take exceptions to your remark. If I have been of the wrong impression all these years, and if my experience has been in vain on this point, I wish to know it.

I know that pickerels' teeth straggle around some and are not set for cutting, but still the teeth are thick on top of the tongue. I doubt the ability of a 3 or 4 pound pickerel to break a line that will sustain a dead weight of 18 to 20 pounds, such as I have seen severed by them many times. My theory is, the fish either gets the hook down in his mouth or gets it wound around himself and drawn through his mouth. While the line is at a tension it saws through his mouth and is drawn across the sharp, needlelike points of his teeth and is cut, sometimes clear off, but often only deep enough so it will break before the fish is exhausted; especially if the cutting is early in the game.

I always examine the line after I land a fish. Many times have I landed a mackerel and found the line nearly severed; sometimes in several places, near the hook. I have often seen old anglers attach a wire snell 6 or 8 inches long above the hook to save its being cut by the fish's teeth. When you see a pickerel get a line wound around him and drawn through the jaws, you can wager that chances are 2 to 1 against your landing him, if he is not already played out. Why is it that so many times the line breaks near the hook? A short distance above the hook where the line is wound up to the tip of the rod, it often gets badly worn by casting and breaks easily, but I have seen new lines severed there without even this excuse.

I should be pleased to have the opinion of some experienced angler besides yourself on this question, and if I am wrong, I should like a more explicit explanation. I am sure that most disciples of the rod are familiar with the conduct of the pickerel.

O. L. Thomas, Dorset, Minn.

I did not question your statement that you have had pickerel break your line or fray it out, or saw it in 2. That is not the point I raised. Mr. Gordon Wrighter said the pickerel cut the snake in 2. I questioned that statement, and I still maintain that a pickerel's teeth are not set for cutting. The pickerel may have torn the snake in 2 and may tear a line in 2, and has done it many a time. I should, however, be glad to hear from other anglers and from some ichthyologist as to whether a pickerel can cut a snake or a fishing line in 2 "as if it had been done with a knife."—EDITOR.

THE SHORT CASTING ROD.

We often read articles about catching large and small mouth black bass by the method known as bait casting, with line and artificial bait. Without exception the writers advise the use of a rod 7 to 9 feet in length. I recently read an article by a veteran bait caster, whom I have always accepted as an authority on the subject, saying that no rod shorter than 8 feet should be used, giving as a reason that a fish could not be played properly with a shorter rod.

While I do not wish to contradict these veterans of the gentle art in a disrespectful spirit, I do say that a person can be as true a sportsman and get as much true sport by using a much shorter rod.

The rod I have used the past 2 seasons, and expect to use many more, is a 4 foot 5½ inch solid silk, with agate tip. After much experimenting I consider this rod just right for a man of average height, say 5½ feet.

The rod must not be so stiff that the line will have to support all the strain should the fish make a sudden rush for liberty; neither should it be too flexible, else it tires the wrist and is not accurate. The proper stiffness can only be ascertained by much practice, and when the fisherman once finds a rod to fit him he should take the best of care of it, as he may have not a little trouble in getting another.

An inexperienced person would naturally think that the longer the rod the longer the cast; this is not true, as some of the best casters use comparatively short rods in tournament work.

A long rod is unwieldy and inaccurate. The nearer the hand is to the bait, within a reasonable limit, the easier it is to control it.

A good outfit for the beginner is the following: A solid silk lancewood rod, 4½ feet long, with double grip, large guides, agate or steel tip and finger trigger. A good 80-yard quadruple multiplying reel—the Shakespeare Standard does nicely. The line is important; and if one must economize let it be on something else. I find the Martin "Slickest" line thoroughly reliable.

For bait I prefer live frogs used on weedless hook with the Turn-a-frog device. If these can not be obtained, I use the Harkouf Wooden Minnow No. 5, the Kayro Pork Pine bait or the old style aluminum spinner.

L. J. Tooley, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FISHING NEAR SAN JOSE.

Leaving San Jose at 5 a. m., May 14th last, my friend Mr. Shinamon and I started for the mountains on our wheels. After riding 9 miles we reached the foothills. Then 3 miles more of ascent up Guadaloupe creek took us to the end of the road. Leaving our wheels at an old Mexican *rancho,* we pushed up the gorge 3 miles farther, reaching the headwaters at 8 o'clock. We were then in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, at the base of Loma Prieta, the highest peak in that range.

The scenery was grand, the creek at that point coming down through a chasm so wild that no trout ever go above that place. The water was clear and as cold as ice. Starting in there we fished until 11, when we stopped to eat our lunch. I had caught 6 trout, while my companion had not got a fish. We had been using worms all the morning, thinking them the best bait, but at length we tried flies. Then our sport began. The creek was alive with trout and in a short time we had taken a dozen apiece. Then we quit. Had we tried flies in the morning we could easily have taken twice as many trout had we wished.

Wildcats, foxes and coons are numerous in that locality and occasionally a deer is found. We felt well paid for our trip, and were surprised to find such good sport within 12 miles of a city of 35,000 inhabitants.

I heartily endorse your magazine and would not be without it.

H. A. Farnham, San Jose, Cal.

POINTS OF IDENTIFICATION.

Has the common speckled, or brook trout, scales?

What is the difference between a catfish and a bullhead?

W. H., Dodgeville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The speckled, or brook trout, as well as all other members of the *Salmonidæ* family, has scales, notwithstanding Lowell's triplet:

> "One trout scale in the scales I lay
> (If trout had scales), and 'twill outweigh
> The wrong side of the balances."

The scales are always there, and, however small, may be counted.

All of our catfish and fresh water bullheads belong to the *Siluridæ*, or catfish family. That family is represented in our fresh waters by several genera. The large catfishes of the Mississippi basin belong to the genus *Ictalurus* and are invariably called catfish. Another large species, *Leptops olivaris,* also found in the Mississippi basin, is usually called yellow cat, mud cat, or goujon. There are many species of little catfishes known as stone cats or mad Toms. They belong to the genera *Noturus* and *Schilbeodes.* Lastly, there are about 12 species belonging to the genus *Ameirus,* which often go by the common name of bullhead.

> "Don't talk to me o' bacon fat,
> Or taters, coon or 'possum;
> Fo' when I'se hooked a yaller cat,
> I'se got a meal to boss 'em."
> —The Darkey and the Catfish.

B. W. E.

NIBBLES.

I wish to settle a dispute between 2 local anglers. We recently caught several bass and there was an argument as to whether they were black, small mouth, or Oswego bass. Can you tell me how to identify the small mouth bass?

W. F. Hartenstine, Morristown, N. J.

The small mouth black bass should have about 17 rows of scales on the cheek, counting the rows downward and backward from the eye to the edge of the preopercle, or anterior gill cover. The large mouth bass has only 10 rows of scales on the cheek. Taking other characteristics, in the small mouth black bass the mouth is moderate in size, the maxillary in adult not extending beyond the eye; scales small; young more or less barred or spotted, never with a black lateral band. In the large mouth black bass, the mouth is very large, the maxillary in adult extending beyond the eye; scales rather large; young always with a blackish lateral band.—Editor.

While fishing along a brook near here, I saw something that had a body like an eel's, with 2 fins near its head, and that was light pink in color. I have never heard of anything like it and should be much obliged if you would tell me what it is. It was about a foot long and went through the water with a motion like that of a snake.

Maurice Sherman, Norwich, Conn.

ANSWER.

The description suggests the mud eel, *Siren lacertina,* a batrachian belonging to the family *Sirenidæ*, but the mud eel is not known to range so far North as Connecticut. It is more likely that the animal you saw is a mud puppy, *Necturus maculosus,* or some species of salamander. Your description is too brief for definite identification.—Editor.

Did you ever hear of Balsam lake, Wisconsin, as a bass ground? I was there last fall and the number of black bass and pike was wonderful.

F. M. Greenlaf, Omaha, Nebr.

VACATION.

J. D. L. SCHOONOVER.

What ef th' sun is sizzlin' hot?
I'm happy as c'n be;
At las' vacation time is here,
An' I c'n jes' run free.
An' I'm agoin' to start an' do
Exactly what I please—
Ain't goin' to tip my hat to girls,
Or smother any sneeze.
I'm goin' to start right off to-day
To jes' try an' ferget
All I've been teached these last nine months,
An' I'll get there, you bet!
I'll learn more things 'bout butterflies
'An teachers ever know;
Why eels an' snakes is jes' my size,
An' I know where they grow.
Say, I could tell our principal
'Bout where to ketch th' bass,
But I ain't a-goin' to favor him
With nuthin' now but sass.
An' ef my teacher wuz to want
A little sumthin' done,
Another feller'd do th' work;
Vacation has begun!
I ain't a-goin' to min' no one
I'm jes' a-goin to see
Th' greates' time 'at ever wuz
In my own history!

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

OTHER EDITORS CONDEMN THE AUTOMATIC.

An editorial in the November number of Recreation takes up the subject of automatic guns and handles it in a manner that will be especially pleasing to the true sportsmen of the country, and to the general public that is opposed to the ruthless slaughter of birds of song and plumage as well as to the wholesale killing of game birds. The article is drawn out by the invention of an automatic gun. The editor of Recreation declares that any reasonable man, no matter how eagerly he may seek the mighty dollar, should be satisfied with the weapons already on the market for destroying American birds and wild animals. He adds further that we have repeating rifles, repeating shot guns, double barrel and single barrel shot guns by the million, and with these the birds and wild animals have been reduced to pitiable remnants of their once great numbers, but now, as if not satisfied with the slaughter which has been and is being carried on, the big gun houses are putting out still more murderous engines of destruction, for market hunters and pot hunters.

Many people who have not kept up with the developments of recent years in the way of firearms may not know what is meant by an automatic gun. It is simply this: A gun with a magazine holding a number of cartridges which may be discharged as fast as a man can pull the trigger. The shooter jumps a bunch of quail, ducks or geese, cocks his gun and fires. The recoil of the first shot throws out the empty shell, throws a new one into the chamber, and cocks the gun ready for another shot. From that on, all the shooter has to do is to swing the muzzle of his gun from one bird to another and pull the trigger until the last shot is fired. Pistols built on this plan hold 7 to 10 cartridges, and it is possible to fire all of them in less than 2 seconds. The magazine of an automatic shot gun holding 6 cartridges could be emptied as quickly, and if the shooter were an expert, as many of the game butchers are, it would be possible to kill 10 or more birds out of a covey before they could get out of reach.

The repeating rifle has been an important factor in wiping out the big game of this country. The pump gun, so-called, has proven little short of a national calamity. An automatic shot gun would be a disgrace to the nation, and its introduction should be prohibited by law. This may not be, but the sale of any such weapon to decent sportsmen can be prevented by the creation of a proper sentiment.—Detroit, Mich., paper.

The latest thing in shot guns is an automatic firearm that may be fired 6 times, as fast as the shooter can pull the trigger. The recoil of the first shot throws out the empty shell, sends a new one into the chamber, and cocks the gun ready for another shot. An agitation protesting against the sale and use of the gun has been started by G. O. Shields, editor of Recreation. His contention is that the use of the automatic gun will hasten the extermination of all the game birds in America. One of the new guns was exhibited at Barre during the Brunswick club field trials, and sorrow was expressed by a number of sportsmen that such a gun should have been invented, as the rapidity with which it may be fired is a sure indication of the speedy destruction of any game going in front of it, no matter how poor a shot the hunter may be, for at least 5 shots may be fired in the time that 2 could be fired from the ordinary double-barrel piece. — Worcester, Mass., Evening Post.

A NEW LOAD FOR THE KRAG-JORGENSEN.

Owners of high power rifles using the 30-40 Krag-Jorgensen military cartridge, who have vainly wished for an inexpensive load for short and mid ranges, as well as for use in hunting animals up to and including deer, should extend a vote of thanks to Dr. Hudson, the well known rifle shot, to Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Manufacturing Co. and to the Laflin and Rand Powder Co., for their services in this direction.

Thousands of riflemen have pondered over this riddle which, briefly stated, is as follows:

Can a lead bullet without a jacket be fired from a high power rifle without stripping and leading the barrel to the destruction of accuracy and power? The men named have solved the problem, and here is the how:

Dr. Hudson and Mr. Barlow together devised a bullet composed of an alloy of 80 per cent. lead, 10 per cent. tin, and 10 per cent. antimony. This mixture, properly fused and moulded, gives a bullet of nearly the specific gravity of lead, with a surface that has a resisting strength equal to that of a jacketed bullet. Brother Barlow injected into the formula an idea of his own in fashioning the front shoulder of the bullet, which first engages the grooves and bands of the rifling. This shoulder makes the path of the bullet free, in that it cuts away the fouling of the preceding discharge and its value may be guessed when it is said that after 50 shots, the inside of the barrel is practically clean. The new powder is a mixture of round pellets that look like pepper and salt. This powder, the Laflin and Rand Co. calls "Marksman." Its value lies in the fact that the gas generated by the primer, or explosion, is cool; hence it does not melt the base of the Hudson-Ideal bullet. The heat from this powder, as an explosive in a gun barrel, may be conservately estimated at less than 20 per cent. of that of any other powder. On this account it may do away with jacketed bullets entirely, for we all know the jacket, in preventing fusion of the base of the bullet, found therein about half of its value.

Hitherto these high power rifles have had little value except in military service. Their extreme range and killing power rendered them unsafe in the woods and no sane man would discharge one at an ordinary target in close proximity to civilization. You need not now, however, throw away your Krags, for with the improved Hudson bullet and 15 grains of Marksman powder, you can with one of the Ideal tools, produce a cartridge that has a velocity of 1,500 feet a second and sufficient penetration and shock to kill a deer at 125 yards. As a target load at 200 yards if your barrel is true and you know how to hold and pull you will get on the 8-inch black most of the time.

As to other high power rifles of different caliber than the Krag, the Hudson-Barlow 30-40 load may be taken as a basis experimental unit, on which to work out other loads of value adaptable to the multiplicity of calibers and powder charges.

Ex-Ordnance Sergeant, Baltimore, Md.

DENOUNCES THE SHOT GUN.

In April Recreation I notice an article by a Western friend who says that shot guns are the invention of the devil and are fit only for game hogs. The extensive use and misuse of that weapon in this vicinity is responsible for the rapid disappearance of our small game, and to say that I agree with Mr. Brass is only a mild expression of my opinion. There may be some true sportsmen in this city, but they are not much in evidence when it comes to protecting game. A walk along a river or through the woods within 50 miles of this city will convince the most skeptical that our animals and birds are ruthlessly hunted, for every little while one meets a city hog with his double barreled exterminator over his shoulder. The worst of it is that many of these chaps will have more game than they can use in a month and all of them much more than any sane man would kill. If these so called hunters would use a small caliber rifle game would have some show.

A 30-30 should be the limit of rifle power. Any game that lives can be killed by that caliber and for most animals the short range guns are plenty strong enough. I have used only a 30-30 for a long time and I do not want a more satisfactory gun. A 100 grain bullet and a light powder charge makes an ideal load for ordinary use, and it is accurate up to 100 yards. A heavier bullet and a larger charge of powder will give a load good for 200 yards. I use smokeless powder because of its cleanliness.

When a man tells me he can not get the game with a rifle and so has to use a shot gun, I advise him to buy a rifle and then practice at a tin can until he learns to shoot. If game is not worth doing a little work for it is not worth killing.

A repeating rifle is not objectionable if rightly used, but the trouble with young shooters is that they persist in using the magazine when there is no reason for it. My own repeater is used as a single shot 50 times to once as a repeater.

There is now an effort being made to organize a rifle club in this city and to interest local hunters in the rifle as a substitute for the shot gun. It is intended to have a regular range where the members can hold matches. However, the prevailing sentiment seems to be that you can not enjoy fire arms unless you are killing something, so the prospect for organization is not the brightest. Still, we shall keep on agitating the thing a while longer. If any of your readers in or near Chicago should be interested, I should like to hear from them.

I buy your magazine regularly from my newsdealer and whenever opportunity offers am more than glad to give it a boost. Your pen of game hogs is certainly enough to make the four legged breed sick with envy at their capacity.

R. D. Scott, Jr., Chicago, Ill.

ANSWERS TO HALE, POPE AND WHEELER.

In May Recreation G. L. Hale states an experience with nitro powder, and asks for an explanation. Mr. Hale had no powder in the shell that missed fire. A friend of mine bought 100 U.M.C. shells, for a quail hunt, and had about a dozen act just as described by Mr. Hale. Investigation showed that there was no powder in them, and further investigation discovered unused shells in the same condition. Mr. Hale should remember that the W.R.A. No. 4 primer is very powerful and is amply able to start the wads and straighten the crimp. He is doubtless positive that he put the powder in the shell; but I am sure that if he will load a shell as he described but without any powder, and then try it, he will get a result that will convince him of the truth of my remarks.

Mr. E. F. Pope gives some good advice on cleaning rifles, but his method can be improved on. Almost every family has a fountain syringe. After using your rifle, and before running anything through the barrel, fill such a syringe with a hot solution of washing soda, insert the rubber tube, without any nozzle, in the breech of the piece, and let the hot soda solution run through the barrel and out of the muzzle. Then wipe as advised by Mr. Pope, until the cotton or cloth comes out perfectly clean. Then oil as described. The soda softens the powder residue, carries most of it away and neutralizes any acid. A wiper would have forced the residue into the rifle grooves and hardened some of it so that it would probably have remained even after the wipers appeared to come through clean. The method I have just described leaves the barrel hot. It therefore dries thoroughly and the oil or grease flows readily to every part of the rifling.

Dr. A. C. Wheeler calls attention to the effect of altitude on the flight of bullets. He may be interested in the following from the Firing Regulations for Small Arms of the Army:

465. The resistance of the air to the flight of a projectile varies directly with its density; the density is dependent on the altitude above the sea and on the local changes in the barometric pressure, the temperature, and the degree of moisture.

466. For every increase in height above the level of the sea, provided the temperature remains constant, the density of the air diminishes; an increase in the range for any particular adjustment of the sights will therefore result. At 500 yards this increase is about 5 yards, at 800 yards about 10 yards, and at 1,000 yards about 14 yards for each increase of 1,000 feet in elevation.

R. R. Raymond,
Captain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army.
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

WANTS TO KEEP HIS REPEATER.

I have been a reader of Recreation the past 6 years. I enjoy the gun and ammunition department most and always read it first.

I notice you are waging a war against the use of automatic and pump guns. I use a pump and am not a hog because I use one. I was out 4 times last season with my beagle and was satisfied with a rabbit each time. I prefer the pump for several reasons. A double hammerless as effective and durable as a pump would cost double the price. I like the single barrel, and the pump places me on equal footing with the man who uses a double gun.

The biggest hogs in our town use high grade double hammerless ejectors. They kill the limit every chance they get. They are also the ones who most emphatically denounce the pump gun. What will be gained by stopping the use of the pump while allowing the market hunters to slaughter game with the double gun?

Looking through Recreation from 1898 to date I find its game hog pictures show more than 2 double guns to one pump. Why should the repeating shot gun be allowed and not the repeating rifle? The men who say a double gun is good enough for them, want nothing but the most deadly repeating rifle when they hunt big game.

Prohibit the use of the automatic guns if it can be done before there are thousands of them made and sold; but let the owners of repeaters use their favorite weapon as long as hogs are allowed to use double ejectors.

F. W. Kachelries, Shamokin, Pa.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE AUTOMATIC.

The placing of an automatic shot gun on the market is unwarranted, uncalled for, and a violation of divine, if not human, laws. Such a gun will increase the hunter's power to kill fourfold at least. He is now equipped with firearms which are as much of an improvement over the flintlock muskets of our forefathers as the modern ocean liner is better than the rude caravels of the 14th century. Game is already becoming scarce and the increased destruction these guns will produce means that there will soon be no game of any consequence left to hunt. The automatic gun will rob hunting of its most delightful attribute, strategy, and will reduce it to mere senseless and wholesale butchery. The Northern part of Wisconsin and Minnesota have long been and still are noted for deer, and thither flock hundreds of sportsmen, the city of St. Paul alone furnishing 212 on the opening day of the last hunting season. While we are increasing the killing power of guns we do not always stop to think that the game has not increased its power of propagation to a like extent. The game should be given at least a fighting chance for its life.

No doubt the sales of such a gun will be such as to make it a paying investment for the makers, but there are other things in this world worth consideration beside the mighty dollar, and in the name of fairness and humanity I protest against the manufacture and sale of such a weapon. I know that in this I voice the sentiments of every fair minded sportsman in the United States.

F. A. Marshall, Prescott, Wis.

Here is a copy of a bill that has been sent to all chief wardens of the League of American Sportsmen, for introduction in their respective Legislatures. The appearance of the automatic shot gun on the market has made such legislation necessary in order to save the game birds from destruction. Similar legislation is contemplated for British Columbia. The bill is entitled "An Act to Prohibit the Use of Repeating Shot Guns in Hunting Birds," and says:

Section 1.—It shall be unlawful to use, in hunting birds or animals of any kind, any shot gun holding more than 2 cartridges at one time, or that may be fired more than twice without re-loading.

Section 2.—The intent and meaning of this bill is to prohibit the use of any so-called repeating shot gun or pump gun.

Section 3.—Any person found guilty of a violation of this statute shall be fined not more than $50 nor less than $25 for each offence; and the carrying of any such gun in the woods or in the fields or in any of the waters of this State shall be considered prima facie evidence of an attempt to violate Section 1 of this statute, and shall be punished as provided in this section.—The Daily World, Vancouver, B. C.

Omaha, Neb.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

Dear Sirs:—I protest against your placing an automatic shot gun on the market. I have used 4 of your guns. but if you put out an automatic gun I shall never buy or use another Winchester gun of any description. I am a hunter of many years' experience, but I am no game hog and consider an automatic gun a nuisance whose use should be prohibited by law. I have done considerable missionary work against such a weapon and shall continue to do so.

The small remnant of game that still exists in the United States needs protection; not an automatic gun. If its use were confined strictly to trap shooting, well and good, but we Americans know better than to listen to such foolishness. The market hunters would use it altogether.

Hoping the automatic gun will die in its infancy, I remain yours truly

L. E. Peters, 910 So. 16 St.

SMALL SHOT.

The Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co., in presenting their new "Officers' Model" revolver, have solved a problem of interest to many. The old model Colts .38 shot the long cartridge, inside lubricated, with a hollow base bullet, so devised that the powder gases caused the needed expansion of the projectile to fill the grooves properly. It was manifestly inexpedient to use a reduced charge and a round ball for gallery practice, as round balls do not expand.

The new arm has been correctly bored and will now take the gallery round bullet with reduced powder charge. At the same time, the full service charge may be used when desired.

The use of charges as above noted eliminates the confusion in ammunition that has existed hitherto between the Colt and the S. & W. military revolver. At the same time the sphere of usefulness in gallery practice has been enlarged.

Ex-Ordnance Sergeant, Baltimore, Md.

I advise Mr. Clincher to get an Ithaca, a gun that is cheap in price only. I have a 10½-pound, $60-grade Ithaca, made to order in 1898. It cost me $34, and though it has been constantly used with maximum loads of dense nitro powders, it is as tight and perfect as when new.

Few smokeless powders, and especially the bulk varieties, bear out the claims of their makers as regards smokelessness. I am told that in Northern climates, where there is always more or less breeze stirring, the smoke produced by them is nearly imperceptible. In the dense, breezeless jungles of the West Indies, Central and South America, they make smoke enough to obscure the view a full half minute. The exceptions I have found are Dupont, among bulk powders, and Grey Walsrode among dense powders.

L. H. Higgins,
Master S. S. Admiral Sampson.

Last week I was honored by a visit from T. A. Divine, traveling agent of the Winchester Arms Company. He advised me that if we would eliminate the clause in House Bill No. 18 that refers to pump and automatic guns, the bill would be railroaded through. He stated also that the Winchester people had written him asking him to join the L. A. S.

Miles Carroll, Yazoo City, Miss.

Only one construction can be put on this statement about "railroading" the bill through, anybody can guess what that is.—EDITOR.

She—Is she a business woman?
He—Yes.
She—What business is she interested in?
He—Everybody's.—Indianapolis Journal.

"That punch bowl," said the West Baltimore hostess, "is genuine cut glass."

"That's right," remarked her husband, "cut from $2 to $1.98."—Baltimore News.

A tailor in Brooklyn has a sign in his window which says:

"Pants, 50 sents a leg; if you buy 2 legs, we throw in the seat."—Exchange.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

THIN OUT THE CROWS.

I have read with deep interest Anson Howard's notes on the crow, which exactly coincide with my observations. For more than 30 years I have watched the crow, trying to learn whether he had any good traits worthy of mention, but aside from the few grasshoppers and grubs he eats he is a robber and a murderer of the worst type.

During the month of May, on a cold morning, about 5 o'clock I saw a flock of birds, consisting of robins, blue jays, black birds and catbirds, in pursuit of a crow among some spruce trees. I got my gun but before I reached the place the crow had disappeared. It was easy to learn whose nest had suffered, for the feathers on a pair of black birds all stood the wrong way. I reasoned that the crow had not had time to finish his robbery, but would soon return, so I waited a few minutes and sure enough he came and alighted on an apple tree to see if the coast was clear. But he had robbed his last bird's nest. When the gun cracked he folded his wings forever.

The crow nearly always makes his visits for young birds and eggs early, before people are up. At such times he comes close to dwellings; and poultry, eggs and young chickens suffer, while the crow is protected by law. He soon learns to keep away from a house where a gun is kept loaded for him.

Many years ago I was returning from a fishing trip and my route led across a pasture in which was a band of sheep. Near the center of the field I found 2 lambs with both eyes pecked out. The lambs were still alive and were not more than a day old. I shall never forget this scene and have ever since deemed it a crime to get within gun shot of a crow when I had a gun in my hands without using it on the black murderer.

The last nest of a prairie chicken I ever saw contained 14 eggs and all these hatched. On the day the chicks came out I saw a crow within a few feet of the old bird, which was covering the little birds. The mother flew at the crow, but he only retreated a few steps and returned to the attack. When he saw me he flew away. I was busy at the time and could not go for the gun. The next day no young birds could be found and none of these was ever seen again. I have never known of a prairie chicken nesting in that vicinity since.

Mr. Howard is right in saying the birds the crows destroy would kill more insects than the crow does.

Crows have increased in this State to such an extent that they outnumber the grouse at least 100 to 1, and if something is not soon done the prairie chicken will be extinct here. These birds are protected by law from the white hunter till 1907; but this law only helps the crow in his dastardly work.

Geo. O. Green, Princeton, Ill.

In referring the above to Mr. Hornaday, I wrote:

I believe the time has come to declare war on the crow, not alone from what Mr. Green says, but from what many others have said through Recreation, during the past 10 years. The crow was no doubt created for some good purpose, but it looks as if he had served his time and had now degenerated into an unmitigated poacher. As a boy I have put in many a day of hard work at planting corn where crows had pulled up the first sprouts, notwithstanding I had guarded the corn field carefully with a shot gun during the preceding weeks. I never cared so much for the crow's depredations on the corn, because it seemed a part of our farm life to hunt crows and replant; but bird life has become too scarce to be further complacently sacrificed to this black marauder. Do you not agree with me?

ANSWER.

Beyond question, the crow deserves to be destroyed whenever and wherever he becomes too numerous and too fresh. I would not countenance the wholesale destruction of crows because of their depredations in the corn fields at planting time. At the same time, were I a farmer, I should use a shot gun as a discourager of crows so long as the corn was young enough to be uprooted by them.

When crows begin to destroy game and song birds by wholesale, it is time to take the warpath against the black pest and to make them literally fly for their lives. Let us have in all States open seasons on crows, during the breeding season for other birds, and during that period make every crow afraid to look at a song or game bird, except as a creature to be avoided.

When some crows nested in Beaver valley, in the Zoological Park, we received them hospitably, and fed them abundantly with corn and other good things; but when one of them got gay and in one morning took 4 mallard ducklings from the pond, we shot him and felt no remorse of conscience afterward.

If crows, or eagles, or hawks, or blackbirds, or red squirrels become seriously destructive to song and game birds, or lambs, or poultry, it is fair and right to go after them with guns and reduce their numbers, just as we have done with the surplus of quarrelsome red squirrels in the Zoological Park. The time to do this is during the birds' breeding season; but do not attack any species in a savage spirit of extermination. Wild creatures generally are quick to learn when war is being waged against them; and no bird is quicker to take a hint from a shot gun than a crow is. Thin out the murderers, whenever it becomes necessary; but do not exterminate any wild species.

W. T. Hornaday.

A VALUABLE PUBLIC DOCUMENT.

The Agriculture Department, at Washington, has lately issued a bulletin entitled "The Economic Value of Bob White," which is one of the most interesting and valuable to sportsmen and farmers that has ever emanated from that office. The paper was prepared by Sylvester D. Judd, Ph.D., Assistant Ornithologist, Biological Survey, and is a most complete and exhaustive treatise on the subject. Among the many important facts set forth in this document are these:

That the stomach of one quail examined contained 30 buttonwood seeds;

Another 300 smartweed seeds;

Another 500 seeds of sheep sorrel;

Another 700 seeds of the 3 sided mercury;

That several stomachs were full of seeds of the rag weed;

That one stomach contained over 1,000 seeds of this weed;

Another 1,000 seeds of the crabgrass;

Another more than 3,000 seeds of various noxious weeds;

Another over 5,000 seeds of pigeon grass;

Another 10,000 seeds of the pig weed;

It is estimated that in Virginia there are 4 quails to each square mile of land, or 169,800 quails in the entire State. The crop of each of these birds will hold half an ounce of seed, and allowing 2 daily meals to each bird the total consumption of weed seeds by these birds in one season, amounts to 573 tons.

We frequently hear it said that the quail is entirely a granivorous bird, that it does not eat insects at all; yet this document shows conclusively that about 15 per cent. of the entire food of the quail, during the spring and summer months, consists of insects; that 116 species of insects injurious to agriculture, are known to be eagerly sought after by the quail. Among these are the Colorado potato bug, the cucumber beetle, the bean leaf beetle, the squash ladybird, the wire worm, the May beetle, various other species of beetles, including the Mexican cotton boll weevil; also the caterpillar, the army worm, the corn-louse ant, the cut worm, the grasshopper, the Rocky Mountain locust and the chinch bug.

More than one dozen army worms have been taken from the stomach of a single bird and 30 Rocky Mountain locusts from another.

Over 40 cotton boll weevils were taken from the stomach of one Bob White.

This bug damaged the cotton crop in Texas last year to the amount of $15,000,000. Think of the number of these destructive insects that would have been consumed by the quails if they had been allowed to remain as numerous in that State as they were 10 or 20 years ago!

The potato beetle is known to have damaged the potato crop in the United States to the extent of more than $10,000,000 last year. If the quail had been properly protected all or nearly all that loss would have been averted.

The chinch bug and the Rocky Mountain locust are estimated to have destroyed in a single year more than $100,000,000 worth of farm crops; yet if the quail had been allowed to remain in its former abundance the greater part, if not all, of this loss would have been prevented.

I have known farmers, who left their plows, reapers and mowing machines outdoors all winter, to complain of the destruction of their grain by quails; yet these same birds would have saved some of these individual farmers hundreds of dollars worth of grain if the birds had been properly cared for.

Every farmer and every sportsman in the United States should have a copy of this recent bulletin and can get it for the asking.

HOW TO TAN SKINS.

Most sportsmen have use for leather in making jackets, cartridge bags, knife scabbards, etc., and those who live where there are woodchucks can catch and tan their own leather, which will be as soft as the best they can buy. I tanned a number of skins last spring and made some good shoestrings, watch chains, and other useful tricks.

Here is the recipe:

Put 4 quarts of air-slacked lime in 3 gallons of water put in the skin and let it remain 26 hours, or until the fur slips off easily. Then rinse well, stretch, and dry. Go to the woods, get a pail of hemlock bark, fill the pail with boiling water and let it remain 2 days. Then strain and add to the juice 3 ounces of alum, 3 ounces of saltpetre and stir. Put the skin in this and let it remain one week, or until it is as dark as you wish; then take it out and beat until dry. This formula is good for any skin up to 12 by 24 inches.

If you are not in a hurry you can take the hair off by putting the skin in a brook or stream of running water. If you use a pail have fresh water every 2 or 3 days. When skinning the animal be sure to get off all the meat and fat. The alum and saltpetre will cost 9 cents. Larger skins may be tanned in the same way, using increased quantities of each ingredient and a larger vessel.

After being tanned the skin should be soft, smooth and firm. I made a pair of snowshoes of woodchuck skin, but did not tan the skins.

Arnold N. Holmes, Greenland, N. H.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

A queer animal was recently caught by a neighbor of mine and I wish you would please tell me what it is. I might think that it was a pocket gopher only it has no pocket and it always eats its food as soon as it gets it. The animal is about 11 or 12 inches long, the fur is almost exactly like a mole's, only it is grayish white underneath. It has 4 teeth, 2 above and 2 below, the upper ones having a ridge in them making them look like 4 teeth. It has 5 large claws on the front feet, but the hind ones are short. The tail is about 4 inches long covered with a few short white hairs. The ears are not much more than holes in the side of the head, with no earlap or any covering. The head is about like a muskrat's only the nose is larger and more blunt. There is scarcely any neck. This animal stands about 4 or 5 inches high.

Roswell Puckett, Rock Rapids, Ia.

ANSWER.

It is probably a weasel, but it is impossible to say definitely from your description. Can any reader of RECREATION make a better guess?—EDITOR.

In reply to the question of Jean Allison, of Jerome, Ariz., in May RECREATION, page 367, I beg to say that in Wisconsin deer liver is not good to eat for the reason that it has bloodsuckers in it.

Of course there are no bloodsuckers in fawns, but I have seen them in the liver of a deer that was only 2 years old. Bloodsuckers will be found in the livers of deer that have to drink out of lakes and sluggish rivers.

As Mr. Allison says, deer liver may be good to eat in Arizona, as the streams there are all mountainous, therefore, they are swift, and the lakes, which are few, are well supplied with fresh water.

The bloodsuckers found in deer livers are about 2 inches long and ¾ of an inch wide, when they are contracted. They are the regular lake bloodsucker.

If any reader of RECREATION wishes to see deer liver containing bloodsuckers I will try to send him a piece this fall if I can make my usual hunting trip.

F. C. Dutton, Bloomer, Wis.

The April number of your exceedingly popular magazine contains a question in regard to fish hawks. Two birds, only, constitute the family of a fish hawk. In this part of Long Island we can observe many of these birds, flying to the ocean in search of food. They do not, however, breed here, but on the shores of Gardiner's island, where in no case do we find 3 mature birds occupying the same nest.

It is interesting to watch the old birds guard their young, one staying home to protect and fondle the young, while the other is away to the ocean in seach of some unlucky fish. Two birds and 2 only are the parents of the young hawks, and one parent is always perched near the nest in an attitude of defiance.

Your work in protecting our birds and fighting the uncivilized, barbarous game and fish hogs, is appreciated by all true sportsmen. Keep it up.

S. L. King, East Hampton, L. I.

There is in this place a peculiar kind of owl, whose voice would frighten almost anyone. This bird has 6 to 8 young at a time. The oldest inhabitant around here tells me that the parent owl feeds 2 of the young exceptionally well and as a consequence those 2 grow with great rapidity. When they have attained a certain size the parent birds throw them out of the nest and choose 2 others for special feeding; and so on until all are compelled to leave the parent nest. I suppose the old birds early discover the impossibility of feeding the whole family on full rations, and choose this somewhat original way in which to do their duty by their family. I do not personally vouch for the truth of this statement but I find it generally believed.

Dr. Chas. W. Hardman, Laton, Cal.

Will you kindly tell me what is the greatest speed attained by wild geese in their flight?

R. R. Heydenreich, Staunton, Va.

Will some RECREATION reader please answer?—EDITOR.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell me where I can buy chipmunks? Should like to liberate a number on an island in which I am interested.

Howard P. Beck, 135 Rouro, St., New-Port, R. I.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.

WASHINGTON DIVISION.

I have the honor to report the following as part of the work that the League has accomplished in this State during the past year:

11 arrests and convictions in Spokane county, viz:

Westlake, cold storage, selling venison out of season, $25 and costs.

Joe Reed, shooting ducks in close season, $15 and costs.

Spokane Ditch Co., damming stream, $25.

Finch, catching bass, $15 and costs.

Joe Burdise, catching bass, $25 and costs.

L. C. Gimmel, putting sawdust in stream, $100.

Nick Eider, killing non-game birds, $15.

Du Bois, shooting quail, $15.

The foregoing is mainly the work of Member J. A. Uhlig, who is county game warden.

I secured 3 arrests and convictions. One for shooting prairie chickens in close season and 2 for shooting meadow larks. The 2 latter got $15 each.

It was the work of League members that secured the passage of several good laws, including a license law, the Audubon non-game bird law, prohibition of the sale of trout and game fishes, etc.

An immense amount of letter writing has been done as to violators who could not be reached by law, and their promises secured in many cases that they will observe the law in future.

Mr. F. A. Pontius, secretary-treasurer of this division, will give you information as to what has been accomplished in the Western part of the State.

F. S. Merrill,
Chief Warden, Washington Division.

I herewith submit the following report of the work we have accomplished for game protection during the past year in the section West of the Cascade mountains;

Through the efforts of the L. A. S. and its many friends in this State, the last Legislature revised and amended the game laws. As now enacted they are not so stringent in some respects as we wish to have them. We have, however, been able to secure a conviction whenever we could obtain the necessary evidence.

Mr. H. Rief, L. A. S. No. 9,151, our county game warden, also special deputy State game warden, reports as follows:

Number of arrests during the year,	57.
Number of convictions,.........	49.
Number of dismissals and acquittals, ...	4.
Number of forfeited bails,........	2.
Number of cases pending,........	2.
Amount of fines collected, ...	$845.00.

This includes only King county.

The State Game and Fish Commissioner, Hon. T. R. Kershaw, who is also a League member, has given us all the assistance within his power. I am pleased to state that the game wardens in various sections are rendering us valuable assistance in the apprehension and conviction of violators of the game laws.

Among the arrests and convictions we have secured, I mention only a few, as follows: March 28, 1903, 5 Italians convicted of dynamiting trout in Cedar river; fined $50 each. One paid his fine, the others going to jail.

April 23, 1903, proprietors of 3 restaurants convicted and fined for having in their possession a large number of fresh water perch, it being against the law to sell game fishes at any time.

May 5, 1903, Southern Mill Co. fined $100 for dumping sawdust in Lake Washington. May 23, 1903, J. D. Hoover was arrested in the act of fishing with a Chinese sturgeon line, fined $25 and costs. This was a set line, about 300 feet long, with several hundred hooks attached.

A man by the name of Orr was fined $25 for trapping and having in his possession a number of grouse and quail. When Warden Rief made a search of the woods near his place he found 7 traps, 2 of which contained 10 grouse. He berated these and destroyed the traps. Several convictions were secured, of proprietors of restaurants for selling game.

Several of the adjoining counties have also secured convictions of persons for killing deer out of season.

Our game warden is at present doing all he can to obtain evidence to convict elk tooth hunters, who killed a number of elk on the Humptulips river, 22 miles above Humptulips City, in the Olympic Forest Reserve. These elk, 8 in number, are now lying where they were killed, the teeth only having been taken. Th elk remaining in this State are principally to be found in the Olympic Forest Reserve. The League members in this district, and all other sportsmen, are strongly in favor of making the entire Forest Reserve a game preserve.

While we have a number of forest rangers who are ex officio game wardens, we fail to find that they have ever made an arrest for violation of our game laws, on this Reserve.

Our game warden has in his possession 3 elk heads that were killed in the Olympic range by a wealthy hunter who came over from Wales, England. Our laws prohibit the killing of more than one bull elk in one season; also prohibit the shipping of same out of the State. This man is making a fight to get possession of the heads, claiming they cost him over $1,000. This case is cited only as an instance of the game violations on this Reserve.

Our game warden has been making a hard fight against the custom of shipping in game from Alaska, on steamers landing at this port, Seattle. A number of seizures of game heads, hides and horns have been made.

In this work Mr. Rief has co-operated with Dr. Palmer, of Washington, D. C. At first there was some opposition from the steamers which received shipments of game, hides, etc., but, on the matter being taken up with them by Dr. Palmer we have had little trouble.

Frank A. Pontius,
Sec.-Treas. Washington Division,

GOOD WORK IN OKLAHOMA.

L. H. Haskins, of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, was recently arraigned in probate court on the charge of having placed dynamite in Cache creek and killed nearly 200 fish. Haskins pleaded guilty and was fined $50 and costs.

Judge Hussey, in imposing the fine, said that the next guilty man brought before him on a similar charge would get the limit of the law as a fine.

This conviction is one of a number secured by Mr. A. C. Cooper, of Fort Sill, game warden for the government and Rear Warden of the Fort Sill Chapter of the League of American Sportsmen. Mr. Cooper has spent much time and money in searching for violators of the game and fish laws and in bringing them to justice.—Lawton, Oklahoma, paper.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine. In this case Cooper is one of the gods.—Editor.

Mother (severely)—How many strawberries have you eaten out of this basket, Violet?

Violet—Only 2. One to see how it tasted, and the other to take the taste out of my mouth.—Exchange.

The Czar of Russia reviewed 50,000 troops the other day. The dispatches say they presented a fine appearance. They had not met the Japs.—Chicago Record-Herald.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

FORESTRY IN CONGRESS.

Friends of forestry and of the forest reserves are naturally chagrined at the inaction of Congress during its last session. So much was promised and so much had been expected that the utter failure to do the vital thing was particularly disappointing. President Roosevelt was anxious that the administration of the forest reserves should be transferred from the land office to the U. S. Bureau of Forestry. He has urged the passage of such a measure in nearly all his messages, and it is known that the majority in Congress were really in favor of dong something, but everything was sacrificed for politics in the presidential year.

What Congress did for the forest interests of the country can be summarized in 2 words, it ducked. In addition to the usual lot of relatively unimportant bills affecting the forests of the country there were 3 before Congress that were of the first importance and in which the American Forestry Association, as an organization, was deeply interested. These were:

The transfer of the administration of the federal forest reserves to the department of agriculture, in order to combine all government forest work in the Bureau of Forestry, where it properly belongs; the repeal of the notorious Timber and Stone act, which has been agitated for years; and finally, a bill calling for an appropriation of $50,000 for the building of roads and trails in the federal forest reserves.

The first 2 of these measures are fairly familiar to most people who follow government matters, since they have been urged and agitated by various associations, including the American Forestry Association, for several years. The third was taken up by the Hon. Edward A. Bowers, the able and energetic secretary of the association, in compliance with a resolution passed by the association at its last annual meeting. This resolution called for an appropriation of $500,000 by Congress to be spent in the making of good roads and trails in the reserves. Such a move, it was felt, would result in immense improvement in the administration of the reserves and would also be of the greatest service in fighting forest fires.

Mr. Bowers, however, suggested that Congress be asked for only $50,000 for this purpose, to be available during the coming fiscal year; the idea being that Congress might not be willing to make such a large appropriation as the resolution called for, in a presidential year.

Congress took no action on this matter, nor on any of the others, beyond postponing further consideration until some future time. It picked about the edges a little but accomplished nothing definite or satisfactory to those who interested themselves in trying to push these measures to a successful issue.

HOW TO GROW LOCUST TREES.

I am a reader of Recreation and I write for the purpose of gaining information regarding locust trees.

I have 30 acres of land which I wish to utilize to good advantage. I have been considering the advisability of setting this land out to locusts. I have not been able to find out much about the growth of the tree. Should I start them from the seed or will they grow from cuttings? How fast will they grow? Will they bear transplanting or would you advise planting on the soil on which you wish them to grow?

I live in the grape section and the trees would probably be used for grape posts. How far apart would you advise setting the trees? If the trees should be grown from the seed can you tell me where I could get some seed? Any light you can throw on this subject will be gratefully received.

Roy Cowden.

Much depends on the nature and condition of the ground you intend to plant. If it is cultivated ground you can put in your locust seed and care for their cultivation much as you would for corn or any farm produce. I should prepare the ground exactly as for corn and plant the seed in rows 4 feet apart, putting 2 seeds every 3 feet in the row. If the soil is good and your seed is good, your trees will grow to a height of 18 inches to 2 feet the first year. I have seen one year old locust seedlings 4 feet high. For this reason it is not economical to grow them in nursery beds and transplant them the next year. They should produce 4 inch posts in 10 years on suitable soil. As your plantation matures you should gradually thin out the inferior trees for the benefit of the straighter and better specimens. By planting them close together they will clean themselves of lower branches naturally and develop longer and straighter poles. You can procure locust seed from any of the large nurserymen.

Locust can also be grown from cuttings if the ground is not too dry or too poor, but seeding would be more advisable.—Editor.

SAVE THE SEQUOIAS.

The life of man seems indeed but a transient hour, hardly long enough "to look about us and to die," when we compare it with the existence of a tree. In comparison to some of the Sequoias, Methuselah died in infancy. A United States senator has lately made public certain information received by him about the history stored away in the great trees of California. One of moderate size, 15 feet in diameter 5 feet from the ground, reveals the following experiences: In 271 B.C. it began its existence. In 245 A.D., when it was 516 years of age, a forest fire burned on its trunk a scar 3 feet in width. After 1,196 years of placid life, in another fire, in 1441 A.D., the tree, aged 1,712, received another injury. Another scar followed in 1580, and was not covered with new tissue for 56 years. The worst attack of all was in 1797, when the tree, then 2,068 years of age, was attacked by a fire which left a scar 18 feet wide, reduced by 1890, in 103 years, to 14 feet. These vast historic growths are being subjected to the fate which threatens so many of our forests throughout the land—the sawmill and conversion into the fleeting materials of commerce. The tree of which we have spoken, after defying storm and fire for over 20 centuries, fell a victim to the desire for money about 3 years ago. Only 10 isolated groves of these trees remain, and only one grove is protected by government ownership. The nation ought to own them all, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Congress will act favorably on the President's request to buy 2 more groves—a modest enough ambition. Some of these trees are twice the size of the one whose age has been ascertained, and must be some 50 centuries old now, with possible long lives ahead. If Congress fails to save these ancient monuments, and allows them to flit through paltry buildings to a speedy nothingness, it will have added one to its disgraceful failures, and omitted the opportunity to add one to its acts of wisdom and utility.—Collier's Weekly.

NEW METHOD OF GATHERING TURPENTINE.

Dr. Charles H. Herty, an expert on the subject of forestry and an attache of the United States Bureau of Forestry, is the inventor of a new method of gathering turpentine which will revolutionize the methods now in vogue, and be the means of saving an immense amount of money to the South, where the turpentine industry thrives. Heretofore the crude turpentine has been gathered by cutting a kind of box or pocket in the base of the tree, and into this the product found its way from the scarified sides of the tree. The method was not only wasteful, but damaged the tree to such an extent that its life of usefulness was considerably shortened. It is said that 2,000,000 acres of virgin forest are boxed annually in this way. Dr. Herty is a Southerner, and foreseeing the eventual ruin of a great industry, set about to arrive at some other means of extracting the resin. This he has succeeded in doing in a manner which meets all the demands of the case and increases the production about 75 per cent. by the recovery of that which was formerly wasted and the improved quality of that gathered. The apparatus made use of by Dr. Herty is simple and inexpensive, consisting of an earthenware cup with a nail hole near the top, a 6 penny wire nail to hold it in place, and a pair of galvanized iron troughs to divert the flow of resin into the cup. Dr. Herty has not attempted to enrich himself by a monopoly of what is a patentable article, but has announced that the use of the process is public property. As the turpentine industry of the South is an extremely important one, his gift represents a money valuation of considerable size.—Scientific American.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

FREDERIC BIGELOW.

A nut-brown maid through field and wood
Trips gaily with her line and hook;
Beside her, strides, in merry mood,
A youth with rod and book.

At length they come to a spreading tree,
Beside whose roots there brawls a brook;
He casts his line far out and free,
She drops her line and hook.

What care has she for line and hook?
She angles in her lover's eyes;
With many a smile and rapturous look,
Expectant of her prize.

He has a strike, his rod is bent,
The gleaming sides of a trout they see!
There is a rush, the line is sent
Around the roots of the old tree.

Untangled is the silken line,
A noble battle bravely fought
For life and freedom! But this time
The wary trout is caught!

To her he proudly gives the trout
Which wriggles from her little hands;
There is a scream and then a pout,
The youth—she gently lands.

First Mosquito—What! Are you trying a black baby?

Second Mosquito—Yes, I'm in mourning. —Life.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

DATES AND DATE GROWING.

The United States Department of Agriculture has for a number of years been interested in introducing the date palm into the United States, and has recently published a bulletin by David G. Fairchild dealing with Persian gulf dates, which records information gathered during an extended journey through the date-growing regions of the East.

The valley of the Euphrates is said to be the birthplace of the date palm. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that nowhere else in the world are more favorable conditions for the cultivation of the date to be found than along the shores of the Persian gulf and in Lower Mesopotamia.

According to Mr. Fairchild, "the Persian gulf date region is doubtless the largest in the world and furnishes the greatest part of all the dates sold in the American markets. Two million cases, or over 100 million pounds of dates, have been exported in a single year from the principal shipping port; and at a moderate estimate there must be not less than 15 to 20 million date palms in this great territory. This strip of forest varies in width from less than a mile to over 3 miles, and more than 5,000,000 trees, it is estimated, are packed into it. There is certainly nothing comparable to it in the world, either as regards size or the ease with which it can be irrigated.

"Date growing in Arizona is rapidly passing the experimental stage. The fact that this fruit could be grown there, however, was first called to the attention of the public by the success of a number of chance seedlings which bore good crops of fine fruit. The seeds from which these seedlings were raised came probably from Persian gulf dates, since these are the most common ones in our markets. The excellence of the fruit from these seedlings and the fact that they ripened early made it seem probable that the Persian gulf dates, as a class, might prove on investigation to ripen earlier than those of North Africa, and therefore be better suited to the short, hot seasons in Arizona.

"Packing dates for shipment is an important branch of the date industry. Scarcely any of the packing firms own date plantations but obtain their dates from the Arab land-owners through trusted Arab buyers. Some of these buyers who have been in the business many years are intrusted with £10,000 to £20,000 in cash at a time, with which they buy the tons of dates that are necessary to supply the packing sheds. As in most businesses of this kind, there are risks to be taken, for the packer must buy in August and sell in November, during which time the price may have fluctuated considerably. It requires good judgment to decide how much to pay in August for November delivery. The New York shipments to be most profitable must be in before Thanksgiving day, and when this comes unusually early in the month, the packers have their hands full to get their shipments through in time."

Judging from Mr. Fairchild's account, improvements in the methods of packing are to be desired. "Dates are no doubt one of the stickiest and most difficult fruits in the world to keep clean, and the Persian gulf varieties are particularly hard to pack in an attractive shape; nevertheless, the stories one hears in the region, of the conditions in the packing sheds and the personal uncleanliness of the men, women, and children who put up the dates, are enough to disgust a sensitive person and to prevent his ever eating packed dates again without having them washed. No old inhabitant thinks of eating a date without first thoroughly washing it in a glass of water, unless the cook has prepared it beforehand, and the sale of dates in America might fall off decidedly were it generally known how intimately the unwashed hands, bodies, and teeth of the notably filthy Arabs often come in contact with the dates which are sold by every confectioner."

The following statements regarding the date as a food product occur: "The doctors seem agreed that sweet things in excess are injurious to the digestion, and the dentists claim that sugar ferments between the teeth, forming lactic acid which attacks the dentine; but for all this, it is doubtful if there can be found a sounder, stronger race, with better digestion and finer, whiter teeth than the date-eating Arabs. The town Arabs and the Arabs of the seacoast eat quantities of dried fish and other sea animals, but the denizens of the Arabian desert live almost exclusively on dates and bread, with occasional feasts of sheep, goat, or chicken. Travelers across those deserts report that 3 pounds of dates and a few thin loaves of hard wheat bread a day will keep an Arab in good health for years. The quantity of these packed dates that a healthy Arab can consume at a sitting is astonishing. Two pounds would not be much more than an ordinary meal. The remarkable physique of the Arabs and their resistance to the almost unbearable heat of their country might be attributed, in part at least, to the nature of their simple food. At any rate, a thorough investigation of the food value of the date and its adaptability to the formation of foods for our hot summer season should be made, and possibly this wonderful vegetable product, which is now used in America only as a second-class confection, might be utilized as a basis of a nutritious new food. Such investigations will never be made in that part of the world where the dates are grown, but must be undertaken by some country like America, which is interested in increasing the number of its food products."

OLD DAYS IN A WESSEX VILLAGE.

A writer in a recent English review gives an interesting account of life in the early days in a West of England village. Of culinary matters he says: "I do not think that Wessex breeds cooks easily. Those of us who are not too Keltic are at any rate too Saxon to achieve kickshaws. The fine art of cooking comes by nature, and, in Western Europe at least, is monopolized by the Latin peoples. What we had of food we had in plenty, and, although distress spread wide, and quickly became acute when harvest failed, as a general rule even the poorest in our West country had enough to eat. Beef, mutton, pork, fish, we had abundantly, for Wessex lies between 2 seas, and we are a seafaring people. These, with cabbage and bread, formed the staple of the prospering poor, while the more fortunate added venison, capons, chickens, and wild fowl to this diet. For the last 200 years, a loin of mutton stewed and served in a thick broth has been a favorite West country dish. I am afraid we habitually overate and overdrank but we loved plenty and our hands were open. When some Wessex lord kept high festival, the scene was Gargantuan. At a great junketing which was held 150 years ago at Ford House, not far from here, this was the provision for the guests: 140 partridges, 71 turkeys, 112 chickens, 258 larks, 3 deer, 6 oxen, 5 sheep, and '2½ calves.' This feast was as remarkable for the variety as for the abundance of the provender. In addition to the foregoing, there were also cooked and eaten mallards, plovers, sea larks, pea hens, gulls and curlews. Shell fish was much accounted of in those days, for our neighboring borough provided for the judges, as they passed through on circuit, what they then called 'a treat,' one which surely must have been remembered, seeing that it consisted of 30 lobsters, as many crabs, 100 scallops, 300 oysters and 50 oranges.

"The men of Wessex have long been credited with a particular capacity for liquor, which, with the mead they still drink in some of our villages, they inherit from the earliest wassailing times. Of all drinks, of course the cheapest and most plentiful were cider and beer. Then came ale, not the mild dinner beverage of today, but strong old beer, which was drunk out of long wineglasses. We did not traffic much in wine, though canary, malaga, claret and sack had each their vogue and were not expensive. In the days of our grandfathers' great grandfathers canary was 2 shillings and claret a shilling a quart, and at any entertainment the cost of wine bore a proportion to the whole bill very different from what it bears now. Sherry, by the way, was scarcely known with us till the middle of the 18th century, and just before then, too, punch begins to figure in the old bills."

MINCE PIE.

I love to sit and think a while
And smile!
I love to sit and think a while,
A while the waiter up the aisle
Between the rows of tables neat,
Brings me the jumbled gob of sweet
Mince pie!
Oh, my!

I love to grab the sprinkler in
My fin:
I love to grab the sprinkler in
My shaking hand and then begin
To gently lift the pie's hot edge
And pulverized in rapture wedge
In my
Mince pie!

And then I love to take my ease
And freeze,
And then I love to take my ease
And freeze to it and rub my knees
With t'other hand in sweet content,
All raptures of the joy gods blent
In me!
Oh, gee!

I love to taste the toothsome dish
And wish
That I might taste the toothsome dish
Till elephants all turn to fish
And maidens never long to wed!
No other bliss may serve instead
Of my
Mince pie!

And then, when everything is done,
And none,
And then, when everything is done,
And none is left where I'd begun,
I love to feel my proud soul soar
As eagerly I order more
Mince pie:
Oh, my! —Unidentified.

STORIES OF BIRD LIFE.

Professor T. G. Pearson, of Greensboro, North Carolina, has written one of the most interesting and fascinating bird books that has ever come to my desk. It almost makes one weary to think of the hundreds of writers who are working the birds and the wild animals for revenue only. Few of the writers have any real love for or personal interest in these creatures; the others simply strive to turn them to financial account. Mr. Pearson's book is different. It is plain to see that he follows and studies the birds from pure love of them, and because he wants other people to know and love them. His book is not one of the dry, scientific kind. It is made up of a series of breezy, chatty talks about birds. It reads as his talks would sound if you were sitting next to him. He comes from the woods or fields and tells you all about what he has seen there, and he has learned so much of them that he apparently is at a loss to know what to say first or where to stop. Yet there is not a word in this whole book that you would cut out. On the contrary you wish, after he has finished talking of any one of the birds, that he would go on and on, for hours at a time.

His book is intended mainly for children, but a man or a woman 70 years old will feel reluctant to lay it down until the last page has been read.

"Stories of Bird Life" should be in the hands of every man, woman and child in the land, and I earnestly hope hundreds of thousands of copies of it may be sold in the next 2 years.

The book is printed by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., and sells at 60 cents. In ordering please mention RECREATION.

BUSINESS AND ROMANCE.

A story of the experiences of 2 young business women in New York, by Harriet C. Cullaton, bears the semi-explanatory title, "Firm of Nan & Sue, Stenographers." On a thread of romance Mrs. Cullaton has strung actual incidents in the daily life of 2 stenographers who have a miscellaneous assortment of patrons. No one has a better opportunity to learn the real nature and all the affairs of a man than the stenographer who writes his letters and other business papers. Secrets that a man will hide carefully from the wife of his bosom and from his male associates he will reveal to a stenographer, sometimes from necessity, in dictating a letter, sometimes inadvertently, but often merely in a spontaneous and inexplicable burst of confidence. Mrs. Cullaton has taken a shrewd, humorous, philosophical view of the vagaries of the genus dictator, and every stenographer will recognize him. It will also interest the dictator to see the mirror held up to himself by a not unkindly hand. Stenographers can get some mighty good, practical suggestions from Nan and Sue, and no one will begrudge the 2 girls the happy outcome of their business experiences.

"Firm of Nan & Sue, Stenographers," is brought out by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York, and the price is $1.

DR. SENN'S NEW BOOK.

Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, has written a book entitled "Our National Recreation Parks," which has been published by W. B. Conkey Co., of Hammond, Ill.

Dr. Senn is well known as an enthusiastic lover of nature, as an extensive traveler and as one of the greatest surgeons in the world. President McKinley appointed him Chief of the Operating Staff of Surgeons of the U. S. Army during the Spanish War. Dr. Senn also holds the rank of Surgeon General of the Illinois National Guard and at this writing is with the Field Hospital Service of the Japanese Army.

Dr. Senn is a trained observer and has made a close study of the Yellowstone National Park, the Yosemite National Park, and the Sequoia Groves of the Sierras. He wields a graceful and facile pen and portrays what he sees so vividly and forcibly that the reader may see it almost without the aid of other than the pen pictures. Notwithstanding this the book is profusely illustrated with half tone reproductions of photographs, and must prove a most delightful piece of reading, either for vacation days or for the long winter evenings.

The book sells at $1.

A book of short stories by Jack London bears the title of one of them, "The Faith of Men." For fire and originality the author of "The Call of the Wild" is unmatched among fiction writers of the hour, and his many admirers will enjoy these masterly tales of the ever new Northwest.

"The Faith of Men" is published by The Macmillan Company, New York and London, and the price is $1.50.

"Brave Hearts" is the title of a series of thrilling stories of the race track, written by W. A. Fraser and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Fraser is well known as a vigorous and forceful writer and all horsemen and lovers of the sport of racing will find absorbing interest in the pages of this book. Price, $1.50 net.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

AN IDEAL VACATION.

Eaton Brothers, Wolf, Sheridan county, Wyoming, have established what they term a Vacation Ranch and have provided a complete supply of horses, pack outfits, tents and other camping accessories for the purpose of showing Eastern people the high places and special shady canyons of the Rocky mountains. A part of the plan will be to take parties on camping trips to and through the Yellowstone Park.

Howard Eaton is well known to many readers of RECREATION as an old time stockman and as a contributor to this magazine and I cheerfully recommend him as a man thoroughly capable of giving any visitor an ideal recreation tour. I first met Howard when he was camping in a little shack in the Bad Lands on the Little Missouri in 1879 and he has been hanging out in the wild and woolly country ever since. He probably knows Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and the Yellowstone Park as well as any man in that country. He is thoroughly honest and reliable in every way and knows how to get all the fun out of a rough and tumble trip that is possible. He knows where to find the game and the good fishing waters. If you contemplate a trip in the West at any future time you should certainly communicate with Mr. Eaton and should read the beautiful book he has issued entitled "An Ideal Summer Resort in the Far West." In writing please mention RECREATION.

WHERE TO PUT YOUR MONEY

Nearly all careful business men realize the value of life insurance, not only as a provision for their families in case of death, but as a safe and profitable business investment. It is not, therefore, necessary to advise readers of RECREATION as to the wisdom or the necessity of carrying life insurance; but I do earnestly advise all readers of this magazine to communicate with the Equitable Life Insurance Co., 120 Broadway, New York.

This is one of the oldest, wealthiest and most thoroughly reliable companies in the world. There are few people in this country who have not seen one or more of the massive business blocks which this company has erected in the various leading cities, and these alone furnish substantial evidence as to the permanency and the reliability of this great corporation.

If you are not carrying as much life insurance as you should cut off the coupon from the Equitable ad, printed on page 129 of this issue of RECREATION, fill it out and send it in. If you will do this you will get some facts and figures by return mail which will interest you.

NEW PATENTS.

Patent No. 759,415 has been issued to George C. Bourne, Worcester, Mass., for an improvement on pistol and revolver butts. The device consists of a ring at the lower end of the butt in which the little finger is to be inserted, and of notches or cells in which the second and third fingers are to be inserted.

Patent No. 744,364 has been issued to J. E. Krewson, St. Louis, Mo., for a device for decapping and loading cartridges.

Patent No. 744,454 has been issued to Oscar Allen, Lincoln, Ill., on a fishing reel.

Patent No. 744,462 has been issued to A. W. Bishop, Racine, Wis., for a fishing hook shield.

Patent No. 744,651 has been issued to V. P. Vickery, Bradley, Ill., for a front sight for shot guns.

Full particulars regarding any of these patents can be obtained by addressing the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A NEW STEAMER LINE.

The Dominion and Atlantic Railway has established a steamer line between New York, Yarmouth and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The boats on this line will sail from the Munson pier, foot of Wall street, at 11 a. m., every Saturday, reaching Yarmouth the following Monday morning. The boat remains there during the day, leaves in the evening and arrives at Halifax Tuesday morning. The round trip occupies 6 days and the ticket, including meals and berth, costs only $32.

One of the steamers to run on this line is the Prince Arthur, one of the most substantial, commodious and comfortable coast liners that enters this port. This is the boat that recently beat the Monmouth, of the Jersey Central Line, on a hot race from the Narrows to Sandy Hook.

Further information regarding this new line may be had by addressing the Munson Line, Pier 14, East River, New York City. When writing please mention RECREATION.

The U. S. Marine Corps has placed an additional order with the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., for another quantity of complete outfits with which to equip the various Marine Corps stations, each set consisting of an Ideal Loading Press with appurtenances, Universal Powder Measure No. 5, Armory Mould, bullet Lubricator and Sizer, lubrication, etc., all of which are to be used in reloading the .30-40 Krag service shell with the Ideal bullet No. 308245 and a charge of 3 grains of smokeless powder.

Reloaded ammunition of this description is said to be extremely accurate and is cheap, showing a great saving over the cost of new cartridges, which fact the militia of the various States as well as Uncle Sam are not slow to recognize. The use of reloaded ammunition for all ranges up to and under 500 yards greatly reduces the cost of practice.

The Weedless Hook, made by the West Weedless Hook Co., 12 Pearl street, Council Bluffs, Iowa, is fitted with a light wire guard which is attached by one end to the shank of the hook, having a loop on the other end which rests on the point of the hook in such a way as to throw off weeds or grass which would otherwise be caught by the hook.

I have not had an opportunity to test one of these hooks, but it looks practical and is certainly worth a trial at the hands of any angler.

The hook is made in a variety of sizes and is adapted to the use of minnows, frogs, or cut bait. It would be well for anglers to write the makers of this hook for a descriptive circular. When you do so please mention Recreation.

A. M. Cleland, G. P. A. of the Northern Pacific Railway, has issued a new and beautiful folder describing and illustrating the Yellowstone National Park. It contains full information as to the various routes through, and the attractions in the Park, and many of the latter are illustrated with fine half tone cuts, printed in tints. There are also complete maps of the entire Northern Pacific Territory and of the Park itself. The latter is in relief and shows every brook and every landmark of any importance in the Park.

Every person who has ever seen the Park or who hopes to see it in future should have a copy of this folder. In writing for it please mention Recreation.

J. A. Lowell & Co., 147 Franklin street, Boston, Mass., have made a steel engraving from John Marshall's painting of the cup defender Reliance, which must appeal with especial force to all yachtsmen. It is a real pleasure to see after so many years, so fine a specimen of the almost lost art of steel engraving, and it would be difficult to find a subject on which the engraver's art could be employed to greater advantage than on this picture of the cup defender.

The engraving is 27 x 34 inches in size, and will constitute one of the most interesting illustrations yet produced of the sport of yachting.

The picture sells at $3. In writing for it please mention Recreation.

B. Koenig, 875 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., is issuing a little pamphlet entitled "Shots" which contains many valuable hints and suggestions for sportsmen. The June number of this booklet is devoted to the use of the camera and contains an important announcement regarding a free trip to the World's Fair, which Mr. Koenig offers his customers on certain conditions described therein.

Every amateur photographer in the country should write Mr. Koenig for particulars of this offer and every sportsman should be on Mr. Koenig's mailing list for future issues of the pamphlet. It is sent gratuitously. In writing for it please mention Recreation.

Every man who goes into the woods in summer, for any purpose, should provide himself with some effective remedy for mosquitoes, flies and gnats. There are many preparations on the market for this purpose, but only a few of them are durable and reliable. Presto, which is advertised in Recreation, is pronounced by many, who have tested it, the best remedy yet offered to sportsmen. A sample package costs only 25 cents and it is certainly worth that much to know of a good sure dope that will keep the insects off. Presto is made by the Presto Mfg. Co., Ossining, N. Y. When you write please mention Recreation.

F. I. Whitney, G. P. A., G. N. Railway, St. Paul, Minn., has issued the 7th annual edition of his book entitled "Shooting and Fishing on the Line of the Great Northern Railway." The book is full of valuable information, interesting pictures and has a large map of the Northwestern hunting and fishing grounds. It would be well to have a copy at hand for reference. In asking for it, please mention Recreation.

On June 1st at Square Lake, Aroostook county, Maine, on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., 2 square tail trout were caught, weighing 7 and 9½ pounds respectively. The larger fish was caught by a woman. The fishing at Square Lake this season has been exceptionally good, and the lake has become a popular resort for sportsmen. The catch above mentioned certainly will not detract from its popularity.

Upper Troy, N. Y.

E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Texas.

Dear Sir:—The pair of flying squirrels given to me as a premium arrived in good condition and I am pleased to say they are entirely satisfactory. Please accept my thanks. Yours truly, John Rasmussen.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUTH.

In May last I was invited to Louisiana to address the Legislature of that State, and several meetings of sportsmen in various towns, on the subject of game protection. A few of the thoughtful, progressive sportsmen and naturalists of that State have become thoroughly aroused as to the necessity of a good, stringent game law, and naturally these men applied to the League and to its official organ for help in this direction.

On visiting and conferring with these gentlemen I was especially gratified to learn that they had finally succeeded in arousing deep interest in the subject throughout the entire State. A bill for the protection of song, insectivorous and game birds had been drafted and a meeting of sportsmen was held in New Orleans on the night of my arrival, which was largely attended, and at which this bill was read and carefully considered. Several important sections were added to it and at this writing the measure is before the Legislature, with a good prospect of its passage.

The New Orleans newspapers have taken up the matter in earnest and are giving a great deal of space to it. I had invitations from a dozen towns to visit them and address the people on the importance of this movement; but for want of time could respond to only a few of them. Wherever I went I found earnest men who have determined that the wholesale destruction of bird life, which has been going on so recklessly in the South, must stop. It is estimated that over 250,000 ducks, 30,000 gulls and 10,000 mocking birds were shipped out of Louisiana last year, to say nothing of the thousands of other species that were marketed in order that a few men might line their pockets.

The sportsmen and naturalists of that State are thoroughly indignant at the action of these market hunters and trappers, and the bill now pending before the Legislature prohibits the export of any and all kinds of game and of song and insectivorous birds, beyond the limits of the State. I, of course, advised the insertion of a section in the bill prohibiting the sale of game at home, but while the sportsmen all agreed with me that this should be done, they realized that the time had not yet arrived when such a measure could be enacted. They all saw, however, that in view of the rapid changing of public sentiment in favor of the preservation of bird life, they would be able within a few years to add this important clause to their law.

The membership of the League is growing rapidly in that State. The New Orleans Game Protective Association, with 160 members, has voted to merge itself into the League and abandon its old organization.

Over 100 League members have been enrolled at Monroe and a local chapter organized there. The Louisiana division has also been organized and the headquarters established at Monroe, with Dr. R. W. Faulk as Chief Warden and A. J. Renaud as Secretary-Treasurer.

Delegations from various towns in the State called on me wherever I went and assured me that they would organize local chapters of the League in their respective towns as fast as possible.

Evidently the days of the market hunter, the bird trapper and the plume hunter are numbered, as far as Louisiana is concerned.

Now if the sportsmen and naturalists of Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and other Southern States will follow the example of Louisiana the bird life of the entire country can be saved from destruction.

LAW BREAKERS CONVICTED.

The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission is making lots of trouble for lawbreakers in that State. Here is a list of the prosecutions, recently issued by Commissioner Merrill Shurtleff, of that State:

Peter Auger, killing deer; 6 months, $50.

C. E. Barton, Berlin, catching trout; $10.

Irving Blake, Berlin, catching trout; $10.

W. L. Evans, Berlin, catching trout; 60 days.

Augustus Evans, Berlin, catching trout; 60 days.

Joseph Tabousac, Berlin, catching trout; 60 days.

Walter Simonds, Randolph, killing deer; 6 months, $50.

Joseph Astle, Groveton, catching trout; 60 days, $10.

F. B. Hayes, Groveton, catching trout; 60 days, $10.

Joseph Corum, Stark, using gill net; 60 days, $10.

Christopher Corum, Stark, using troll; 60 days, $10.

N. A. Tibado, Albany, killing deer; one year, $300.

George Tibado, Albany, killing deer; one year, $300.

Joseph Tibado, Albany, killing deer; one year, $300.

Timothy Chauncey, Albany, killing deer; 6 months.

J. A. Towie, Jackson, killing deer; bound over.

B. M. Fernald, Jackson, catching trout; 60 days, $25.

W. G. Loud, Conway, shooting raccoon; 60 days, $10.

Leslie Merrow, Conway, killing deer; bound over.

Leavitt Hale, Albany, killing deer; 6 months, $100.

Colby Chase, Albany, killing deer; 6 months, $100.

Albert Johnson, Albany, killing deer; 6 months, $100.

Frank Mansfield, Conway, hunting deer; 6 months, $25.

James Reynolds, Colebrook, killing deer; 6 months, $100.

Two Italians, Berlin, shooting robins; 6 months $10.

W. Hardy Whitefield, shooting fawn; 6 months, $25.

ANOTHER ONE ON BENNETT.

There is a game hog in this town who has bristles fully developed. Chas. E. Hewitt, who has an automatic shot gun, went to the Nesqually flats one day last week and killed 147 ducks in one day. I am in favor of the preservation of game, and I abhor such indiscriminate slaughter as this. Please give Hewitt such advertising as he deserves.

W. H. Cyhley, Tumwater, Wash.

I wrote Hewitt as follows:

I understand you recently killed 147 ducks in one day with an automatic shot gun. Kindly let me know if this report is correct.

Here is his reply:

Correct in every particular.

Chas. E. Hewitt, Tumwater, Wash.

Yet Mr. Bennett, President of the Winchester Arms Co., while insisting that his company has no intention of making automatic guns, claims that the automatic gun already on the market is one of the most harmless, innocent and respectable weapons ever invented. He claims that a man can not kill any more birds in a day with an automatic gun than he could with a double barreled gun, that game hogs will not use the automatic gun because they like their old pump guns better, and all that sort of rot.

Some people are weak minded enough to be buncoed by such arguments into advocating the making and use of the automatic. Fortunately, there are a few thousand sportsmen in this country who think for themselves, and who are radically opposed to allowing game hogs to buy and use these infernal machines. The number of such discerning sportsmen is increasing every day. I have on file several thousand letters of this tenor. If I should print all I get each month they would fill every page of RECREATION. I can give place to only a few, but enough to show the trend of sentiment among decent men. The time will come when the use of the automatic gun will be prohibited by law in every State in the Union.

Hewitt's number on the game hog register is 1041.

DAMPIER BREAKS THE LAW.

On page 417 of December, 1899, RECREATION I published a photograph showing 4 men standing beside a string of about 200 pounds of pike, and I labeled the picture "Another Bunch of Hogs." E. R. Dampier, one of the members of the herd, who claims to be a lawyer, wrote me threatening a libel suit and suggested that I send him a good-sized check in order to secure a settlement of the case out of court. Later Mr. A. L. Vermilya took a shy at Mr. Dampier, in verse, which was published on page 501 of RECREATION for December, 1900.

Now comes a clipping from a Minnesota paper stating that this same E. R. Dampier has been up in the United States Court, charged with an infraction of the postal regulations. The report states that he wrote a letter, rolled it in a newspaper, put a one cent stamp on the wrapper and sent it through the mails. The full penalty of $10 was laid against Dampier and the costs in the case brought the total assessment up to $28.

Dampier could have bought 1400 2 cent stamps for that amount and these would probably have lasted him the rest of his life. He is even a Dampier fool than I thought he was.

State Game Protector Jackson, of Schenectady, captured Henry Shafer, of Schenectady, while fishing with a fyke net in Lishaskill. Of course, Henry claimed that he was fishing for minnows, but he had some good game fishes in his possession when taken and the court levied a tax of $60 on him. His net was confiscated and Henry is now a wiser if a poorer man.

The story printed on pages 331 and 332 of May RECREATION entitled "A Race With a Grizzly," was written by S. G. Fisher, Grangeville, Idaho, but owing to an oversight his name was not printed at the head of the article, and the initials "M. C. H." were substituted. This paragraph is printed for the purpose of giving Mr. Fisher due credit for the article.

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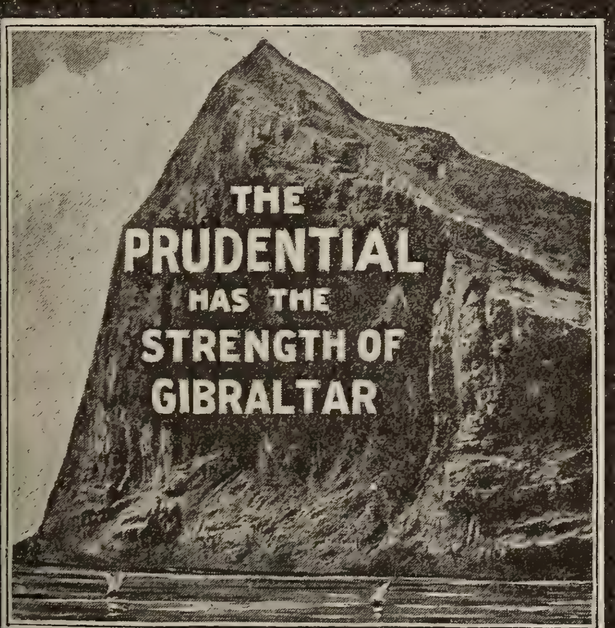
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JOHN C. MCNEILL.

At noon I had stretched my weary length on the wiregrass where the blackgums threw their densest shade and where a brook tinkled along over its gravel bed almost under my ear. That liquid tinkle was the accompaniment of sweet dreams. Half dozing, I was conscious of the thrushes and catbird, whose curiosity I had aroused, perched above and about me, conferring with one another.

It was late in August. The gums were shot with red, the poplars with yellow, and flowering fennel filled the air with that fragrance which is the infallible prophet of autumn. A land of brooks, all sand-bedded, clear and cool.

But where was this and how came I there? It was this way:

Traveling through North Carolina, I stopped at Aberdeen over night for railroad connections. At the hotel I noticed behind the desk an old friend whom I had lost track of for years.

"Hello, Powell!" I cried. "This you?"

"The same old 76," he answered, "and I know exactly what you have come here for."

"Ah!" I wondered. "Kindly inform me."

"You came with no other object than to take a day off with me. Hold on, now!" as I started to express my regrets. "You merely wanted me to inform you. I am off to the sand hills before day, and you are the man I'm looking for. If you don't have a high heel time I'll stand the damages."

The upshot was that by peep of dawn next morning we were 6 miles from town, By sunrise we had reached the camping ground, fed the mare, and Powell had the eggs sputtering in the spider and the coffee simmering in the pot.

Breakfast being disposed of, we shouldered our rifles and meandered along the various courses of the brook in quest of squirrels. Our dog was a split eared black and tan fox hound, who had cultivated a taste for squirrels but had not acquired much wisdom. Rarely did he tree without having trailed half an hour, bawling sonorously at every step and scaring the quarry entirely out of reach. The woods were well grown with post-oak, a choice resort for squirrels, and the hound commonly came to his stand by one of them. After the noise he had made on the trail, however, we wasted little time looking for the squirrel where the dog advised. If we found the game at all it was usually several hundred yards away in the top of a tall pine.

And it was only a question of finding them, for we killed all we saw. Once a drove of a dozen turkeys got up before us, and with loud "tuck, tucking" passed over the hill. It was out of season for turkeys and we had not come prepared for them; so there was nothing for it but to watch them out of sight and say *au revoir.*

We followed a cow path—a deer path, Powell called it—to the run of Lumber river, which at that point is no more than a well fed creek. The swamp is almost tropical in its luxuriant vegetation. Tall, clean bodied trees made with their mossy tops a green tinted twilight even under the August sun. Thousands of birds kept the swamp ringing. There, where the foot of man so rarely came, I felt we had stolen a march on the riotous songsters and crept into their concert uninvited. The river, dark with the dye of cypress roots, and full of the shimmering reflection of its guardian trees and its fringe of reeds, twisted and growled at the horned banks which blocked its way. It was solitude primeval. Several purple tailed scorpions stretched lazily along the knotty trunks of fallen trees, basking in the flecks of sunlight. They offered tempting targets, and, if we missed at first shot, there was no hurry: they were right there to stay until we knocked the treddles out. We saw a mink swim the stream and stuck a ball, if not in him, near him. Anyway, he passed suddenly from view.

I should have liked to linger there hours; but our shadows crouched close about our heels and we knew it was getting toward high noon.

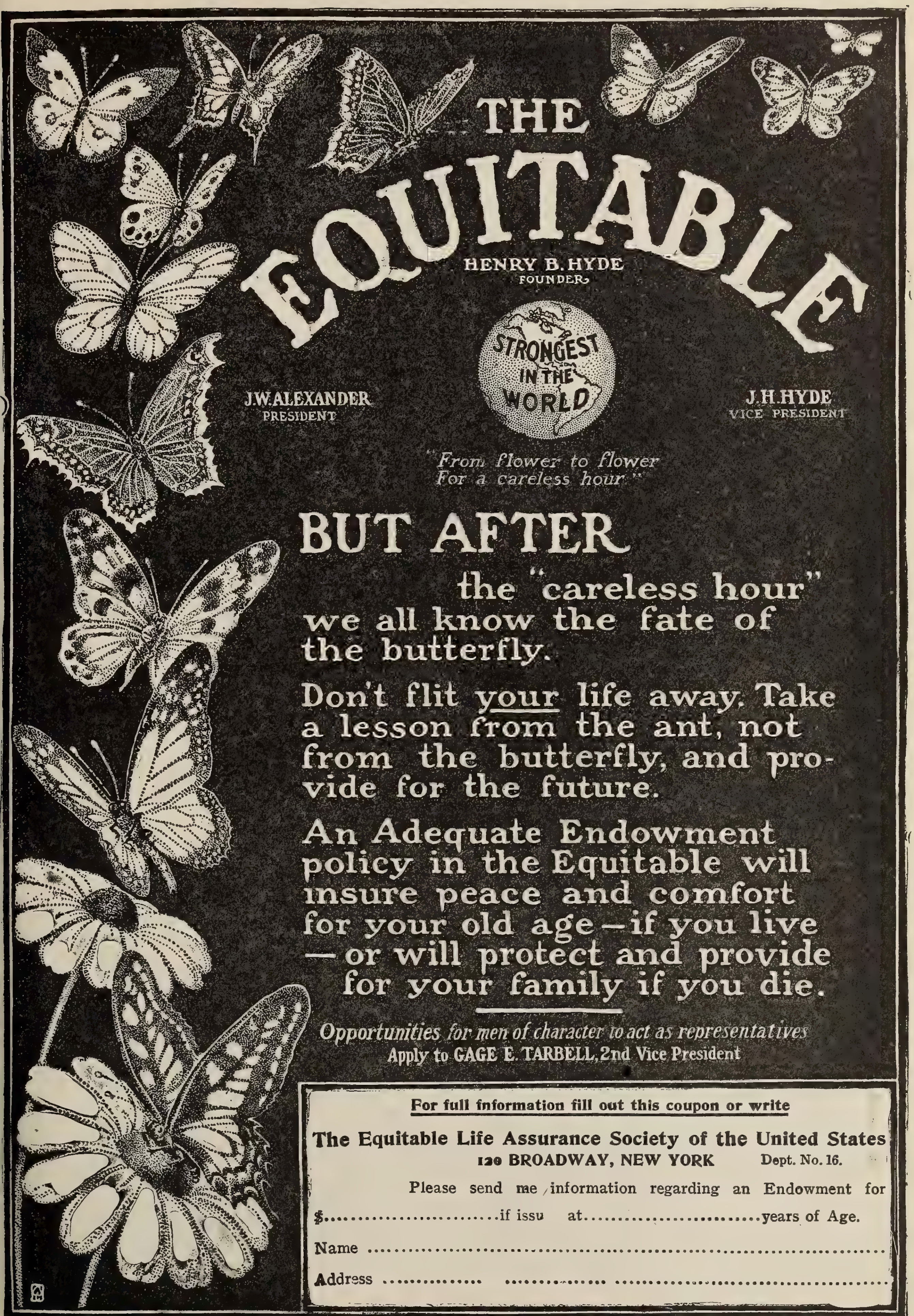
In the afternoon Powell waked me from the delicious snooze I described in the beginning, in order that I should help him get a rabbit which the hound had put into a hollow log.

Then we set our faces to the hills. The white patches of sand were checkered with turkey tracks, and occasionally we noticed where a deer had driven his sharp hoof into the ground. Wild scuppernongs grew thereabout in abundance, with a small scattering of muscadines. They were just ripening, and the eager manner in which we nosed among the thick leaves after those black and yellow clusters testified to our relish for them.

Presently we came to the crest of a long ridge, whence we had the prospect of the misty blue hills miles beyond the river. Below was a meadow, sparsely grown with sassafras and persimmon and carpeted with wiregrass. In that meadow, far out of rifle range, a big buck was feeding, and even while we looked at and admired him, he raised his antlered head high in the air, sniffing the breeze. We knew the cat was out of the wallet, that in a moment he would stretch away to the west; so I set my sight and sent him a leaden message. Whether the ball struck near him or whether he heard the ping of the rifle, I know not. But he waited no further investigation. Straight for the sheltering woods he bounded and struck into them like a bird.

For crisp, pure air, primal wildness of nature, plenty and variety of game, I have seen no region superior to the sand hills along the Lumber river to the Northward of Aberdeen.

I exacted no damages for the day lost.



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RECREATION has conducted 8 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 9th opens April 1st, 1904, and will close November 30th, 1904.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A 4 x 5 Petite Century Camera, with Goerz Anastigmat Lens and Century Shutter, listed at $73.

Third prize: A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Lens Co., Rochester, N. Y.; listed at $36.

Fourth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, and listed at $32.

Fifth prize: An Al-Vista Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $30.

Sixth prize: A No. 3 Focusing Weno Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27.50.

Seventh prize: A 12 x 12 Waterproof Wall Tent, listed at $16.30.

Eighth prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Ninth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $8.

Tenth prize: A pair of High Grade Skates, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a pair of chrome tanned leather driving or hunting gloves made by the Luther Glove Co., and listed at $1.50.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $1.

A special prize: A Goerz Binocular Field Glass, listed at $74.25, will be given for the best picture of a live wild animal.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

G. T. HARRIS, IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Once the lantern slide worker has passed his apprenticeship, he will find the field of modern developers extensive enough to afford him many months' work, and the results will be sufficiently varied to suit the most exacting. With the following developer, for black,

Amidol	20	grains
Sodium sulphite	240	"
Potassium bromide	10	"
Water	10	ounces

development is rapid, but it is necessary to give a seemingly excessive opacity to compensate for the loss of fixing. Any forcing of development through under exposure is to be carefully avoided in lantern slide work. The development should bring out the detail steadily through the various gradations, until the extreme high lights appear, and these should remain perfectly clear while the slide is acquiring sufficient opacity.

When development is judged complete, place the slide quickly, without washing, in an acid fixing bath. It is a mistake to submit lantern slides to a washing process between development and fixing, as during the process the slide acquires sufficient density to cover the highest lights that have been so zealously guarded. I am aware that many advise against the use of an acid fixing bath, and probably will continue to do so. My own experience is absolutely in its favor, and I have constantly employed it in the form following for the last 14 or 15 years. For lantern slide work I particularly recommend its employment. Fading, marks of any and every description, have at various times been attributed to its employment, but I have never had either a negative or a lantern slide fade, and I seen no reason for an acid fixing bath to cause fading if properly made.

Prepare the bath by dissolving in 10 ounces of water one ounce of sodium bisulphite; in another 10 ounces of water, 4 ounces of sodium hyposulphite; then, while stirring, pour the bisulphite solution slowly into the soda solution. When mixed, the formula will stand thus:

Sodium hyposulphite	4 ounces
Sodium bisulphite	1 ounce
Water	20 ounces

On removing the slide from the fixing bath and examining it before a piece of opal or ground glass, it should appear crisp, without any appearance of inkiness in the shadows, and when laid on a sheet of white paper the extreme high lights should have the appearance of being bare glass.

For warm black, try the following amidol developer:

Amidol	20 grains
Sodium sulphite	240 “
Ammonium carbonate	20 “
Potassium bromide	20 “
Water	10 ounces

The exposure for warm black colors, when using the foregoing, will be about double the exposure required for black, and development will be rather slower; it should not be carried so far, however.

When the production of warm colors is attempted with gelatine plates, it is better to adopt pyrogallol as the developer. Not that warm colors can not be obtained with the modern reducing agents, but pyro and ammonia undoubtedly produce them with greater facility than the others do. The subjoined formula has given me good browns with about 5 times the exposure needful for black. With some plates, to produce brown colors, it may be necessary to add more bromide:

A.	Pyrogallol	30 grains
	Sodium sulphite	120 “
	Citric acid	3 “
	Water	10 ounces
B.	Ammonium Bromide	40 grains
	Liquor Ammonia (880)	30 minims
	Water	10 ounces

Take equal parts of each to develop.

When developing for warm colors, the image acts differently from a black image. With the latter the gradations appear crisply defined on the surface of the film, but with warm colored images the picture seems buried in the film, and is only seen when examining the plate by transmitted light. This appearance is puzzling to the novice, and misleads him into giving greater density to the plate than is desirable. Only experience can enable him to judge when correct opacity has been reached, but he will find, where warm colors are in question, that a small apparent density will prove on fixing to have been ample.

The development of lantern plates in the production of warm colors is often a tedious operation, requiring perhaps 10 or 15 minutes, and there seems no way of curtailing and retaining at the same time the quality of the image. Loss of time may be prevented by using a grooved tank and leaving the plates to develop while other exposures are being made. Development is so slow that over development need never be feared. The temperature of the developer should never be below 65 degrees F.

Should warmer colors than those given by the foregoing developer be required, they may be obtained by adding to each ounce of the mixed developer 20 or 30 minims of a 10 per cent solution of ammonium carbonate. It has been stated, but not on sufficiently good authority, that the use of carbonate causes fading. In place of adding the carbonate as a 10 per cent solution, it may be combined with the developer in bulk, in which case the following pyrogallol formula is a convenient one:

A.	Pyrogallol	20 grains
	Ammonium bromide	20 “
	Sodium sulphite	120 “
	Sulphite acid	25 minims
	Water	10 ounces
B.	Liquor ammonia (.880)	100 minims
	Ammonium carbonate	20 grains
	Water	10 ounces

Take equal parts of each to develop.

When toning lantern slides there is always some danger of the gelatine becoming stained by the toning agent; in which case the high lights, which should be absolutely transparent gelatine, have their original purity degraded by the ground color of the slide. This fault is especially noticeable when toning slides with the uranium and ferricyanide toning bath. Unless great care has been exercised a brown tint pervades the whole of the slide where clear gelatine should exist, due to the toning agent having stained the gelatine at the same time that it toned the image.

Many, if not all, toning processes have, at the same time, a slight intensifying action, and this intensification makes itself unpleasantly apparent when the slide dries, as the shadows usually become heavy, losing the transparency of slides that have not been subjected to toning operations.

(To be continued.)

PYRO.

In spite of the numerous new developing agents that are placed on the market from time to time, pyro still continues to hold its place as the standard developer. That the manufacturers of the newer developers recognize its worth is evinced by their claims that their developer is equal to pyro, or produces results like pyro. After a fair trial of many of the more recent productions, I for one am certain that as a developing agent for plates and films, pyro is still pre-eminently the best. Much of the prejudice against pyro is due to a lack of knowledge as to the best method of preparing it for use. A description of the method I have used for some years with good results may help to solve the problem for some of those who have had unpleasant experiences in the past with stained fingers and spoiled developer.

To be at its best, pyro developer must be freshly mixed, as it oxidizes in solution the quickest of any developer. My developer is made as follows:

Take 2 4-ounce bottles with large necks. In one put a handful of sodium sulphite, either crystals or the dried powder. In the other bottle put the same quantity of sodium carbonate, commonly known as sal soda. Fill the bottles with water, using boiled water if possible. The idea is to make saturated solutions of these 2 chemicals and to this end there should always be a quantity of undissolved crystals in each bottle.

To make a normal developing solution take one dram of each of these solutions to each ounce of water, and add one to 2 grains of dry pyro for each ounce of water used.

For measuring the pyro I use a wooden mustard spoon which holds 2 grains when dipped up even full from the box. The handle of this spoon is cut short, so it can be kept in the box of pyro.

The superiority of this method of working is at once apparent. Both sulphite and carbonate of soda are stable in solution, though after a time the sulphite probably changes somewhat, but this need not trouble the amateur, as the quantity of solution mentioned (4 ounces) will be used long before any change can take place.

By adding the pyro dry there is no guesswork as to its strength. In case of under exposure, or whenever desirable, the developer may be easily modified, as one may increase any of the components at will.

Bromide of potassium is not needed; at least I find no use for it, though it will do no harm if one wishes to use it. The proportions I have mentioned as constituting a normal developer may of course be modified to suit different plates at the pleasure of the user, but I find that the developer as given works nicely with nearly all the standard makes of plates now on the market. Some may require a trifle more pyro to produce the required density; and it may be desirable to increase or reduce the quantity of sulphite solution, according to whether one prefers a negative of a gray or a brown tint, increasing the sulphite if a gray color is desired. In any case, the character of the negative is much under the control of the operator, and the advantages of this method of working can not fail to impress anyone who gives it a fair trial.

C. M. Whitney, Bayonne, N. J.

SNAP SHOTS.

There is no doubt that better results may be secured by using backed plates, for interior as well as landscape work, especially where one photographs slightly toward the sun or where the strong lights filter through the tree tops. I would not use anything but a backed plate for any subject. It is simple to back your own plates. Get a bottle of regular photo paste and mix a small portion with water and burnt sienna or burn umber. If alcohol is used, the backing will dry more rapidly. In backing I use a 1½ inch brush, going over the back of the plate until it is all covered. Keep as far from your light as possible when backing, to avoid the danger of fogging the plate. Before developing have a pail of clean water and soak the plate a few minutes; then the backing will come off readily. Try it. It is a great improvement.

C., Bethlehem, Pa.

Local reduction of a too intense high light can often be accomplished by rubbing down that portion of the negative with a wad of cotton wet with wood alcohol. The cotton should not be so full of alcohol that it flows out on the film. This means of reducing is under perfect control, and one can rub the film as thin as can be desired. It leaves no stain or mark which will show in the print.

At times my chrome alum fixing bath has become muddy and the precipitate has given the negatives a mottled appearance. I used the Cramer formula for the bath and followed directions but yet the thing often happened. I find that by reducing the quantity of sulphuric acid slightly and by slowly adding one solution B to solution A, with continuous stirring, the bath remains clear and clean.

R. L. Wadhams, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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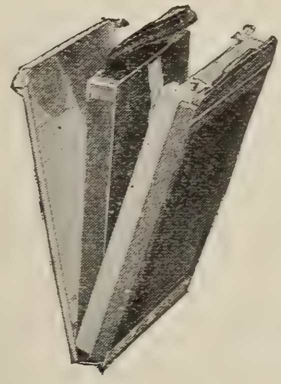

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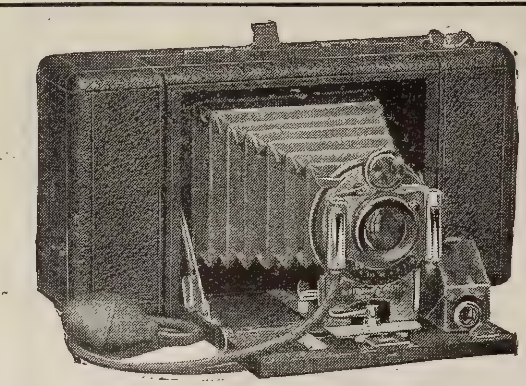

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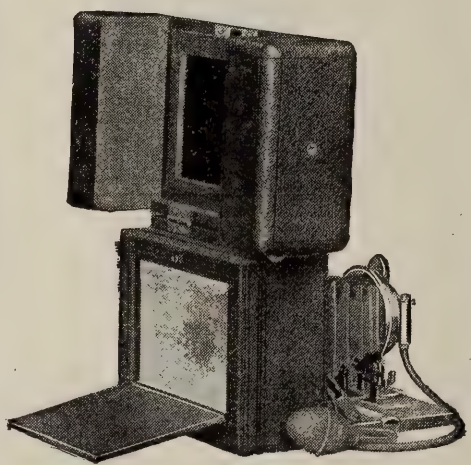

BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY,
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I have received the steel hunting boat from the W. H. Mullins Boat Co., Salem, Ohio, and the refrigerator basket from the Burlington Basket Co., Burlington, Iowa, and am highly pleased with both. They are just what I want for both hunting and fishing excursions, and should an opportunity arise in future I shall be glad to place an order for either concern.

I thank you very much for your promptness in having my premium forwarded, and I hope to send you another small subscription list in the near future.

Robt. A. Hume, Vicksburg, Miss.

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Reference: Mr. G. O. Shields. New York

I am getting up another club for the camp mattress, and it will include many of my last year's subscribers. I had a peculiar experience with Mr. Meyer, one of my former subscribers. Last year when I asked him to subscribe he said, "Yes, I will give you a dollar, but it is simply a donation for I shall never read the magazine." Therefore I did not ask him to renew. He asked me what I was going to try for this year, and I said a mattress. He said if he had known I was getting up a club he would gladly have given me his name, as RECREATION is the most instructive and the best little magazine he had ever read. He wanted it another year, so I took his name, though my club was completed.

RECREATION has done this community a lot of good. I have endorsed your sentiments everywhere, and I hear others doing the same thing. Where we formerly saw dozens going out to the lakes before the season opened, now there is scarcely one and we have no game wardens either. If RECREATION could get into all homes, we should need no wardens. I confess I used to be a hog at heart and the only thing that kept me from being one in earnest was my inability to get the game; but thanks to RECREATION, I am not one now in any respect. J. N. Canover, Melrose, Minn.

It's delightful for a tree to be shady, except when it happens to be a family tree.—Exchange.

A MOOSE HUNT IN ONTARIO.

We had been talking about a hunting trip some time and at last decided to start October 1st. We left my farm at 4 a. m., as we had 15 miles to walk over a rough trail. Our hunting camp was in the town of Conmee on the edge of the unsurveyed land in a capital game country. We reached it about 3 p. m. and proceeded to make things comfortable. The camp is of logs, 10 x 12, with a rain proof roof.

We were awakened about 4.30 and climbed out to find it was a capital morning, Southwest wind and a little cloudy. After breakfast we set out and soon discovered fresh moose tracks. We followed the trail to where the moose had lain down the night before. There we separated, Ed circling while I stayed with the trail. We met again in an hour and decided that the moose was feeding in a valley half a mile away where there was lots of red willow. We approached the spot up wind and on reaching the top of the bluff looked over and saw a bull moose. We dropped back and worked our way around the end of the bluff which brought us within 100 yards of our quarry. Crack went Ed's .40-.65 and down went the bull with his back broken. He had fine head gear, 48 inches spread with 15 prongs on one side and 14 on the other. We rough dressed him and started to the camp for axes to brush a trail to haul him out over. We got him to the settlement the next day. Then we returned to camp again, for it was my turn to make good.

It rained the next day and no hunting was done, but Bill told us of a big bull he had seen while we were away. The following morning broke clear. We hunted all day but had no luck. The next day was my lucky one. We started early and I struck across country alone. After walking an hour I found fresh tracks leading into a poplar bluff. Starting to follow them, I heard a great crashing and saw a bull's antlers showing above the brush. I fired 2 shots but missed, so decided to wait until the animal reached a clear spot for which he was heading. When he came out in the open, I let drive and put a .38-.72 through his shoulder and lungs. He ran about 100 yards, stopped and fell dead. I dressed him, admired his head, and hustled back to camp to tell the boys. They had not returned when I got back but Ed soon arrived and said he had killed a buck deer. Bill came in a few minutes after, but he had had no luck. We got the buck and the moose out the next day and concluded we had done enough killing for one year.

Bill could not reconcile himself to his bad luck, so went back alone and got his bull after 3 days' hard hunting. These moose were all secured by still hunting, no calls being used.

R. H. Clarke, O'Conor, Ont., Can.

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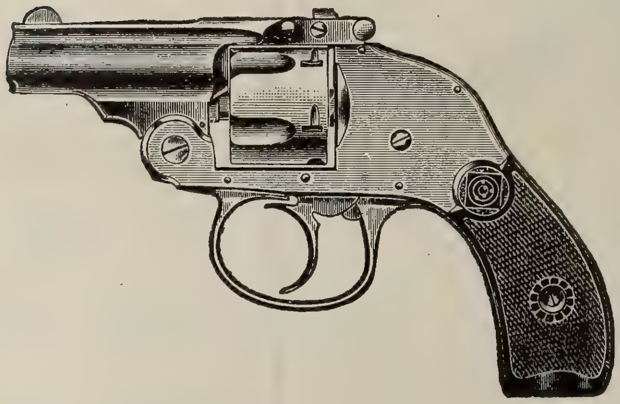

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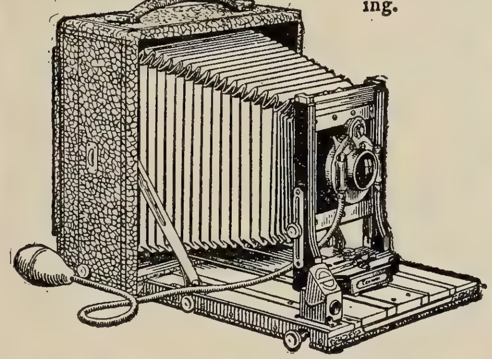

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Louis D. Laccorn, Reading, Pa.

If you would double the price of your magazine you would not lose a reader here.

R. C. Hoagland, Spangle, Wash.

I thank you for the gun I received from the Savage Arms Company as a premium for subscriptions for RECREATION. I am so enthusiastic over the gun that I scarcely know how to express myself. I have tried it in every way, to my entire satisfaction. I have used many guns and the action of the Savage is the finest I have ever seen, regardless of price. I appreciate the special effort you have made to furnish me something extra in the way of a rifle. This gun is entirely beyond anything that I could have expected as a premium. I have earned several of your premiums, and have seen several that other people have earned, and they have all been first quality.

F. McCloughan, St. Louis, Mo.

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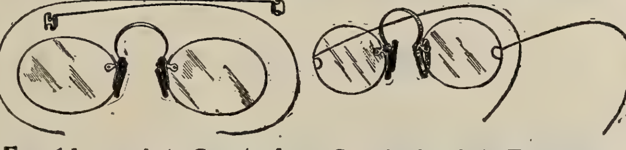

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and I will send you a Rough Rider Telescope to fit your rifle. Or you can ship your rifle to the factory and have the tube attached. Any other telescope made by the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Syracuse, N. Y. will be furnished on the basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

ADDRESS RECREATION

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THE Official Photographs of the St. Louis Exposition which you see reproduced in the various magazines and newspapers are all made with the Goerz lens.

The Official Photographers of the St. Louis Fair have all adopted the Goerz lens to the exclusion of all others.

In block 75 of the Liberal Arts Building the Goerz Optical Works show their automatic process of grinding and polishing these famous lenses in operation.

Main Offices, Berlin-Friedenaw, Germany.

Branch Offices, 4 and 5 Holborn Circus, London, England. 21 Rue de l'Entrepot, Paris.

CATALOGUE FREE

Room 27, 52 E. Union Square, New York City.

It was the elephant who spoke first.

"My friends," he said, "this is an indignation meeting to protest against the way we are being written up by man. I look around me and on every side see nothing but the heroes of some animal book. As a matter of fact there isn't one of us that has the feelings or instincts of a man. And yet these fellows try to make it appear as if we had."

The sand-hill stag sprang to his feet.

"What my friend, the elephant, has said is most true," he cried. "It's a shame that we should have to submit to this sort of thing. Has anyone a resolution to make?"

A Rocky mountain bear, with his secretary, Mr. Crow, got up.

"My secretary has prepared the following:

"'Whereas, Man is a creature of mere instinct, and not reason, that his habits of observation prevent him from ever knowing the true character of the animal world; therefore,

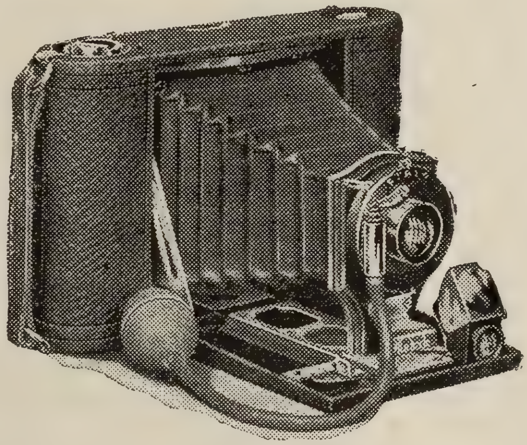
"'Resolved, That from this time henceforth, he keep us out of his books.'"

And amid the most tremendous enthusiasm the resolution was unanimously adopted.—Addison Fox, Jr., in Life.

I received the shot guns the Davenport people sent me and am much pleased with them. I thank you and hope to do some more business with you soon.

J. Frederic Wadsworth, Erie, Pa.

FOUND!



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Takes Eastman or any other film

4 x 5 Plates at **25c.** doz. 5 x 7 Plates at **45c.** doz.

M.Q. Tubes to make 32 oz. Developer at **4c.** each

Send for Bargain Lists. You will be surprised at low prices. We buy and exchange.

Mention RECREATION

National Specialty Co.

49 West 28th Street, New York City

SOME PRACTICAL TESTS.

In outfitting for my summer's trip in the Canadian Northwest I naturally chose, as far as possible, articles advertised in RECREATION, and it may interest such of my readers as may be planning similar trips, to know something of my experiences with these goods.

I bought of Abercrombie & Fitch, 314 Broadway, New York, 2 tents and a fly, made of fine Japan silk and treated with their waterproofing material. The larger tent is 7 x 9 feet and weighs only 14 pounds. It rolls easily into a package that a man may carry comfortably under his arm, or strap on behind his saddle; yet the tent proved thoroughly waterproof under the most trying conditions and afforded 2 of us an admirable summer shelter. It rained or snowed 72 out of the 90 days we were out, and sometimes the rain fell almost incessantly for 24 hours at a stretch, yet never a drop of water came through the tent. We could, when necessary, pin the tent down to the ground and tie up the front so tight that mosquitoes and gnats, of which there were myriads, could not get in. Wright and I passed many a comfortable night in this tent when my companions, who were less fortunate, were tortured by insects all night.

The fly is 10 x 12 feet in size and served as a comfortable dining room and kitchen. We usually pitched the fly with the ridge pole 7 to 8 feet from the ground, and the outer edges about 4 feet high. This gave us ample room to walk about under the fly, without stooping. This fly weighs only 6 pounds.

The smaller tent is 5 x 7 feet in size and was used generally as a bath house. I could set up my portable bath tub and have a warm bath when the temperature was below the freezing point.

The bath tub was also provided by Abercrombie & Fitch, and is simply a piece of rubber cloth, 4 feet square. Gromets are placed in the edges and corners, so that by driving 4 stakes and tying the cloth to them properly, I had a bath tub about 2½ feet square and a foot deep.

I also used 2 of their waterproof canvas duffle bags and which kept my clothing and other articles dry through a wet summer's campaign.

By tying up the false muzzle, so to speak, with which these bags were provided, and then lacing the outer bag over this. the package becomes absolutely waterproof, and might be left in a lake or river over night with entire safety to the contents. I had these same people make me 2 suits of khaki hunting clothing that gave me good service.

Abercrombie & Fitch also made me a special sheet of canvas in which to roll my bedding. This sheet is 7 feet wide and 9 feet long, with 1½ inch leather straps riveted to one end, with which to cinch the roll after it is made up. This saved my bedding from any possible wetting, even though the horses carrying it might have to swim a river. This canvas could also be made useful on occasions, as a floor cloth for a tent.

Another part of my outfit obtained from this house was a set of aluminum pails, cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc. There are in this set 3 pails that nest, one within another, and the smallest one holds about 2 gallons of water. It was a real luxury to always have plenty of pails in which to carry water, especially when we had to go some distance from camp to get it. There are table trimmings in the set for 4 men and the whole outfit weighs only 6 pounds. It is packed in a canvas bag and fits nicely between the forks of the pack saddle and between the sides of the packs. No camping outfit made up for a pack train or a canoe trip would be complete without a set of this aluminum ware.

I used a Kenwood sleeping bag and found it a real luxury. If the night happened to be warm, as some nights were, I could crawl in on top of all but one thickness of the felt. If it were a cold night, then I had the same number of blankets over me as under me, and always slept warm.

The Kenwood is made by F. C. Huyck & Sons, Albany, New York.

A Bausch & Lomb prismatic field glass was another real luxury in the outfit. It often saved me a mile of travel to investigate some object which I could study just as well from camp or from wherever else I might happen to be. It is no exaggeration to say that you can identify a blue grouse or a fool hen or a ptarmigan, and distinguish one from the other, at a distance of 200 yards by means of one of these glasses. You can see a man 2 miles and can ordinarily tell at that distance, a white man from an Indian. The Bausch & Lomb glass is certainly one of the most powerful ever made.

The Gall and Lembke barometer, thermometer and compass, combined, also proved of infinite value in its various lines. One seldom has occasion to use a compass in the mountains, but sometimes in cloudy weather it does become necessary to know the points. Moreover, one often wishes to know the temperature of the air and this little compact instrument was often in demand for this purpose. Then in climbing mountains or descending into canyons and valleys, or even on the train, it was extremely interesting to know how high or low we were. In mountain travel, and especially in climbing hills, you may imagine you have climbed 1,000 or 2,000 feet, when in fact, you may have only gone up 500 or 600 or 800 feet. At such times you are tempted to accuse the aneroid of not keeping good time, so to speak. So also does a man often question the accuracy of his compass when traveling in the woods and when he is sure North is where the compass says South is; but the little mechanical contrivance has no wicked ends to serve nor any tricks to play on its owner. If it be in good order, it tells the truth, no matter if it

(Concluded on page xviii.)

FOOD

FOR

THOUGHT

Analysis of the perspiration of a brain-worker shows the amount of brain effort by the volume of little particles of Phosphate of Potash thrown off by the brain when working.

Brain (also nerve tissue) wears away under the daily grind just as other parts of the body do and must be rebuilt daily by food containing Albumen and Phosphate of Potash or Brain and Nerves will grow weak and consequently the whole body must suffer.

You know brain-fag, nervous prostration and similar troubles come from taxing Brain or Nerves and at the same time failing to select proper food to repair the wear and tear.

In GRAPE-NUTS food these necessary elements are found pre-digested so anyone can assimilate them and a strong, sturdy, money-making set of brains can be built on

Grape-Nuts

THERE'S A REASON

(Continued from page xvi.)

does bring down upon itself the condemnation of the man behind it. I climbed some high peaks last summer and though the aneroid did not always read up as I felt it should, yet it was interesting to know that I was 9,000 or 10,000 or 11,000 feet high, even if I thought I were much higher. I would as soon think of going hunting without a gun as without one of these instruments.

This instrument was made by Gall & Lembke, 21 Union Square, New York.

I had some of the greatest trout fishing of my life during the summer and it was all done with 3 Horton rods, according to the conditions. I found a Horton fly rod entirely satisfactory and competent. A Horton Henshall bass rod served admirably for certain kinds of trout fishing, where it was necessary to use the wild and woolly grasshopper, or a piece of the meek and lowly hog, or a strip of red meat from a ground squirrel, or a chipmunk, or a steer, and where the trout were large and lusty. Then there were times, when fishing in lakes or large rivers for the big Dolly Varden trout, that it became necessary to use still heavier tackle and larger baits. For this work, I used a 6½ foot Horton bait casting rod. I could hook on the hind quarter of a small marmot, or the head and shoulders of a fish that would weigh half a pound, and shoot it out into the lake 150 feet. I hooked some big fellows, one of which weighed 8½ pounds, and measured 30¾ inches long. He made a savage fight but the steel rod was too much for him and he had to come in.

I got my supply of bait hooks, leaders and flies from Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, New York, and like everything else they sell, these goods stood all kinds of reasonable tests.

I was glad of a chance to make a thorough test of a pair of hunting gloves made by the J. P. Luther Glove Co., of Berlin, Wis., and they stood up to the maker's guarantee in every particular. I used them in wet weather, dry weather and cold weather. I used them for throwing packs, pulling on cinch ropes, paddling a canoe, chopping and carrying wood, cutting trails, building ovens and in other rough work one has to do on a mountain trip. I wore them out in the course of the summer, but I think I should have worn out 3 pairs of any other leather or buckskin gloves I have ever used, in the same length of time.

G. O. S.

Punxsutawney, Pa.

J. P. Luther Glove Co.,
Berlin, Wis.

Dear Sirs:—I received the gloves which were sent me on account of Recreation and am more than pleased with them. No person need be without hand protection while hunting when he can get gloves like those with but little effort. Thank you for same.

H. F. Weiss.

A SHAMEFUL BUTCHERY

Utica, Nov. 7.—Miss Kate Butterick and her escort, Willard Ames, were standing on the shore of Indian lake when they saw a large buck in the water 20 yards off. They had no gun, but they rowed alongside the exhausted animal and seizing the antlers, forced the head under water, drowning the beast.

This clipping is from the Buffalo Evening News. Shame on the heartless wretches who could murder a helpless animal in such a way. Please give them what they richly deserve.

Chas. S. Ryan, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Ames' exposition of the matter is this:

I see you have heard of my capture of the buck, and judging from what I have seen of your magazine I expect you to label me as hog No. so and so. Nevertheless, I will give you an exact account of how it happened and you can judge for yourself whether our chances were even or not.

I started out for a row with a lady and we saw a buck some distance ahead. I immediately took after him and soon was alongside. He turned and as soon as I could turn I followed. We kept this up until I was nearly exhausted, as the waves and wind were high. We finally succeeded in arousing the camp and another boat put out. We got the buck between us and as he went by me I grabbed his horns, but he shook me off and nearly upset the boat. The next time I succeeded in holding him under.

Now, as regards the heartlessness of the deed: Old hunters have told me since that in 99 cases out of 100 the buck would come for the boat and upset it, which he could do easily, as he weighed about 250 pounds. To be tipped out in the middle of the lake with a girl on my hands would be embarrassing, to say the least. I think the reason he did not attack us was because we had a bull dog in the boat that kept whining continually.

Some sportsmen, no doubt, would rather shoot a deer 2 or 3 or even a dozen times than drown it, but it seems to me it would amount to about the same thing to the deer.

Now you have my opinion in regard to the act and the way it was done. I will watch for your opinion.

Willard H. Ames, Malone, N. Y.

My opinion can be expressed in a few words. The bull dog was evidently the only gentleman in the boat, and if the young lady had not been in it, it would have been a great blessing to the world if the deer had swamped the craft. The dog would have swum ashore, and you would doubtless have gone to the bottom, where you would have been harmless in future. Yes, your number in the game hog book is 1041.—Editor.

I buy Recreation at the news stand, and would rather miss my midnight lunch while on guard duty than any story in your magazine. Down with the game hogs!

Geo. C. Shoemaker, Pittsburg, Pa.

Hay Fever Sufferers

"Stay at home—Go anywhere"

with perfect freedom from Hay Fever symptoms

IF YOU TAKE

Orangeine

(POWDERS)

Before and during expected attack as directed in every package. (Three dollar packages are generally sufficient.)

Our mail is now literally flooded with orders and tributes, like the following, from our long list of "former" Hay Fever sufferers:

Hon. W. Norman Bole, Judge of Supreme Court, British Columbia, says: "I have never hitherto found such an efficient remedy for Hay Fever, or one that acts so rapidly. Several of my friends have had similar experiences."

Mr. W. F. Smith, Jimulco, Mexico: "Your medicine for Hay Fever is all that could be asked for."

Mrs. J. C. Kuhlke, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I send $5 to join your club. I use so many of your powders for Hay Fever and other ailments,"

Mrs. S. D. Burton, Blue Lake, Idaho: "I have tried your powders for Hay Fever and they have helped me."

W. G. Heimlich, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Since the receipt of your last letter my Hay Fever has practically disappeared, due, no doubt, to my rigid adherence to your instructions."

Mrs. J. D. Ridgeway, Whiting, Kan.: "My daughter and myself have used four $1 boxes of Orangeine and found it an excellent remedy to relieve Hay Fever and Sick Headache."

Mrs. E. B. Collins, Carson City, Mich.: "Enclosed find $2 for Orangeine. No sign of Hay Fever yet, aside from that tired feeling, which Orangeine immediately relieves."

Conrad Rockel, Dallas City, Ill.: "Please send me two boxes of Orangeine for Hay Fever. I have used two boxes already and it is doing me good. I think two more will keep Hay Fever off."

John W. Oliver, Beaver Ridge, Tenn.: "As Hay Fever season is near I feel it behooves me to get a supply of your powders. I think Orangeine is a God-send to humanity."

Dr. William McCoy, Bloomfield, N. J., says: "Fairness compels me to state that Orangeine is the most effective agent I have ever employed as a remedy for Hay Fever. Personally, in my own family, I have used it in almost every instance where it is indicated, with most satisfactory results."

A. M. Boyd, Los Olivos, Cal.: "I am controlling my Hay Fever this year with Orangeine."

J. A. Cox, Fairmount, Ill. "I enclose check for one dozen boxes of Orangeine. It has kept off Hay Fever for three years for my wife."

H. C. Sexton, Shelbyville, Ind.: "The powders gave me relief for my Hay Fever last year."

Mrs. G. Langdon, Brandon, Vt.: "My Asthma got so bad I could not sleep nights, but I have taken an Orangeine powder on going to bed for two nights and have rested well. The Asthma is much better."

Joseph Elverson, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I have been using Orangeine for nearly three years and would not be without it. I have found it very efficient in many of the common ills of life, especially for Hay Fever and Colds."

Miss Maud Neimeyer, Prospect, O.: "I have been much benefited by the use of Orangeine, and highly recommend it to all sufferers from Asthma and Headaches."

T. R. Edmonds, Nelson, Mo.: "I have tried Orangeine for Hay Fever and find it does more good and gives me relief quicker than anything I have ever tried. I recommend it to all my friends."

Write for FREE trial package and full information. Orangeine is sold by druggists in $1.00 packages (35 powders), 50c packages (15 powders), 25c packages (6 powders), 10c package (2 powders), or mailed to any address.

The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Rare and Valuable Books

I have for sale a few bound copies of Vol. III of Recreation, July to December, inclusive, 1895; also of Vols. IV and V, including the entire issues of 1896; Vols. VII, VIII, XII, XIII, XVI, XVII, XVIII and XIX. These are filled with interesting and valuable matter. The intervening volumes, are nearly all out of print, and can never be replaced at any time.

Vol. III sells at $2
Vols. IV and V, one book, at $3
All others $2 each

Here are a few titles that will suggest the value of these rare books, to lovers of fields and sports:

The San Juan Islands	Maj. John Brooke, U.S.A.
The Lord Eagle of the Storm	Chief Simon Pokagon.
The Cowboy and the Wheel	James B. Adams.
Two Moose and Three Bear	Dr. Hamilton Vreeland.
Hunting Big Game with a Camera	George Shiras, 3d.
The Fight on Soppa Creek	Capt. Wheeler, U.S.A.
My Best Shot	Hon. W.A. Richards, ex-Gov. of Wyo.
A Prairie Pastoral	E. L. Kellogg.
Woodcock on the Islands	F. W. G. Johnson.
Crossing the Rockies in '61	Major W. H. Schieffelin.
Salmon Fishing in Labrador	Col. Charles E. Fuller.
Coursing with Greyhound	L. F. Bartels.
A Bald-Faced Grizzly in Camp	M. W. Miner.
A Deer Drive with Spokane Indians	Lieut. W. R. Abercrombie.
Pheasant Shooting	Thomas G. Farrell.
Sitting Bull's Last Medicine	Margaret G. Brooks.
A Mountain Lion Hunt	Dr. Robert Meade Smith.
Trouting on Clark's Fork	Gen. F. W. Benteen, U.S.A.
A Youthful Guide and a Prize Bighorn	Hon. I. N. Hibbs.
The First Day of the Chicken Season	A. B. Cowie.
Goose Shooting in Colorado	W. E. King.
The Cowboy's Version of the Prodigal Son	Pony Bill.
Trouting on the Thunder	A. D. Curtis.
A Bad Grizzly	George W. Kellogg.
My Wife's Moose	W. E. Bemis.
How We Photographed the Wild Cat	Coyote Bill.
Elkland	E. T. Seton.
Hunting Mountain Sheep in a Snowstorm	Capt. S. A. Lawson.
Grouse in New Hampshire	Old Bill.
Foxes in the Big Swamp	C. P. Franklin.
On the Chilkat Pass	H. L. Suydam.
A Rangeley Vacation	C. J. Halpen.
Pierre's Stratagem	H. D. Leadbetter.

There are many other stories in the books equally interesting. You should enrich your library at once by adding to it one of each of these rare volumes.

A SMALL BOY'S DIARY.

There is a certain 9 year old kid in this city who is keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it, he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries:

"I am 9 years old to-day. Looked in the glass, but whiskars aint sproutin' yet."

"Sassed a boy. Got lickt."

"Pop borrid 10 cents for carfair. That makes $1.15 he owes me. Wonder if Ile ever get it."

"Jimmie ——— stole my ball. I lickt him for it."

"Ast Pop for some of my money and he giv me a nickil. I want that doler."

"We feloes got up a base ball club to-day. Ime picher. If I had that doler 15 I could get a unaform."

"Pop got paid to-day and giv me my money."

"Mamma borrid a doler. Dam these people anyway. A feloe can't save nothin'."

"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my money ware carfair aint so skarse."

"Got lickt again."

There was more of this, but Pop had read enough. As a result, there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay 5 per cent. a week interest, and settle every payday. The kid got his "unaform."
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CAMPING.

J. H. DYER.

Now have come the days of autumn,
  To the wildwood let us go;
For it's there we'll find a freedom
  That in town we never know.
There we'll wander through the valleys,
  And among the towering hills,
Where the waning sunlight glimmers
  On the rippling mountain rills.

We will hear the ruffed grouse drumming,
  And we'll see the wild deer bound,
As it speeds from lurking hunter
  Or the bay of trailing hound;
But we'll harm no forest creature,
  Birds may fly and squirrels run;
With the camera we'll hunt them,
  Not with life-destroying gun.

Then at evening, when the sunset
  Paints its glories in the West.
We will light our cheery camp fire,
  And around it talk and rest.
Lulled to sleep by Nature's music,
  Peaceful our repose shall be.
O the pleasures of the woodland!
  O the joy of living free!

Then a-camping we will go,
  Where the autumn winds sing low;
Where the tall oaks wave their branches,
  And the sparkling waters flow.

THE INTERNATIONAL DENTIFRICE
ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

One-Third of a Century

Standard of the World

A delicious beautifier, preserver and cleanser of the teeth; makes the breath sweet and the gums less tender. The metal box is a handy package for toilet table and traveling; no powder to litter, no liquid to spill or stain.

25 cents, at all druggists.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Props., Chicago, U.S.A.

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
ANTISEPTIC ASEPTIC
WILL HEAL ANY CUT OR SCRAPE
DOUGLAS MFG CO
NEW YORK

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
WATERPROOF

LIQUID COURT PLASTER

Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, Etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, Etc., Etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Sportsmen, Motorists, Golfers, Mechanics, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch or scrape their skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

	EACH
Pocket Size (Size of Illustration),	10c.
Family Size,	25c.
2 oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals),	50c.

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co.

96-102 Church St.
Dept. W, New York.

HIGGINS & SEITER
FINE CHINA. RICH CUT GLASS.

For
$5.00
This Exquisite
Cut-Glass Comport or Bon-Bon Dish

Illustrating our way of doing things

For full particulars write for beautiful picture catalog No. 14 U, of more than a thousand articles suitable for presents.

"¼ less than elsewhere"

W. 21st & W. 22d Sts.
Near Sixth Ave.
New York

"Buy China and Glass Right."

A school book agent has collected a lot of gems in the shape of letters from mothers to teachers. Here are a few specimens:

"Miss ——: Frank could not come those 3 weeks because he had amonia and information of the vowels."

"Teacher: John says you want to see me. I have a beer saloon and 9 children. Business is good in morning and afternoon. How can I come?"

"Miss ——: Please let Willie come home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave."
—Exchange.

NOW DEPOSITED IN THE BANK
$75,000.00
IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

To arouse interest in, and to advertise the GREAT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, this enormous sum will be distributed. Full information will be sent you ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you full particulars.

World's Fair Contest Co.,
108 N. 8th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

A Fountain Pen

has become a necessity with every business man. You can get a

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Made by the Laughlin Manufacturing Co. Detroit, Michigan

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

And you can get these 2 subscriptions in 20 minutes, any day.

The Laughlin is one of the best pens in the market, and thousands of them are in daily use.

There is no reason why you should be without one.

Sample Copies of RECREATION for use in Canvassing Furnished on Application

Free:—To any person sending a new yearly subscription to RECREATION through me I will send a fine Nickel Folding Drinking Cup and Dog Whistle, listed at 60 cents, or a hard rubber, water proof Match Safe, listed at 50 cents, or a Canvas Belt with loops, listed at 60 cents, or a Revolver Leather Holster Belt, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Horn Whistle or Star Vest Pocket Whistle, or a Duck, Snipe, Turkey or Echo Call, each listed at 50 cents, or a Rifle Cleaning Rod, 22 or 32, with scratch and bristol brush, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Dandy, Star or Perfect Oiler, very fine and handy, and each guaranteed not to leak, listed at 50 cents each, or a Powder or Shot Measure, listed at 35 cents, or a coin Money Purse, genuine soft kid, three compartments, listed at 50 cents, or a Money Pouch, made of fine sheep skin, with draw string, very fine, listed at 75 cents, or a self-closing rubber Tobacco Pouch, listed at 50 cents, or a high grade French Brier Pipe, listed at 75 cents, or a Fountain Pen, listed at 75 cents, or a lightning Fish Scaler, or a spring lock Hook Shield, or a Spring Gun Cleaner, or a Rubber Hook Shield, or a Little Giant Small bore Rifle Cleaner.

Edward Jacobs, 227 Mulberry St., Coshocton, O.

IN ANSWERING ADS, PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

ANOTHER MILITARY GAME PRESERVE.

There are several thousand acres in this reservation, abounding in rabbits, bobwhites, squirrels, and, in season, snipe, ducks and geese. I have never before seen so much bird life in one place. Have noted some 75 varieties this spring, and have little time to look for birds.

No shooting is permitted on the reservation, even during the open season. Consequently we are little affected by game laws or by the doings of the sportsmen of the state. Poachers on the reservation are the only game hogs we run across. All we can do to them is to put them off, possibly confiscating their guns. The civil authorities cannot do anything in the case, having no jurisdiction. Even if the federal courts have power to act, it is not likely that the military authorities would be willing to appeal to them. It is so much simpler to keep poachers off by mounted patrols of the guard than to drag them before any civil authorities, that the former *modus operandi* is invariably adopted. Thus you see we have here a fairly effective game preserve; but that we have little or no influence on the general question of the preservation of game in the state.

While stationed at Montgomery, Ala., I tried to impress on the minds of those around me, by force of example and by tactful argument, the importance of the work of the League, and had the satisfaction of seeing several sportsmen voluntarily set limits to their bags and honestly live up to their new principles.

I shall try to interest my friends and see if we cannot send from here to other Western posts student officers who will try to have their new posts converted into game preserves similar to this.

R. R. Raymond,
Captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

The Tourist of the Future, en route—Lemme know when you near Toledo.

Conductor—Passed it 34 seconds ago.

Tourist—What time do we reach Adrian?

Conductor—You'll have to speak a little quicker, my friend. That's Adrian back there.

Tourist—Next town is Sturgis, isn't it?

Conductor—It was. It isn't now.

Tourist—Then its South Bend, I suppose?

Conductor—You are a slow supposer. We passed South Bend 3 seconds back.

Tourist—What are we stopping for?

Conductor—Chicago! — Milwaukee Free Press.

I have received the H. & R. revolver which you sent me as a premium and find it just as represented. It is an excellent weapon. Thank you for your prompt attention.

Walter O. Emrick, Hamilton, Ohio.

The Beer of Quality

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

is absolutely essential to the pleasure and profit of every camping trip. Here is a way to make this easy

For 4 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I will send you a FOLDING CANVAS COT that weighs only about 10 pounds and which you can roll up with your blankets without adding materially to the bulk.

You can sleep as comfortably on one of these cots in camp, as you can at home on a brass bedstead, with woven spring and hair mattress.

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IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick, o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
And say: "Here is that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large, white cravat,
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping the bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night,
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

—Ben King.

First Fiend—That auto of mine doesn't go fast enough.

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Several victims have complained that they knew what struck them, which means a lingering death. And I am not cruel.—Life.

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"Then," said the warden, "you will have to go before a magistrate and swear that you lied, and that these men did nothing of the sort, or I shall arrest you for violating the law which provides a punishment for the purveyor of false and misleading information."

The reporter reluctantly went before a justice, made the necessary affidavit and escaped further punishment. He will probably not think it so funny to lie about his neighbors in future.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went out and rubbered.
New neighbors were just moving in.
"I'll just take a peep.
My! their furniture's cheap!"
She said, with a satisfied grin.
—Chicago Tribune.

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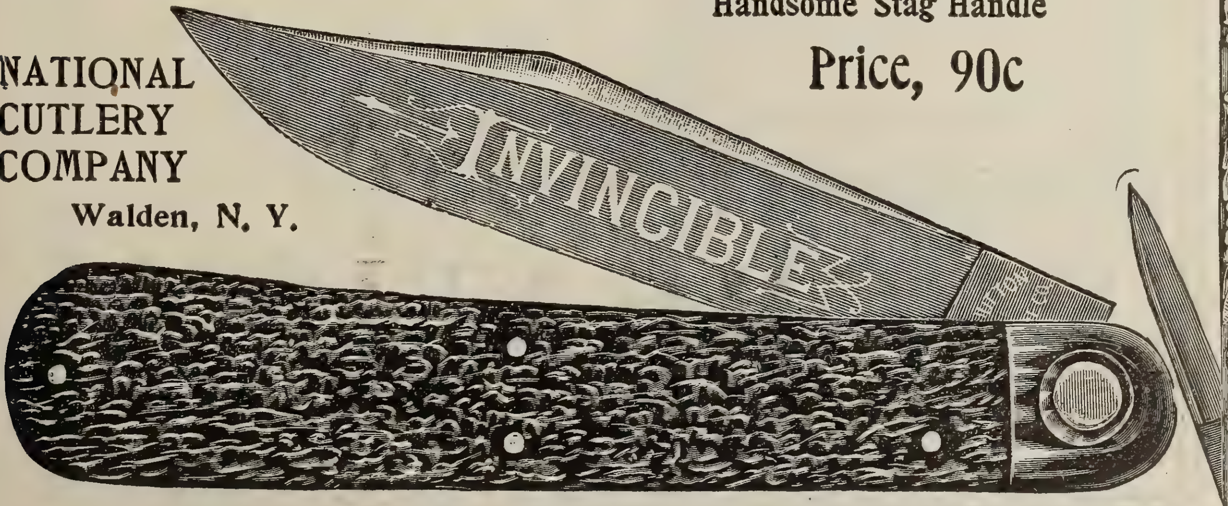

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and which will fit you and keep you warm

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For 6 subscriptions, a lancewood casting pole, length 5 feet, with middle joint convenient length for carrying, and fine agate tip. This is a pole that can always be depended on as it is made of selected stock. List price, $5.50. Arthur W. Bruce, 508 Woodward Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I hasten to thank you for the beautiful Bristol rod you had sent me by the manufacturers. I am almost ashamed to accept so handsome a present for the few hours I spent in securing 5 subscribers to Recreation, a magazine which should be in the hands of every lover of nature. A friend on seeing my rod, decided at once to try for one. He already has 3 names and doubtless will have the 5 before the week's end. I wish long life and prosperity to Recreation and its fearless editor.

C. A. Laurens, Worcester, Mass.

At the Columbus shoot, Columbus, Neb., W. D. Townsend, shooting a Parker gun, scored 96 out of 100, tying for second place in competition for the $100 hammerless gun. W. D. Townsend won the gold medal event with a score of 49 out of 50. Mr. G. A. Schroeder tied with him on the first 25 straight, Mr. Townsend winning in the shoot off. Both of these gentlemen shoot the Parker gun.

"Don't you wish you were as smart as Conan Doyle's detective?"

"My dear sir," replied the modern detective, "if they'd let me plan the crimes in the first place I could discover the facts in ways quite as extraordinary as those of any detective that an author ever put in a book."
—Chicago Post.

I received the Poco camera which I earned as a premium for subscriptions to Recreation and will try to get some more subscriptions as soon as I can. I like Recreation very much. Please accept my thanks for the camera.

Frank O. Graves, Buffalo Gap, Tex.

I have taken Recreation a long time and I know it is the best magazine of its kind printed. I do some hunting myself, and next to going to the woods for a day's hunt I enjoy reading Recreation.

H. O. Cook, Harrisburg, Pa.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."
—Samuel Tuke.

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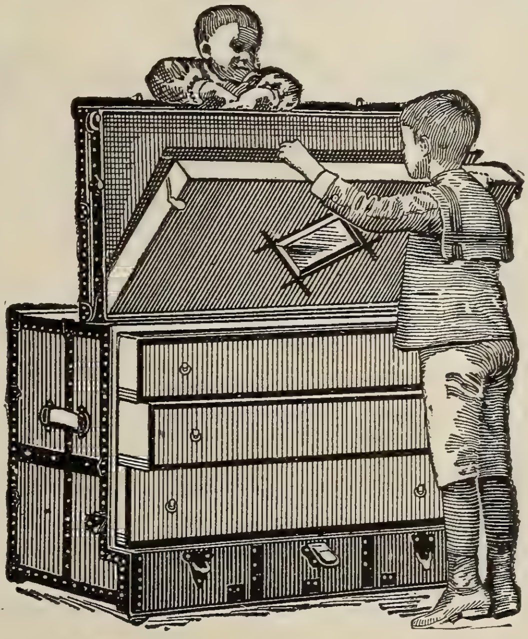

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Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

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MOUNTAIN SONGSTERS.

FRANK WHITE.

It is out here in the mountains
  That the burros sing their song;
The melody's not the sweetest,
  But then it's loud and long;
It echoes from the hilltops
  To the valleys far below,
It is music to the miner
  As he toils along so slow.

These meek and lowly burros,
  When you turn them out at night,
Will feed around your camp fire,
  And you think that they're all right.
But get up in the morning,
  In the grew of early dawn,
And on looking for your burros
  You will find the critters gone.

Then you start out to hunt them
  On a raw and foggy morn.
Hark! No, that's not Shorty;
  Must be Gabriel with his horn.
A mile away you lose their trail,
  But other weary miles you tramp,
Till, wet and hungry, mad clear through,
  You wander sadly back to camp.

Then, while you cook your breakfast
  You have lots of time to swear;
You curse those wandering burros
  And damn their bones and hides and hair.
Then you hear the rocks a-clicking,
  Footsteps pattering just behind
Make you look up. Hello, Shorty.
  Jerry, here's your bacon rind.

The RECREATION water proof match box, Marble safety axe and Ideal hunting knife have been received. I am delighted with the beautiful articles. It is not only a pleasure to receive the splendid premiums, but a good pastime to solicit subscriptions, which I find easy for such a worthy magazine. Have more to send you shortly.

J. C. Low, Philadelphia.

As a constant reader of RECREATION, I wish to express my admiration for the manner in which you read the riot act to the game hogs. I hope you will slaughter them all, and serve them up to your readers from time to time, with a dash of Tabasco sauce, garnished with lettuce and stuffed olives,.

Mrs. C. Denelsbeck, Ozone Park, L. I.

The handsome Bristol rod which you sent me as a premium arrived O. K. I am more than pleased with it. I do not see how you can give such valuable premiums for so few subscriptions. Every one is highly pleased with RECREATION.

R. G. Lindley, Dinuba, Cal.

"Have you any stove lifters?"

"You will find the derrick department in the basement."—Yonkers Statesman.

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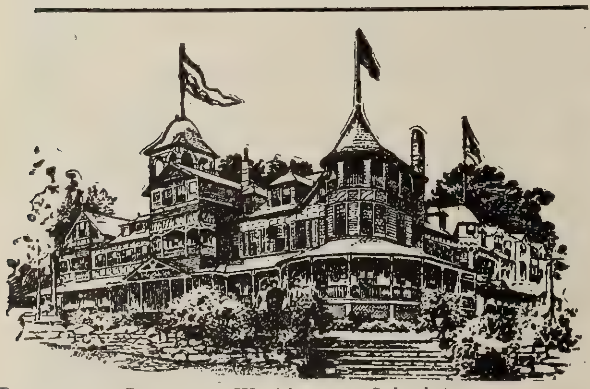
A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.

BERT THORNDYKE.

A light canoe, just room for 2,
  Upon a shady stream—
One pretty girl, a priceless pearl,
  Her age was just 19.

A muslin dress, a dark brown tress,
  Two dainty, pouting lips,
A look so shy, a lingering sigh,
  Mingled with paddle dips.

The heart is caught, the ring is bought,
  He breaks up his bachelor's hall;
A cottage there, a happy pair—
  Only a summer's dream, that's all.



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Councilman Edward Johnson, who is the champion wing shot of South Jersey, accompanied by Dan Copp, of 19th and South streets Philadelphia, has returned from a shooting trip at Brigantine with one of the best records ever made on the Atlantic coast. They report that they killed 554 birds in 3 hours. Councilman Johnson declared they might have made the figures 1,000 had their shells not given out. The game includes yellow legs, plovers and robin snipe.—New Jersey paper.

The above report is correct.
Daniel J. Copp, Phila., Pa.

It, therefore, proves that you and Johnson are entitled to the honor of being enrolled in the American Game Hog Register. Your number is 1042, and Johnson's is 1043.—EDITOR.

Lady Customer—I would like to buy a muff.

Gentlemanly Clerk—Certainly ma'am; what fur?

Lady Customer—I don't know that it's any of your business, but I want it to keep my hands warm. Tableau.—Baltimore News.

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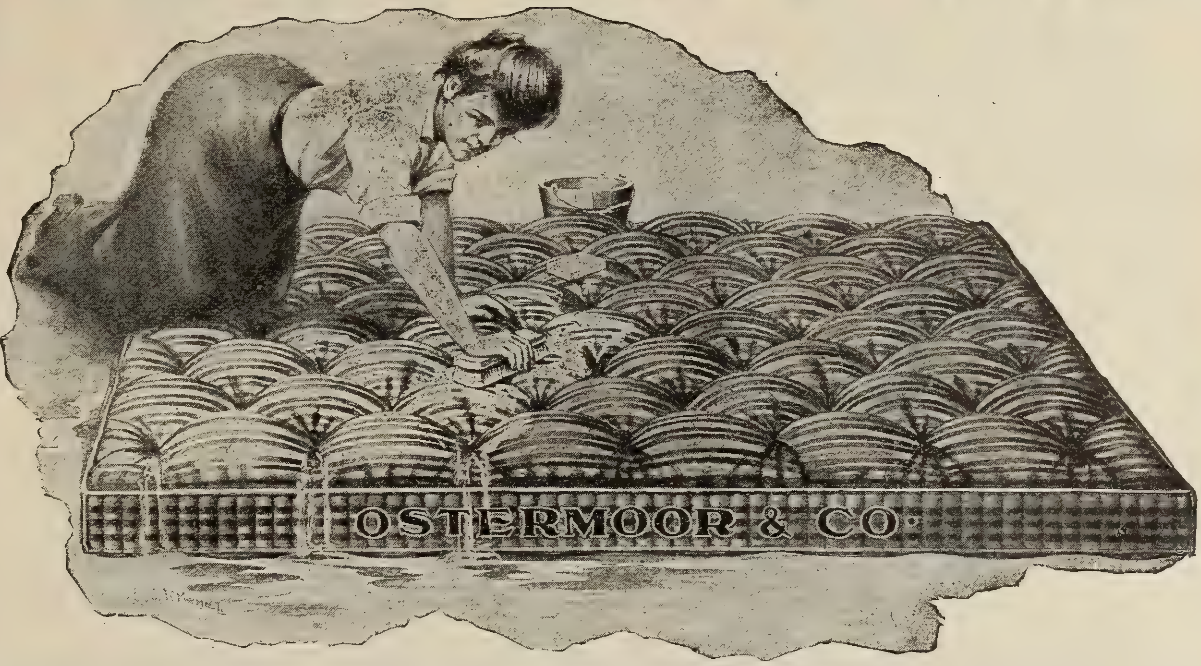
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SOME IOWA ROOTERS ON THE RAMPAGE.

J. W. Allington, who went to Lost Island Lake about 10 days ago, on a hunting expedition, returned home yesterday. He has some great duck stories to unfold and brought home the goods to prove his assertions. Bill says he and 4 others killed 514 ducks in 4 days. He had 200 of the birds spread out on his counter yesterday and it was the largest assortment of wild ducks ever exhibited by a hunter in Webster City.

The Freeman-Tribune can testify to the quality of the birds, as Mr. Allington kindly remembered the printer with a generous donation.—Webster City, Iowa, paper.

Here is Allington's shameless brag:

In answer to yours of the 6th, will say we bagged 514 ducks in 4 days. There were 6 in the party, but only 4 shooting at a time from the blind. If we had wished to we could have killed twice that number. I never saw such a flight of ducks in my life, and never expect to see the like again.

Respectfully yours,
J. W. Allington.

This is one of the disgusting and wearying kind of reports that come to this office regularly. A man or several men go out and slaughter a lot of game or fish, then take a batch of the spoils to the editor of the local paper and he slops over with laudations of the swine. The chances are that if a man should steal a sheep from an Iowa farmer and give the same editor a leg, the editor would applaud the thief for his skill and wariness.

There are laws on the statute books of most states to punish a man for compounding a felony and one of these days we shall have to incorporate that same principle in our game laws. Then when an editor commends men for making hogs of themselves he can be led into court and made to pay for his fulsome effusion.—EDITOR.

Papa: How did you get your clothes so terribly torn?

Tommy: Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked.

"Ah, a brave deed! Who was the little boy?"

"Me."—Chicago Daily News.

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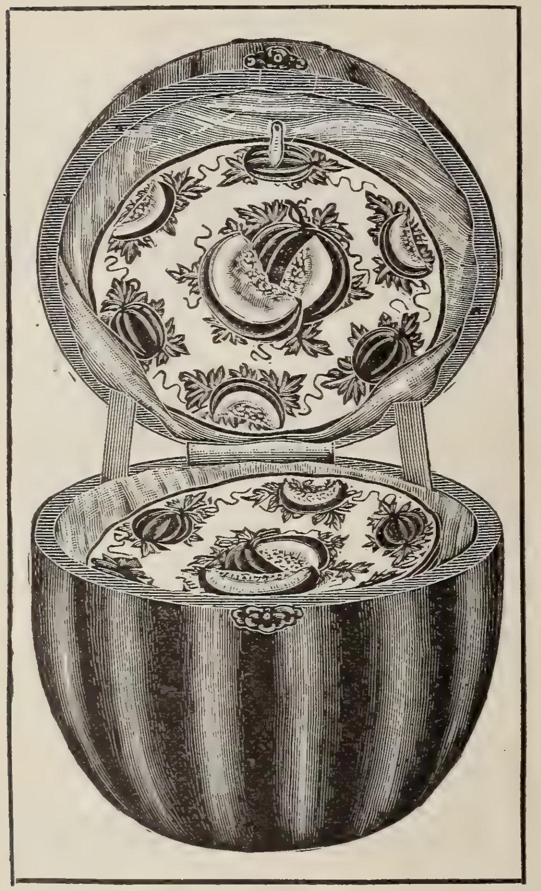

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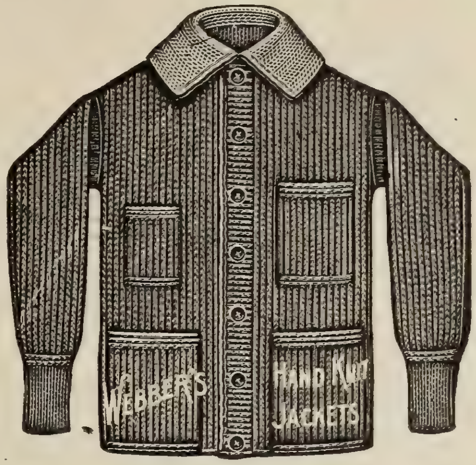

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No. 14 for Ladies. Notice the Pockets.

No. 4 for Men.

These jackets are made of best zephyr yarn and very soft and elastic. Strictly hand-made and fashioned to fit the form. Our records show that five jackets of every twenty sold are ordered by doctors. Why? Health requires a garment of this kind on many occasions. Packing wont injure it or spoil its appearance. Suitable for camping, hunting, golf and outing of every kind. Any color. Suggest navy, oxford grey, tan or myrtle green. Price each—Ladies' **$6.50;** Men's **$7.00.** Sizes 46 and 48 **$1.00** extra.

Hunting Jacket, medium heavy oxford grey, tan and navy, each **$4.00**

Alaska Jacket, extra heavy lined pockets, oxford, tan, black and scarlet, each **$5.00**

SCARLET FOR DEER HUNTING—ORDER NOW

If your dealer does not handle them send me the price and I will send you a jacket, express prepaid, and if not satisfactory, return the jacket and I will return your money. Write for illustrated catalogue. Mention RECREATION

Geo. F. Webber, Manufacturer, Station A, **Detroit, Mich.**

We find it hard to wait from one month to the next for our copies of RECREATION. If it comes to a choice of losing RECREATION or my 3 meals a day I generally receive my copy, as I would rather go hungry than do without RECREATION. I enjoy the way you roast the game hogs. We have several of them up this way, but after I get them interested in RECREATION I think a few doses will cure them.

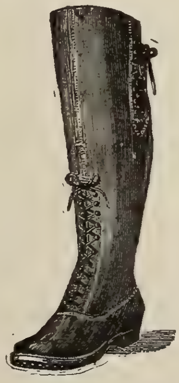
W. F. Girton, Coopersburg, Pa.

"Yes, I have just returned from Cuba," said J. G. Connaughton, last night. "I brought back with me some nice presents for my wife. What are they? Well, a box of cigars, a fine Panama hat and an old Spanish pipe.

"Do I think she will enjoy such presents? Well, why not? Last Christmas she gave me a bottle of perfume, a fur muff and a lady's diamond ring."—Louisville Herald.

The piano arrived O. K. and is all right. Wing and Son treated me handsomely and everything is just what I wanted. Your premium offer was a golden opportunity for me. I wish RECREATION all success it deserves. I wish I could get it into the hands of more would-be sportsmen. It is no trouble to get a genuine sportsman to read it and subscribe.

T. E. Kinney, Conway Springs, Kans.



FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The
Best
is
the
Cheapest

Get a pair of
Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE
33 William St. NEWARK, N. J.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
} FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number s obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West,* cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a pair of chrome tanned horsehide hunting and driving gloves, listed at $1.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a pair of gauntlets, for hunting and driving, ladies' size, listed at $2.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co., or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6 or less; or a Knit Hunting Coat, made by the Blauvelt Knitting Co., and listed at $6; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4; or a Pocket Poco B 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $9.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America,* or of *The American Book of the Dog,* cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10.

EIGHT new subscriptions at $1 each. A series 1, 4 x 5 Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $12, or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10, or a Cycle Poco No. 3, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $15.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or an Eureka Boat No. 1, Grade A, made by the Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $27; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20; or a Mullins' Bustle Ducking Boat, listed at $27.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

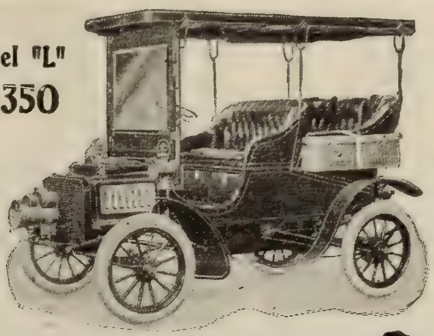
FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $32.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $38; or a Colt Automatic Pistol, made by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., and listed at $25.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

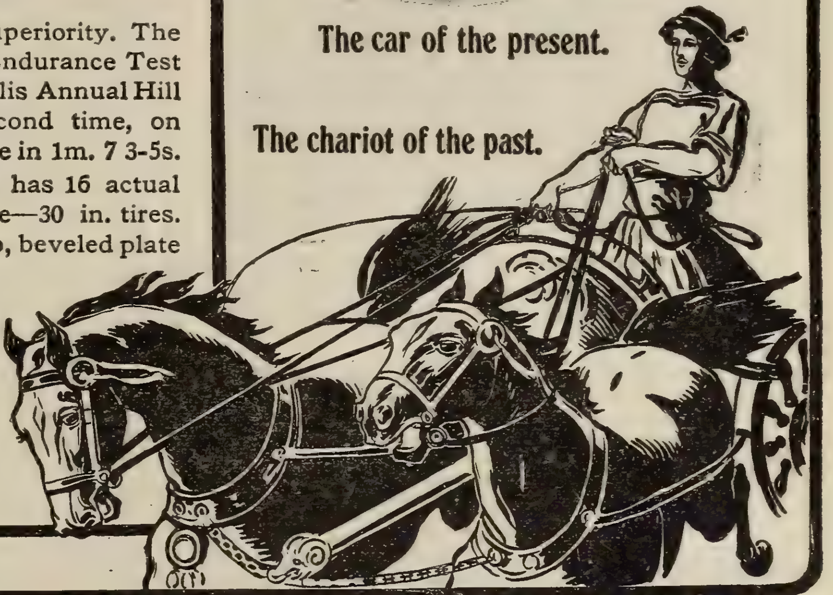
Address, **Recreation** 23 West 24th St. New York

Rambler
Touring Cars



The car of the present.

The chariot of the past.



Endurance and Power

are the keynotes to Rambler superiority. The Rambler won the celebrated Endurance Test in 1903. It won the Minneapolis Annual Hill Climbing Contest for the second time, on June 11th—2,680 ft., 10% grade in 1m. 7 3-5s.

Model "L," here illustrated, has 16 actual horse power—84 in. wheel base—30 in. tires. Sold complete with canopy top, beveled plate glass swinging front, four lamps and tube horn, $1,350.

Write for Rambler Catalogue; it explains why the Rambler is superior, and gives the positive proof of its undeniable excellence.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.
Chicago Branch, 304 Wabash Av.
Boston Branch 145 Columbus Av.

THE COON AND THE PUPPY.

W. H. NELSON.

It was Indian summer. I was the proud owner of a big, rollicking Newfoundland puppy, just full grown and as limber and full of fun as a boy. He had never hunted anything except bones and mischief, and I wanted to see if he could be taught the mysteries of that chief delight of the farmer's boy, hunting coons.

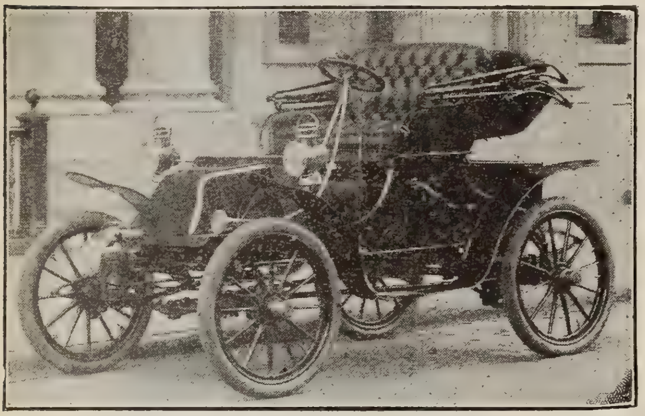
The moon, somewhat past her first quarter, shone dimly through the smoky haze, lighting the woods in a ghostly way, which made a moving object of every stump. My companion, John Martin, possessed the hunter's instinct of location. He was as sure of his bearings in midnight darkness, in a strange wood, as in the narrow limits of his bedroom. He could climb an oak 3 feet in diameter and 40 feet to the first limb as safely and almost as nimbly as a bear. He could shoot a rifle like a Boone; could fiddle to beat the band, and could lie worse than Münchausen.

John owned a coon dog, Nero, old, but proud. The dogs soon left us, and for a while we stalked along listening for Nero's tongue. Suddenly we came plump on Major, the puppy, sitting silent under a dogwood and gazing up into the branches as if watching something. John paused to examine the tree, while I insisted that the puppy didn't know enough to tree a coon, and urged my companion to come on. Peering up among the branches, using the moon as a background, John presently announced a 'possum, and proceeded to climb for him, just to see what Major would do with him. Major sat perfectly still, watching intently, while John advanced toward the snarling object. It proved to be a coon. One tremendous shake of the limb and down came old Zip, almost under Major's nose. The dog had been taught to catch chickens for the cook without biting them, and to hold them with his paws till relieved by the cook. This he did with the coon, but not long. A short yelp, and, puppylike, he changed ends, sitting down on his game. This did not work satisfactorily either, for the dog. The coon nailed him and he jumped at least 2 feet high. When he came down he knew what to do. One rush, one crunch of those powerful jaws, one smothered squeal from the victim, the muffled snapping of bones and the coon had paid that penalty which waits alike the human debtor and his brute victim.

There was a fair maid from Decatur,
Who was known as a red-hot potatur,
To the jungles she went
On mission work bent.
Where a dozen fat savages atur!
—Mount Morris (Ill.) Index.

TONNEAU $2,550 **LIGHT TOURING CAR $1,450**

HAYNES
AUTOMOBILES



THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT ANY CAR EVER HAD

The Haynes Cars have proved best every time there has been a test. The Official Records of American Automobile trials leave no room for doubt. Buy a **HAYNES.** Catalogue and full information for the asking.

HAYNES-APPERSON COMPANY, Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.
(The oldest makers of Motor Cars in America.) Members of the Association of Licensed Auto Manufacturers.
Branch Store: 1420 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.
NEW YORK, - - - - Brooklyn Automobile Co., 66 W. 43 St ,
BROOKLYN, - - - Brooklyn Automobile Co., 1239 Fulton St.
BOSTON, - - - - - - - Geo. M. Brown, 43 Columbus Ave.
LOS ANGELES, - - - - - - - - - - - - - J. A. Rosesteel
BUFFALO, - - - - Buffalo Auto Exchange, 401 Franklin St.
TOLEDO, O., - - - - - - - - - - Toledo Motor Car Co.
PHILADELPHIA, - - Rose Automobile Co., 262 No. Broad St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL, Pacific States Auto Co., 2017 Ellis St.

TO SAVE THE BIRDS.

The Municipal League, of Greenville, an organization equivalent to the boards of trade, chambers of commerce, etc., which exist in most Western towns, has printed and posted along the streets of that city a notice which reads as follows:

"Five dollars reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of any person shooting or trapping singing or insect-eating birds, or robbing their nests, or of any person selling song birds, as forbidden in sections 546 to 550 of the criminal code of South Carolina.

"Among the birds protected by the section are the bat, lark, whippoorwill, flycatcher, warbler, finch, oriole, woodpecker, humming bird, blue bird, swallow, mocking bird, red bird, thrush, wren etc."

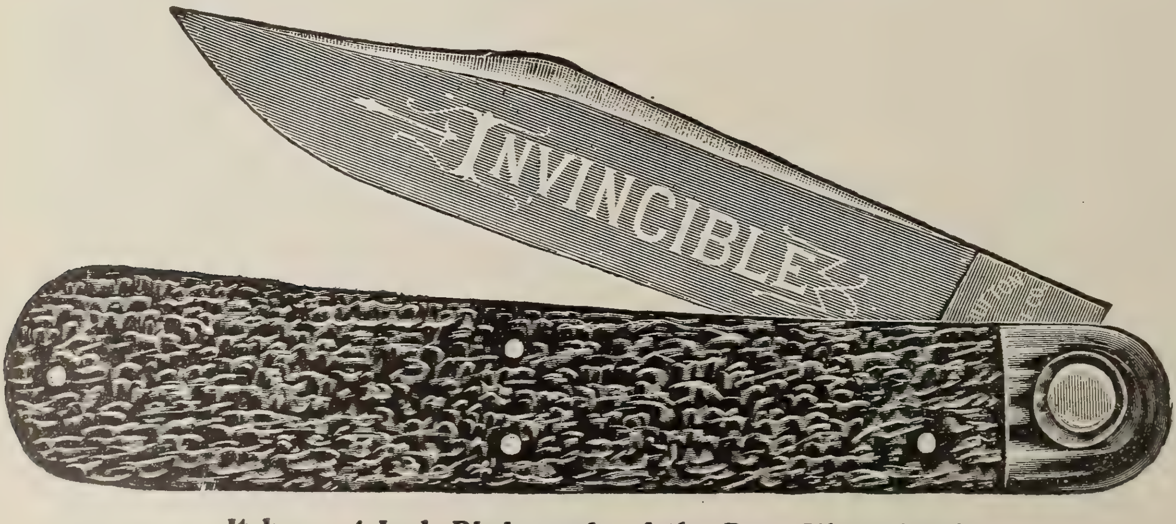
The Greenville Daily News states that in addition to the birds mentioned in the foregoing notice the robin, the blue jay, the catbird, and in fact all the common varieties of song and insectivorous birds which winter in the South, are to be rigidly protected.

It would be well for all city improvement organizations, everywhere, to adopt this plan, and the Municipal League of Greenville is to be congratulated on being the pioneer in this line.

She—You kiss like an expert.
He—You compliment like a connoisseur.
—Town Topics.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

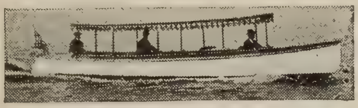
3 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

Sample Copies furnished on request.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York

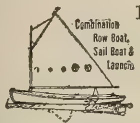
BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

by the **Brooks System**, which consists of exact size **Printed Patterns** of every piece, a complete set of **Half-Tone Working Illustrations**, an itemized bill of all **Material** required and how to secure it.



Length 35 ft., beam 6 ft. 3 in.
Patterns $25.00.
You can build this
$1000.00 Boat for $125.00.

Length 18 ft., beam 4 ft.
Patterns $10.00.
Takes 300 ft. Lumber and $9.00 in hardware.
A $200.00 Boat for $35.00.



Length 16 ft., beam 4 ft.
Patterns $5.00.
With 200 ft. lumber and $5.00 in hardware you have a
$150.00 Boat for $20.00.

Our Instructions tell you how to lay a certain pattern on a particular piece—how to mark it and cut it out—how to nail or screw it in place with so many of such size nails or screws. We then give you an illustration of each step of the work properly done.

It is the Twentieth Century method for the amateur and professional boat builder. It is a form of recreation. It is a splendid business opportunity. **Can You See It?**

Pattern sizes 12 to 51 ft. Prices from $3.00 up. Catalogue and particulars free. For 25c 64-page catalog-sheet of instructions and working illustrations. Prices quoted on knock-down frames and completed boats.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building,
580 Ship Street, Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.

A middle-aged woman once stood in court as a witness. Among other trivial questions counsel for defendant asked the witness to state her age.

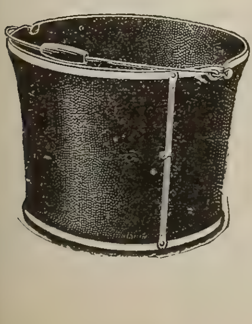
"Sir," said she, "I refuse to answer that question."

"But you must," persisted the lawyer; "why won't you tell the court your age?"

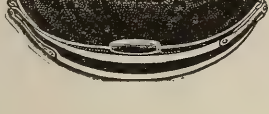
"Well," replied the witness, "my age I only know by hearsay, and hearsay evidence is never taken in court."

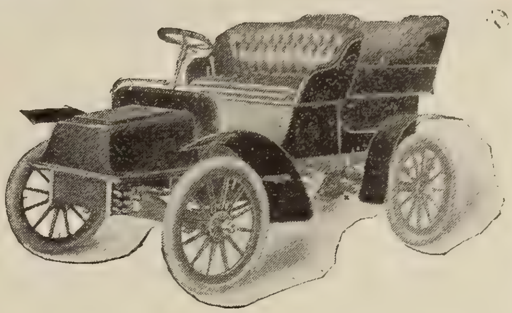
"Choose pianos for your models,
Follow along their lines with care,
For you will always find them
Either upright, grand or square."
—Nashville Men.

Dunn—What do you think of Dauber's latest picture after Rubens? Brown—I think Rubens would be after Dauber if he could only see it.—Grit.



Camper's Folding Pail
As solid as any pail. Made of waterproof canvas. Folds to fit the pocket.
Price, $1
DUPLEX FOLDING PAIL CO.
114 East 14th St., New York City.





An 8¼ horse-power Cadillac motor, when tested after nine months of continuous service, developed 10 1-4 horse-power. Does that kind of broken promise interest you?

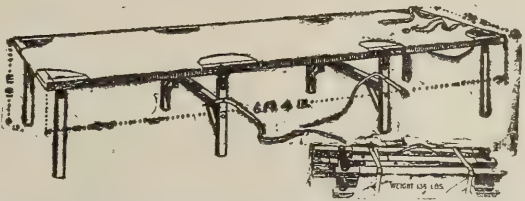
It isn't always possible to be exactly truthful, but there is a right way to err. You'll find some remarkable statements in the Cadillac literature, but if there's anything that isn't so, the difference is in your favor. We'll send you booklet K if you'll ask for it, and tell you where the nearest agency is. A ride in the Cadillac will be the more a revelation if you're familiar with other cars. Cadillacs are $750 to $900.

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

For several years past, the Thibault brothers, who live near White Face mountain, have been killing deer and shipping them in violation of law. In April last, State Game Commissioners Shurtleff and Wentworth went after these bristlebacks and caught them at a country dance. When taken into court, the Thibaults admitted the killing of 20 deer during the past winter, though the State game commissioners have evidence that they really killed and shipped over 70.

The Thibault boys and their father were fined $300 and costs, amounting in all to $999. It would take a lot of venison to bring in that much money, and it is safe to assume that these disreputable outlaws will seek some more profitable employment in future.

BE COMFORTABLE IN CAMP


6 ft. 4 in.
WEIGHT 13½ LBS.

THE PARAGON FOLDING COT
is essential to the outfit of every camper, canoeist, yachtsman, etc., who wishes comfort in camping. It is as easy as the finest spring bed. Made of heavy canvas, dipped plates and heavy straps, it is practically indestructible; and there are no cross legs to catch your body. It folds into a package about 2 ft. long x 5 in x 4 in., weighing 13½ pounds, easy to transport. Price, $3.50. Write for circulars giving full description and mention RECREATION.
THE PARAGON FOLDING FURNITURE CO.
141 Centre Street, New York City

Decorate Your Den

with a set of the most beautiful

Hunting and Fishing Pictures

ever made.

15 PLATES SIZE FOR FRAMING, 18x24 INCHES

SUBJECTS:

ELK HUNTING SALMON FISHING MOOSE HUNTING TROUT FISHING
HY. SANDHAM

MALLARD SHOOTING—BLACK BASS FISHING—C. E. DENTON

TARPON FISHING—BLUE FISHING—FRED S. COZZENS

ANTELOPE HUNTING—GOOSE SHOOTING—FRED REMINGTON

GROUSE SHOOTING—WILD TURKEY HUNTING—R. F. ZOGBAUM

MUSKALONGE FISHING—F. H. TAYLOR

DEER HUNTING—A. B. FROST

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNTING—E. KNOBEL

These 15 plates are lithographed in true colors of nature, and altogether make one of the finest series of pictures of out-door sports ever published.

ORIGINALLY ISSUED AT $50 A SET

I have bought the last of them and can furnish a complete set for 15 yearly subscriptions to Recreation,

Or will sell at $10 a Set

I also have enlargements of the following photographs:

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS

Published on pages 90, 91, 92 and 93 of the February, 1903, issue of Recreation, size 8 x 10, $5 a set.

WOOD DUCK SHOOTING

Published on page 95 of the February issue of Recreation, size 10 x 12, $1.50 each.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT, male and female, size 10 x 12, price $1.50.

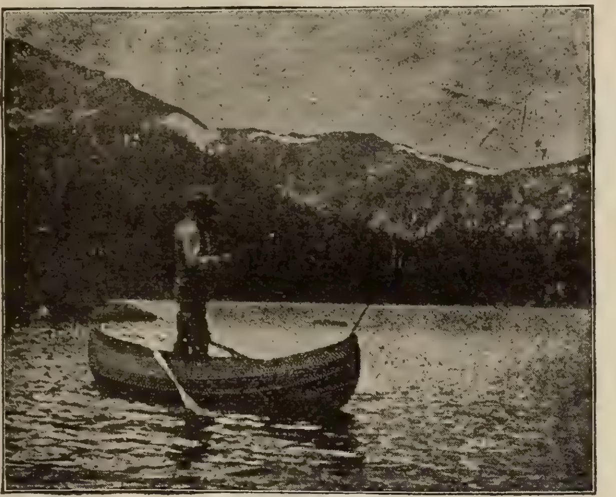
ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT, male and female, latter sitting down, size 8 x 10, price $1.50.

FISHHAWK, with Dead Chicken, published in March, 1903, Recreation, size 10 x 12, price $1.50.

BLACK BEAR, in Montana Pine Forest, size 10 x 12, price $1.50.

COON LEAPING FROM TREE, published in March, 1903, Recreation, size 10 x 12, price $1.50.

Address: RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, N. Y. City



11-foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats

were not satisfactory until the

KING

was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof*, wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention RECREATION. **KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A**

Tourist—And did the musical genius born on this ranch finish his education in Europe?

Borax Bob—No; right here in Arizony. He tried to convince some of the boys that rag time warn't good music, an' they buried him an' his pianner together.—Judge.

The way in which you call game hogs to account meets with my approval, also the manner in which you called C. S. Atkinson in the March number. No true sportsman would sanction the production of the new automatic shot gun.

E. W. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I am a constant reader of RECREATION and get as much photo news from it as I do from 2 other regular magazines on photography.

Wm. H. Slocum, Peoria, Ill.

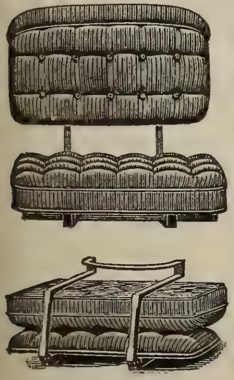
He was ashamed to go home empty handed, so he stopped at a grocer's and bought a rabbit.

"Good luck!" he cried to his wife on his return. "Look at the rabbit. See where the bullet went through him."

His wife took the rabbit, sniffed, grimaced and turned away.

"You were wise, my dear," she said, "to shoot this rabbit today. Tomorrow would have been too late."—New York Tribune.

WANTED: — Double-barreled Hammerless Shot Gun, 12-gauge; must be in good order; for smokeless powder. Makes: Ithaca, Smith, Parker, Greener, Savage Rifle .303 and .22. A. C. Kugler, Soda Springs, Idaho.



Patented

Folding Boat Seat

Can be instantly applied to boats, wagon seats, lawn seats, ball park seats, in fact can be applied to any board seat not over 1⅛ inch in thickness.

Price, { Corduroy, $4.00.
Imitation Leather, $3.50.

Delivered to your address in any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, by

The Old Hickory Chair Co.

MARTINSVILLE, IND.

Being Exclusively used at the World's Fair.

DEPENDABLE TRUSCOTT LAUNCHES AND MARINE MACHINERY

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO.

10c For Catalog and copy of "The Launch"

St. Joseph, Mich.

PAROID ROOFING
"IT LASTS"
The ideal covering for the roof and sides of camps and boathouses. Costs much less than shingles, and anyone can apply it. A complete roofing kit—tins, nails and cement inside each roll
F. W. BIRD & SON, Makers
Established 1817
EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO WASHINGTON

A practical device that ought to be appreciated by every shooter, angler and oarsman is the Garrett Ball Bearing Oarlock, made by T. H. Garrett, Jr., Auburn, N. Y. Many a good shot and many a large fish has every sportsman lost by using the ordinary oarlocks, with their constant rattle and clank, their irritating squeak and their everlasting chuck. The Garrett Oarlocks are free from all these annoyances. The application of the ball bearing principle makes these oarlocks noiseless and frictionless, while at the same time they are simple, neat and strong. The easy action of the Garrett oarlocks enables a man to accomplish twice as much as he could with the old style and the same force. With the Garrett oarlocks every ounce of energy applied to the handle of an oar is transmitted to the blade without loss. Fancy what hard work it would be to propel a bicycle up hill if the parts were not ball bearing! Same difference between the old style of oarlock and Mr. Garrett's Ball Bearing Oarlock.

Mr. Garrett is a practical sportsman and invented this oarlock to meet his own needs. When his friends saw the device they clamored for a pair, and he was thus almost forced into the manufacture of these goods. Write him for a descriptive circular and please say you saw the ad in RECREATION.

He: I shall never see you again!

She: Well, don't call to-morrow night, for I'll be out.—Life.

WE DEARLY LOVE A TRAIN.

Where is the person with soul so dead, who never to himself, herself or it hath said, "I dearly love to see the train go by?" We love action, life, movement, speed, and find them all in a limited or unlimited express. Apropos, one of the exhibits at the St. Louis fair is a facsimile of the Empire State Express of the New York Central, a creation of George H. Daniels. Nothing in the entire show attracts more attention, for this train has been advertised throughout the universe. It has been on our postage stamps, and that's the only way it ever got licked, says Mr. Daniels. June 17th, by actual count, 7,022 persons walked through the splendid coaches and hovered about the locomotive. Alongside is the ancient relic, the De Witt Clinton, with its 3 quaint cars, the first train ever placed on the Central road. The contrast is powerfully appealing and instructive.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The West Weedless Hook Co.,

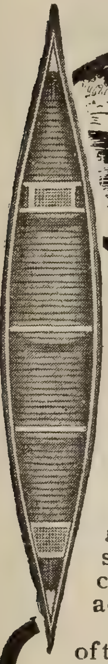
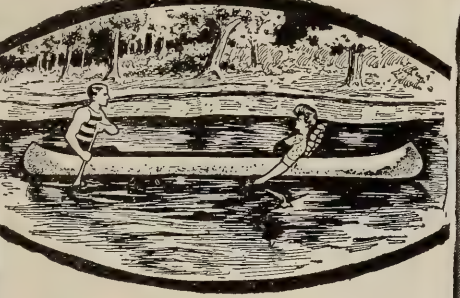
Dear Sirs:—I have used your hooks the past season; both your tandem hooks with and without wire to hold frog securely in place. I find them both excellent and particularly the frog tie which enables a person to make many casts and secure many bass by the use of one frog, which is important when frogs are scarce.

G. H. Scott, Judge of Superior Court.

THE TALBOT REEL

is known to Tournament winners and Experts to be the best. Try our Lines, Hooks and Rods. Ask for Catalogue "E" giving discriptions.

W. H. TALBOT CO., Nevada, Mo., U. S. A.

RUSHTON
CANOES

Pleasure and Health

are obtained at one and the same time by the fortunate owner of a canoe. When the weather is so hot that you can't do anything else out-of-doors, you can keep cool on the water, in the shade, and spend the afternoon in paddling, reading, or sleeping. Canoeing is the easiest, cleanest and quietest exercise—adapted for ladies as well as gentlemen Get a canoe right away for the rest of this season. If you get a **"Rushton"** it will last for many seasons to come.

Send for my complete Catalogue of pleasure boats, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, oars, paddles, sails and fittings—free for the asking.

J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water St., Canton, N. Y.

Fay & Bowen
Motors & Launches

Motors
1½ to 25 H.P.

Operated by
GASOLINE
VAPOR

The Fay & Bowen Marine Motor is a revelation to those who have used others. Reliable, safe, durable and easy to operate. Remarkable speed control. Best of all, it starts when you start it. No handle or crank is used. Our patent igniter is absolutely unique and always instant and positive in action. It is really the only perfect and satisfactory igniter. Motors complete from 1½ to 25 actual Horse Power ready for installation.

We also build a line of the finest launches afloat, complete with our motor installed, all ready to run. We make these in either the usual round stern model or our flat stern torpedo model in lengths from 18 to 35 feet. We furnish large cabin launches on special order. For excellence of workmanship and beauty of finish and design our boats are unsurpassed. Ask for description of our fast torpedo outfits.

Send for catalogue and live testimonials from satisfied customers. Our customers are our best advertisers.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO.
74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.
(FORMERLY AUBURN, N. Y.)

I am a lover of sports of all kinds and as I do nearly all my hunting and fishing in the magazines I know a good one when I read it. I congratulate you on the excellence of RECREATION. I have read nearly every sportsmen's periodical printed and find more pleasure in RECREATION than in any other.

Albert Niemann, Pittsburg, Pa.

Teacher—Now, Homer, a husband gives his wife 10 dollars to go down and buy a 4-dollar muff, a 2-dollar plume, and a 50-cent veil. How much does she bring back?

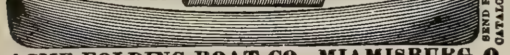
Homer—Sixteen different complexion soaps, a basket of health foods, and a bill of 7 dollars for a spring jacket.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He: If by some fairy wisdom
You were turned into an eel,
I'd love you just as dearly
With all my present zeal.

She: And if that selfsame fairy
Should, with the same endeavor,
Change you into an octopus
I'd love you more than ever.
—Four Track News.

He—We must economize. Suppose, darling, you try your hand at making your own clothes.

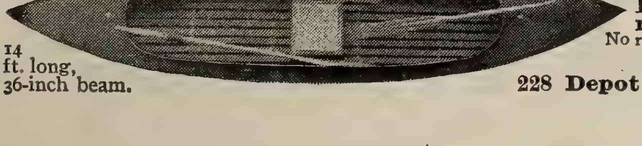
She—Oh! George, dear, I never could do that. Suppose I begin by trying to make yours?—New Yorker.



ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.



A Sportman's Boat **MULLINS "Get There" Steel Duck Boat**

Price $20—Crated on cars Salem

Endorsed by Thousands of Sportsmen. Air Chamber each end. Always ready. No repairs. Send for handsome free book.

14 ft. long, 36-inch beam.

W. H. MULLINS
228 Depot Street, . . . Salem, Ohio

OUR 10 FOOT BOAT, WEIGHT 40 LBS.
LIFE SAVING CANVAS BOAT CO.
KALAMAZOO MICH.

Latest patent and improved Canvas Folding Boat on the Market.

Puncture proof. Tempered steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds most compact of any boat made.

THE
Latest, Safest
AND
Best Canvas Boat

Is what we offer you. A Boat built on modern lines that will prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected materials used throughout, and it comes to you **guaranteed** the best. A handy and safe boat for fishing and shooting. Write for descriptive circular and catalogue. Enclose 4c. for postage. Mention Recreation.

LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT COMPANY
757 Portage St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America has on view in the Palace of Education at the World's Fair, St. Louis, a remarkable exhibit of life insurance methods and results. The exhibit includes a large and beautiful model of the Prudential Home Office buildings, at Newark, N. J.; a handsome stained glass reproduction of the rock of Gibraltar, illuminated by electricity; and 178 charts, diagrams, photographs, etc.; which explain on a large scale the inner workings of the life insurance business.

The exhibit brings out the fact that at the beginning of 1903 there were over 17,000,000 life insurance policies in force, as compared with 7,000,000 homes owned in the United States, 6,000,000 savings bank depositors, 4,000,000 fraternal order certificates, and 1,500,000 building and loan certificates.

The charts illustrating the medical experience of the company are of unusual interest to physicians, public health officials, etc., as well as to the general public.

The social economist and the expert in public and private charity administration will be interested in charts descriptive of the reduction in the pauper burial rate in American cities since the introduction of industrial insurance; the enormous extent to which industrial insurance has become an element of household economics; the relative expenditures for life insurance among men in different occupations and with different incomes; and the relation of expenditures for life insurance to other items of the family budget. A number of photographs show the homes of industrial policy holders.

During the early days of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, in New York, the trains did not run on Sundays. One Sunday morning, ignorant of this fact, a traveler rushed up to the stairway, only to find the gates closed. Noticing the letters, "M. E. R. R." over the entrance, he said in disgusted tones:

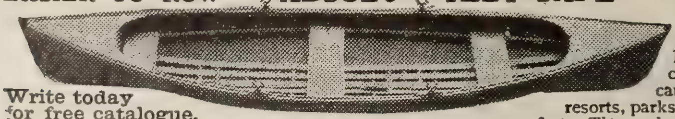
"I might know a Methodist Episcopal Railroad wouldn't run on Sundays."—Exchange.

Recreation is the best periodical of its nature I have ever read. Being a great lover of all kinds of innocent sport, I am glad to know a man who is not afraid to score the game and fish hogs who do not know when they have enough.

Robt. Hill, Dewey, Ariz.

"What do you tink of dis millionaire dat says nobody ought to take a vacation?" asked Plodding Pete.

"He's right," answered Meandering Mike. "Nobody ought to do enough work to need any vacation."—Washington Star.



EASIER TO ROW ABSOLUTELY SAFE

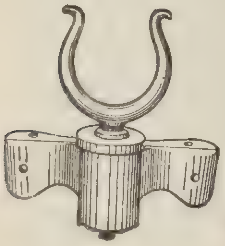
Mullins Galvanized Steel Pleasure Boats

Made of steel. Practical indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot leak. Require no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

Write today for free catalogue.
15 foot boat, crated **$29**

Especially valuable at summer resorts, for family boating.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio



THE BALL-BEARING OARLOCKS

A device that does for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy applied to the handle is transmitted to the blade without loss. No clanking or squeaking—does twice the work with one-half the effort. **Absolutely noiseless and frictionless.** The ideal locks for pleasure rowing, hunting and fishing. For either tight or loose oars as desired. If not handled by your dealer, write for descriptive circular and prices.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr. Mention Recreation **AUBURN, N. Y.**

Take good care of your hands

You may need them next year

Send me
2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation
and I will send you
a pair of Leather Hunting Gloves
made to your measure, by the
Luther Glove Company
Berlin, Wisconsin

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

She thought of her trousseau first,
Of her dress, her gloves, her veil;
Of the stately way she should tread the aisle,
And how to manage her trail.
Of bridesmaids, ushers, and guests,
The minister—then she said:
"I've forgotten something, I guess.
Now, let me see—oh, yes!"
'Twas the man she was going to wed.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Parker gun has reason to be proud of its record among the amateur shooters at the recent shoot of the Vicksburg Gun Club, concluded May 18. Mr. Ed. Brady, of Memphis, won highest amateur average for the entire shoot, and Mr. Paul Chaudet, of New Orleans, was third, both shooters using the Parker gun. For amateurs this is a remarkable showing.

"What are the university buildings all lighted up for to-night?"

"They're giving a reception to Professor Ontrack. He has discovered a microbe that feeds on the microbe discovered by Professor Diggitup the other day."—Chicago Tribune.

You can save time with the new postage stamp by sticking the letter up in the right hand corner of it.—The Washington Post.

Points!

Presto Mosquito and Fly Repellant and Insect Exterminator has points which make it unique as a camp and household requisite. Here are some of them:

It is non-poisonous—It is colorless—It has a pleasant odor—It leaves no stain—It will kill all insects—It will keep mosquitos and flies from biting—It is a ready seller.

Therefore we want agents everywhere. We have had house-to-house canvassers who have made $40 per week.

Ask your dealer for it. If he does not have "Presto" accept nothing in its place. Sample can will be sent for 20 cents postpaid.

Mention RECREATION.

Presto Manufacturing Company
Lock Box 1248 Ossining, N. Y.

Morris Canvas Covered Canoes

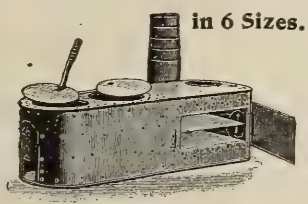
Special Indian model for safety. Catalog on request.
Mention RECREATION.
E. N. MORRIS, **Veazie, Maine**

FREE.

THE MINING HERALD

Leading mining and financial paper, giving all the news from the mining districts, and containing latest and most reliable information on the mining and oil industries, principal companies, dividends, etc. Every investor should have it. We will send it free for six months upon request.
A. L. WISNER & CO., 32 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes. CAMP STOVE



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

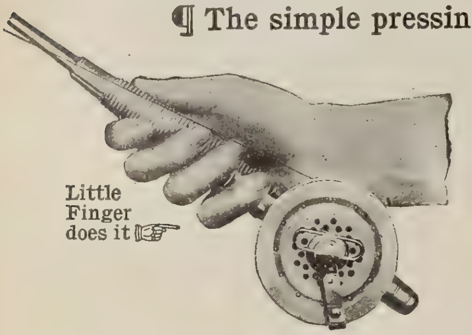
D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

"Y and E"

The True Sportsman's Reel "Y and E" Automatic

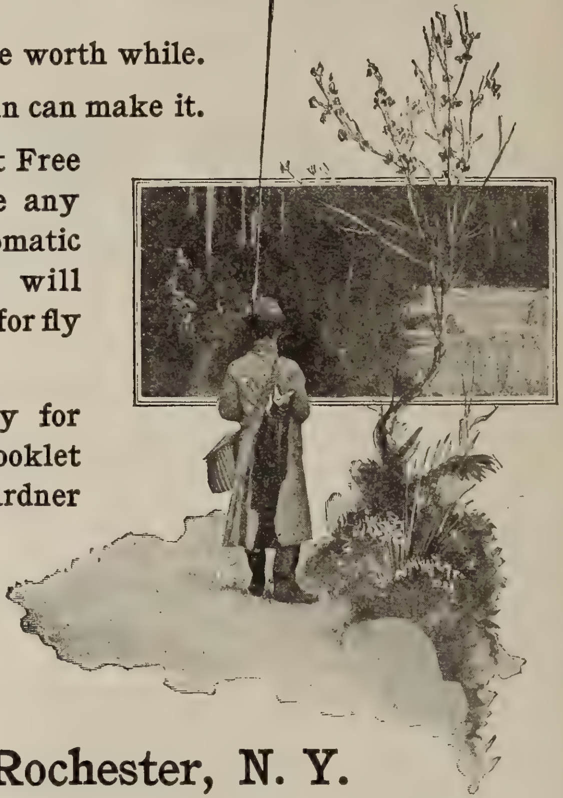
¶ Built to stand the strain of catching fish that are worth while.

¶ Takes up the slack faster than the Scaly Gentleman can make it.



¶ The simple pressing of a slide makes it Free Running (just like any other reel) or Automatic —a feature you will heartily appreciate for fly and bait casting.

¶ Write today for handsome new booklet No. 109—"When Pardner was Mascot"—the exciting story of the biggest Rainbow Trout ever landed.



BOOKLET 109
Sent Postpaid Upon Your Request

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

HERE IS ANOTHER!

If you will send me

15 Yearly Subscriptions

to

RECREATION

I will send you a high-grade, powerful

FIELD GLASS

LISTED AT $15.00

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately.*

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application

HUNTING SAILING
PROSPECTING
FÊTING

Get your camping outfits, tents, boats, sails, awnings and camp furniture from

Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.

The Largest and most Complete Stock in the U. S.

Send 4c. in stamps for Tent and Camp Catalogue, or 6c. in stamps for Marine Hardware Catalogue. Mention RECREATION.

200, 202, 204, 206, 208 S. Water St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FISHING CAMPING

Free: Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions or a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions. Squirrels are the prettiest, tamest, cleanest and most satisfactory of all pets. Safe delivery of squirrels guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

John A. Flick, of Ravine, O., a one-armed shooter, using the Parker gun, on May 19 broke 23 out of 25 in a gale of wind. No other score was over 18. This was a wonderful performance for Mr. Flick, and speaks with credit for the performance of the old reliable Parker.

I can not imagine a better magazine than RECREATION. All the others combined can not even up with it. Every issue is better than the previous one. Long live RECREATION. Edw. Beck, Fergus Falls, Minn.

"I nivir rode in a carriage"
"Didn't yer?"
"No; me little brudder died before I was born."—Life.

Small Profits—Quick Sales

TROUT FLIES

for trial—send us

15c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 24 cents. Quality A Flies
30c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 60 cents. Quality B Flies
60c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 84 cents. Quality C Flies
60c for an assorted dozen Regular price 84 cents. Bass Flies

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS

Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces **57 cents** Bait Rods 9 feet, 8 ounces

With cork grip and extra tip, in wood form

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway, New York City

Catalogs of any of above goods free on application.
Mention RECREATION.

"BRISTOL" RODS
for
Muscallonge
Oliver Kemp

Use a fighting Rod for a fighting fish; the gamy 'lunge is a stayer, but the "Bristol" Steel Rod out-stays him. A 41-lb. 'lunge was landed in 50 minutes on one of our little bass Rods in Woman's Lake, Minn. Any of our short bass Rods are suitable for muscallonge—we also make a special heavy Rod for this work.

Send for Catalog "D," showing Steel Rods for all fishing—they are guaranteed for a year.

Sold by all Dealers at Reduced Prices

The Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.

"BRISTOL" RODS
for
BAIT-CASTING
Oliver Kemp

The Bristol Steel Fishing Rod adds keen delight to the sport. Flexible, light—equal to almost any emergency, full of life and backbone. Made to last—not for a season only.

The "Kalamazoo" Bait-casting Rod (with patent detachable finger hook, enabling one to "thumb" the reel properly) is a pronounced favorite. With it a novice can cast from 75 to 100 feet after a few trials, and an expert can excel his best previous record.

Send for Catalogue "D" giving full description of this rod and 25 other styles. Your dealer can supply our rods at reduced prices this season.

The HORTON MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

DO YOU WISH

TO IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING?

THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

I will send you a

J. C. HAND TRAP

for 2 yearly subscriptions to

Recreation

Send in your club now and improve your shooting

The modern publisher took the modern author into his private cell.

"You have," he asked sternly, "investigated the subject for this book of yours with more than ordinary care?"

"Oh, yes," replied the modern author. "I have spent 3 days on it."

"And you are arranging it in a light, catching way?"

"Yes. One word to the page, with wide margins."

"It will, of course, be dramatized. Who will do that?"

"I have done it. I dictated the play part while I was doing the book—by the modern alternating author's current."

"Good! Now will you sign this letter, in which you say that while writing your great work you subsisted entirely on this health food. It will be included in your royalties."

The modern author paused.

"Certainly," he replied, "but why this particular food?"

"Because they pay more than the others. Now for the title."

"Then I would better tell you the subject. It is——"

The modern publisher lifted his hand appealingly.

"Don't!" he cried. "How do you suppose I can write an attractive, up-to-date title if I know the subject?"

He laid his hand kindly on the arm of the other.

"My young friend," he observed, "you have yet much to learn."—Life.

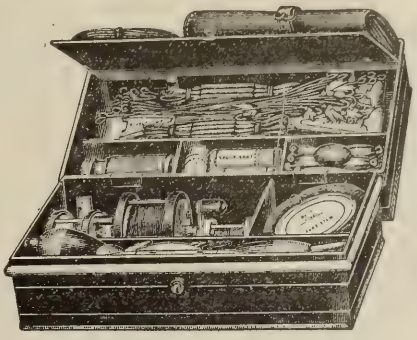
When Through With Your Fishing Tackle

for the season you should put it away carefully and in good order, so that you may examine it at intervals during the winter, show it to your friends, discuss the various articles and add such as may be needed for next season.

An Ideal Provision

for such care may be found in

The Johnson Trayless Tackle Box



(Patent Applied for)

SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, FOR $2.00

REFERENCES
Recreation, New York City
Yale National Bank, New Haven, Conn.

Address with remittance or for further details

MERRIAM MFG. CO.
DURHAM, CONN.

TIN BOXES FOR ALL OFFICE USES

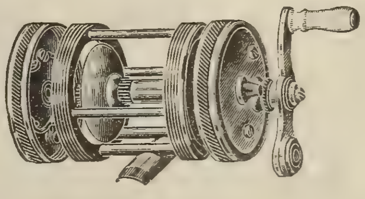
I am more than pleased with Recreation. Especially I commend the way you roast the game and fish hogs. If it were not for them the real sport there is in angling and hunting would be greatly increased; also the game and fish that abound in our forests and streams, and all would be benefited. There should be no other object on the part of the hunter or angler when going out on a trip than true sport and not to see how much he can slaughter and then brag about it. Such a course will soon put a stop to the whole business for the want of something to hunt and fish for.

J. H. Trafford, Chenango Forks, N. Y.

"TAKAPART" REEL

(No tools required.)

"Best Casting" Reel on Earth



Very Smooth Running.

Highest finish and workmanship. Handle is adjustable in any position. Bearings on spool are adjustable, with which a slight friction can be applied to prevent back lashing. Quadruple action. Compare it with any other, if it is not the best by all odds, return it. 60 yd. $5, 80 yd. $5.50, 100 yd. $6 With "Automatic" Click, 50c extra. From all Dealers.

Send for Catalogue.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., Mfrs.

Mention Recreation. 6 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.

"Y and E"

Here's the Point About a "Y and E" Automatic Reel

The gentle pressure of your little finger on the brake applies a tension to the line which ABSOLUTELY PREVENTS the Scaly Gentleman from getting SLACK enough to dislodge your hook. Think what an added zest this gives to the sport of fighting out your battles with the finny tribe!

Little finger does it

Besides, the Automatic-Combination feature makes your Reel Free Running (just like any other Reel) or Automatic—by the simple pressing of a slide. That saves winding a crank like fury, to reel in your line after you have made a cast.

Write today for our handsome new booklet No. 109 "When Pardner was Mascot"—the story of the biggest Rainbow Trout ever landed.

Booklet 109 sent post paid on your request. YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

"Oh, George," sighed the romantic girl, "I wish you were like the old time knights; I wish you'd do something brave to show your love for me."

"Gracious! Haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting $20 a week?"—Philadelphia Press.

I received the Marble safety ax you sent me as a premium. It is the best little ax I ever saw. No hunter should go in the woods without one when they can be so easily obtained.

F. W. Redfern, Holyoke, Mass.

I have long been a reader and admirer of Recreation, and to me it is the most welcome of all periodicals that hold a place in the library.

J. M. Bradford, Beloit, Wis.

Please accept my thanks for the Harrington & Richardson revolver you sent me. It is a beauty and I do not see how you can give such valuable premiums for so few subscriptions.

R. F. Green, Solsville, N. Y.

Cope—I hear your boss expects to raise your salary next month?

Hope—So he says. But he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Aubrey—Youah daughtah has consented to mawy me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?

Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!—Just Fun.

Our Detachable Even Spoolers

WHEN attached to a good reel make the best casting and fishing outfit on earth at about half the price of old style. They give perfect satisfaction in every case. To prevent regret later on, don't buy the wrong reel. Our free catalog (B) names reels spooler will fit. Price and description of spoolers, gun cleaners, fish scalers, ball bearing, jeweled, and steel pivot bearing reels fitted with even spooler. Our new rubber hook-shield binds hook and line securely to rod when not in use. All sorts of trouble and profanity prevented in an instant.

A. W. BISHOP & SON, PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

Duxbak
TRADE MARK
Sportsman's Coat
Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back

Positively waterproof and rain defying. Will not rustle. Made of cloth as soft and pliable as chamois. Lined throughout with same material. Treated by a process that resists a driving rain or an all day drizzle and yet permits perfect ventilation.

Waterproof qualities guaranteed throughout the life of the garment. It's nearly all pockets. Double stitched throughout; re-inforced shoulder cap. Patent bellows under arm allows free arm movement with gun or rod. Full cut, well tailored and trimmed. Light tan or dead grass color.

Easy as a Sweater

Price $5.00. Duxbak Pants, $3.00. Duxbak Hat, $1.00. Express prepaid to all points east of Mississippi River. Send snug breast measure under arms. State color desired. Cloth samples free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
No. 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

I received the Acme single shot gun which you sent me as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION. I have given the gun a trial, am much pleased with it, and thank you for such a valuable premium. I expect to send you more subscriptions soon.
Aug. Schulze, Jr., New Braunfels, Tex.

Kwoter—After all, "Truth is stranger than fiction," you know.

Newitt—It may be stranger, but it isn't so successful. You never hear of truth going into its 20th edition in 6 months.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss June—You are married, Mrs. March, and you ought to know. Do you believe in love at first sight?

Mrs. March (looking grimly at Mr. M.)—Well, I think it can happen once.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

When we leave this world's distresses
Bound for lands beyond the skies,
How I hope there'll be no dresses
Fastened up with hooks and eyes.
—Exchange.

Doctor—What you need is change of climate.

Patient—Change of climate! Why, I've never had anything else. If the climate would only stay the same 2 days running, I'd be all right.—The Pathfinder.

I have received the Korona camera given for subscriptions to your magazine. It is entirely satisfactory and I thank you most sincerely.
F. W. Belknap, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

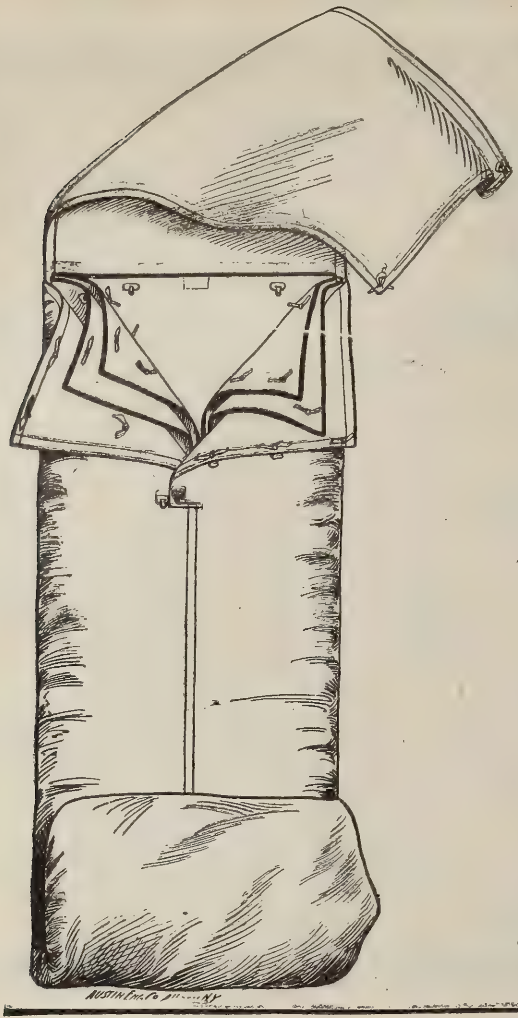
"Was your vacation a success?"

"Complete. I spent so much money on it that now I've simply got to take a rest."—Exchange.

Bait Casters

Cast into any kind of weeds—that's where the fish are—with our Hooks. Unbreakable. No swivels. Minnow holding devices. Frog Holders that will take a dozen bass to the frog. Any size hook 15 cents. Catalogue sent. Patents applied for.

THE WEST WEEDLESS HOOK CO., 12 and 14 Pearl St., Council Bluffs, Iowa



EVERY SPORTSMAN NEEDS

A Kenwood Sleeping Bag

Can be rolled into a small space
Made to stand rough usage
Is a perfect bed
Absolutely keeps out moisture

Let us send you sample of materials and price and prove to you how superior a KENWOOD BAG is to blankets or any other sleeping bag

Mention RECREATION.

Write for booklet giving description etc. . . . .

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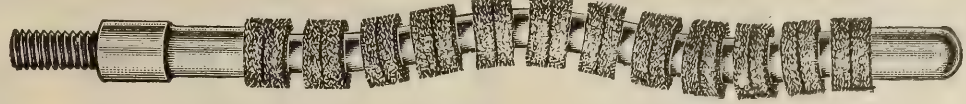
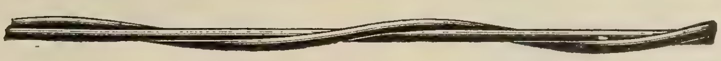
Patented August 26, 1902



Spiral wire shows shape of spring tempered cleaner core.



The principle of construction is a spirally-bent spring tempered wire with sections of very soft brass wire gauze washers separated by soft metal washers. The brass gauze brushes are a little smaller than the bore of the rifle they are intended to clean and in pushing the cleaner through the barrel the spring of the wire core forces the brass gauze brushes firmly against the entire circumference of the bore of rifle, thus removing spots of lead, burnt powder, or rust.

This cleaner solves the problem of the perfect and rapid cleaning of smokeless powder rifles with but very little expenditure of time and energy. The residue of smokeless powder deposited with such force against the bore of the gun makes its removal almost impossible with cloth patch or ordinary wire brush; but it yields readily to the strong pressure applied by the spring tempered core of this cleaner. The fact that one Garrison cleaner will outwear at least two dozen ordinary wire brushes makes it a money as well as a labor saver. Made for all caliber rifles. The threaded end is made to fit the large or small sockets of all Marble rifle rods. The small ends will fit the small threaded sockets of other makers' rods.

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"I went to California," said the distinguished Western man, "as a forty-niner."

"Dear me," rejoined the annoying girl, "were you marked down from fifty?"—Washington Star.

What legislators those Japs would make! They will risk their lives to seize a pass.—The Philadelphia North American.

Billings—They haven't decided yet what was the cause of Tom's death. When found there was a bottle half full of whiskey on the table. It is very sad.

Noddle—I believe you! What a pity he couldn't have lived long enough to drink it all!—Boston Transcript.

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she said;
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The point now is to make me feel
Quite sure that I shall be the last."
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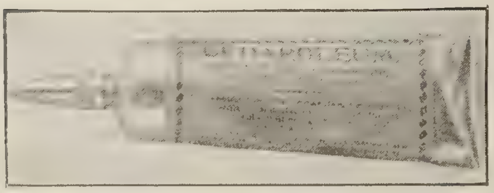
Customer—Not always, my friend. You may keep one that you might have sold me. Good day.—Philadelphia Press.



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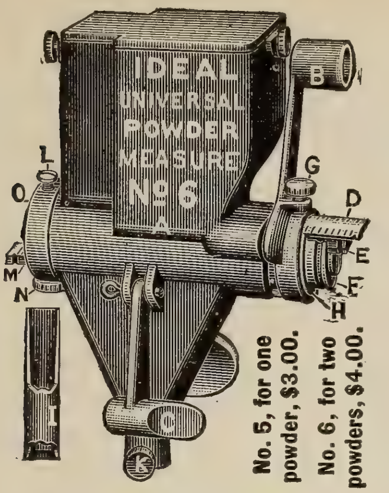

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Mae—What did you tell him?

Eleanor—I told him he was exceeding the speed limit.—Boston Post.

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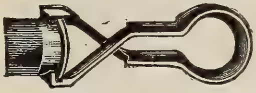

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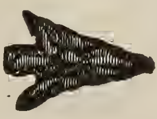

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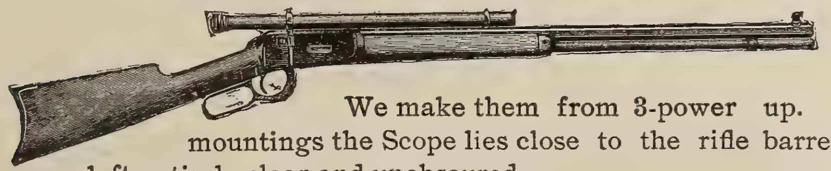

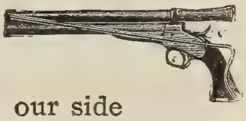

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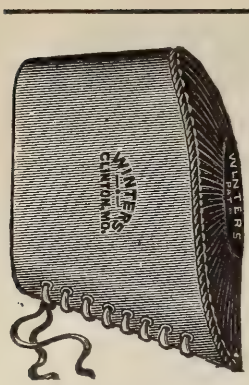

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If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me:

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H. R. Horton, Flagstaff, deer, bear, moose, caribou, fox, grouse and trout.
Eugene Hale, Medway, ditto.

MONTANA.

A. R. Hague, Fridley, elk, deer, mountain sheep, bear, grouse and trout.
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, ditto.

OREGON.

Charles H. Sherman, Audrey, bear, deer, grouse and trout.

WASHINGTON.

Munro Wyckoff, Port Townsend, deer, bear and grouse.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.

CANADA.

Carl Bersing, Newcastle, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, bear and grouse.

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John C. LeMoine, Birchy Cove, Bay of Islands, caribou, salmon and trout.
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John Gillard, Notre Dame Bay, ditto.
George Gillard, Little Bay, ditto.

He—Did you ever hear of a woman who didn't turn round to see what the other woman had on?

She—Yes, I think so. Her name was Eve.—Life.

Johnny: I wonder what we're here for?

Little Sister: To help others.

Then, what are the others here for?—Argonaut.

Date,____________________190

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J. W. FOLEY IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

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When its peroration ended, vowed no effort half so splendid had the sense of Smithville greeted or the ears of Smithville heard;
Such diction, poise and thinking! Half the audience was blinking tears of pride when Miss Sapphira bade her auditors farewell.
And the way that she was showered with congratulations! Bowered with bouquets of rarest flowers! Ah, 'tis not for me to tell!
"I predict," said Trustee Brewer, as he gave his right hand to her, "yours will be no common destiny—no ordinary life,
In your essay's peroration I can see emancipation from your sex's limitations and a yearning for the strife."
So 'twas all agreed and settled that she was so finely mettled she would take first place 'mong women of the self-assertive kind.
And but for the limitations of her sex might be the Nation's Chief Executive, they said it, if she felt that way inclined.
So, the eyes of Smithville seeing this superb and female being, she went forth into the struggle, with determination grim;
But alas, in moment stupid, by the way met cunning Cupid, and oblivious to glory tarried there to talk with him;
Talked with Cupid there and tarried; all the dreams are fled; she's married; given up her aspirations to win glory and renown,
So superb and so fine fettled, all of Smithville feels sore nettled, for as plodding wife she's settled in a little country town!

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Oh! it'll only weigh 3 or 4 pounds, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

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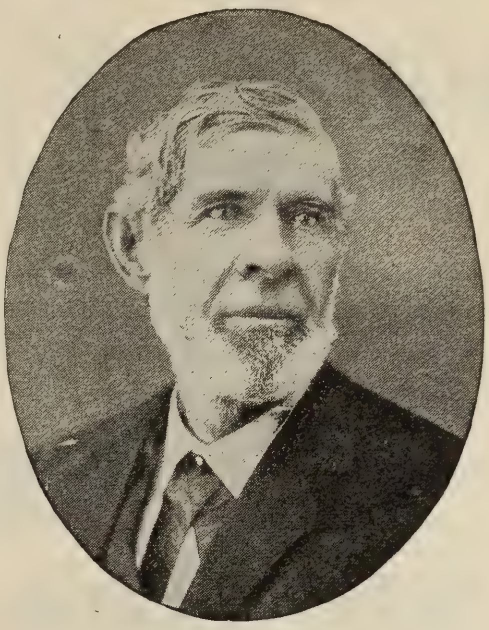

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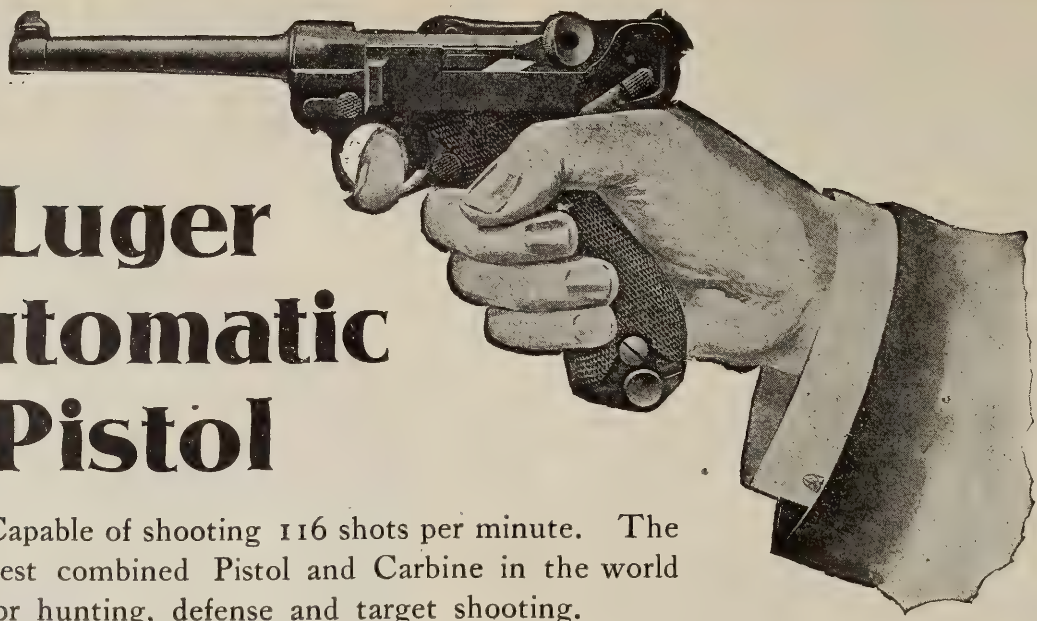

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"The difference between 'u' and 'i' replied the pine tree.—The Foolish Book.

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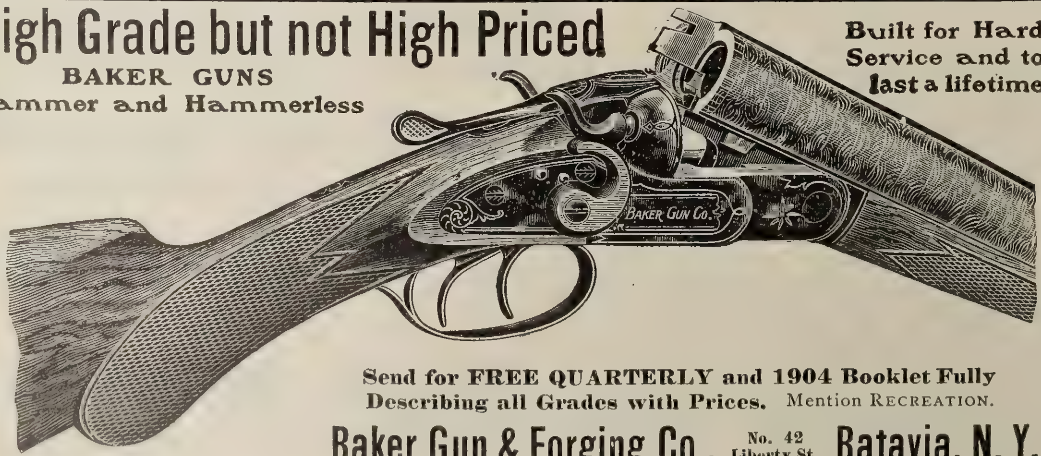
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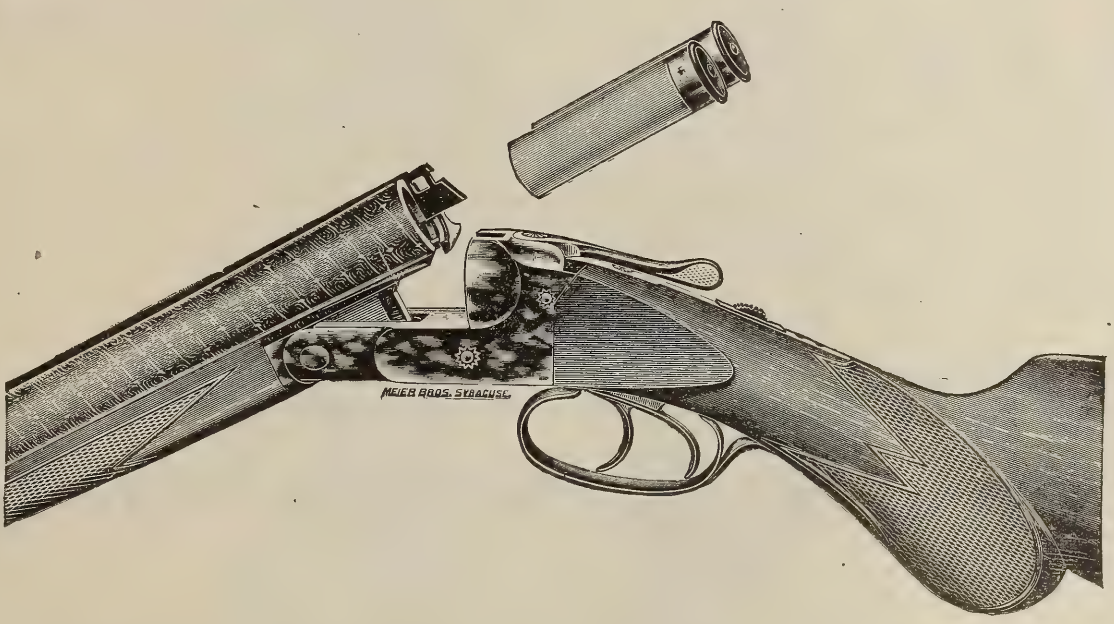

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Judge Knox—Why?

Sergeant—She refuses to talk.—Chicago Chronicle.

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Applicant—Well, I just finished lickin' 19 other applicants out in de hall.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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To a point trimmed brother's ears.
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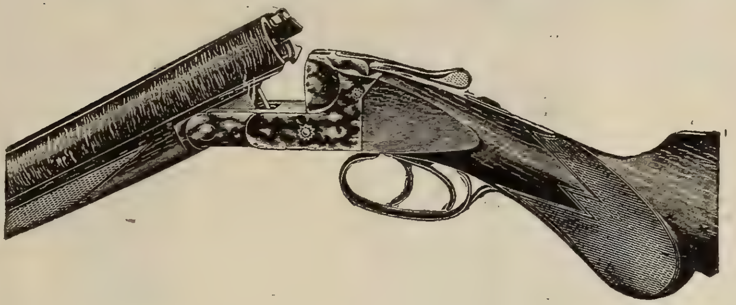

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Mr. Callipers—Because, my son, like most men who are full of wisdom, he is too poor to own an automobile.—Town Topics.

He—I understand that rich old maid married a struggling young man.

She—Yes, he struggled, but he couldn't get away.—Exchange.

She—That new boarder who came to-day has a beautiful olive complexion.

He—Well, after she's been here a few weeks I guess she'll have a prune complexion.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?

Maid—They wanted to, ma'am; but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own and better ones, too—Yonkers Herald.

A Chicago man predicts the end of the world in 1924. We haven't much faith in predictions of the end of the world. Verv few of them ever come true.—Kansas City Journal.

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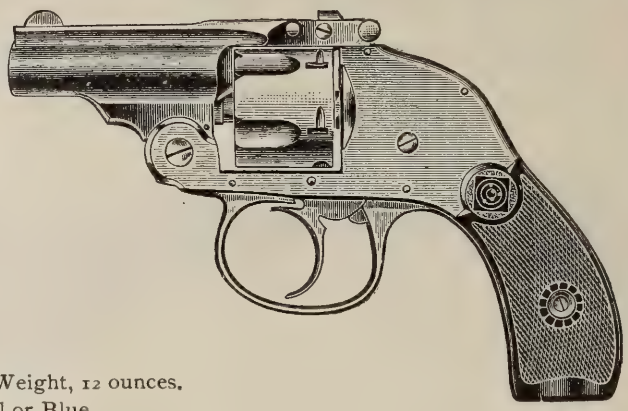

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W. O. Parmer, Nashville, Tenn.

If the other members of that club had any respect for themselves, or any desire to perpetuate the supply of game, they would expel you, give you a coat of tar and feathers and dump you into the nearest mudhole. Your number in the game hog book is 1044.—EDITOR.

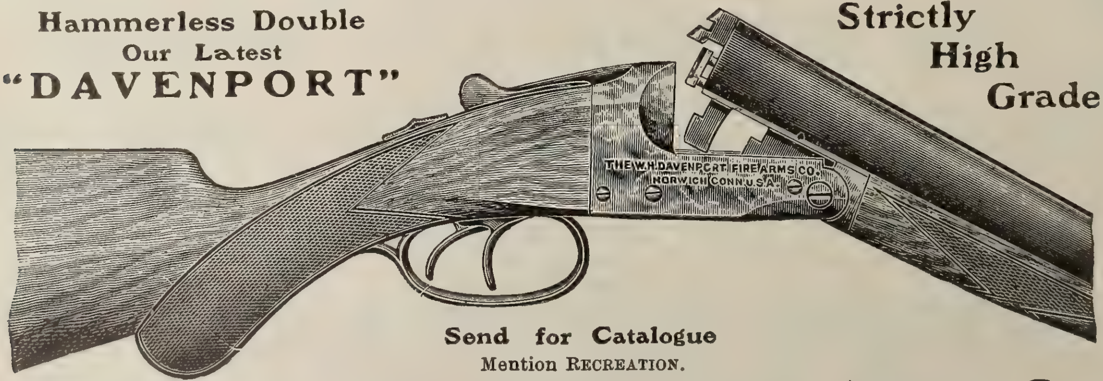
Patient—Doctor, I'll give you a thousand if you'll get me well without operating.

Doctor—No! I would lose more money in the long run, because this would establish a precedent.—Life.

Mrs. Strongley—John, mother is coming to spend a week with us.

Mr. Strongley—Thunder and lightning!

Mrs. Strongley—No, just reign.—Butte Inter-Mountain.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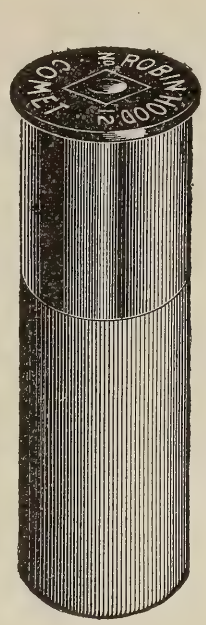
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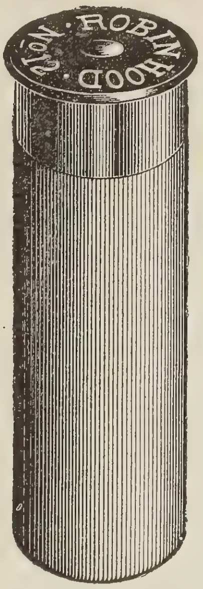
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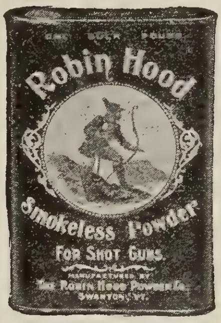
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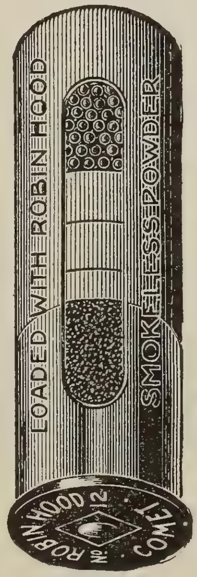
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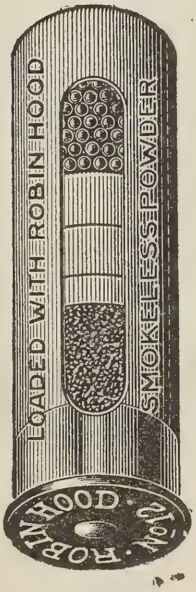
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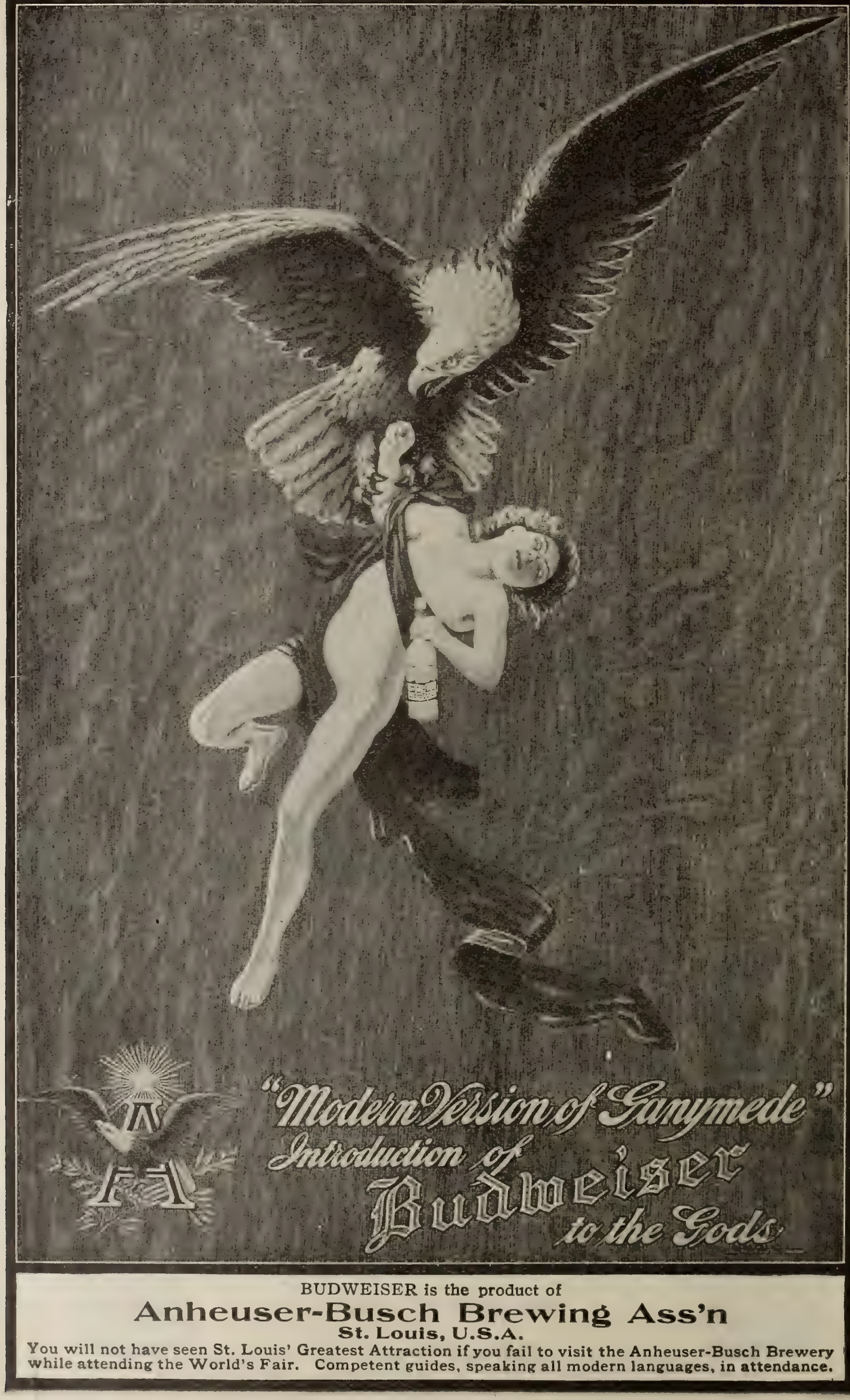
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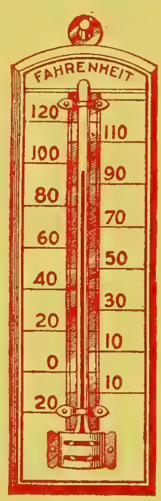

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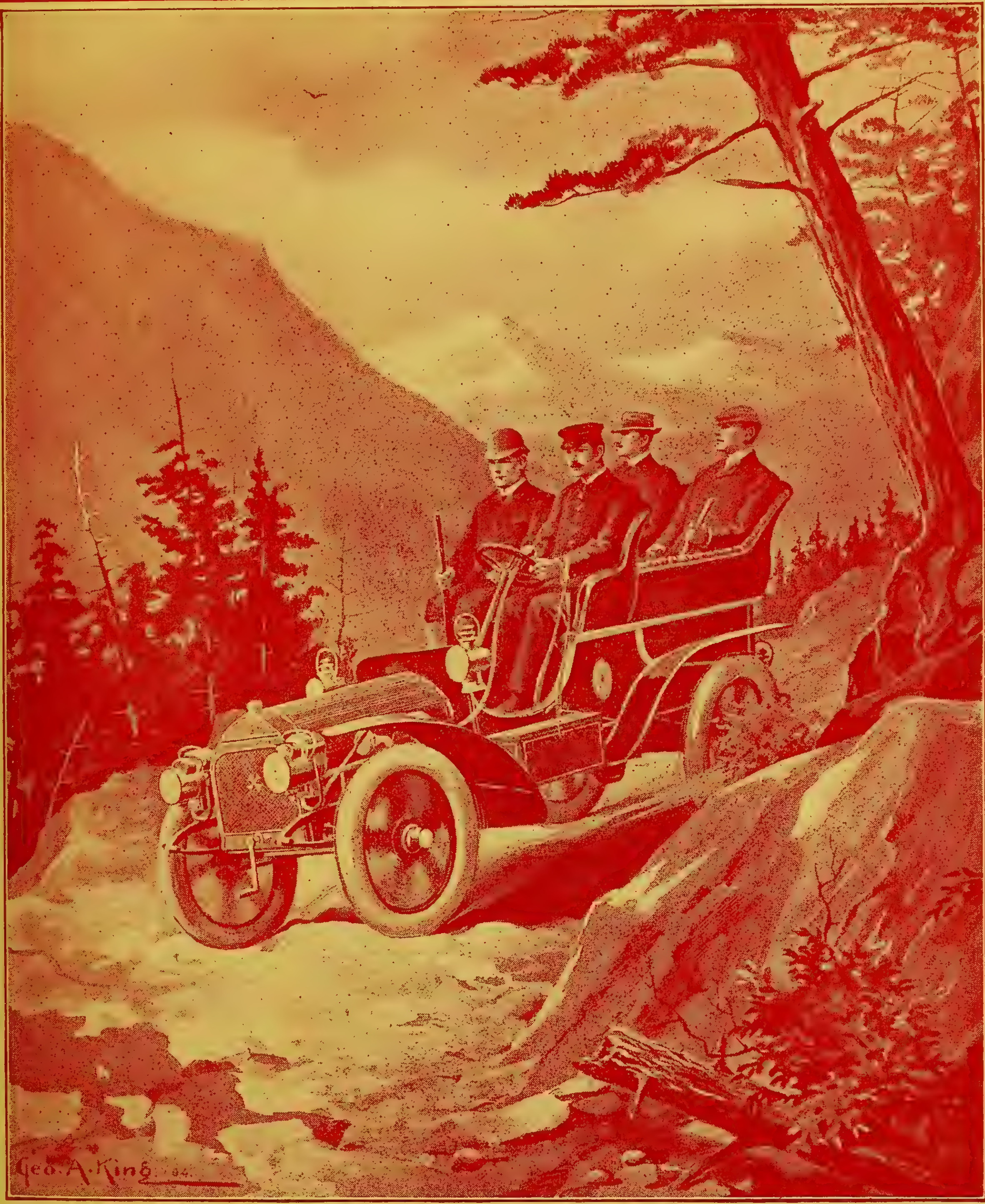
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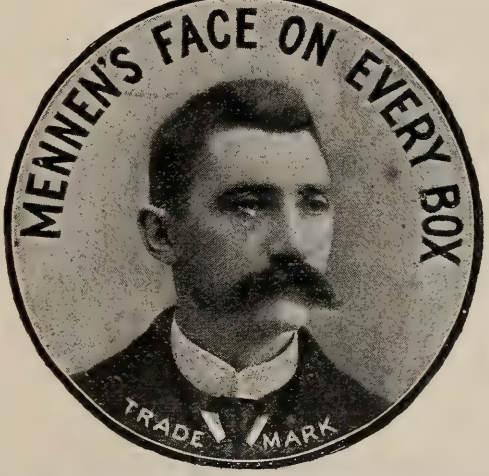
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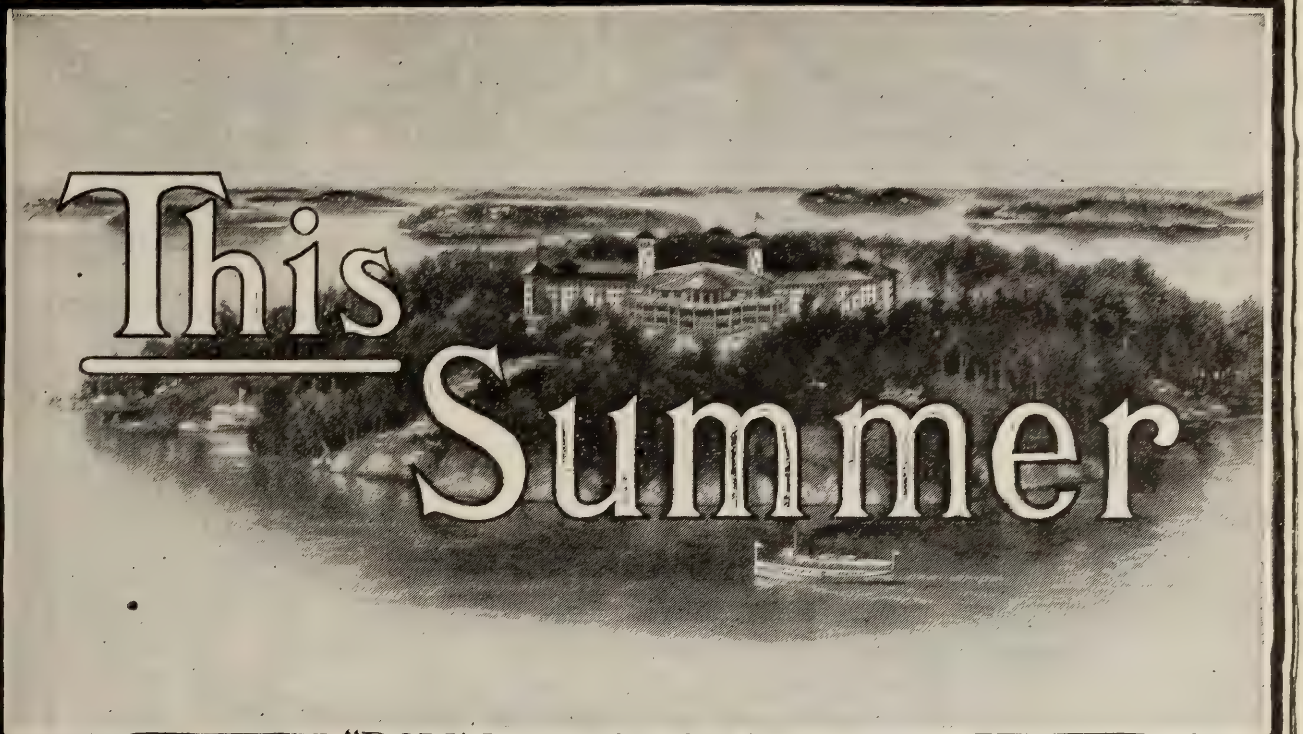

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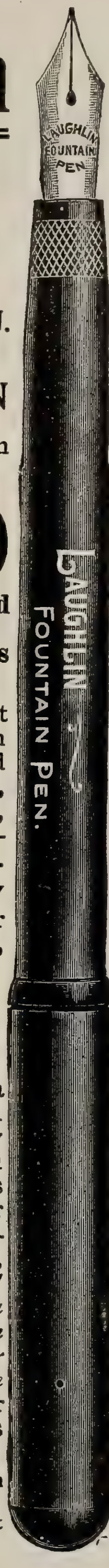

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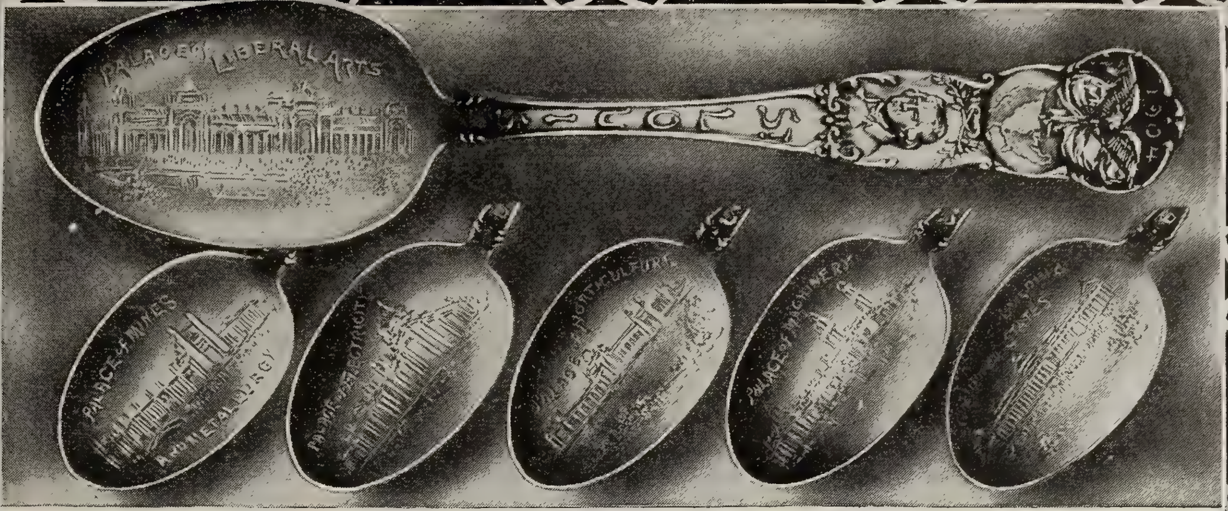

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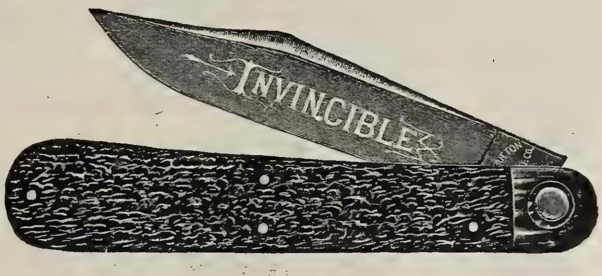

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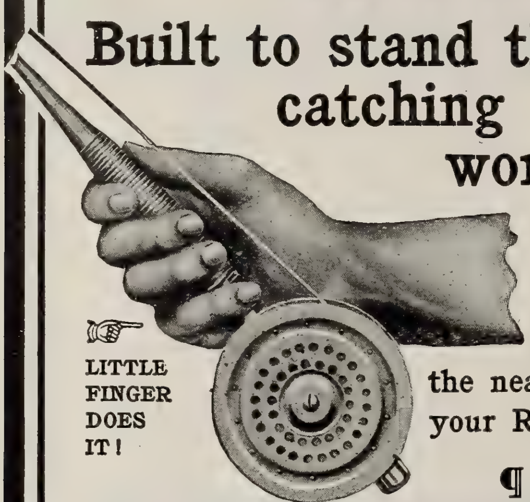

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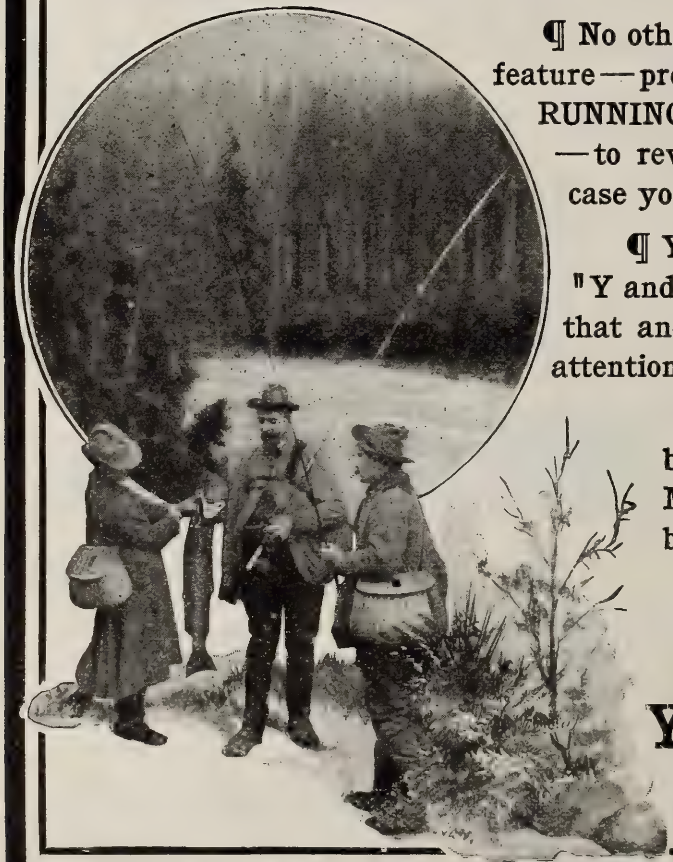

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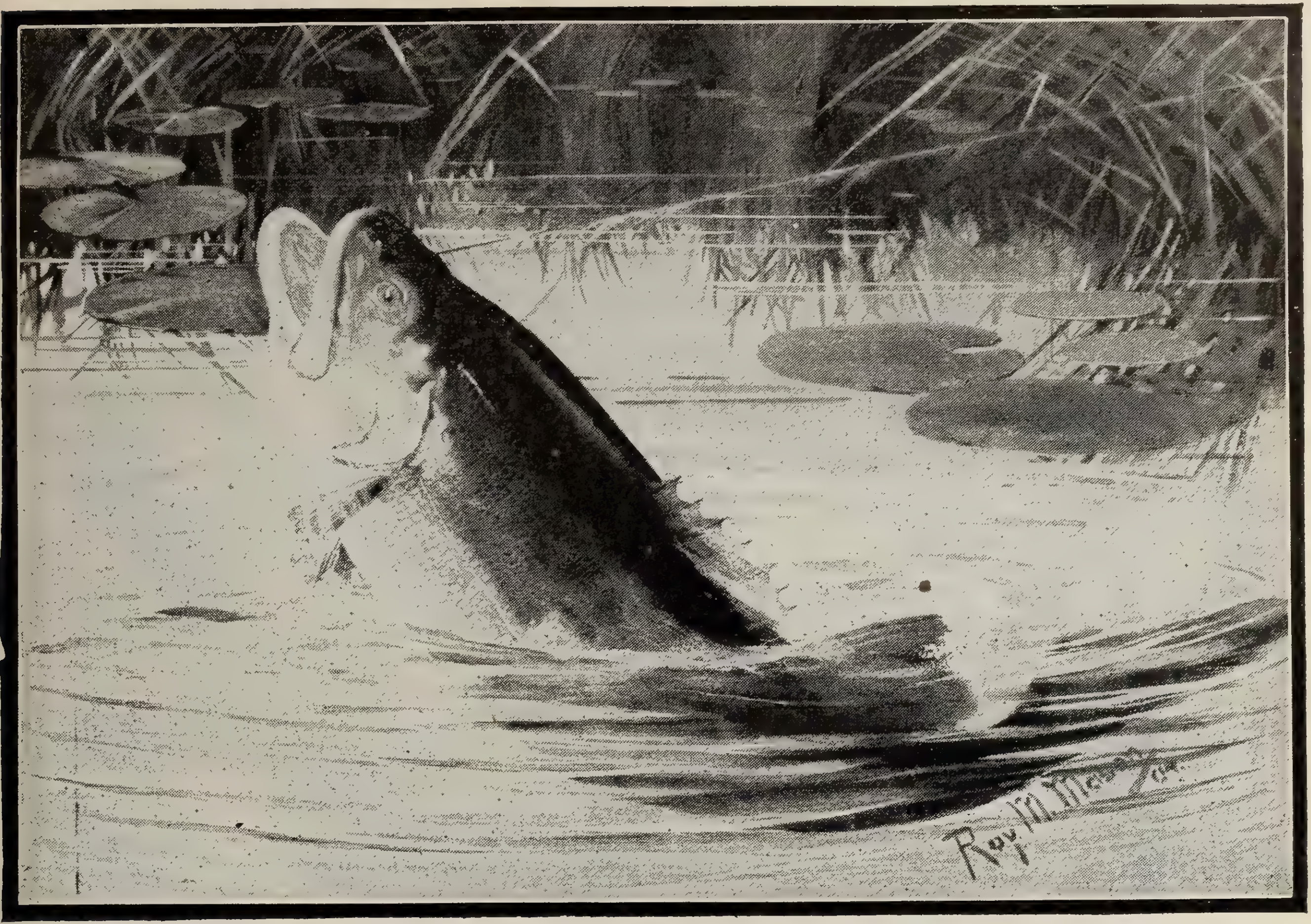
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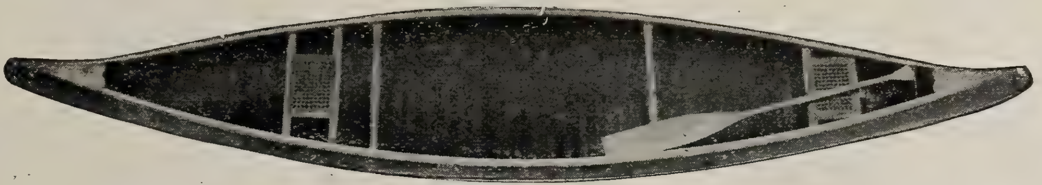

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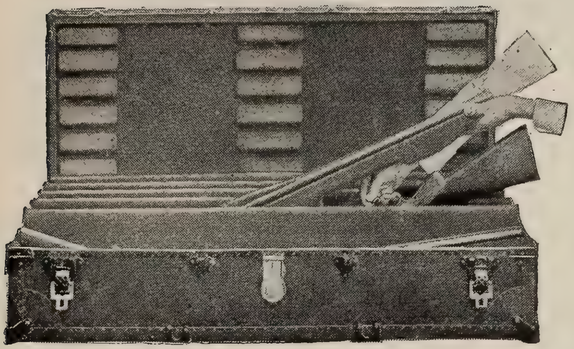

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VISITING A CIVIL WAR BATTLE GROUND IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. SEPTEMBER, 1904 Number 3

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

AUTOMOBILING AS A SPORT.

J. A. KINGMAN.

The craze for motor vehicles which is now 3 or 4 years old and steadily growing, is justified not only by the utility of the automobile, but by its peculiar fitness as a health-giving and pleasure-giving device. The question has often been raised as to whether fondness for automobiling will decline as the fad for bicycling did; but when we consider the vast difference between the motor car and the bicycle it is really not logical to compare them. It is much more reasonable to compare the automobile with the horse-drawn vehicle. When this is done it is not fair to assume that the automobile will go out of style or fall into disuse any more than will vehicles drawn by horses.

The automobile is a purely 20th century product, and its coming almost exactly with the century marks a new era in road transportation. This is an age of machinery and mechanical effects, and the automobile is one of the most interesting of modern machines, all of which are destined to annihilate something. Most machines annihilate time and expense. The automobile annihilates distance. The automobile sometimes annihilates persons and property, but serious accidents have been few, when the number of automobiles in use by all sorts of persons is considered. There are probably 40,000 of these machines in operation in this country at present.

Many people think none too highly of the new form of road vehicle. Some of these are horse lovers, but most of them are people who have little fondness for mechanical matters. There are many people in this country who would like to own and operate automobiles, but who have not the taste or liking for machinery which they should have in order to own and operate a car. The automobile is a delicate machine which requires great care and attention.

Some of the owners of automobiles who have had the best success are men who have bought their cars with a clear understanding of their own inexperience, and who have attacked the problem armed solely with the simple weapons of carefulness and common sense. On the other hand, some of the poorest performances of automobiles have been the result of operation in the hands of mechanical "know-it-alls," who, though sufficiently well trained in mechanical matters, have thought it unnecessary to give their cars proper care and attention, or who have continually meddled with the machinery, trying to make it better than it was when it came from the factory.

This statement is not intended to encourage those who are hesitating about automobiling, but it is a fact that the man who is constantly looking for trouble and trying to prevent it, is likely to have little, and that the man who never "knocks wood" and who knows it all, is likely to pay out more money each year for repairs than his less educated neighbor who applies business methods to his pleasure vehicle.

These are strenuous times, and the automobile is a strenuous plaything. It has great power concealed about its person, and the application of this power must be made in the right way.

Those operators who have run their machines several years and who can show clean scores for freedom from important breakages and accidents, brought about by recklessness or carelessness, are the true automobilists, the people who are doing the most to further a good cause.

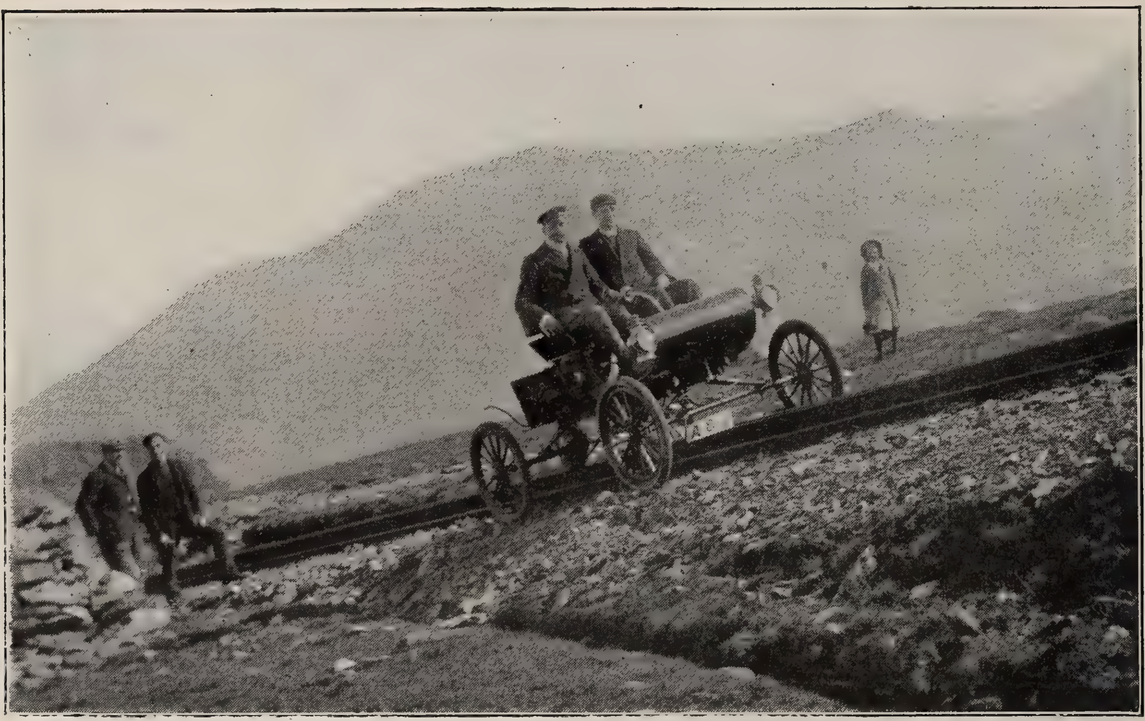
Let it not be forgotten then that the automobile is a machine; and its limitations become obvious when it falls into the hands of a person who will not or can not give it some of his own brains.

The fact that the automobile is a machine and that it is coming into popular use is important, because the general use of machinery has educated many people and made them ready for automobiles. The use of the automobile will educate thousands of other people.

In order to run a machine a man must know it thoroughly, and no matter how little he may learn he is obtaining a fund of useful information which, in these days of machinery, will aid in equipping him for any business or profession in which he may engage. A man told me the other day that the best way to make a man of a boy was to make him sail a yacht. To teach him to run an automobile will help him even more.

Is automobiling a sport? Some enthusiastic horsemen say no; but, as the years go by, and the field of the motor car widens, the time will come when automobiling will be recognized as one of our leading sports, and will be enjoyed accordingly. Automobiling is a sort of natural concomitant to many other sports. A man drives his automobile to the race track, the polo field, or to the traps; one sport beginning where the other leaves off. We all know the inaccessibility of the average golf club for the city dweller. What better way to go and return than by an automobile? The fact is that the car can cover more ground in a day than a horse and carriage can, brings good fishing grounds nearer to a man's home, and enables him to tour through the country in the fall, trying the shooting here and there,—wherever he may wish to go.

In some respects the automobile



CLIMBING MT. SNOWDON, WALES, IN A GASOLINE RUNABOUT OF AMERICAN MAKE. THE CAR WAS DRIVEN UP THE MOUNTAIN OVER THE COG ROAD.

may be compared to a yacht. The former is a sort of land cruiser and the good or bad conditions of the road correspond to calm seas or rough, high tides or low. In both cases the swift motion through the air exhilarates and gives health. In fact, automobiling might even be considered a better sport than yachting, for it is so useful in ordinary life and is so closely connected with many other sports.

The automobile benefits tennis, golf, fishing and hunting; and is much used as an enjoyable means of transporting people from crowded cities to the suburban yacht club houses. In other words a man may go yachting on land and yachting on water the same day. Such are the times we live in! It is little wonder, then, that the automobile is popular, and there is little reason to suppose that its popularity will ever diminish.

AN ASCENT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. THE FAMOUS MOCCASIN BEND IN THE DISTANCE.

It may be well to consider here the 3 motive powers in general use in automobile building.

Electric automobiles are decidedly satisfactory for use in the city or suburbs because they are almost entirely noiseless. They can be left alone anywhere and are ready for immediate use when the owner returns. Furthermore their operation is extremely simple; but we are waiting for a cheap, durable, long distance battery, and until that is brought out, if it ever can be, the electric car can hardly be classed among sporting automobiles. It is not suited for trips and tours in its present stage.

Steam cars, like electric machines, are noiseless and free from vibration, and, although steam vehicles have not been so popular for the last few seasons as gasolene automobiles have been, yet as a motive power, steam has so many excellent advantages that it is safe to say it will always be used to some extent in pleasure cars.

The average man is apt to look on the steam machine as a miniature locomotive, and to feel that he must be an engineer in order to run it. This is an error. The operation of a steam car is a simple matter. There are no complications attending the changing of speed, going up or down hill, as in the case of a gasolene car; the boiler requires no attention except to keep it properly supplied with water. Liquid fuel is almost entirely automatic in its use. You pour so much gasolene in the tank, and the gasolene feed takes care of itself. Steam cars were universally popular in this country before gasolene cars began to be developed into good reliable machines, a development which has been extremely rapid. For the last 2 years and up to the present time the gasolene machine has enjoyed a great popularity.

The gasolene type of automobile possesses many distinct advantages, and its remarkable improvement in the last few years is certainly gratifying. Many people had thought gasolene cars could never be made so that they would not vibrate unpleasantly or make unnecessary noise. Many people thought that for these and other reasons the gas engine was not best suited for the automobile; that the smell from the exhaust; the racking effect produced by the vibration; the difficulty of gearing up the inelastic motor with the driving wheels, were all problems too great to solve, and that the electric or the steam runabout would be the car of the future.

The development of the gasolene motor has been remarkably rapid. The employment of a number of cylinders instead of one, increases the flexibility of the motor; reduces the vibration; makes the engine easier to start; and reduces the risk of breakdown. In other words a machine with 4 cylinders has not only æsthetic advantages over the single cylinder motor, but is much more reliable.

Great improvements have been made on single and double cylinder engines used in light cars, and it should be remembered that the increase in the number of cylinders means some increase in complication; but in a general way it is believed that the future of the gasolene engine for automobiles lies in the 4 cylinder motor.

Whether a man buys a steam automobile, or a gasolene, or an electric, he should purchase wisely. I have been connected with the industry since its beginning in this country, and have had occasion to see how a great many people buy automobiles. A few words of advice, therefore, may well be set down here.

In the first place do not wait until you are ready to use a machine before ordering it. This is a frequent mistake.

Do not make up your mind about the motive power until you have investigated all. If you have been familiar with steam apparatus all your life and want a cheap car, a steam runabout is to be recommended, especially if you live in the country and do not want to make long trips. If the desire for touring, even in a runabout, is strong, a gasolene machine would be more suitable, for some of the small single cylinder or double cylinder runabouts are well suited for long distance running, being very economical in the use of gasolene, and requiring few or no stops to take water.

The gasolene car will use less fuel than a steam car, but the latter does not have any electrical equipment to be maintained, and in a sense, batteries, spark coils, and induction coils may be considered as fuel, for they have nothing to do with the running of the car. They are only put on the car to make electricity for the spark which fires the charge of mixed gasolene and

A MOUNTAIN RACE. ONE OF THE COMPETING CARS CLIMBING MT. WASHINGTON IN THE RECENT CONTEST.

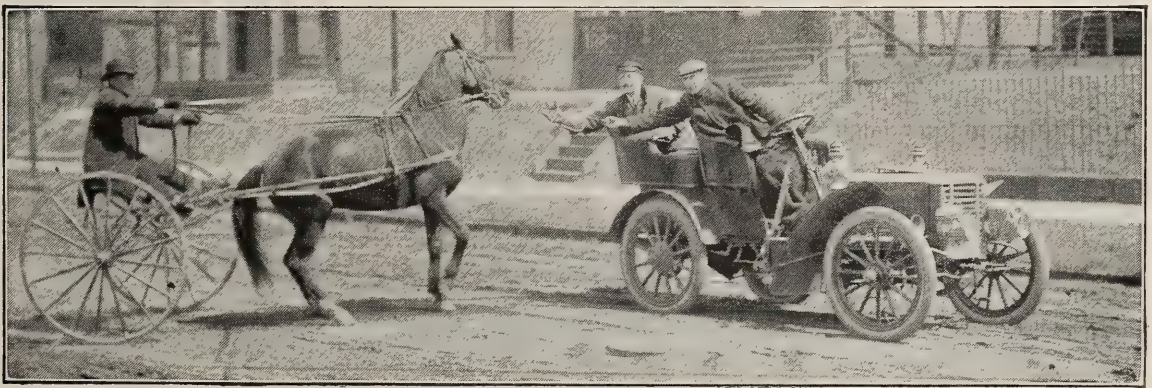
air in the cylinder. If a man decides to get a gasolene car rather than a steam car, simply because one uses less fuel than another, he should certainly take into consideration the fact that the cost of maintaining the electrical equipment for a year should be added to the cost of gasolene before any comparison with the fuel consumption in a steam car is made.

In buying an automobile one should be governed by quality rather than by anything else. If you can not tell good machinery when you see it, get some friend who can. Have him look over the car you have in mind and pass judgment on it, not so much on its design as on the manner in which the design is carried out.

It is fairly safe to say that a man going to any well known automobile builder in this country will get a machine that will run well; but that is not the only consideration. Another question is, how long will it run? It is the little things that count in automobiling; the big little things that the novice does not know about and that if not attended to properly in manufacture will certainly mar the pleasure of the automobilist.

It is much more important for the purchaser to know that his engine is equipped with a good crank shaft and that it has really good bearings and accessible machinery throughout than it is to fight for a lot of extras and a trade discount and 16 other things. No automobile is good unless its insides are the best. There is no bargain in getting a poor automobile at any price.

Under certain conditions automobiles depreciate rapidly, and many second hand cars are offered for sale which are in bad condition. If you think of buying a second hand ma-



EDUCATING A HORSE TO THE AUTOMOBILE.

chine here is another opportunity to call on your mechanical friend. He can probably set you right on this point. It will pay you to consult him. It would be still better if you buy a second-hand machine to get it direct from the firm who made it. Even if such houses do not have second hand machines for sale, they can frequently offer good suggestions and put you in the way of getting a car which they could recommend, at a fairly low price. Many people hesitate to buy second hand cars, but, at the same time, it is a good plan in certain cases. Many people who are now enjoying automobiling, could never have had the opportunity except by buying at a low figure. How much more sensible to do this than to get a machine which may run no better than a good second hand car which has been operated carefully, and which the owner is giving up in order to get a larger and higher priced vehicle?

Here let me mention briefly some of the troubles of automobile owners and how to overcome them.

Rubber tires often figure prominently on repair bills, and the whole tire problem requires careful attention. A sharp nail or tack will put an automobile out of business as effectually as if the whole engine had fallen out of the machine. The almost general use of the double tube tire, of course, renders it possible to effect roadside repairs in fairly quick time, although delays of this kind are always annoying, and a run of hard luck with tires is apt to sow the seed of disgust in the heart of the automobilist. If any one thing stands in the way of getting a reliable automobile, it is the matter of tires, and a great deal of responsibility rests on the tire makers, yet the average automobilist gives little or no attention to his tires until he has trouble with them. The simplest rules sent out by the tire makers receive scant attention. Not one automobilist in 10 follows them. Here are a few simple directions which should be observed.

1. Pump up your tires, and always keep them firm. If a tire is the least soft, it is much more likely to pick up a nail or a tack than if it be hard and firm. Further than this, the tire is so made that it will best withstand the shocks of the road when pumped up so hard that the weight of the machine will cause it to take the theoretical shape for best conditions.

2. Avoid getting oil or gasolene on the tires, as both have a destroying effect on rubber.

3. Jack up the car when not in use, so as to remove unnecessary strain from the tires.

4. Wash the tires occasionally with water, so as to remove any grit which may have got into scratches or cuts. It will readily be seen that the outer surface of the tires will wear rapidly if sand gets into any portion of the surface which has been gashed by a sharp stone.

5. Favor the tires when running on bad roads. Do not drive rapidly over car tracks or portions of the road where broken stone has been laid or stone not rolled. Many a puncture is directly traceable to careless driving of the car, and, if you want to keep your repair bill down you should give to the tires the attention they require.

Lubrication is another important matter, and is one which is seldom attended to properly. A new car should be oiled liberally so that the bearings and wearing surfaces will get into fine glassy condition. If you have a gasolene automobile, you do the engine no harm by giving it too much oil, except perhaps by coating the points of the spark plugs; but you may damage it seriously by not giving it enough oil.

After the car has been run a while, the bearings get filled with dirty oil, containing particles of grit and steel, and the only way to prevent undue wear is to wash out this residue occasionally and replenish with fresh oil.

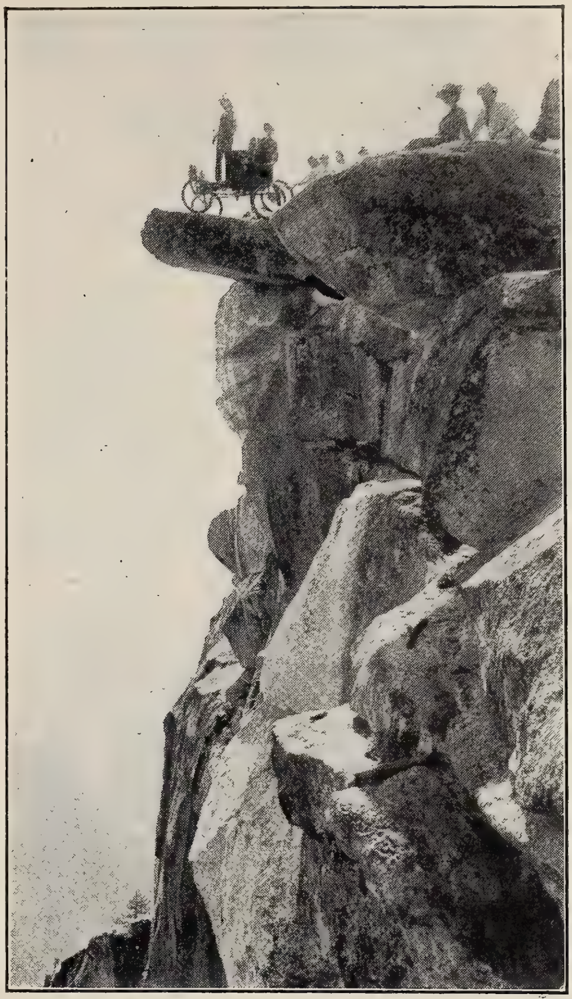
The life of the bearings and wearing surfaces of a car may be cut down materially by neglecting this treatment.

The same is true of the chain or chains, if such are used. These should be removed occasionally, cleaned in a pan of kerosene oil, and afterward immersed in lubricating oil. Then wipe dry and replace, lubricating with a little graphite, but not too much, so as to make dirt adhere to the chains and cause wear.

For an inanimate object an automobile is peculiarly responsive to little attentions of this kind, and a man who will keep his car tuned up, as it is called, all the time, will save money, time and trouble. No matter how carefully the various parts are secured, the shocks from rough roads are constantly tending to shake off the bolts, nuts and cotter pins, and a little inspection now and then will save a great deal of unnecessary expense.

The steering connections require frequent attention, for the safety of the passengers depends so much on this part of the car. Wearing parts should be oiled, and connections examined frequently. There are a lot of odd jobs to be done about an automobile that are often distasteful and in fact it is these very jobs that have created the *chauffeur*. Many people do not like to turn machinists or repair men, and even if they find such tinkering pleasant they have not time for it. At the same time a man owning a small car does not need to give it the attention that a larger car requires, and with little trouble can do the greater part of his own work, leaving the rest to be done by the attendants at the garage where he may be storing it, or by his gardener or coachman.

It is interesting to note that many of the latter class, with little training and instruction, can be of valuable assistance; for there is nothing mysterious about an automobile after all. It is a stupid man who can not keep the gasolene tank filled, the body work clean and the machinery well oiled. It would be a stupid man indeed who could not keep adjusted the little parts which require occasional adjustment, who could not inspect regularly the various connections, and, in short, attend to 99 out of 100 of the various little things which must be done in order to keep an automobile running at its best. Some men go so far as not to run their cars at all, leaving this as well as the maintenance entirely in the hands of the driver. This is not so uncommon as might be supposed. It seems a great pity that anyone should give over the best part of the sport to somebody else. The operation of the automobile is a liberal education in many ways, and in addition to this the thrill of conducting a swift motor car over beautiful roads, seems to me one of the principal reasons for wanting to own an automobile. Such persons, of course, are not



A MOTOR CAR AT GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE PARK.

RETURNING FROM A RABBIT HUNT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

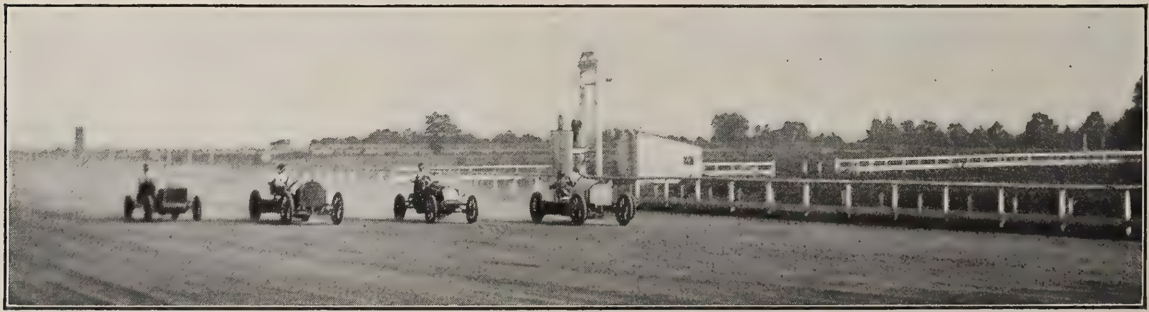
the true automobilists, but the time will come when even such cases will be rare and the man who owns an automobile and who does not drive it will be a curiosity.

Going at a high rate of speed in an automobile is poor sport for those who have never done much of it; but that it has intense fascination for the habitue there is no doubt, and much of the agitation over the infraction of speed regulations by automobilists is absurd.

On a recent 600 mile trip of a committee from the New York State Senate, it was proven to a number of legislators, who have had more or less to do with drastic automobile speed laws, that an automobile going at 20 miles an hour is safer than a horse going at 8 miles an hour. There is absolutely no doubt as to the truth of this statement.

High power machines are built not for the purpose of scorching on public highways; but for the purpose of enabling the owner to ascend steep grades without having to slow down too much, or without having to change gears unnecessarily. A car that has a great deal of power in proportion to its weight is a desirable form of automobile because the engines do not have to work hard most of the time, and the wear and tear is, therefore, less. Again, if the machinery be not working particularly well at any time, there is always a reserve of power on which to draw. High power, then, is not at all a bad thing, even if it does allow a speed which is unsafe.

Of course it is not to be understood that there is any justification for running an automobile on a public road at a high rate of speed, but at the same time in France and Germany numerous long distance road races have been held which have been of great value to the automobile manu-



THE START OF A TRACK RACE FOR HIGH-POWER RACING AUTOMOBILES.

facturers in helping them to improve their product as well as in advertising their wares.

A member of the Automobile Club of America said that of 2 automobiles starting from one place together, the best is the one that gets there first; and there is something in this. High speed is a fine test of constructional merit and inasmuch as racing means high speed, it is to be condoned in a measure for the good it has done abroad.

The Vanderbilt Cup race, to be held this fall, is almost the first long automobile road race to be held in this country, and the fact that it may inconvenience a few people on Long Island, should be no valid objection to it, or to any similar race that may hereafter be held, if there be any chance of its improving the automobile or improving American roads, bad as these are known to be. Doubtless, in the future, automobile racing will be confined to special tracks of goodly size, where the turns are so gradual that there will be little danger of skidding or upsetting, and where, in case of accident, the loss of life, or injury to persons or property, will be the lowest possible.

CROSSING AN ARIZONA DESERT WITH A STEAM RUNABOUT.

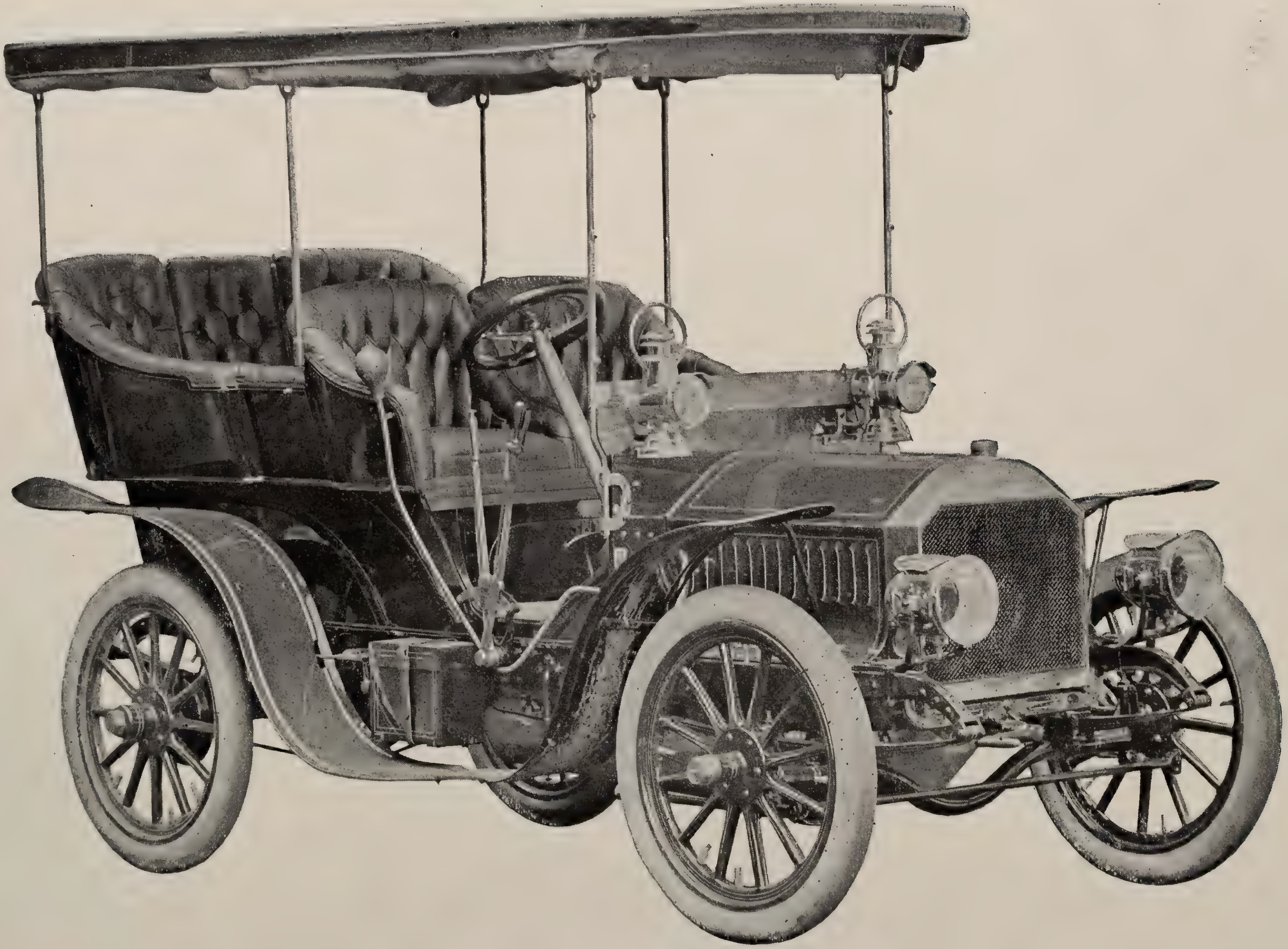
A race between high power machines is extremely fascinating. This is proven by the big crowds that attend these exhibitions now given on tracks made for horse racing, the surfaces of which are undesirable for automobiling, not being of a suitable size or shape.

That the automobile is going to displace the horse entirely is an absurd prediction, especially when the sporting phase of automobiling is considered. A man, if he can afford it, will have both horses and motor cars, if he likes them, as well as a yacht and other articles destined to give pure enjoyment. As well say that sail boats are doomed because auto launches, so called, are becoming popular. It is not likely we shall see horsemen turn automobilists, nor automobilists turn horsemen. A man who is both ought to be the best company.

Mrs. Black—"I dreamed the other night about a beautiful red automobile, and when I told my husband about it, what do you suppose he did?

Mrs. Green—"Oh, did he take the hint and buy you a car?"

Mrs. Black—"No. He presented me with a dream book."—Exchange.



A SPACIOUS TOURING CAR.

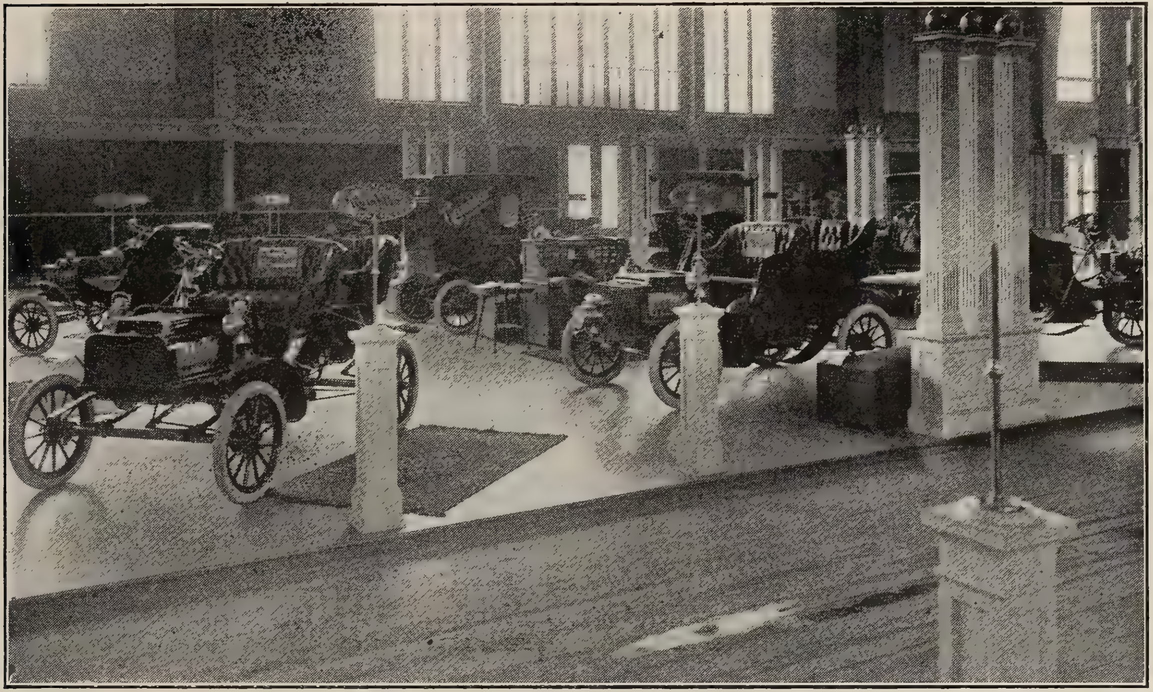
THE AUTOMOBILE EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

LOUIS WAINWRIGHT.

The automobile exhibit at the World's Fair is one of the most popular features in the immense transportation building. At the Chicago exposition 11 years ago there was no such department as the horseless carriage section, yet here are over 75,000 square feet of floor space devoted to American and foreign motor cars of every size and price, from heavy auto trucks to the lightest of runabouts. In some booths, early inventions stand beside the newest models.

The luxurious railway passenger coaches in a neighboring section do not show more radical changes from the lumbering stage coaches of 1831, clumsily put on rails and propelled by a locomotive, than do the superb tonneaus exhibited with the automobiles of early design. The automobile of a few years ago was a horseless carriage and nothing more; what it has been evolved into is seen in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition's display. The motor car of to-day is a miniature palace car where occupants ride as princes. In one foreign touring machine, among a score of new accessories is a writing table which may be unfolded and the tourist may write while he scorches!

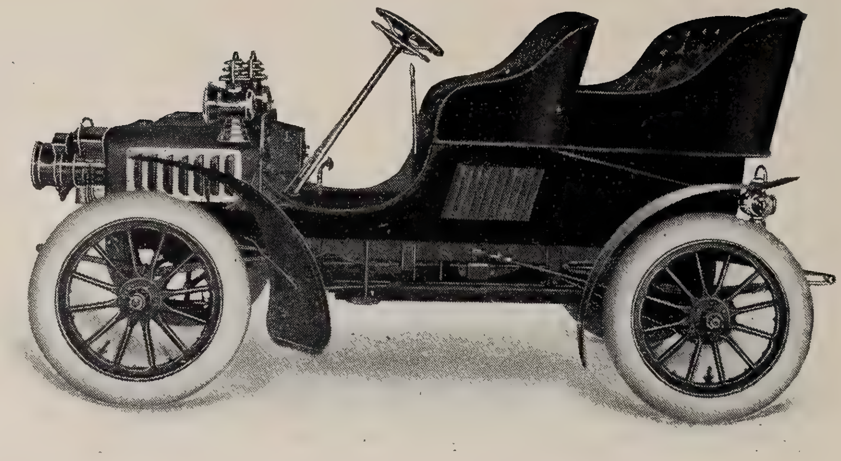
In all there are 39 booths and over 200 automobiles exhibited at the Fair. The automobile section in the transportation building is divided into 2 parts, the American and the foreign. The former has a distinctively American decorative scheme which thousands of visitors admire. The walls of this part of the building are covered with red and green burlap to the height of 12 feet, and above that white and yellow bunting hangs on the walls and is draped gracefully from the ceiling. Thus the unsightly rafters and framework are hid by a jaunty covering, and gilt panels on the green and red burlap produce a dignified setting for the handsome automobiles. Down the 2 main aisles, 20 feet broad and 650 feet long, are white and gold standards which carry brass signs done in fretwork, giving the names and makes of motor cars.



RAMBLERS AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

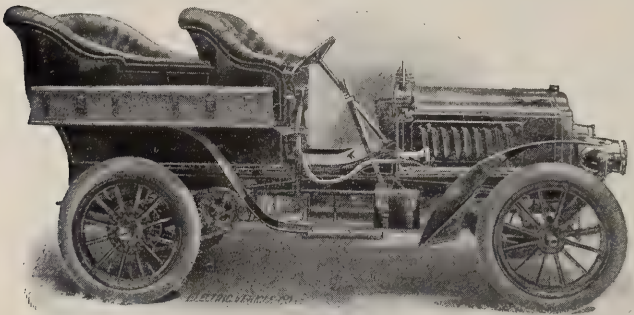
The exhibit of automobiles which is made by the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers is arranged differently from former shows. Heretofore each maker prepared his individual exhibit, and the result was a conglomeration of decoration; the space allotted was not equal, nor the locations alike to all makers. A number of manufacturers in former exhibits had to take spaces comparatively small and in poor locations, in which case the showing was not satisfactory to the maker or typical of the magnitude of his business.

At the World's Fair a new plan is in



operation. The exhibits of all the members are in one fair group. In the American section this group covers over 40,000 square feet, or nearly 80 per cent. of the entire auto sections. No one manufacturer arranges his decorative effects according to his individual taste, but the whole space is laid out as one, and the rugs, signs, furniture, and everything necessary to an imposing display is installed by the Association. There was no attempt to prepare anything tawdry or obtrusive, but the setting is dignified, as becomes the industry. All the exhibitors had to do was to bring their cars. They have co-operated in every way with the Association and the cleanness of the place is remarkable. There is an entire absence of gasoline oil, or anything that would stain the polished floors, strewn with rich oriental rugs. The Automobile exhibit unites art and utility, but the cars are the attraction. If they were shown in a barn people would go to see them. All the great Western States are interested in this show. It is to them what the Madison Square Automobile show is to Easterners. Hundreds of orders for machines have been taken for deliveries to the Louisiana Purchase States and those still farther West.

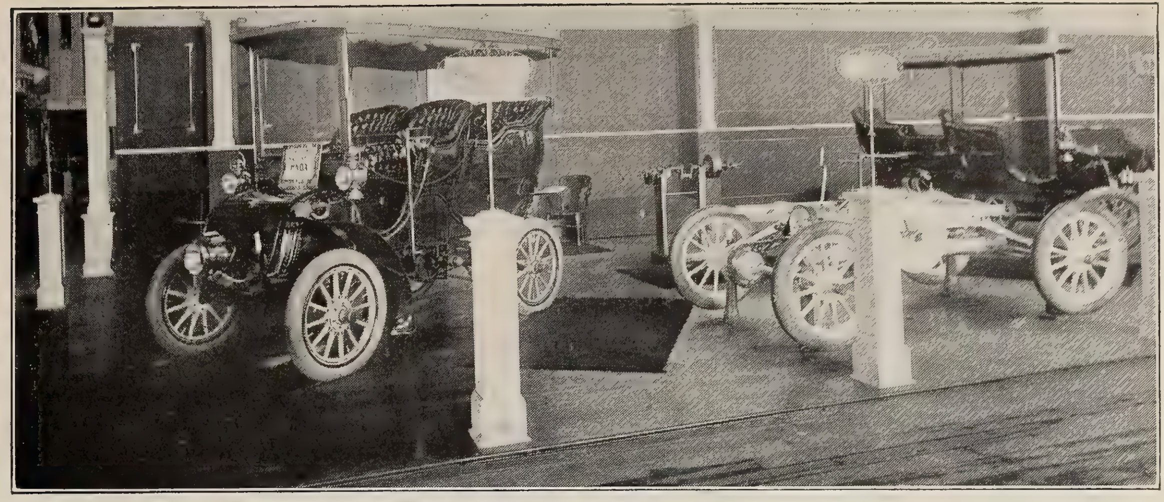
In the American section are several features of special interest to automobilists. The new White steamer which has been put on exhibition is larger than the 1904 cars also shown and will be the model for next season. A number of orders have already been given for it. This new machine has a longer wheel base than former models and an even more commodious tonneau of the King of Belgium type. Motorists will appreciate this improvement. The new steamer is beautiful in finish, weighs 2,000 pounds and is rated at 15 horse power. This 1905 model carries 15 gallons of gasoline and water, and can be run 150 miles on one filling.



Next to the White is the Grout steam car, in several different patterns, one new car being for 1905. This machine has condenser tubes which will envelop the front of the car like wings. The aluminum finished tubes are placed just under well designed and polished bronze corner base pieces and form an agreeable outline for the forward part of the automobile. These tubes are mechanically correct as well as artistic. The new car is being studied eagerly by visitors, for many people want a cheaper light steam car, with a condenser to save too frequent stops to fill the boiler. Grout Brothers hold the record of being the first exhibit ready for opening day at the World's Fair. They were also the first to take out permits for demonstrating machines to be run from the automobile entrance of the Transportation building out through the Plateau of States. Nearly one-half of the manufacturers at present use demonstrating cars.

The Winton car in the booth across the aisles from the steamers has a 1905 model which shows a horizontal engine with all the cylinders on one side of the shaft. Other sections such as the Olds, the Electric Vehicle Company, the Haynes-Apperson and all the first class American works have adequate displays.

The foreign section of automobiles in the Transportation building covers 20,000 square feet, and has 54 exhibits. It shows many interesting features, for the foreigners exhibit *chassis* as well as the complete carriage. The French work is as well finished inside as out, and they are not ashamed to show what they can do. The Renault exhibit, which consists of 5 machines and 2 *chassis,* shows the firm's improved engines and superior workmanship. The Georges Richards Brazier display has



AN AUTOMOBILE SECTION AT THE FAIR.

2 cars and one *chassis* on the stand. The *chassis* show the type of engine put into the car which won the Gordon Bennett cup June 17th last. The Clement-Bayard firm exhibit 4 cars of their specialty, the voiturette. The coachmakers of Paris, Kellner & Sons, Rothschilds and Botiaux, each have excellent showings of upholstered carriage bodies for automobiles. Kellner surpasses in designs of bodies and in finishing. His C spring victoria is the most artistically shaped car at the show. One Frenchwoman had the pleasure of trying the car and said that it was a "Paradise des dames." In this booth is an old diligence similar to the heavy wagons used in France before the introduction of railway coaches. It is painted yellow with a claret molding and is greatly admired.

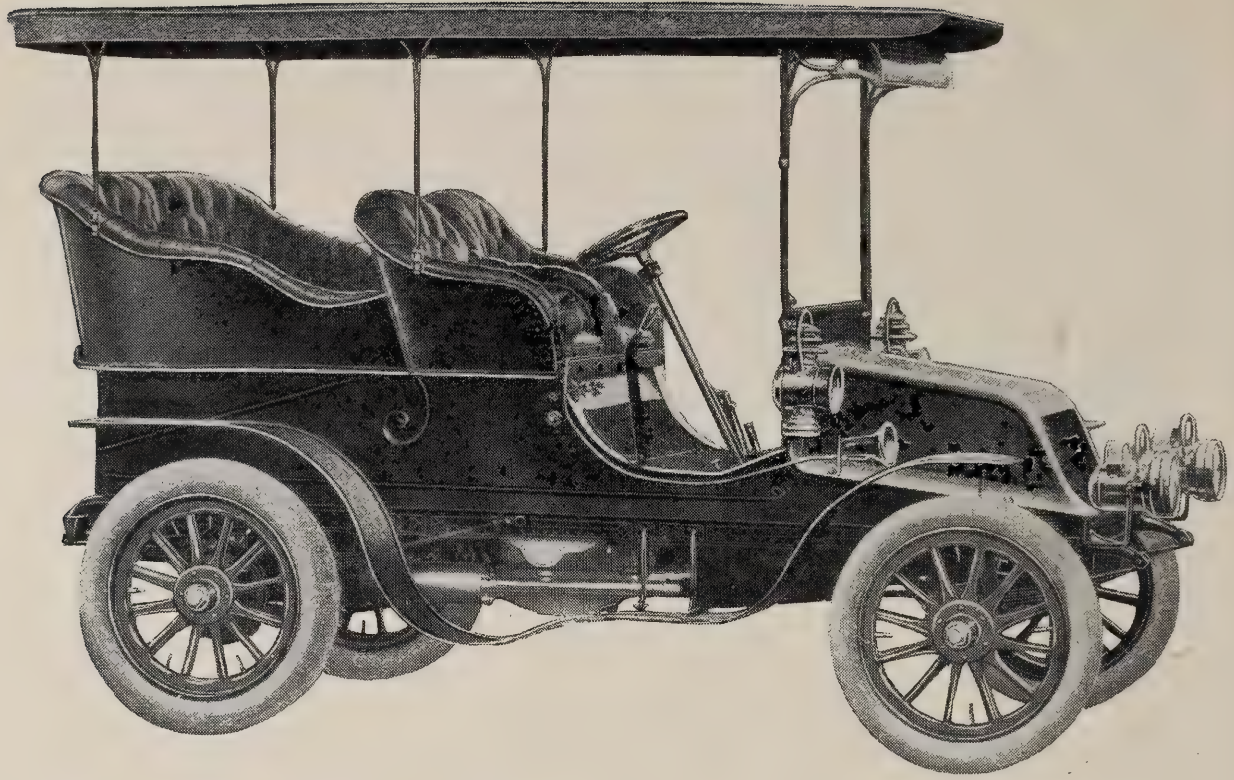
The foreign section shows one electric carriage and one steam machine. Jeantaud was one of the first French manufacturers to develop the electric automobile, and he has made great advance, as is shown by his coupé and cab. The steam machine is a 40 horse power Turgan which has a 4 ton carrying capacity, and is used as a heavy delivery wagon through the country districts of France.

The Touring Club de France has an exhibit showing the principal touring routes of the French Republic.

The Mors section shows some of the finest cars yet turned out. One in particular, a tonneau coupé is much admired. Another car is a side-door double phaeton, of 25 horse power, which has a canopy top and a glass front and back.

The De Detrich section contains a Berlin Limousine car of 40 horse power which is exactly similar to the touring car built for King Edward of England. The interior is of curly maple, beautifully inlaid. It is in this car that the unique writing table is found. The seats are revolving chairs. Another interesting feature in this exhibit is a racing boat 27 feet long which has won 8 pennants in France.

A VARIETY OF MODELS.



Taken as a whole, the automobile exhibits at the World's Fair are one of the most popular features of the immense transportation building. Both foreign and American sections show changes from early models to more V shaped motor cars. The front of the automobile is becoming smaller and smaller while the back is expanding. The present models show great progress from the early type, which was merely an ordinary carriage with the dashboard and whip removed. So complete are the new cars shown at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition that the rich who go away for summer vacations and recreation jaunts no longer need to depend on railway trains but may go in automobiles as sumptuous as palace cars. The exhibit in the Transportation building is so arranged as to furnish entertainment for those who go merely to see, and practical education for those who want to learn about motor cars.

A delegation of Osage Indians from Oklahoma recently called on the President, asking that the money now in the United States treasury standing to their credit be divided among them. When asked what they needed the cash for, one of the chiefs replied that they were much in need of automobiles.—Exchange.

THE HILL CLIMBERS.

The greatest hill-climbing contest that has ever been held was that up Mount Washington, which took place last July. Some attempts at mountain climbing have been made abroad by following the road-bed of cogwheel railways, but no real mountain climbing contest over a road 8 miles in length with a continuous grade of 5 to 20 per cent, has never before been held. Eighteen machines participated in the climb. The most sensational as well as the fastest performance was that of Harry Harkness on his 60-horse-power Mercedes, which conquered the mountain in 24 minutes, 37 3-5 seconds. F. E. Stanley, one of the pioneer inventors of the steam automobile in America, made the next best time in a 6-horse-power steamer. This was 28 minutes, 19 2-5 seconds. The best performances in the class for vehicles weighing between 1,000 and 2,000 pounds were those of a 24-horse-power Peerless (26 minutes, 6 4-5 seconds, 2 minutes being allowed on account of a delay caused by another machine being in the way); a 10-horse-power White steamer (42 minutes, 19 4-5 seconds); and a 20-horse-power, 3-cylinder Phelps (47 minutes, 29 2-5 seconds). A 12-horse-power Columbia machine did the climb in 51 minutes, 50 2-5 seconds. For vehicles under 1,000 pounds a 6-horse-power Oldsmobile made the good time of 1 hour, 20 minutes, 46 seconds. Two specially built light steam cars were second and third in this class in 2 hours, 16 minutes, 55 seconds and 2 hours, 25 minutes, 51 2-5 seconds, respectively. In the free-for-all class, J. L. Breeze, in a 40-horse-power Mercedes, climbed the mountain in 31 minutes, 22 4-5 seconds. What made the test of particular value was that the machines were all stock cars. Besides the mountain climbing contest, several 100-mile tours through the mountains were made during the remaining days of the week.

A new form of endurance test that has developed of late is the non-stop run. By this is meant a trip during which the engine of the automobile is never stopped. The longest run on record of this kind is one of 2,017 miles, made recently in England on a Talbot car. The run consumed 5 days and 4 hours, during all of which time the engine ran continuously. Several attempts of his sort have been made in this country, but thus far they have not been successful.—Scientific American.

AN AUTUMN STROLL.

SAMUEL G. PALMER.

Have you known the delights of a stroll through the haze
On a fair Autumnal day?
How the rainbow-clad trees of our village highways
Stand resplendent and gay?

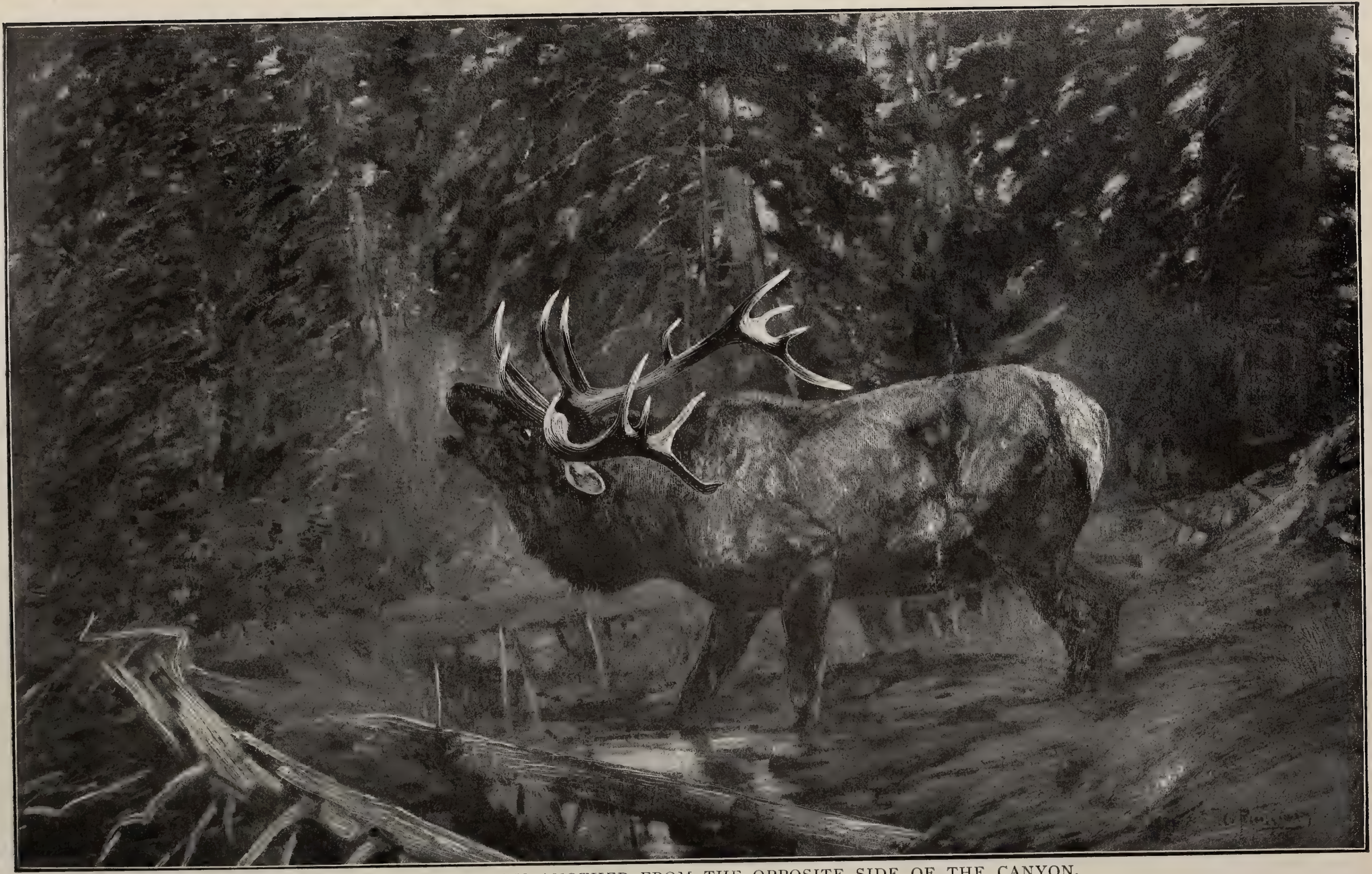
Come out on the hills where the sunbeams and wind
Have free play o'er the fields;
Where the orchard or vineyard prolific, we find,
Its full fruitage now yields.

As we climb the steep grade that leads up to the crown
Of a tall, wooded hill,
The broad winged hawk from his tree swoops down
With a scream wild and shrill.

At last on the summit we've taken our stand.
Like a beautiful dream
Far away in succession loom hill ranges grand
'Neath the sun's fading gleam.

As we turn to descend, from the valley below
There's a flash in the shade,
Where a lake in the calm of the twilight doth glow
Like the sabre's keen blade.

Even now the delights of our stroll do not cloy!
Hear the birds' vesper hymn!
And when once we are home, then the cup of our joy
Is quite filled to the brim.



HE WAS ANSWERED BY ANOTHER FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CANYON.

A CONVERTED GAME BUTCHER.

ED. ROBINSON.

I am a sheep herder, away out in the Badlands, and I hardly ever see anybody to talk to. I came in to my camp a few days ago, hungry and tired, and found my copy of Recreation. I began to read it and forgot to get supper, something a sheep herder seldom does forget.

I have been among the big game about 10 years and have been a genuine game hog, too. I was out hunting last fall and saw a sight that has taken all the bristles off me. I never expect to murder another of these noble animals. I was camped on the river close to some small tributaries that came down from the mountains. As I was out for bear more than anything else I decided to go to the head of one of the tributaries, lie out all night and try to get a shot at a bear the next morning. I left camp about 10 o'clock a. m., and got to the head of the canyon just before sundown. The elk had begun to come out in little parks to feed. I saw a good many cows and calves, but did not molest them. Then I went down into a thick patch of timber, built a fire, and lay down for the night. About an hour after sunset the elk began to tune their mouth organs. I was sitting by the fire about half asleep, when suddenly a sound like a steamboat whistle came roaring down the mountains.

It would have frightened a man almost to death if he had never heard the sound before. It was answered by another from the opposite side of the canyon, and in a few minutes the whole canyon was in a roar almost deafening. I began to wonder what such beasts were ever created for. The bugling increased until I longed for daybreak so I could see what was going on. At dawn I arose, ate my breakfast, and as soon as it was light enough to travel I went up toward where the sound of the elk came from. I had not gone more than 75 yards when I began to see elk in every direction, but the timber was thick and I could not get a full view of the surroundings. I concluded to go back, up a little gulch, and get on top of a big rim rock. After about 20 minutes' hard climbing I came out on the rim rock, and such a sight I never saw before! The whole country below me was alive with elk! A little park, just below me, of about 5 acres, seemed to be their playground. I got down close to the edge of the cliff, where I could have thrown a stone among them.

By that time the sun had begun to shine on the snowy peaks around, which added to the beauty of the scene, but the living creatures below were the center of attraction to me. Mountain scenery I have viewed in all its grandeur, but without those creatures it is dead. Then I began to realize what they were created for. Why should we slay those beautiful animals? There I sat, their arch enemy, and they were wholly unaware of it. I could study them in their home, which nature has made for them. One of the males had 8 points on his horns and he was a monster. He seemed to be the boss. He tried to run every other bull out of the park as fast as they came in. He ran until his tongue hung out of his mouth. Then he went over to the West side of the park, where there was a large mud hole and wallowed in it until he was cooled off. Then he began his chase again. Soon another elk came out of the timber, as large as he was and equally as lordly. They investigated each other and then came together with a crash that sounded like a dead tree falling. I never saw 2 animals fight so wickedly. It lasted 10 minutes. Then the first old boss gave way and turned to run. The other caught him in the ribs, knocked him down and gored him fearfully. At last he got on his feet, started down hill, never stopped to look back, and disappeared in the timber. How gladly I would have traded my rifle for a camera! Since then I have bought a camera and have learned to make good pictures. I shall always take my camera on hunting trips hereafter, instead of a gun.

I watched the antics of that band of elk in joy and amazement. Why should any man ever kill one of these beautiful creatures? I know that in my excitement I would without stopping to think; but that time I had to think. If all sportsmen, when they raise their deadly weapons to blow out the life of one of the few remaining wild animals will stop to consider that these creatures give life to the desolate wilderness and glory to the earth, they will trade their firearms for cameras, take pictures instead of heads, and let the animals remain alive. I beg my brother game hogs to use a camera instead of a gun and they will be 10 times happier after a day's hunt.

To-day I was standing by 3 buffalo heads. The hide was on the skulls yet, and I wondered how long the animals had been dead. How grand it would be to see one of these noble animals alive now! How glad I should be to get one picture of one of them alive! If our fathers had used cameras instead of firearms, this new generation could now see the buffalo roaming in our waste lands. There is plenty of room yet, but alas! they have been driven from the earth forever, and only their bones remain to tell us they inhabited all of our Western land. In these remains is a lesson for every lover of nature. Let us hunt with cameras or the future generation will see only the bones of our present game.

I saw an antelope to-day. He is one of the few remaining in this section. He stood on a little knoll and whistled at me as if he wanted me to come over there, but he was extremely suspicious of my kind so he turned and galloped off across the prairie.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. E. STANLEY.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

Visitor (in New Jersey): What a lot of automobiles are passing.

Host: Those are not automobiles. Those are mosquitoes.—Life.

A GAMY PRELUDE.

REDLEH.

There were 7 of us, the General, David, Bearman, Piker, Farmer, Paddy, and the Treasurer. After an 8 day wagon tour we arrived at the anticipated paradise on Elk river. This is one of the prettiest streams in the Colorado mountains, clear and cold, with picturesque rapids and waterfalls of extraordinary beauty.

After luncheon, guns were unlimbered, rods uncased and with the promise of the General and the Treasurer to remain and arrange camp, the rest of the party took to the woods and waters. Piker and Farmer, with David in the lead, steered up the river. Trout were evidently hungry for a diet of gaudy feathers, so the boys cast and recast, whipped, spanked and flogged the water until creels began to take on weight and smiles broke out into laughter as each success brought up a writhing, twisting, baulking trout, glistening with the drops of crystal water and reflecting from its beautifully colored sides the sunshine of mid-afternoon. Such sport exceeded every anticipation.

Piker executed a flank movement behind a huge boulder, poised his rod in air an instant and gracefully placed the fly on the edge of a pool opposite, at the same time drawing in the rod and making the coachman appear to skim the water in a lazy flight. P-s-s-s-h! A miniature geyser appeared above the river, augmented by the vicious charge of a deluded fish. There was an audible 'snip' and the reel at Piker's hand commenced to sing, "Ah don't kare ef yo nebber kum back." Piker put on the brake and smiled complacently. The fellow at the other end of the tackle performed an athletic turn, displaying much strength and agility. Piker chuckled, and had visions of himself showing this champion to the other fellows. Those visions proved the trout's salvation. The line was unconsciously allowed to slacken and when Piker grasped the reel to regain his advantage, the linen had lost its tension. It floated limply down stream, and a poor, unkempt, bedraggled coachman came to the surface!

David wandered up stream and walked into the water without stopping to remove his shoes. Just after a 10 inch rainbow had been safely cached in his creel, he prepared for another cast and absent mindedly stepped forward as if he were walking on bare ground. One foot found a bald headed, slippery boulder; the other tried to rescue its companion from a foolish predicament, and with hands saluting the sun, and back arched like a cake walk soloist, David received the first ducking that was accorded any member of our party.

His ardor received a temporary knock-out, so he betook himself toward camp. In passing a patch of sarvis berries a large covey of grouse flushed, which calmed his ruffled spirits. Hastening to headquarters, he secured the small rifle and returned for a renewal of hostilities on that wing of the army. Eight of the flock were secured and triumphantly toted to camp.

As the sun approached the Western mountains nearly all the party were back in camp which, in their absence had been comfortably set in order. Stories of the afternoon were wafted about until the Treasurer could stand it no longer. He grabbed a discarded rod and made a sortie on a pool below camp hitherto overlooked by the other anglers. The first throw drew a blank. Another cast, and a rainbow scintillated through the water. He swallowed the tempting fly like a pill. Then he was taken with a violent spasm, gyrating through the pool, dodging boulders, twirling in loops, and leaping into the air in his endeavors to spit out the distasteful dose. After a 10 minute struggle he was towed to the bank and the Treasurer viewed the 15 inches of conquered force with a smile that was heard in camp.

Just then the far away crack of a rifle echoed over us. It seemed to come from high in the air. A moment later another shot sounded across mountain and valley. Piker shouted,

"That's venison," and, accompanied by Farmer, started up the mountain, armed with knife and hatchet. A short distance up they overtook David, who had heard and understood the shots, so the 3 continued up, up, up, breaking a trail through underbrush and over fallen logs, talking with difficulty in their laborious exertions. Meanwhile those remaining in camp began to guess at what was up. It was found that Paddy had not been seen since he had started up the mountain early in the afternoon, so all the hellabaloo was laid at his door. Later we learned that he had gone over the peak and hunted nearly all day without sight or sound of game, when across a little clearing he saw among the undergrowth 2 brown, pointed things flicked together, with a sharp, black tipped nose beneath them and what appeared to be a bunch of brown sticks above. The combination began to move off through the aspen. Paddy raised his rifle and aimed quickly. The object did a fancy step or 2 and ambled off briskly into the protecting timber. Running across the open, Paddy peered eagerly into the woods. About 100 yards away stood something that resembled a lean, lank, narrow gauge mule apparently looking for the cause of its sudden nervous shock. Paddy again raised his gun, the animal jumped at least 12 feet and again disappeared. Paddy thought it was surely gone that time, but reloading the empty chamber of his repeater he walked over to where the thing had punctured the atmosphere in its wild leap, took half a dozen strides farther and found, lying quite still, a 4 point buck. Then the tension of his nerves found relief in an unrestrained yell. The deer was dead; so, marking its location, Paddy went to the peak of the mountain, just above the camp, and sent the 2 shot signal to the fellows below.

The reinforcements found the successful Nimrod, who led them to where his prize lay and the bouquets were then passed around; Paddy being quite overcome by the fragrance that enveloped him. The carcass of the deer was cut up, the boys shouldered the quarters and all started on the return to camp. The arrival of the party created a hubbub that was difficult to quell even with threats that supper would spoil.

That meal was a long to be remembered banquet. After it pipes were lighted, songs were warbled, scaring the coyotes to silence, and incidents of the day were discussed until we succumbed to the sandman; not, however, before we had agreed that no game should be taken which would not be used for food at once. This agreement was maintained throughout our stay.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. A. REED.

CONFIDENCE.

Highly commended in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

TWO GRIZZLIES IN ONE DAY.

C. H. BARKDULL.

Our camp was by the side of a wild mountain stream that drained a large lake nestled among the snow-burdened, glacier-ground peaks that form the watershed of all the streams in Southeastern Alaska. We were too far inland to be molested by the coast Siwash Indians, and far enough from the interior to be safe from the Stick tribes. Game in that protected and favored spot had never heard the crack of the white man's rifle and had smelled little smoke of the Indians' old smooth bores. Many of the largest, wariest, and best educated grizzlies, brown and black bears, not to mention the wolves and wolverines, had sought that secluded valley as their home; where they might roam undisturbed as intended by nature and in harmony with their keen instincts. The river supplied them for several months of the year with the finest salmon. The 20 different kinds of berries and fruit that abound, and plenty of wild cabbage, roots and nutritious grasses kept them in the primest condition. The mountains surrounding the valley were covered with bands of mountain goats and sheep.

Specialists are only content with the best the world affords, therefore Jim Greenslate and Sam Gowan, 2 scarred veterans of the good old buffalo days, had searched out this spot as the best field for big game in all the world. Fate favored me so that I was to share its favors with them.

Breakfast over, guns came off the racks, each fellow put up his lunch, carefully inspected his cartridges, 6-shooter, hunting knife and belt, buckled on his pack straps and we were off. Sam went up the North fork of the river in the direction of the glacier, Jim and I up the main river, toward the lake. The newly fallen snow cracked and crunched as we traveled and we left a trail behind us that could be seen a mile.

After a while Jim stopped and pointed to the side of the mountain. A fresh trail about 3 feet wide wound across the foot of a slide and down on the river bar ahead. We hastened our steps and were soon on the spot. The tracks showed 2 grizzlies, one large and the other larger.

"If we get them 2 fellers to-day we'll make old Sam ashamed of himself," said Jim.

At that we struck the trail. Not another word was spoken. We scanned every bar, every open nook, every log and tree behind which the bears had passed. We could see the trail a long distance ahead. We fairly ran, in that low, bending attitude a hunter always strikes when he is close to game and expects a shot at any second. We came to a big pile of driftwood and logs and could see where the bears had climbed over. As we neared the logs Jim struck a match to get the direction of the wind. It was in our favor. Carefully sneaking up we peeked over, both hands gripping our old rifles. We both looked on a mass of bear tracks, bloody and mud-colored snow. The bears had had their breakfast there and the remains of half a dozen salmon were scattered about.

After looking close, we saw the trail going on up the river.

"They are not half an hour ahead of us. We will get them in those deadfalls up there. They are headed right for them."

Again we struck the trail on a trot. The first great deadfall was in sight.

"She's down!" shouted Jim. "We've got one of them, sure! What! Well, did you ever?"

The deadfall was torn to pieces. Great logs scattered in every direction. Over 2,000 pounds had fallen on that old grizzly's shoulders but it didn't crush him. He had backed out, and in doing so had torn the trap to pieces. The bait was gone. With the exception of the loss of a lot of long, silky, silver-tipped hair the old fellow seemed none the worse for his experience and had continued his journey up the river with his smaller partner, right in the direction of the next bait, where we had set a great 42-pound No. 6 Newhouse steel trap supposed to catch and hold any game animal on the American continent.

We again hit the trail and as we neared the trap a roar, mingled with crashing and cracking of bushes and trees, greeted us. The big brute had cleared off nearly a quarter of an acre of brush and small trees and had dragged the big log, weighing fully 400 pounds, over everything he had come to until it fouled under and against 2 trees. He saw us and charged full tilt, coming as far as the trap and chain would let him, then rising on his haunches and striking the trap against the log with force sufficient to pulverize it.

Two 6-shooters speak at once; he lunges forward and falls in a great heap with a shattered brain.

"That's No. 1! Now for the big one. That old fellow has smelt iron before and he's going to give an account of himself."

"He's not far from here, right now."

We carefully inspected our shooting irons and again hit the trail up the river. It went around a steep bank on the right, then up through a big open park and into a bunch of timber.

"There's where he's lying, Cal. You go up that right hand ridge and head him off. I'll follow him. Keep in sight so we can both do some shootin'."

I climbed the first ridge and was sneaking along, keeping Jim in sight. From my elevated position on the ridge I could see the bear's trail lead up to the top of a little mound and stop behind an overhanging ledge of rocks. Jim was within 40 feet of it when I whistled.

Jim stopped and the great silvery coated old monster raised from his bed, preparing himself for the attack. I dared not shoot as Jim and the bear were in almost a direct line from me. The old grizzly's mane rose and turned the wrong way. His small eyes flashed and sparkled like great black diamonds. His lower jaw dropped, his long upper lip lowered and projected forward, forming almost a proboscis. Foam and strings of saliva ran from his long, pearly, pointed fangs. His round ears lowered and lay down out of sight in his furry head gear. It took about 6 pulsations of his ponderous heart to make this transformation and he was ready.

Jim coolly raised his old 45-70. I could see the polished ivory bead, the glow of silver along the barrel in the sun's rays; I could hear the lock click. Then bang! A roar from the grizzly mingled with the report of the rifle and shook the snow from the branches overhead. The grizzly charged, and 2 shots, at almost the same second, took effect. I could not keep out of it longer! Bang again, 2 more, almost together. The snow flew in all directions as the grizzly raised to make his last and fatal lunge. Jim fired again. A great gush of crimson shot forth as the bear fell within 10 feet of where Jim stood.

The great grizzly bled all the more freely from his over exertions, and as I appeared on the scene several seconds later, all was quiet. Jim stood over the carcass seeking where the shots took effect. A blue cloud of sulphurous smoke ascended heavenward, and the distant echo of our heavy guns was the death dirge of this veteran that had crossed another great divide to a happier valley home where enemies are unknown.

JUST OVER THE HILL.

C. O. WOODMANSEE.

There's a beautiful valley over the hill,
In the "Land that's just out of sight,"
Where the daisies nod to the rising sun,
And the dewdrops sparkle bright.
There's a babbling brook in this pleasant vale
That sings its gladsome song
On its pebbly bed, 'twixt banks of green
As it merrily dances along.

There's a glassy pool in this singing brook
Where deep the shadows lie;
And through the willows that arch o'erhead
Peep glimpses of azure sky.

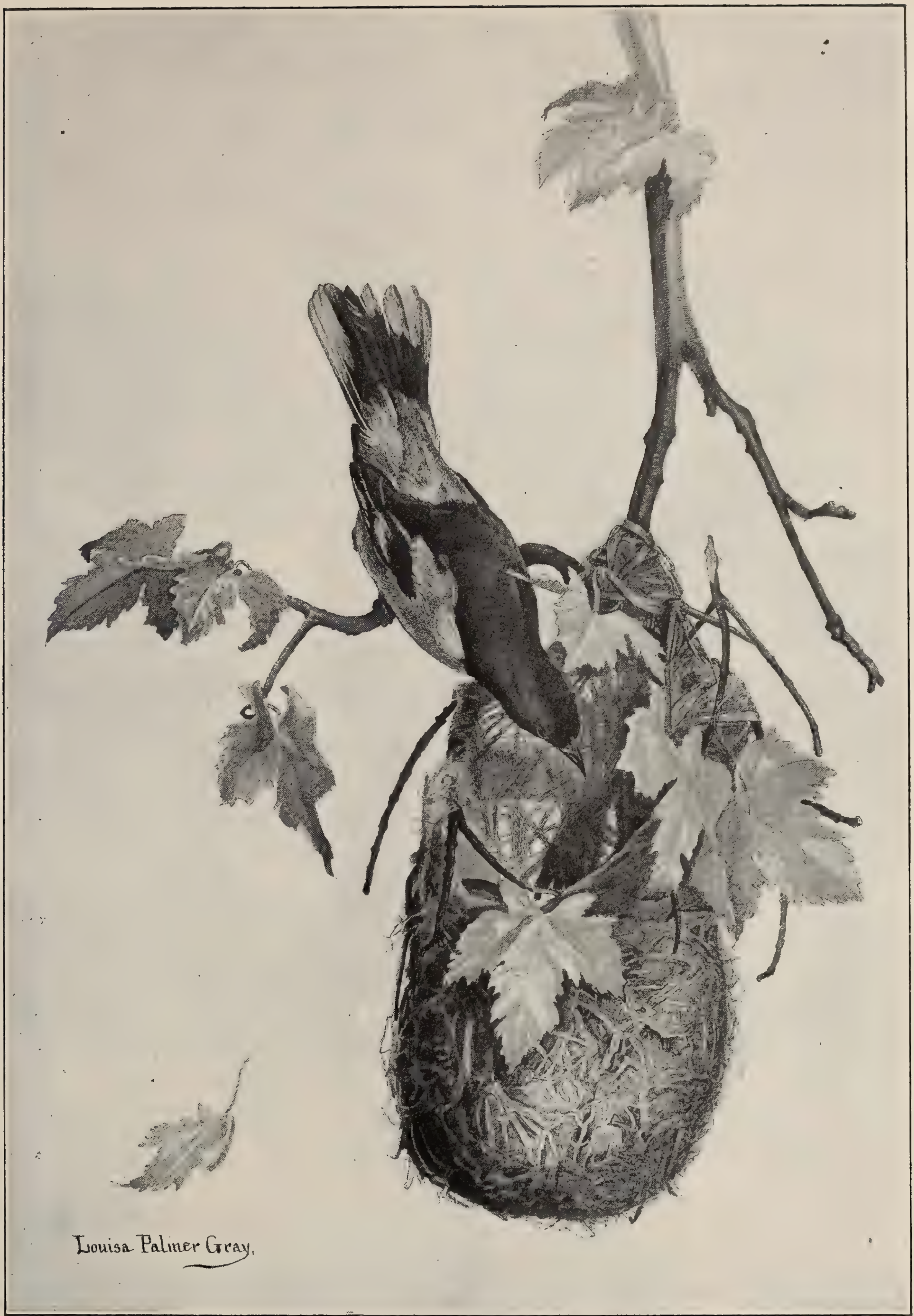
There's a shaded nook in this valley fair
Where the spritely fairies play;
Where the moss lies thick beneath the foot
And the sunbeams never stray.

There are sights and sounds delightful and rare
The eye and ear to please;
While the fragrant perfume of clover and flower
Are borne on the gentle breeze.

The breezes are soft that blow down the vale
As the balmy breath of spring;
And the sun shines mellow on golden grain,
And song birds sweetly sing.

Oh, this magical vale of which I have sung,
Is but a dream, I know,
But I love to visit its peaceful scenes
As in fancy there I go.

There is some difference between a horse and an automobile. A horse has life and sometimes one wishes he hadn't quite so much. An automobile is lifeless until you put life into it. A horse gets frightened by an automobile. You couldn't scare an automobile with a horse to save the sole of your shoe.—Madrid, Ia., News.


Louisa Palmer Gray

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE'S SUMMER HOME.

A TRIPLE CANOE TRIP.

HAMOK.

There were 4 of us, college men, who had elected thus to spend a part of our long vacation. We had severally made vacation trips in all directions. Some of us had camped, hunted and fished in Canada and along the St. Lawrence, in the forests of upper Michigan and the far Northwest, among the Rocky mountains and even in foreign lands. Therefore when one proposed to spend 2 or 3 weeks in a boating trip down the Tippecanoe he was derided for suggesting anything so hopelessly tame. Circumstances, however, made it more convenient for all to remain within the State that summer, so the quartet agreed to put up with tameness and make the run merely for the sake of being out of doors.

The result was a surprise. The upper Tippecanoe, fed by a chain of beautiful lakes and flowing through a country for the most part level and sandy, whose soil absorbs much of the rainfall, is as clear as any spring. It is not subject to sudden rise and fall, as are streams in a hilly region, but flows on equably, rising a few inches or feet when its lake feeders are full, and falling gradually as these are drained off. Its lower course, from Monticello down, is more readily affected by rains, because the water drains rapidly from the hills directly into the river. A crookeder stream probably never existed, not even the classic Meander, than the Tippecanoe in parts of its course. Often a half or quarter mile portage would have taken us to a point 3 miles or more away by river.

Our canoes for the trip were of local make, flat bottomed in view of the shallow riffles we were to meet, 12 feet long, 20 inches wide on the bottom and 26 at the top, tapering in a gentle curve to a sharp point at each end. Shod with zinc at the ends, and painted neatly, they were ready for collisions with rocks or for inspection by any critic we were likely to meet. Each of us carried a long double paddle, with a single paddle in reserve; but they were used chiefly for steering, as we were content most of the time to float with the current. Paddling seemed too much like work for vacation.

Striking camp the first morning was a slow process, but practice soon made us perfect in this. Blankets and extra clothing were rolled up and protected by an oilcloth cover. For carrying provisions and small articles which would be injured by wetting we found large lard cans, holding 6 gallons or more, very convenient. Their lids fit tight and are complete protection against rain, while if properly lashed in they will not spill their contents even in case of an upset. We carried no tent except a rectangular fly 10 x 16 feet, which when stretched under small trees shed the rain—and that was all we asked.

After camping a day or 2 on the shore of Tippecanoe lake, 8 miles Northeast of Warsaw, Indiana, we started down the river, which flows from the Western end of the lake. For the first 2 days we found the stream small and not infrequently blocked by jams of driftwood and by fallen trees, over or under or through which the boats had to be forced with no little effort and discomfort. An occasional low footbridge or a barbed wire at or near the surface of the water added to the gayety of the trip. There was no wild scenery, though the untouched forest with dense undergrowth and hanging vines, the trees often arching the infant stream completely, made it hard to believe we were so near civilization. A little lower, the banks become ideal from a camper's point of view. Besides the willow and the sycamore, which line the banks of every stream in this region, there were long stretches of oak, ash, elm and beech groves, shading a smooth turf of bluegrass. For miles at a time we might have landed at random and been sure of finding an excellent camp ground.

For provisions, we carried some canned meats and fruits, and for the rest foraged on the country. The farm people treated us well in spite of our increasingly disreputable appearance, selling us milk and butter, bread and fruit, at most reasonable prices. Hayes carried a small repeating rifle, which brought down not a few unfortunate squirrels and ducks, and our fly rods yielded a bass now and then. Altogether, we lived on the fat of the land, and when Son's joints began to pain him he declared he could not be sure whether it was rheumatism or gout.

Mosquitoes were troublesome at night, and to some of us their singing and stinging became intolerable. At last the suggestion was made that we sleep in the boats. No sooner said than done. A bed was laid in the bottom with brush, or with straw when we could get it, and on this the canoeist lay, wrapped in his blanket and covered with a strip of canvas to keep off the heavy dew. The experiment was a complete success. The noxious insects did not come near us when we were anchored in midstream, and the only drawback to the complete enjoyment of the situation was the crankiness of the canoes, which compelled us to wake up whenever we desired to turn in bed, for fear of capsizing. In the morning we rolled out of bed into the water for a bath, and altogether the arrangement was ideal.

The upper river, except for the jams and wire fences already mentioned, is comparatively clear sailing; but below Winamac we found the remains of many rude stone dams. They were made years ago, and are always on a riffle, where the water is swift but shallow. As a consequence, the stones are in plain sight at low water, and the question is one of getting through at all without walking; but when the stream is up they are covered, and their presence is revealed only by the extraordinary roughness of the water. There is always at least one narrow gap in the dam. As the canoeist approaches rapidly from above he sees somewhere in the line of tumbling foam a black triangle of swift, smooth water, its apex down stream. If he can strike this triangle bow on he will glide through smoothly; if not, he is morally sure to bump, may capsize, and probably will stick between 2 rocks and swamp his boat.

Besides these fish dams we met several of more familiar construction; one each at Oswego, Bloomingsburg, Pulaski and Norway, and 2 at Monticello. The Bloomingsburg dam is of logs, and it is an easy matter to lift the boats down. At Pulaski we portaged. At Norway we made our way around through the old mill race, since closed. Both the Monticello dams have—or had—fish ways or ladders, down which we slid the boats with little difficulty.

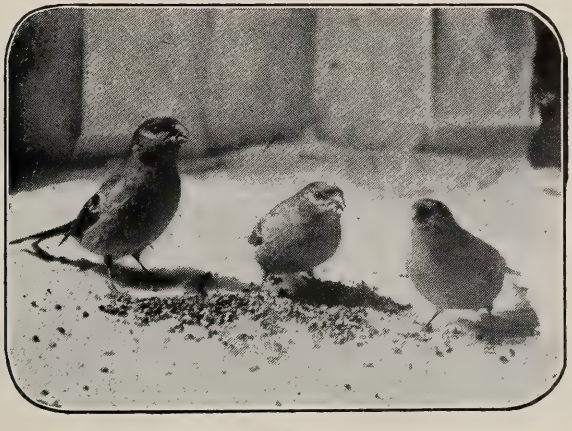
Fishing in the Tippecanoe, like some other things in life, is not what it once was. Spearing, seining and dynamiting have done their part toward exterminating the bass that used to swarm in its waters; but if we may believe the fishermen we passed, the one thing which has done more harm than all these is the introduction of the carp. These water hogs are said to devour the spawn of other fish, especially of bass.

The Tippecanoe flows into the Wabash river a few miles above LaFayette, not far from the historic battle ground where Tecumseh met his fate. At LaFayette one can ship his canoe in almost any direction within a few hours after his arrival, and take train himself for home. He can, if he so desire, continue his journey down the Wabash, but after the first few miles the yellow water, muddy banks and monotonous scenery grow tiresome, especially as there is little good fishing. For canoeing one wants a narrow, rapid stream, not too much frequented, and if possible abounding in fish. Its banks should be clean and its bed rock or sand. The farther from civilization the better, but tolerable canoeing can be found even in Indiana.

For 3 weeks we loitered along the beautiful river, starting late and stopping early, with long noonings and sometimes whole days in camp. Each morning the bath, each evening the monster camp fire. The element of danger and daring adventure was wanting, of course, but as a complete change from the monotony of school or business life such a trip with all its tameness has charms. It is better than camping in a fixed place, for there is constant change of scene and incident and greater opportunity for roughing it. The small expense involved may prove another item in its favor for those whose purses are not over deep.

Our party returned to cuffs and collars, beds and tables, with real regret. Poly's valedictory ran something like this:

"I tell you, fellows, my idea of an evening in heaven is a grassy island, a big fire, a blanket and a pipe; the moon just rising round and full, the air full of the scent of wood and the sound of rushing waters, supper done, the dishes washed, and everybody happy. If I've done anyone a wrong, I forgive him now."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY ROBT. STEVENSON.

PINE GROSBEAKS.

Winner of 36th Prize in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY R. H. BEEBE.

TRYING THEIR MUSCLE.

Highly commended in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. E. STANLEY

TURTLES.

Highly commended in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

THE FIRST FLY ON A NEW STREAM.

E. HICKSON.

The firm I worked for had a water mill on the Caraguet river, which empties into the Bay Chaleur, in Northern New Brunswick. Our manager at Caraguet had told us at different times that French people who lived on or near another stream called the Pokemouche, had brought in large trout, some weighing over 5 pounds. For a long time I had been promising myself the pleasure of casting a fly in the Pokemouche. I knew it was a larger stream than the Caraguet and we got fine trout on that. I was certain the Pokemouche had never been fished with a fly, so one day in September a friend and I found ourselves at the Caraguet mill on the way to the Pokemouche, and a great time we had getting there.

We had brought with us a small tent, blankets, and a bark canoe, which with provisions for a week we intended taking through the woods to the stream we were in search of.

The French people said there was a good road about 4 miles and after that we must follow an old lumber road which might and might not bring us to the Pokemouche.

The night we arrived at Caraguet mill we loaded our tent, canoe and other things on a cart, and early next morning started on the trail. We had 2 good men with us, Richard Brauch and James Power.

The first 4 miles proved easy and the horses made good headway. Then we struck into the forest by a partly cut out trail. The horses struggled along about 2 miles, after which we concluded to send them back, as we had to cut many trees to make room for the wagon and the men said it would be easier to carry the canoe and luggage the remaining 3 miles.

It was by this time about 11 o'clock, so we boiled the kettle and after a snack the men shouldered the canoe, my friend and I cut a pole, piled as much as we could carry into the tent and swung it on our shoulders.

We were young and strong but we had a heavy load and had to rest every 15 or 20 minutes. Grouse were plentiful and I had with me a 22 rifle with which I knocked down 12 of them as we struggled along.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves in a cedar swamp and it took the best part of an hour to disentangle the party and reach high ground. Perspiring and tired we reached a hardwood ridge and after a short rest began what we rightly concluded was the downward trend of ground to the river. We were soon following a brook which must lead us to the Pokemouche and at dusk we struggled out on an old log brow and cheered as we saw a beautiful stream below us.

Alders grew down to the narrow beach of the stream at this point and I saw a deep pool below us where a big elm tree had fallen nearly to the water's edge and lodged. As the men hurried to put up the tent and make a fire I longed for one cast. I had a stiff rod which screwed together in the middle. I quickly set this up, attached my reel, and not waiting to put on a casting line, merely snipped on a red bodied fly, with white wings, which is my favorite evening fly, by one strand of gut.

Standing on the trunk of the elm I managed to drop the fly directly under it. I do not think the fly was in the water one second, until there was a mighty splash which even the men at the tent heard, and which brought my friend running toward me.

The reel made music to cheer the heart of a weary angler, and away up stream went the big fish. I had not bargained for this. The alders prevented me from following, as I could not raise my rod above them, and it was impossible to get down to the narrow beach. In fact, in many places there was no beach, as the alders grew right out into the stream.

Before I knew what had happened the fish had fully 60 feet of line out. Then he turned and came toward me. Fortunately he was well hooked, and kept toward the opposite bank of the stream, but just as he reached the tree he evidently made for his old hole under the trunk of the elm and dashed past me. I managed, I know not how, with my friend's help, to get the rod passed under the elm by which time the big trout was away down stream, and risking the chance of a ducking I climbed further out on the tree, straightened up my rod, and gave him the butt. I was all right now if I could only keep him away from the alders on both sides of the stream, for I could see where the pool shoaled away over a gravelly bed about 100 feet below; so after a struggle I felt rather than saw, as it was almost dark, that I had my fish snubbed. Up he came, fighting every inch of the way, and doing his best to reach the shade of the alders. I feared he might take a notion to go up stream, under the tree again, so I eased him up in the deep water below, and played him there until I had him tired out.

The next thing was to get the fish ashore. The bank of the stream was fully 25 feet high, covered thickly with alders and there was no path visible. However, Dick took his axe and cut a way for himself down to where he could steady himself standing on a big root and I brought the fish to him. The line was tangled in the alders and I left the rod on the elm while Dick carried the big beauty up the bank and over to the fire. The trout would have weighed a good 5 pounds, and I was sure there more like him in that pool.

It was dark by this time and Jim had several grouse skinned and broiled before the big fire, with potatoes and clean water for tea boiling about it. In a minute or 2 Dick had the big trout cleaned and spread out to the blaze. We were all dead tired, but did not we have a supper that night!

Talk about trout fishing! The next morning we cut a pathway down to the stream, launched our canoe and after catching enough fish for breakfast, allowed the rest, and there were thousands, to remain in their watery home. After breakfast we embarked and went up river on an exploring expedition about 10 miles. As we came back in the evening we ran through pools that were fairly alive with trout. We remained in this camp 2 days, then struck our tent and putting everything in the canoe ran down stream about 4 miles, where we found an ideal camp ground, a high plateau between the mouths of 2 brooks, where we spent a week. Trout! The river was alive with them everywhere.

HOW JOSEPH KILLED THE CHICKENS.

W. D. GAY.

Emil Joseph John McCrickens
Saw a flock of prairie chickens
Sailing o'er his father's barn at early morn;
And he cocked his ear to listen,
And his eyes began to glisten,
As he saw them light down in a field of corn.

"Now," said Emil, "something's doing;
Now we'll have some juicy chewing,"
And he took his muzzle loader from the hooks upon the wall.
"Now you bet I'll load her good;
Guess I'll use some Robin Hood,
And a double dose of leaden slugs and ball."

Now, Emil, don't you do it;
If you do, I'm sure you'll rue it;
And don't you ask your father to go with you on your bail.
Do have sense enough to quit,
We won't pity you a bit,
If those prairie chicken wardens come and take you off to jail.

But Joseph he was raw—
Said he didn't care a straw
For all the warden deputies in county, town or state.
Said the game belonged to them
Just as much as Uncle Sam:
Said he'd like to see a warden coming through the garden gate.

"Now, to kill these prairie chickens,
I must hit them like the dickens;
I must get up close enough to hear them squall.
But how to do it beats me—
I'm afraid that they will see me,
So I guess I'd better lay me down and crawl."

So he sneaked up on his face
Till he came to a good place,
Then he poked his gun out through the hedge and let her go.
When they found him, he was crazy—
Said, "Oh, take me home to Daisy,
But leave the gun and bristles scattered o'er the snow."

In his bed he lay and thought,
And he wished that he had bo't
A repeater that he saw down at the store.
But his troubles were not ended,
And he thought himself suspended,
For those prairie chicken wardens they were thirsty for his gore.

Now just take John's advice,
Don't you ever try it twice;
This shooting out of season surely isn't worth a peg;
And as soon as he gets well,
He won't go about and tell
How those prairie chicken wardens pulled his leg.

A WESTERN JUNO.

GEO. W. LUTHER.

As I read Mr. Lancaster's story of "Juno, the Retriever," I recalled an experience which I had with a dog a few years ago. He was a mongrel with considerable Scotch terrier blood, belonging to Captain Richard Olmsted, of DeTour, Michigan.

The ducks were plentiful that fall, and as I was anxious to get some good specimens for my collection, the Captain lent me his dog. We started early one morning so that we might reach a certain lake before daybreak; not that I wished to take an unfair advantage of the ducks, but that I might hear their flight as they came sweeping down from their Northern nesting place.

The dog, Guess, as he was called, was as much at home with me as if he had been my own. His head was full of game and his greatest ambition was to retrieve, no matter who might hold the gun.

We reached the desired spot a little before light. Never have I passed so delightful an hour as on that morning. We sat down together and the music of wings began. Only those who have heard the wings of ducks cut the air as they sweep down from the heights at which they make their migratory trips, can know what it is like. A stranger to such an experience would never dream that the cutting of the air by a score of wings could produce such sounds. The whistle of the American goldeneyes, the s-w-i-s-h of the mergansers, and the peculiar, indescribable hum of the butterballs produce a medley which I would go miles to hear.

How we enjoyed it! Yes, we; the dog, perhaps, more than I, though he could not quite understand why I gave him no chance to bring some of them in. He sat close to my side and every few minutes would place his foot on my knee and look up into my face as if pleading to be off.

It seemed as if thousands of the birds must have struck the water within half a mile of us as we waited for the dawn. Just as the shadows were lifting we moved to a point which extended a little distance into the lake. The grass grew down to the water's edge. It was as thick as a mat and about 3 feet high. With my knife I cut a spot large enough for myself and Guess. We were so close to the water that I could easily reach it with my hand, yet nothing could have seen us by looking in from the water. We had hardly settled down when we heard the riffling sound caused by the bills of a large flock of American mergansers as they skimmed past the point. The dog looked at me wistfully, but I shook my head. Then the ducks began to close in around us. We were the center of their Mecca. The dog was an interesting study. He would look up at me and then at the birds which were often within a few feet of us. Nothing, however, could have influenced him to move more than his eyes. I never expect to behold such a sight again. There were literally acres of water alive with butterballs, mergansers, and bluebills; and a little farther away whistlers, mallards, and a few canvasbacks.

Though the canvasbacks would have engrossed the attention of sportsmen generally, they were of no special interest to me. I was not after meat. The butcher's shop is the best place to get that. There were 2 crested heads a little beyond range which took my eye and represented something infinitely better to me than mere eating. His stomach ought not to be the most important part of a man.

At last those snowy, fanlike crests were within range. Oh, but they were beauties! They came in toward us, first one and then the other craning his neck much like a rooster and sending forth a little note which is intended to produce the same sensation in duckdom as the crowing of a rooster does in the farmyard.

I did not realize until that moment to what a fearful test I was putting the dog. As I placed my hand on my gun I looked at him. His eyes glistened with anticipation. He was the picture of eagerness, and yet of faithfulness. Then I located the 2 crests again. They surely were within range. As I arose Guess crouched closer to the ground, his hind legs moving somewhat as a cat's do when she sees a mouse. As the ducks rose from the water I fired, just one shot, for luck was with me that morning. The 2 fans fell.

Then occurred what interested me more than anything else during the morning's delights. Guess struck the water almost at the instant of the crack of the gun. Four ducks had fallen. The nearest one was dead. The other 3 were floundering about in the water. The dog had to pass the dead one in order to reach the others, but he did not touch it. He picked up the next one, still alive, lifted it an instant, then dropped it dead on the water and going to the third did the same. He did not even stop swimming until he had killed all the live ones and laid the last one at my feet. Then one by one he brought the others in.

During all that time I had not spoken a word nor made a motion to him. As he laid the last one down by the other 3, I reached into my pocket, pulled out a doughnut and gave it to him with the promise that he should have 3 more when we reached home. This was in accordance with a solemn contract into which we had entered at the beginning of the season. My part of the agreement was a doughnut for every duck he should bring in.

It may be a common thing for a dog to make sure every duck is dead before he brings in any of them, but that was the first case I ever knew. I am not a little curious to know if Guess was an exception. Is it not possible for me to learn through RECREATION?

The 2 crests secured that morning are still valued memorials of that trip. One holds an exalted place in the home of a friend, and the other stands on a bookcase in my study, the same beautiful creature as then. The crested merganser is, next to the wood duck, the most beautiful American duck. He has a decided advantage of his rival in that he is far better to look on than to eat. That most beautiful of all American birds, the wood duck, ought to be protected from all hunters. If this is not soon done there will be none left, and another burning disgrace will belong to the indiscriminate hunter.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. VANDERVELDE.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S 8th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WADE B. SMITH, PETOSKEY, MICH.

THE INDOLENT CITIZEN.

My favorite occupations,
  As the seasons come and go,
Is cuttin' grass in winter
  And, in summer, shovelin' snow.

Magistrate—There was no reason for you to assault this man and break his camera because he tried to take a snap shot of you. What else did he do?

Prisoner—Nothing, Your Honor. He pressed the button, I did the rest.—Pennsylvania Grit.

"This," said the city nephew, who was showing Uncle Si the beach, "emphazizes the difference between the country and the city. Now, here you will see the height of fashion in bathing costumes, and——"

"Yep," said Uncle Si. "Down ter hum we undress ter go in swimmin' an' dress up ter go to a dance, an' here it's jest the other way about."—Judge.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

CAN A NOVICE GET A DEER?

G. A. WARBURTON.

I am often asked whether a person without experience as a hunter can hope to get deer in the Adirondacks. Let me answer this inquiry with encouragement to the tyro. In the first place deer are much more plentiful than they were when hounding and jacking were permitted and each year sees an increase in their number. Not only are the laws better than formerly, but they are far more strictly observed. Both guides and sportsmen realize that the future of hunting depends on this. In this respect New York is far ahead of Maine. The early hunting of deer, though preferred by some, is not generally successful, except around ponds and lakes, because when the leaves cover the trees and bushes it is hard to get near enough for a shot. There is not so much danger from other hunters later in the season and the chances of success are better. The antlers of the bucks have lost their velvet and the game is in prime condition for the table.

The timidity of deer is their chief protection, yet it is a mistake to suppose that they can not be outwitted. A good guide knows the habits of your quarry so well that if you will follow his instructions he will be able, under ordinary conditions, to give you a good shot. Of course the beginner should never hunt without a guide. It is false economy to try it. The guide knows the feeding grounds, and you do not, and you may be sure that the Adirondack guide will do his best for his employer. The sportsmen who think otherwise are usually those who have not acted squarely with their guides or who have been too stubborn or conceited to follow their advice.

The first hunting trip I made was late in October. I had only 4 days to spare. Before our train reached Utica it began to snow; when we got into the woods the forest was under a white mantle. The first day we saw nothing but signs. The snow was crusty and snapped under foot like egg shells. In the night the South wind rose and by morning the trees were dropping their white covering.

We possessed our souls in patience until 11 o'clock while the snow grew softer. The clouds disappeared and we started out. Hunting up the wind, the snow as soft as a bed of moss, taking a step or 2, then eagerly peering through the trees to find a deer, the conditions were ideal, for we gave forth neither scent nor sound, while our deliberate and cautious movements greatly reduced the chances of our being seen. The first deer to fall was a buck with good antlers. He was feeding up the sides of a little glen on a sunny slope. He fell after a leap or 2, shot through the shoulders, while the doe that was with him plunged back into the swamp.

We moved on stealthily and had not gone half a mile before I discovered another deer, pushing away the snow for the beech nuts beneath. It was a small buck, but big enough to excite me so much that I missed him utterly. I can not tell how many shots I fired, but when calmer moments returned I remembered I had seen only the forward sight of my rifle. In the meantime the guide had killed a deer and before long I dropped another. We dragged them back to the camp on the snow and the next day we came out of the woods.

I have hunted since for a longer time with scantier success, but have never but once gone to the Adirondacks on a hunt without killing my deer. After a dry spell the leaves are noisy and still hunting is out of the question. The only way then is to find a feeding ground and watch it, or, if you have a party, make a drive, having your guides chase the deer off the ridges down the runways where you are stationed.

Once I took my seat on a high rock at the intersection of 2 runways that led down to a ford of the river. From about 9 o'clock in the morning I waited and watched for a deer to come. The red squirrels were busy in the dry leaves and as they scampered about they made noise enough for a deer. Growing discouraged and weary I sat listlessly musing when suddenly there was the snapping of a twig, sharp and distinct. Looking up I saw a big buck walking leisurely, with nose on the ground, down the side of the mountain straight toward where I sat. His great antlers gleamed in the sun. When he stopped behind a small spruce I fired as he stood broadside to me, and missed. I kept on shooting but it was not until I had shot 7 times that he went down, pierced by 4 of my bullets.

As enjoyable a trip as any was that on which I was unsuccessful in finding game. There remains with me the memory of that day when I sat hours alone in the vast forest and felt the presence of that vital force in nature of which the poets have so often sung, but of which the consciousness comes only now and then to an ordinary mortal. The pulse beat of the earth was as real as the throbbing of my own heart.

The man who expects to succeed in hunting for deer must have the right place, a good repeating rifle, a measure of coolness and patience, quick, accurate eyes, habits of observation, a guide who knows the country, and physical vigor enough to stand fatigue and exposure if the weather be stormy.

LAWBREAKERS IN TROUBLE.

The following clipping from the Milwaukee Free Press may interest your readers.

> All the laws of Wisconsin relating to the hunting of deer and even the Lacey act of the federal statutes were broken last week by Mayor A. Bergman, of Freeport, Ill., and H. R. Nelson and J. D. Hinds, of Lena, Ill. As a result the party lost by confiscation the 6 deer that had been killed and about $400 worth of guns and other things which go to make up fine hunting outfits.
>
> By trying to ship the best portions of 5 deer out of the State in a trunk, they violated that section of the Lacey act which prohibits the shipment of game in concealment. By attaching the coupon from a resident license to the carcasses of the deer concealed in the trunk, which was checked to Lena, Ill., the State law prohibiting the shipping of game out of the State on a resident license was violated, and in concealing the game in a trunk the statute providing that all game offered to the railroads for transportation shall be properly labeled was broken. In addition to this J. D. Hines, of Lena, Ill., laid himself open to prosecution for hunting without a license, by attempting to use the resident license issued to T. J. Hinds, of Monroe, Wis. Incidentally, T. J. Hinds is to be prosecuted for transferring his license to the Mr. Hinds from Illinois.
>
> Mayor Bergman and his party appeared before Governor La Follette yesterday to explain the situation and to extricate themselves if possible. He turned them over to Deputy Game Warden C. D. Nelson. They repeated the story to Mr. Nelson, who said he would investigate and that if he found the facts as they represented he would forward as many deer as they could produce non-resident licenses and would release their guns. Mr. Nelson has investigated and has found that the confiscation was warranted and proper. He will not release either the deer or the hunting outfits, and if the party will not return to Wisconsin to stand trial under the State law he will turn them over to the federal authorities for prosecution under the Lacey act.
>
> The party had been hunting in the Northern part of the State and had secured 6 deer. When they started for home they took the train at Ingram, where they showed the carcass of one deer properly tagged and with the coupon of a non-resident license attached. They assured Game Warden J. W. Stone, who checked them up, that the one deer was all they had. Stone, however, got on the train and went through the baggage car, where he found 2 trunks checked to H. R. Nelson, Lena, Ill. They contained the best portions of 5 deer and hunting outfits worth about $300. When the train stopped at Cameron, he held both trunks and notified the department at Madison.
>
> The deer in the trunk were tagged and there was attached to one a coupon from the non-resident license of H. R. Nelson and to the others coupons from a resident license. Deputy Fish and Game Warden Nelson set out to run the whole thing down and he soon found that the resident license had been issued in the name of T. J. Hinds, of Monroe. He went to Monroe and secured from T. J. Hinds an affidavit that he had transferred his resident license to a party composed of H. R. Nelson, J. D. Hinds and A. Bergman.
>
> The venison will be shipped to the State Hospital for the Insane, and the guns and other things will be sold at auction.—Milwaukee Free Press.

I also seized 2 deer from the train at Milwaukee depot which were shipped by a Wisconsin hunter to Indiana. Under the Wisconsin law no deer can be taken out of the State, save that a non-resident who has paid $25 for a hunting license may take home 2 deer if he accompanies them.

About December 15th I seized, at the Northwestern depot in Milwaukee, a box or venison shipped by A. Radcliff of Eagle River. Radcliff was arrested December 24th by Deputy Game Warden James Oberholtzer and taken before Judge Coleman, where he pleaded guilty and was fined $25 and costs.

December 22nd I seized a bag containing venison in a baggage car of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Inside I found tags with the names of Dodsworth and Vaughan, 2 high officials of the C. M. & St. P. They expected to have the venison for their Christmas dinner, but it regaled the inmates of a State institution. The seizure was reported to the Michigan wardens and I hope they will catch the shipper. The same day I seized a lot of rabbits tagged to a Chicago game dealer.

Valentine Raeth, State Deputy Warden,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mayor Bergman and his party undoubtedly had lots of fun hunting and killing 6 deer, but how blooming miserable they must have felt when they realized that instead of feasting on their venison at home it was eaten by a lot of unfortunate maniacs in the hospital at Madison. These Freeport fellows are also probably heaving many a sigh as they think of their fine guns and hunting dogs, all of which are doubtless highly prized and which are hereafter to be worn and used by plain ordinary sportsmen in and about Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Mayor I advise you either to comply with the laws of any State in which you may hunt hereafter or stay at home.—EDITOR.

AMERICANS AS GAME PROTECTORS.

W. T. Hornaday, in the Zoological Society Bulletin.

To-day the people of the United States may be divided into 3 camps. The largest contains those who know little of wild life, and are indifferent to its welfare. The next largest contains the persistent destroyers of wild life, market hunters and fishermen; persons who pose as sportsmen, but are really pot hunters, and real sportsmen who shoot not wisely, but too well. The smallest body consists of the high-class sportsmen and the humane and broad minded men and women who abhor the wholesale slaughter of harmless creatures, who love wild life, and who are fighting to save the remnant from the annihilation which threatens it.

Americans are so busy building cities and States, amassing wealth and destroying the products of Nature wherever found, that they have up to this date been the most supine game protectors in the higher ranks of civilization.

We purchased Alaska nearly 30 years before the capture of Khartoum from the Madhi, but the wild animals of the Egyptian Soudan had game laws to protect them before those of Alaska shared their good fortune. The Egyptian Soudan has a Director of the Department of Game Protection, but even yet Alaska has nothing of the kind.

In America, the game protectors are to-day engaged in a hand to hand struggle with the annihilators of wild life. The United States Senate is considering Senator Dillingham's bill No. 4166 for the repeal of the whole Alaskan game law. The only measure proposed in its stead is a flimsy and utterly useless license law to regulate the exportation of the hides, horns and flesh of the finest wild animals of Alaska. And this is solemnly proposed "to protect deer, moose and caribou in Alaska!"

To-day there is a possibility that, despite the earnest protests of this Society, the League of American Sportsmen, the Boone and Crockett Club, the United States Biological Survey, the Audubon Society, the Camp Fire Club and other organizations. the Senate of New York may pass the Hubbs bill, to repeal an excellent law against the spring shooting of water fowl. That measure has already passed the Assembly, and the game annihilators of Long Island, and of New York City also, are fighting hard for the repeal of the bill which now prevents them from shooting wild ducks during their breeding season!

From Pittsburg to Boston the sparrow eating Italians of Naples and Sicily are swarming afield on Sundays, killing song birds for food! These lawless citizens now constitute such a menace to the lives of valuable insectivorous birds that it is necessary to deal specially with them. Around Pittsburg, Columbus, and in many portions of Ohio, they have become a dangerous element. On Saturday, March 20th, 2 Italians were found killing squirrels in the Zoological Park. The one captured by Watchman Van Benschoten spent 2 nights in jail, and was fined $5.

The New York Zoological Society is composed chiefly of business men and practical women, who are far from being sentimentalists. The organization stands for the protection of wild life, of nearly every kind, everywhere, and at all times, save in proper and legitimate open season, not breeding seasons, for animals that may properly be classed as game.

It is time for all persons outside the ranks of the Protectors to think on this subject, and decide whether they will join the ranks of the Protectors, or stand with the Annihilators. Ere long the indifferent must by default in good works be classed with the Annihilators!

I am glad to be able to report that Congress and the New York Legislature both adjourned without passing either of the nefarious measures referred to, and I hope they may never be revived.—Editor.

OBJECTS TO THE BRANDING PROCESS.

Your work in correcting game hogs is splendid, but your means do not justify the end. Why should your readers be burdened with photos and scenes of game hogs and their victims, also their number branded in your game hog book? We do not pay our money to hear of other men's misdeeds, sad enough, 'tis true; but don't you think the U. S. Government could do the branding and punishing? It seems to me like hitting a man when he is down, for what redress is there to a converted game hog when his photo and number are in a magazine entering thousands of homes, being seen and discussed? Is it right? I shall continue to read your magazine, as your other reading matter is A No. 1. It always appeals to me as it must to every one who loves legitimate sport in its broadest sense. Your arguments against game hogs are persuasive and eloquent enough to deter all but the most hardened. Your aim is glorious, your purpose humane, but?

Joseph E. Stuckert, Jersey City, N. J.

I appreciate your point of view in regard to my game hog crusade. I have received other letters similar to yours and have answered them directly as well as through Recreation. For 20 years or more the various sportsmen's periodicals in this country have published mild protests against the slaughter of game, and they might as well have saved their space. The protests accomplished nothing. The slaughter of game was unchecked, the buffalo was wiped out of existence, the passenger pigeon exterminated, elk nearly so, the slaughter of bird life was appalling, and the time had come when nothing but a method like mine could make the least impression on game hogs, fish hogs and the butchers who destroyed the birds. When I began this crusade, I stood ready to lose every friend I had, if necessary, in order to protect the remnant of our fast disappearing game. Instead of that, Recreation has made thousands of friends among the best class of sportsmen in this country and Canada. The League of American Sportsmen, of which Recreation is the official organ, has a membership of over 10,000, with divisions in every State and Territory except one, and this magazine and League have done more to secure the passage and enforcement of just game laws than all other forces combined. If any of the game is saved in this country, the credit should be given to the League and to the method which has shamed men who could not be reached in any other way. I have used this method without fear or discrimination, and solely for the purpose of saving the game. You say my means do not justify the end. On the contrary, the results obtained by Recreation and the League amply justify the means and prove my case. The League is recognized all over this country as the one power that is framing correct game laws and securing effective legislation to protect the game.

In this day a man who deliberately slaughters game, or fish, or song or insectivorous birds is not deserving of any sympathy whatever. He can not possibly be classed as anything but an ignorant brute whom nothing but the most forcible method will reach.

I note you object to paying for the reproduction of photos of game hogs, etc. However, I give the readers of Recreation much more than 10 cents' worth of other material in each number of the magazine. I am sure you agree with me on that point, and I trust that on further consideration you may realize the necessity of my method.

Editor.

GOD'S CREATURES.

Recreation prints "A Plea for the Bird Dog," based on the assertion that the dog is one of God's creatures. Doubtless he is, but have we any reason to suppose that birds, rabbits and deer are creatures of the devil?

"Flush the birds and give them a chance for life," is the dog user's cry, though well he knows that without the dog to point their location, thus giving ample time to prepare for action, their sudden and unexpected rise would be the very chance for life which he professes to ask for them. There is as much sportsmanship in shooting a deer driven past a stand, or a calf tied to a post, as there is in using a shot gun, charged with hundreds of miniature projectiles, over a trained pointer.

As for giving birds and animals a chance for life, except for economy's sake, that is sheer nonsense. The ownership of a gun, a dog and a ferret bars such a plea. It is game the man is after and the average hunter thinks himself abused when his quarry proves too cunning for his skill. If the question of giving wild game a chance for life is the vital argument in favor of game protection and the suppression of both dog and ferret, let us not go gunning at all.

But there is an economical side to the game question, and it is of far greater importance than a mere matter of sport. The fowls of the air and the beasts of the forest are spoils as legitimate as the Thanksgiving turkey, the pet lamb or the fatted calf. They are a valuable food supply, Nature's voluntary bank deposit in favor of every individual, and every individual should insist that his share be protected from unfair extermination. The dog-and-shot-gun men have already overdrawn their accounts and brought Nature's bank into a condition of insolvency. Their liabilities are equal to the entire sum necessary for present-day game protection. The superior sagacity of the dog has won for these men all the so-called honors of sportsmanship of which they boast.

The true sportsman finds pleasure in the chase only when he matches his individual skill, as a woodsman, stalker and marksman, against the cunning of fur and feather, and not in merely pressing the button while the dog does the rest.

That domesticated wolf, the deer hound, nearly exterminated the best game animal in Pennsylvania, and the smaller game is rapidly vanishing before the shot-gun man and that lesser wolf, the bird dog. Beasts and birds of prey do not kill wantonly, but only sufficient for their needs, and when they were plentiful game was also plentiful. But man pays a bounty for their destruction, in order that his dog, a vicious, unnatural brute, and the most wantonly destructive of all quadrupeds, may have no competitors in the work of extermination, and no partner other than his own master.

More human beings have died of rabies than ever fell victims to carnivorous beasts; more sheep and lambs have been destroyed by dogs than were ever bred in any one year on the soil of Pennsylvania, and the value, to man, of the wild game wastefully destroyed by the aid of dogs, can not be computed in figures. Put a bounty on dogs, and Nature will quickly solve the problem of restocking our fields and forests with game birds and game animals, and that without wasteful expense to private individuals or to the State.

Let the gunner be thrown wholly on his own resources; let him pay for his education as we still hunters have, with many a long, hard tramp that brought no return, other than the pleasure of hunting,—a task so menial that Mr. Raymond delegates it to his dog, while he finds pleasure in gathering the spoils—and accounts them honorable.

E. D. Ladd, Oleona, Pa.

DE GUARDINER CONVICTED.

We have just caught and liberated a car of quails, shipped from Tennessee as pigeons, by Genie De Guardiner whose home is in Natick, Mass., and who was with the birds. He was fined $2,000 and 6 months' imprisonment. He had 1,200 birds, which he had bought and paid 30 cents each for. We consider this conviction a good thing. He swore that the quails were for breeding and going to State game commissioners. This conviction may be a warning to other law breakers.

Geo. Mason, Birmingham, Ala.

I am mighty glad to know that De Guardiner has the opportunity to spend the summer in Alabama and to board at a hotel where he will have plenty of time to reflect on his past sins. A year or more ago he sent me a small ad for insertion in RECREATION and on being asked for references gave me the names of several good people in Massachusetts where he then lived. On inquiring of these people they reported him as being honest and reliable, but all the same he failed to pay his advertising bill. I hope the State may succeed in collecting $2,000 from him, but it probably will not. In that event he will be required to spend several years in the custody of the sheriff. Meantime Tennessee's loss will be Alabama's gain in the matter of the distribution of quails.—EDITOR.

The article by H. S. Ferrell in March RECREATION shows that there are still some men who champion the hounding of deer. I am well used to the sort of men who want to have a dog do their hunting for them. To them, cruelty is sport. No man has any right to practice cruelty to animals under the name of sport. When he kills them for his own or others' use, let it be by means that cause no unnecessary suffering. As to hunting in our Adirondack woods on horseback I should like to see any man try it. He would soon learn better.

One reason I advocate still hunting is that one individual may not get so many deer, but more people get one than under the hounding system, when a few get all, and others nothing. The damage done by hounds running loose in the woods killing and eating young fawns when they can not help themselves, forever disposes of the theory that hounding is any protection to deer. Since the law of '97, measurably well obeyed, the phenomenal increase of deer here is strong argument against hounding.

I have had to meet almost every kind of argument from men who loved brutal sport, and were too lazy to still hunt. Many of these men are now of my way of thinking.

Rodney West, Minerva, N. Y.

GAME NOTES.

Gunners and fishermen report that there are large numbers of ducks in lower Delaware river and in Delaware bay. Harry C. Clark, of Delaware City, killed 52 wild duck on the river Tuesday. They were black ducks and mallards.—Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening.

I am a lover of good honest sport, both with gun and rod, and I detest a hog. That there is at least one such critter in Delaware the above clipping shows.

Harry E. Link, Wilmington, Del.

In answer to a letter inquiring as to the truth of the newspaper report, I received the following:

Yes; I killed 54 ducks in 3 hours. That was my best day's sport this season. Last March (1903) I killed 198 ducks in 5 days, shooting about 6 hours each day.

Harry C. Clark, Delaware City, Del.

This shows that you are not only a hog but that you are lamentably ignorant of the principles of good sportsmanship. If you had been a reader of good literature you would have known that such a declaration as this would result in your being condemned and despised by decent sportsmen everywhere. Your name goes down in the swine book as number 1045.—EDITOR.

I must take exception to the statement made by Allan Brooks in April RECREATION, that the flesh of the red breasted merganser, *Mugus serrator,* (Coues), is at all times uneatable. The fact is that these birds, properly cooked, make not only a palatable stew but an excellent roast as well. On my shooting trips during 20 years I have cooked dozens of them, and people have enjoyed them who thought they could not eat any kind of wild fowl. Personally I prefer brant, black mallard, teal, blue bills, whistlers, etc., but if you know how to cook, a "shell bird" is by no means to be despised.

Isaac Hills, Nantucket, Mass.

You remember the entertainment we prepared for you at the meeting in St. Paul in the shape of a seizure of 11 saddles of venison and over 600 grouse. Well, the grand jury failed to indict at the first term, but we brought the matter up again and got 2 indictments. Mr. Ertz has been tried on the first and has paid a fine of $500. The other indictment hangs over until next term. Such fines as these will make some of the lawbreakers think that the business is not all profit.

Sam Fullerton, St. Paul, Minn.

During my hunting trips over the country I notice that hawks, owls and foxes have done great damage to birds and rabbits. Such vermin would all be shot if there was a bounty on their scalps. Could you not introduce a bill in Congress to that effect? In November I shot a duck hawk, a rarity in York county. This bird and its mate had cleaned out a flock of quails and when I shot it the 2 were fighting over a rabbit.

A. J. Fisher, York, Pa.

Recreation is much appreciated in Texas. We have lately organized a gun club here of 25 charter members and offer a reward of $25 for a violation of the game law. We made the same offer last year and only had one conviction, at a cost of $45 for the 3 birds he killed. There was no other violation of the law. Keep up your good fight on the game hogs.

W. S. Peace, Del Rio, Texas.

In the 6 years I have been a sportsman quails have never been so scarce as at present. Game hogs have potted them all. I have as fine a pointer as ever went into cover, yet I never killed over 15 quail in a day, even when they were abundant. All sportsmen should be members of the L. A. S. and help protect the game.

Ed. Bliss, St. Paul, Ind.

The first day of the open season on rabbits fell on Sunday last fall, and of course sportsmen did not hunt until Monday. But while driving Sunday afternoon, I met 3 fellows with a hound and no less than 14 rabbits. There is little encouragement to be decent when such things are permitted.

J. D. Gossler, Allentown, Pa.

Through the united efforts of the sportsmen in Northwestern Pennsylvania, we succeeded in getting a bill through the Legislature which prohibited the shooting of woodcock in July, but for some unaccountable reason the Governor refused to sign it.

C. B. Hall, Erie, Pa.

The season has, so far, been unusually propitious and I believe there will be more birds here than for many years. Certainly this will be the case if the calls of Bob White indicate their presence. Wild turkeys also promise to be abundant.

Margaret Buford, Lawrenceville, Va.

I notice in May Recreation Jean Allison's reply to Dr. Brigham of Indianapolis, in regard to eating deer liver. Though myself a Hoosier M.D. from Indianapolis, I must say that Brother Allison is right in every particular.

J. Q. Allen, Telluride, Col.

We have but few chickens and quail, although rabbits are abundant and in the fall duck shooting is good. We still have an open season on ducks in the spring, but every Legislature adds some restriction to our game laws. C. Holdfer, Perry, Ia.

The game of this State needs more protection. Grouse, quails and pheasants are nearly exterminated. Duck shooting is still excellent. Deer are scarce. Bear are numerous from June to August.

W. J. McPoland, Long Branch, Wash.

Game is plentiful here, especially grouse. Quails are less numerous. Game laws are not well enforced. We have wardens but they shirk their duty.

J. E. Hubbard, Athol, Wyo.

Deer are becoming plentiful here. The open season of 10 days is long enough. An effort is being made to extend the season but I hope it will fail.

J. L. McAllister, Warren, Vt.

In spite of the long and severe winter chickens and grouse went through in good shape. There were large numbers of them to breed last spring.

Frank W. Blake, Fort Totten, N. D.

This is the greatest country for quails that I ever saw. However, I have killed more hawks than quails in my 8 years of residence here.

D. C. Green, Bartow, Florida.

Last season was the greatest for ducks, wild geese, deer and all kinds of game that we have had for many years in this section.

J. T. Collins, Morgan City, La.

I live in the center of the best hunting and fishing section of Pennsylvania. Last season I killed 2 deer and 3 bear.

Walter J. Bachman, Oleona, Pa.

We have many quails and rabbits, but our game laws are little respected and the pot hunter is always at work.

M. J. Crawford, Wapakoneta, O.

Our new game law is being enforced to the letter. We have 3 Mexicans in jail now for trapping and selling quails.

I. J. Bush, M.D., El Paso, Tex.

Ducks are plentiful here. Our hunters are not game hogs and know when they have enough.

Kenneth Hughes, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Quails are scarce here. We did not have much duck shooting last season. Rabbits were abundant.

L. A. Jaeger, Independence, Iowa.

Game is scarce in this vicinity, a few rabbits and quails being all that remains.

Ira Owen, Fruit Port, Mich.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish mackerel—Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, Calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide. Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and Tide: Day and night flood.

Croker—July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead—June to October Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime; not affected by tides.

HOW I STOLE HIS TROUT.

I was spending a delightful vacation at Ayers', on Lake Duane, in the North woods, and from the lake, the Twin ponds near and the cold spring in the Little Salmon river, into which the lower Twin empties, I had taken many lively trout; but of all I caught that season no catch was so sensational as the one trout I took at the boat dock just below the hotel.

Late one afternoon, the ladies having gone to their rooms to dress for supper. I was sitting on the piazza alone, enjoying the delightful atmosphere and watching the changing cloud effects in the West as the hour of sunset drew near, the sun having already disappeared behind the topmost peak of the mountain. After a while I felt inclined to descend the stairway to the landing, and then turned my steps along the shore of the lake toward the boat house, where I could see my friend Bronson, the Wall street banker, fishing. By the time I reached the dock I found him taking his rod apart and with an air of impatience preparing to return to the hotel.

"Hello! what luck?" I inquired.

"None," Bronson replied; "I've been fishing here 2 hours without a bite, except these miserable chubs," and he pointed to several specimens scattered about the platform. Some he had cut up and used for bait in the endeavor to lure the trout when his best flies had failed to tempt them.

Spying a particularly good looking piece of chub at my feet I said,

"It's a shame to waste this good bait. Why not try once more?" But Bronson shook his head and continued his preparations for deserting the place.

Against the boat house stood a slim rough pole which some boy had cut in the woods, and dangling from its end was a piece of white twine 4 or 5 feet long, to which was attached a large hook.

I picked up the attractive portion of the chub which Bronson had rejected, put it on the great hook and splashed it carelessly into the lake. Instantly it was seized and I drew out a trout 9 inches long! Detaching it from the line I held it up and said,

"There is an example of expert angling! Given a long slim sapling, a piece of cotton twine and a hook big enough to catch a pickerel, with a huge chub bait, the result is a trout fit to grace a king's table!"

I was not congratulated. Bronson was mad. He disgustedly exclaimed,

"That is the meanest thing I've experienced this summer. You come and steal my trout under my very eyes!"

Laughing at his discomfiture, I replied, "Well, let's go up to the house and show the other fellows what an angler can do!"

Henry T. Gray, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTS NETTING LEGALIZED.

I am a thorough sportsman with gun and rod, but fishing is my specialty and speckled trout are my pet fish. I hope to be able through your aid to change some of the fish laws of New York State. I have fished with hooks, flies and nets and have studied the habits of fishes for 30 years in the Adirondack lakes and streams. What I have learned I am prepared to prove. I have never slaughtered fish needlessly. My business was guiding, and I have guided all manner of men, from the most stubborn hog to the genuine conscientious sportsman who knew when to quit.

I ask you pointedly, did our Creator place these beautiful fishes in the waters of this earth for our amusement, for man to torture for sport, or were they placed here for food to be propagated and protected as a farmer would raise his chickens or lambs?

Which is better, to catch 20 trout for one pound or 10 trout for 20 pounds?

I once guided 2 rich New York city sportsmen up a trout stream. They drank about 10 bottles of beer and 2 of whiskey, and tortured 275 speckled trout to death with a fish hook through their heads. The 275 fish weighed 15 pounds. I received $3 for my day, which was spent climbing trees and diving in the brook to unfasten their hooks. That same evening a friend of mine, a farmer, drove 16 miles to visit me and get a mess of fish for his family. We took a net with a proper sized mesh and no whiskey or beer, and in 2 hours' time my friend was on his way home with 12 trout, which weighed 22 pounds. These trout were killed instantly without any suffering from barbed hooks in their heads.

It has been many years since I have owned or fished with a net. I adhere strictly to the law, which I think is the quickest way to make right a law which is wrong; but I claim that the only proper way to catch fish in the majority of the Adirondack waters is with net, with a proper sized mesh. If hook fishing were to be prohibited and net fishing allowed, our State hatcheries could be dispensed with and our brooks and lakes would soon be overstocked by nature's own course. I am prepared to prove all my statements and I leave this letter for open debate. Will gladly answer any one caring to write me concerning this matter.

C. E. Merrill, Merrill, N. Y.

TROUT BEST FOR WASHINGTON WATERS.

I have on my place a lake covering about 4 acres. It has no visible inlet, but the water remains 6 feet deep throughout the year and is about 10 feet deep in the spring. There are a good many weeds growing in the lake. I should like to stock the water with some kind of fish but do not know what species would be best. Will you please tell me what kind you think would thrive in such a lake? Where can I get the spawn? When must I put the spawn in the lake?

Arthur Borak, Rocklyn, Wash.

ANSWER.

The probabilities are that the lake would be most suitable for black spotted trout, a species native to most of the waters of your State. If you do not care to try trout, the yellow perch, which has been introduced into Lake Union and other lakes about Seattle, would doubtless do well. You could probably obtain a supply of yellow perch from some fisherman at Lake Union, or you could easily collect them yourself. Trout could be obtained from the Bureau of Fisheries station, Bozeman, Montana, by application to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

It is not advisable to put black bass into any of the waters of Washington or Oregon, as they harm the trout, which will always remain better fish for those States than the black bass. No one will ever go to Washington or Oregon for black bass fishing. If he should want that sort of sport he will go to the upper Mississippi valley or elsewhere in the East; but good trout fishing will attract not only residents of the State, but people from the East to the lakes and streams of Washington and Oregon. B. W. E.

ABOUT FLY FISHING.

I beg space for a few words in reply to an article called Fly Fishing which appeared in a weekly paper of March 19th. I quote in part from the article in question:

"Such a lot of fudge has been written about fly fishing that a voice from the wilderness can have little effect. Fly fishing is a sport that requires wisdom, experience, and skill, sometimes. Sometimes ignorance achieves equal results with the artificial fly."

The writer says many men can cast an artificial fly, but few are able to cast a live fly with the delicacy and accuracy necessary. Possibly the author of that article, celebrated fly fisherman and honored authority that he is, would condescend to publish a treatise on live fly casting, or "How to cast 180 feet with a 4 ounce rod without a back cast"! Surely the fly fishing fraternity would recognize the immense value of such a treatise.

Have any readers of this article on fly fishing ever heard that a trout is at certain times in position for the fly, and that when this center of the stage is filled the trout there will invariably take the fly? Do I hear you say you have not? Fie on you for an untutored fisherman! You should know at once when a trout is in such a fix that he must take the fly cast over him!

I am no angler, and if C. W. R. would, out of the fulness of his heart and his well stocked mind, publish a book of one and a half pages on fly fishing I would subscribe for a copy with the greatest pleasure.

L. M., South Braintree, Mass.

A NEW USE FOR THE SHIRT WAIST.

It has long been supposed that the only object of the shirt waist was to make women feel comfortable and look pretty, but a Pennsylvania woman has discovered another. The story runs thus:

Mrs. John Lebo and her son, William, recently went trouting on Potato creek, in Cameron county. A warden called on them during the day to see how they were making out. On examining the young man's fish basket he found 30 trout under the legal length, but the mother's creel was empty. The warden could not believe the lady had failed to catch a trout so he made a further investigation and found 35 trout, less than 6 inches in length, in her shirt waist. The ingenious mother and her blooming son were taken into court and fined $10 for each undersized fish, aggregating $650. This precious pair went to jail at first, but later paid their good money into court and went out into the cold, cruel world where they are now busy hating the game warden.

If other women should decide to adopt this combination shirt waist and trout basket it would be well for them to have the garment made of chilled steel and provided with time locks, so that inquisitive wardens might not break in and confiscate.—EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

Deputy Game and Fish Warden H. E. Caldwell, of Nashua, N. H., recently arrested Denis Sweeney and Patrick Igo, of Auburn, Sonnie Grover, Frank Burton, Oner Vigneault, Frank Boudreau and Fred St. Cyr, of Manchester, on a charge of fishing in a brook that had been closed in accordance with a law of that State. The men were taken before Justice Emery, where they were fined $18.37 each. The stream in question had been closed several years past and numerous signs along the banks announced that fact to the public. These men deliberately violated the law and it is a great satisfaction to know that they were required to pay good prices for their fun.—EDITOR.

Frank Petray and R. D. Newland, of Petaluma, Cal., went fishing with dynamite. Deputy fish commissioners Ingalls and Lea overhauled the men and took them before a justice of the peace where Newland was fined $20 and Petray was held to the Superior Court. When the trial came up in that tribunal Judge A. B. Burnett took a hand in the game and assessed Petray $250. Judge Burnett is another hero in the cause of game and fish protection.—EDITOR.

Scott Gregory, of Martinsville, Ind., got what he deserved while dynamiting for fish in the White river. He attached fuses to several sticks of dynamite, lighted them and threw them into the river but held on to one of them a little too long and it exploded in his hands. His arms and legs were blown off, his body horribly mutilated and he died before his companions could reach him.—EDITOR.

Martin Kennedy, Jr., and Walter Wells, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., went fishing with dynamite in the St. Lawrence river. A game warden interrupted them in their butchery, took them into court and Kennedy was fined $60 and sentenced to 3 months in jail. Wells was also given 3 months in jail, so the 2 will have an equal chance to repent of their cussedness.—EDITOR.

Will some reader of RECREATION please tell me which one of the Rangely lakes, Maine, affords the best fishing? Also name a good hotel or camp to stop at, not more than 25 miles from the railroad station. High elevation preferred. Also state if same place is a good hunting locality for both deer and ruffed grouse.

H. L. F., Monticello, N. Y.

Can bullheads or perch be legally netted in any lake in New York State?

H. M. G., Syracuse, N. Y.

As I understand the laws of this State there is no close season on perch or bullheads.—EDITOR.

Fishing here is poor, there being but few bass, pike or pickerel, and everybody is allowed to fish as he pleases, chiefly because we have no game warden.

C. Holdfer, Perry, Iowa.

A LIBERAL TRANSLATION.

La vie est vaine;
  Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
  Et puis, bonjour.

This life is—nit!
Love spieles one song,
Hate throws one fit;
  And then, so long!

La vie est breve;
  Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de reve,
  Et puis, bonsoir.

This life ist kurz!
  Some hopes—but schlimm;
Some dreams—by spurts;
  Then—douse the glim!

—The Sphinx.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

AMMUNITION FOR THE OLD COLT.

In answer to W. O. Brown, Youngstown, Ohio, whose letter appeared in your June number: If possible, he should obtain the old fashioned combustible envelope cartridges for his powder and ball Colt revolver, which, according to his statement of caliber and length of barrel (.36 caliber, 7½ inch), was known as the navy or belt pistol. The No. 10 U. M. C. percussion cap will fit the nipples, but those made by Ely Bros., London, are better.

To load such a pistol proceed thus: Half cock the arm,* press the cap on the nipples in the cylinder, seeing that they are pushed all the way down. If they are not firmly seated the cylinder will jam in revolving. Having capped the pistol drop a cartridge into a chamber and ram it down with the ramrod attached to the barrel. Let the ramrod remain in the loaded chamber until the next cartridge is dropped into the adjoining chamber, when it must be withdrawn. Then turn the cylinder and ram down the second cartridge, as before. Repeat this operation until each chamber contains a cartridge, when the weapon is ready for use.

If these cartridges can not be obtained bullets must be either bought or made for the arm. A powder flask with a charger that will carry at each filling the proper charge for a .38 short Colt metallic cartridge is also required. Cap the arm as before and then put a charge of about 15 grains' weight in each chamber. This is right for the long bullet, but 10 grains is best for a round ball. The bullets must be a little large for the chambers so that some force will be required to ram them in position. They can not then slip forward and prevent the revolution of the cylinder, nor can one cylinder be accidentally discharged by the flame from its neighbor.

I have found it possible to buy the old style Colt double bullet moulds in second hand stores or junk shops here in Baltimore and presume they can be found in similar places in other cities. A few gun dealers also have them. The only sizes I have seen are .265, .31, .36 and .44 caliber. Each will cast a conical and a round bullet. The cartridges are lubricated, but these homemade bullets should be dipped in melted tallow before being used.

F. F. G. black powder should be used for a .36 caliber pistol. Never use smokeless powder in any weapon not originally intended for it.

As for accuracy Mr. Brown will find the round bullet more satisfactory than the other, but I believe the cartridges were all made with long bullets. Some of these old pistols are accurate and strong shooters. It is possible for an expert to make as good targets with them as with a modern weapon of the same make. The old pistols are made with a gain twist, which may have something to do with their steadiness when fired, although their weight also contributes to this stability. If the barrel and cylinder are removed from the frame and cleaned after shooting, one of those old pistols will last a long time and give its possessor much pleasure.

Revolver, Baltimore, Md.

In June Recreation W. O. Brown requests information as to loading the old style Colt powder and ball pistol. The arm he speaks of, 36 caliber, is the navy pattern; the old Colt army was 44 caliber. For ranges up to 20 yards use round ball and not to exceed 15 grains F. F. G. powder. For ranges up to 50 yards use conical ball and 13½ grains of powder. Use Ely Bros. Colt pistol caps, and in using conical balls always grease them. Do not use any smokeless powder in this arm if you want to remain on earth.

I have shot many Colt cap and ball guns. They shoot where held up to 40 yards, but as the sights on them are poor, I could never do much beyond that distance. With good sights either the Army or Navy pattern should be good for an 8 inch bull's eye at 85 yards, and that, in my opinion, is the limit of the arm.

Has any reader of Recreation ever tried the Colt automatic pistol, either 32 or 38 caliber, rimless smokeless cartridges? Are they sure fire, accurate and certain to eject shell? What pentration do they give, and are they liable to get out of order easily?

I often wonder why Recreation readers do not write more about the capabilities of different arms and cover all points interesting to users of rifles, guns and revolvers. We all have our opinions of arms we use. Why not give them and our reasons therefore?

W. M. Pugh, Baltimore, Md.

Answering W. O. Brown I have used many Colt cap and ball pistols. They are good shooting irons when the right man is behind them. Load them with any good rifle powder and use a measuring charger. Powder and ball should fill the cylinder chambers ½ to 2-3 full; the remaining space may be filled with beef tallow. Use Ely's double waterproof caps. They are strong and will not fly in pieces. Be sure they fit the tubes snugly so the concussion of one charge will not displace the remaining caps. Do not seat the ball too hard on the powder; gentle pressure is all that is needed. A good rest for pistol shooting can be made from a light strap or a strip of buckskin. Cut a slit in one end and put your thumb through it; carry the strap around your neck and grip the other end with your left hand. By raising or lowering that hand the pistol is brought to the proper position, while the weight of the weapon and of the right hand is sustained by the strap.

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*It is much better and safer to load first and put the caps on afterward. Many a man has died with his boots on because he put the cap on first.—Editor.

George L. Maus, The Dalles, Ore.

ANSWERING S. B.

In November Recreation S. B., of St. John, N. B., requests information about the 32-40 Savage rifle. I bought one of these rifles last fall and have given it a thorough test, though I have not had an opportunity to try it on large game. This particular rifle has a full octagon barrel, shot gun butt, and a specially adjusted trigger-pull of 4 pounds. It is fitted with a Lyman No. 2 rear sight with cup disc, and a combination No. 5 front sight. This makes a perfect combination for target and hunting purposes. The cup disc used in connection with the pin-head front sight is excellent for target shooting, while the large aperture and ivory front sight are adapted for the quick sighting usually necessary for shots at game.

The twist of rifling in nearly all rifles chambered for the 32-40 cartridge is 1 in 16.

The accuracy of the 32-40 regular cartridge is conceded, at ranges of 200 or 300 yards, to be equal or superior to any other, unless it be the 38-55. For the high pressure cartridge the makers claim 4 inch groups of 10 shots at 200 yards, which is about as good as the fine target rifles are capable of making under the ordinary conditions. In testing my rifle at rest at 25, 50 and 100 yards tne accuracy seemed to be all that could be desired. The recoil of the high pressure cartridge is heavier than that of the regular black powder cartridge but is not unpleasant.

As regards the comparative accuracy of 32-40, 303 Savage, 30-30 and 30-40 cartridges, I believe the 32-40 superior to the others at the shorter ranges, say up to 400 yards. Over that distance, the 30-40 will take first place. Indeed, the latter cartridge has been so much improved the past 2 years that it may be considered superior to anything made, at the longer range. It is also more powerful than the 3 others. Next in order, in regard to striking energy, come the 32-40 high pressure, .303 Savage and the 30-30. The 32-40 h. p. although having a lighter bullet than the .303 has a greater striking energy owing to greater muzzle velocity, which is 2100 and 1950 foot seconds respectively.

The black powder cartridge corresponding to the above is the 32-40 Ballard. The 32-40 Remington, I believe, is a different cartridge, though the Remington people also chamber their rifles for the 32-40 Ballard shell.

Preference for a rifle or a shot gun butt is largely a matter of taste. As a general thing a rifle butt is to be preferred for target shooting, while a shot gun butt is better for hunting as it can be brought to the shoulder quicker. For all around use I prefer the latter.

The principal advantages of the 32-40 high pressure rifle and cartridge are the slow twist and straight shell, rendering reloading medium and reduced charges an easy matter. Using various charges of smokeless and semi-smokeless powder I get fair accuracy at 50 and 100 yards, from rest. Several groups, of 5 shots each, made at the shorter range will cut a dime, while the poorest are on an inch circle. The bullet used was one of the Ideal Company's newest designs, No. 319247, cast 1 to 16; primers, U. M. C. No. 7½.

S. B. can make no mistake in getting a Savage rifle chambered for the 32-40 cartridge, while the value of the rifle will be doubled by having Lyman sights fitted to it.

32-40 H. P., Halifax, N. S.

MUST SHUT OUT GAME HOGS.

I have been a constant reader of your excellent magazine for several years, and have greatly enjoyed your roasting of the hogs. Keep after them, and perhaps in time you can show them what all decent men think of them. Your request in July Recreation that we should write to all hogs denounced in Recreation is an excellent idea, and hereafter I intend to write to at least part of them, and hope before long that it will be a rare thing to read of their exploits.

If Recreation readers will write the hogs denounced by you it will do more to protect the game than anything yet undertaken. Don't be afraid of hurting their feelings. Tell them just what you think of them.

We have an open season on ducks here in the spring, but the sportsmen have done such excellent work against it that I think it will be changed by the next Legislature. In fact, several of the large clubs here last spring would not shoot nor allow outsiders to shoot on their grounds, and inserted notices in all the papers to that effect. Even the dealers in guns and ammunition were advising their would-be patrons to wait till fall, something they deserve great credit for; the Western Arms and Sporting Goods Co. as usual taking the lead. You are right about the automatic shot gun, but I can not agree with you in classing the repeater with it, as I have used a repeating shot gun for years and have never made a hog of myself. I consider it the best cheap gun on the market; but in case the sportsmen decide that repeaters must go, I will be among the first to change, though in the hands of a man who has any respect for himself I consider it an ideal cheap gun.

I have used a Savage .303, fitted with Lyman sights, for several years, and consider it perfection. I recently got a Savage .22, and am well pleased with it.

Getting Recreation at the news stands, has one drawback; you either have to get it as soon as it comes, or go without it, as copies are bought as soon as received. I always have one put away for me to be sure of getting it, as if left in sight the chances are I would not get it.

L. R. Metz, Salt Lake, Utah.

As I have repeatedly said in Recreation, I would have no objection to allowing decent men to use pump guns or even automatic guns. What I do object to, most rigidly, is allowing such weapons to be sold to market hunters and other game hogs; and if we allow the weapons to be sold at all, these men will be the principal buyers. This is the only reason why I am advocating the passage of laws in all the States to prohibit the sale of such guns.

Editor.

SMALL SHOT.

R. B. Stowers of Cupio, Ky., said in January Recreation that he thought the world would be better off without the .22 rifle, and that the price should be raised to keep them out of the hands of irresponsible persons or a tax put on their use. I have read a good deal in Recreation about game hogs. There are also other kinds of hogs, the kind, for instance, that want to hog all the pleasure in the world.

Mr. Stowers is evidently one of that sort. I am the owner of a 22 and I think the world would be better off if the pump gun were prohibited. Most men would be richer today, had they not spent 75, 100 or 125 dollars for a gun.

You can have as much sport with a 22 rifle as you can with a shot gun where there is only small game.

M. J. G., Warren, O.

Such warning as S. M. Book, of Rushville, Ohio, gives in July Recreation will not harm the Stevens Arms Co. No gun is yet perfect, and that the shot gun Mr. Book had first happened to be defective is no sign they all are.

I do not believe in running a good company down because the president withdrew his ad from Recreation, and anybody who thinks can see that Mr. Shields feels the same way.

I do not believe the automatic shot guns have come to stay, for it will not take long for the public to see the damage they do. Sportsmen should stand by Mr. Shields in his fight, for he will win in the end, no matter how many porkers squeal.

Allyn H. Tedmen, Ridgefield, N. J.

Answering Small Game, W. Lebanon, Pa., would say that of the 5 guns he names it is hard to say which is best. It depends wholly on the notions of the chooser. The Parker would be my choice. Shot spreaders will not make a full choked gun shoot as large a pattern as a cylinder bore. A short barrel, right open, left modified, will be best for close range wing shooting. A 12 gauge is best for grouse, rabbits, and at the trap. If a gun is wanted for both purposes get 2 pairs of barrels, one as described for brush shooting and one pair 30 inch full choke for trap shooting.

Select a slow beagle for hunting rabbits, no matter what his size. I prefer a large one.

J. B. C., Johnstown, Pa.

In answer to Pump Gun and to Repeater, I will cite one instance in which the pump gun was made a game hog's gun of the vilest type.

One day last fall a man, armed with a Winchester repeating shot gun, its magazine fully charged with shells loaded with buck shot, was watching a runway in Pennsylvania. A large doe ran past him followed by 3 fawns. The gun was fired as fast as possible, killing one fawn; the rest escaped, all more or less wounded. This, to me, is proof enough of the damnable possibilities of the pump gun. Heaven help the game when the hogs use the automatic shot gun or rifle.

Davy Crockett, Ardmore, Pa.

In reply to Henry Wiggins, Jr., I will say that a .25-20, '92 model, Winchester repeater, 24 inch barrel, fitted with Lyman No. 1 combination rear, No. 4 ivory hunting front and No. 6 leaf sights, comes as near filling the bill for all around work as any gun he can get. It is small enough for squirrels or rabbits and powerful enough for woodchucks, turkeys, coyotes, or even deer. The load will not admit of much variation. I get good results, at a low cost, from reloaded ammunition in Winchester shells, using regular charge of 17 grains Hazard 3 F-G powder and 86 grain bullet, 1 part tin to 16 of lead using Ideal reloading tool No. 4.

F. L. Palmer, Haileyville, I. T.

Success to RECREATION and the work you are doing. I would never use an automatic shot gun, and if any firm which expects the support and favor of sportsmen should put a gun of that stamp on the market in this enlightened age, it will be a shame and disgrace to all intelligent Americans. What will our grandchildren say of us when they hunt through birdless covers and find deserted woods and waters? They will curse the day we allowed the manufacture and sale of such unsportsmanlike guns.

Leslie R. Fairn, Wolfville, N. S.

C. E. Baird tells in June RECREATION of his 6 pound, 11 ounce gun having too much recoil. Any gun of that weight would have more recoil than the 7 pound, 9 ounce gun he shot before; but provided his stock fits him, especially in length and drop at cone, the gun should not punish him unless overloaded. I am using a 6½ pound, 26 inch, 16 guage Ithaca, $60 list, and with 2½ drams of Dupont smokeless and 7-8 ounce shot, it is pleasant to shoot and the hardest hitting little gun I ever saw.

John Nelson, Varna, N. Y.

I saw in December RECREATION a query about Harrington & Richardson revolvers. I am not authority on small fire arms, but I have a double-action, 22 caliber H. & R., 5 inch barrel revolver, and I can vouch for its good service and accuracy. I have never made what would be counted a bad score at a target, and it has never failed in its action. I use 22 shorts, and they give me best satisfaction. My gun will penetrate 2⅞ inch pine boards and is accurate up to 25 feet.

S. W. Gould, Jersey City, N. J.

From an experience of 30 years as a hunter I advise those who want big game to use the heaviest gun obtainable, especially for moose. If a big bullet is thrown by plenty of powder there is no need to inquire whether it mushroomed or not. No gun on the market has the penetration its makers claim. I know by actual test that there is not a difference of half an inch in the penetration, in dry spruce, of the .303 Savage and the 38-55 and 40-72 Winchesters.

P. H. Welsh, Chipman, N. B., Can.

In May RECREATION G. E. Cecil asks what kind of gun to buy for squirrel shooting. I advise him to get a 12 guage, 7 to 8½ pounds. If possible choose a hammerless ejector, 30 inch barrels, left full choke, right modified. I have always shot a Davenport and can vouch for it. It is not so handsome as some guns, but I have never seen a better. The Parker is generally considered the best American gun.

M. G., North Abington, Mass.

W. M. S. of Deposit, N. Y., says the Baker gun has the only positive safety. His experience is either limited or he is looking for a Christmas present. Since reading his article I have tried in every way I could think of to discharge a Syracuse and an Ithaca with the safety on, but without success.

Lou N. Van Dreyer, Grand Haven, Mich.

I greatly admire the stand you take against the use of automatic guns. Two chances at a bird are enough for anyone but a hog. Some men prefer a single barreled gun, and I see no reason why they should not be permitted to use pump guns provided they load but one shell in the magazine.

H. J. Henry, Bradford, Pa.

Your action in condemning the automatic shot gun is highly commendable and no one but a game hog would use one. A few dealers in our town handle them but so far none have been sold. Sentiment is against them and it is only a matter of time until they will be barred by law.

C. Holdfer, Perry, Ia.

I own a 12 gauge Francotte, and think it the best gun I ever fired. I should like to hear from other readers of RECREATION regarding this make of guns. The automatic shot gun, the game hog's friend, has made its appearance here. Game is scarce but game hogs are plentiful.

Sam Lowther, Louisville, Ky.

Will some one tell his experience with the 50-110 Winchester? How does it compare with the 30-30? What is its effect on large game? I have a .303 Savage and think there is no better gun made. Is the 33 Winchester center fire a good gun?

Kid, Eaton, O.

I want to get in line with W. M. S., Deposit, N. Y., as regards the Baker gun. I have owned a Baker 15 years and it has always given perfect satisfaction.

A. Weenstra, Paterson, N. J.

I am with you in the fight against pump and automatic guns. In the hands of game hogs the pump gun has nearly exterminated the game of York county.

A. J. Fisher, York, Pa.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

GORDON WRIGHTER'S SNAKE STORY.

I read Mr. Gordon Wrighter's article about the snake and the pickerel. I have seen thousands of water snakes swimming but never saw one hold his head above the water while swimming. Ordinarily, if not invariably, it is difficult, even with good eyes, to see the head of a swimming water snake at a distance of 30 feet. When swimming they carry their heads perhaps ¾ or 1 inch above the surface. They do not always swim with the body exposed on the surface. Frequently they swim many yards completely submerged. According to my observations, the only time a water snake lifts his head above the water is when standing still by the side of some old, partly submerged log, or behind some rock or other shelter in the water. Then he will stealthily lift his head high enough above water to make observations.

It is rare, too, to see a 4 foot water snake. This, coupled with the carrying of its head one foot above the water when swimming, would indicate with certainty that Mr. Wrighter's snake was not a water snake. Undoubtedly it was of the black snake family, which carries its head high, usually a foot or more when swimming, and is a rapid, graceful swimmer. Undoubtedly also it was the rarity of this species of snake to the pickerel that led the fish to make the attack, the fish imagining the snake to be food, fit for his use. The voraciousness of pickerel is proverbial. In their choice of food they show unmistakable depravity and cannibalistic tendencies. The victims of pickered are often nearly as large as the pickerel.

I can believe that a 4 or 5 pound pickerel would cut a 4 foot snake in 2, and do it quickly. All old pickerel fishermen know of the keen, pointed teeth in the jaw of the pickerel. On several occasions I have had my fingers cut to the bone by them when taking a hook loose. I have seen greenhorns when removing the hook from a pickerel, have their fingers lacerated until it was dangerous. The teeth of a fish that will cut human flesh, will cut the flesh of a snake; also, a strong line. I have frequently had lines that I could not break with my hands cut by pickerel. This is the experience of many others. The teeth of a pickerel are not situated like those of man, or some of the animals; the rabbit, for instance, which has teeth adapted to cutting off twigs, as smooth as if cut with a knife. The teeth of the pickerel stand out from his jaws irregularly, and as Mr. Shields said, no 2 correspond, or fit against the other; but they stand up like so many sword points, and are admirably arranged to chafe, grate, file away, as it were, the strongest fish line. We must bear in mind, when we hook a pickerel, that his positions from that time, are numerous, and that the line is passed many times over his numerous needlelike teeth while under great tension. The tension of the line adds to the cutting capacity, or ease with which the pickerel's teeth cut the strongest line. If anyone will boldly insert his fingers in the mouth of a live, fighting pickerel he will be a convert to all of the foregoing, and until he does that he undoubtedly will fail to comprehend Mr. Wrighter's article. Furthermore, it is well known that to avoid the numerous cuttings of the line by the pickerel's teeth many anglers use protective apparatus on the line, at the hook end, such as wire or gimp. On the use of this wire or gimp their trouble ceases. A few years ago, on Lake Poponoming, Monroe county, Pennsylvania, 2 prominent Philadelphia gentlemen were fishing, when a large rattlesnake swam out in the lake, presumably to cross it. Their attention was first called to the snake's performance by the splashing made by a 5½ pound pickerel which attacked the rattler. The 2 men rowed up close to the combatants and from their boat viewed the conflict. Eventually the pickerel killed the rattler, and after the snake was apparently dead, the pickerel continued tugging at the snake's carcass. Gradually it became apparent to the 2 men that the pickerel was growing weaker. After a few minutes more he arose to the surface and lay there quivering as if in a spasm. Then he was dipped into the boat, and the dead rattler also was dipped in. The rattlesnake's skin was badly cut and torn, and his body had received wounds severe enough from the pickerel's teeth to kill him.

Both the pickerel and the rattler were placed in a Philadelphia taxidermist's care, and he mounted both specimens, which I think are either in one of the gentlemen's hands yet, or else have been given to a museum.

M. L. Michael, North Watergap, Pa.

In looking over the March issue of Recreation I noticed the Munchausen yarn to which Mr. Gordon Wrighter, of Kingston, N. Y., signed his name. His wet bait must have been fearful stuff! I fished a few days at Picatinny lake, Government Powder Depot, near Dover, N. J., last fall, and one afternoon, to amuse one of the youngsters, I fished below the dam with a light fly rod for sunfish, using one of the smallest fly hooks. The last sunfish I caught I left on the hook. The fish was fairly well hooked through the upper lip, and was about 4½ inches long. The boy had gone up the bank and with a minnow had hooked a small pickerel. When I went up to see the fish he had caught I carried with me my rod and line, with the sunfish still alive on the hook. While watching the boy fish I dropped the sunfish into the water and let him swim away with the line until about 25 yards were off the reel. I then had a strike that made me think I had a whale on the hook. I worked the fish slowly and got him where I could see what it was. It proved to be a pickerel that would have weighed about 3½ pounds. He had the sunfish crosswise in his mouth and tugged hard to get his bait loose. When I tried to work the pickerel into shallow water at the side of the boat landing he let go and swam away. I let the sunfish swim away again, and 4 or 5 times the pickerel struck him, holding on hard. Finally he gave up and left in disgust because he could not get the fish off the hook. When I examined the sunfish I found that the scales had been scraped off by the pickerel's teeth.

My point of difference with Mr. Wrighter is that a fish that could bite a 4 foot snake in half should certainly have strength enough in his jaws to tear the slight hold of a small fly hook such as I had on the sunfish. I should like to hear through RECREATION where Mr. Wrighter witnessed that wonderful sight. I have seen lots of snakes in the water but never yet have I seen a 4 foot snake swim with ¼ of his length out of the water. My opinion is that Mr. Wrighter and his brother both had snakes before they went fishing.

Geo. R. Mansley, Newark, N. J.

WANTON CRUELTY.

I am much interested in your magazine as it pleads the care of the helpless and persecuted. I am also desirous of seeing our gentle neighbors protected from the violence and greed of cruel, thoughtless, selfish men.

The town where I live has a stream running through it, dividing it into 2 parts, and on either side are flats, subject to overflow in spring, autumn and winter. These flats are not built on, and in some parts large trees overhang the stream, spreading into a grove or park. In this seclusion wild birds and animals are sometimes seen, and often killed.

One summer day an old lady came into my house saying,

"Get your sun-hat quick! and come with me. Mr. Dumanois has taken his gun and gone down to the water to kill our kingfisher."

I went after the man with the gun, but we were too late. As we got near him, the report of the gun rang out and the lovely bird fell dead, all his bright plumage stained with his blood. My friend began to upbraid the gunner. I said nothing, but I looked first at the beautiful bird, then at the killer. I presume my eyes said a good deal, for he began to explain,

"I shot it for my ferret."

The ferret was to have something to eat! There are 4 or 5 meat markets in town, one not half a mile from that man's house, and a bit of fresh meat was as good for his ferret as the bird was. I did not answer him. He took up the bird, cut off the wings, and gave them to me, saying,

"You can wear them in your hat;" but those wings were never worn in a hat.

I remember the joy I had as a child in seeing a kingfisher haunting a shady stream where I played. I pinned the wings on the wall of my snuggery and often looked at them in sorrow for the owner's fate.

I went to see the man's ferret, and as the cruel little beast snuffed and gloated over the dead bird, I looked from it to its owner. There seemed to me a resemblance between the 2—something bloodthirsty and vile. I think the man was glad to take the life of that rare bird. It was the only one ever seen here. I think he felt a joy in slaying. I did not speak. I let my friend do all the talking, but the man was even more uneasy under my silent reproach. Nothing could undo the deed, and bring life to the slaughtered bird.

Last winter was hard for the birds. After January there was little bird life to be seen. The stores of suet and seed were almost unvisited, and only a blue jay now and then was in sight. I think the birds went farther South. I can not see how they got any food otherwise, as storm after storm covered all the food provided for them, and the cold was most bitter. Even the English sparrows stayed away, and I felt lonely without my bird friends and neighbors. I trust they all went South and did not perish in the storm-ridden woods and fields.

Two weeks ago there were many robins here. Mrs. H. P. Pyer, Lapeer, Mich.

FEEDS THE ROBINS.

I am a constant reader of RECREATION, and take great pleasure in noting the number of people who express themselves in sympathy with your views. I see in your Natural History department something not to my taste, where Mr. J. A. Krunkel says "kill the robins and sparrows." That is the most absurd thing I ever heard of. A person who would kill a robin here in

Michigan would be looked on as a loafer and a pot hunter and not only that but would be arrested and fined. A man who can not see something good in a robin is not a lover of nature.

I am aware the robin is somewhat destructive to small fruit; but when I set out a cherry tree I always set out 2 if possible, one for myself and one for the boys and the robins and I am willing they should have a share of the fruit. A few years ago I set out a small park and in it put some sweet cherries, mulberries, etc., for the express purpose of coaxing the robins around. Woe to the person I catch throwing a stone or disturbing a nest of any of the birds which fill the trees. During the spring and summer I take great pleasure in watching the birds feed on the various fruits, although my wife sometimes scolds and says we do not get our share. If Mr. Krunkel had been raised near the woods, as I have been, he would love nature to such an extent that he would not advise killing the robins. It is wrong. As to the boys, I have never lost any fruit at night. I do not believe anyone could induce a boy who is acquainted with me to disturb my fruit at night, for they all know they are welcome to a share as long as it lasts and they help themselves in daylight without fear of being driven away. Where is the man who has not, when a boy, slipped through an opening in the fence or under the bottom rail to get a choice bunch of grapes or a big red apple from a farmer's yard? The robin has her young to feed and is tempted bv the ripe fruit and knows not but it is free plunder. Save the robin and see to it that the boy gets plenty of fruit and no one will be injured. I do not wish to find fault with Mr. Krunkel's article, but I believe he is mistaken.

G. S. Y., Alma, Mich.

THE EUROPEAN CUCKOO.

This bird (*Caculus canorus*) is found from Eastern Japan to Western Ireland. His name is a household word in all that vast extent of country and his coming looked forward to as the harbinger of spring. The Siberian convict who makes up his mind to hide from slavery in the vast forests of Central Siberia, says "he is under the orders of General Cuckoo," meaning that he runs away when the note of the cuckoo announces that spring has arrived. This bird, like all the cuckoos, is a destroyer of noxious insects, especially the hairy caterpillars and tent caterpillars that are such a pest to our fruit trees.

I believe the New York Sun tried to import cuckoos to this country some years ago. I never heard whether the attempt succeeded. Probably the birds were lost off the Florida coast. If the cuckoo could be naturalized in Mexico first, he would spread Northward over the whole continent. The only failing of the cuckoo is an aristocratic one. Madame Cuckoo, wishing to avoid the care of maternity, lays her eggs in another bird's nest. Our own cowbird, or cow-blackbird has the same habit.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the acclimatization of desirable foreign birds would cause our own birds to be neglected. The true lover of birds can find some good in all of them. The truth is the great mass of people take no interest in birds except to destroy them. Women who wear birds in their hats, are the greatest enemies of the birds. E. K. Carr, Knoxville, Tenn.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Will you kindly tell me the name of a bird I recently saw? It was about the size of a sparrow. I found its nest. One of the birds had a yellow breast streaked with black, while the other had a yellow breast with no streaks, but one spot in the middle. I could not tell anything more, as the 2 were exceedingly shy. The nest was 4 feet from the ground, situated at the base of 2 branches of a small evergreen, in dense woods. At the time of discovery the nest contained 4 young.

A Bird Student, Seal Harbor, Me.

ANSWER.

It is impossible to identify the bird without a fuller description.—EDITOR.

You have no doubt correspondents in British Columbia who could tell RECREATION what has been done, or is to be done for acclimatizing English song birds there. I think there is a great public in all parts of America who would welcome the coming of desirable song and game birds. Give both sides a hearing and RECREATION can win as much fame as it has by its war on the game hog.

E. K. C., Kerrville, Tex.

Will British Columbia readers, who know of the importation and liberation of foreign game or song birds in that Province kindly report?—EDITOR.

In your April number, J. E. P., of Round Rock, Texas, describes a bird found by him and asks "what is it?" He evidently has found what Coues, and other ornithologists call the ground dove, its Latin name being *Chamalpelia passerina*. The habitat of this beautiful bird is Southern United States, Atlantic to the Pacific, but chiefly coastwise. The description given by Mr. P., agrees with that given by Coues I have found a ground dove in this locality, perhaps a stray.

Louise M. Stephenson, Helena, Ark.

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REPORT OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

I am honored by a commission from His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, as representative from the mother of States, in this convention. The protection of game, and of song and insectivorous birds has, I am pleased to say, become a subject of public agitation in our State, as well as elsewhere. This matter has received scarcely any attention in years past, and the result is the almost total annihilation of game in many sections of our State. Where game birds and game animals have not become extinct, they are so reduced in numbers that in some localities even a sign is seldom found.

Can you imagine the contrast of present conditions with those which existed in 1607, when Capt. Christopher Newport, with his little band, landed on what subsequently became the shores of Virginia? The land was theretofore unknown to the white man, but with the coming of the Caucasian, began the hurried retreat of all tribes to him uncongenial, while he began appropriating to the gratification of his fancy the beasts of the forests and the birds of the air.

After nearly 300 years of wanton destruction, we are assembled in this convention, in a spot which was then a howling wilderness, but where to-day stand piles of brick and stone, in the Capitol City of this great commonwealth of Ohio, marking the progress of civilization, and where the song of the bird rarely greets an anxious ear.

We are here to devise means by which to protect the few remaining innocent and useful birds and animals against their daily increasing foe. In previous decades there did not exist such necessity for game protection as the past 2 or 3 years have produced. The army of greedy hunters, equipped with improved guns and ammunition, has committed unceasing slaughter; but, to my mind, the greatest enemy of the game is the cold storage plant, an invention of comparatively recent date.

The laws of the several States should, as far as possible, be uniform as to the storage of game, allowing none to be kept when it is unlawful to kill.

Some of the States allow only short open seasons for killing, but permit game to be kept in storage out of season, provided it was not killed in that State. In other words bring in all you can, but do not kill ours. This is a queer proposition.

In May last, we succeeded in securing the passage of a bill, by the Legislature, which remodeled the game laws in Virginia, and gave us a satisfactory statute. The passage of a bill making such radical changes, fixing uniform seasons, providing for game wardens, non-resident hunting licenses and anti-shipping features, as well as other important provisions, when heretofore these restrictions were unknown, was found to be a tough proposition, but energy and persistence succeeded.

The season for quails, turkeys and ruffed grouse was made uniform, from November 1st to December 31st, West of the Blue Ridge mountains. East of the Blue Ridge, from November 1st to February 1st. The deer season for the State was fixed from October 1st to January 1st, with closed seasons on other game, as well as prohibiting all hunting on Sunday, or the shooting of any game later than a half hour after sunset, or earlier than a half hour before sunrise, thus protecting the wild turkey on his roost and waterfowl at night. The non-resident license tax is $10. The non-resident is prohibited from shipping game from the State, but may carry 50 quails or 30 waterfowl out with him if exposed to view.

The fees collected from non-resident licenses are divided among the several wardens in the county in which they are taken out. Formerly there were no wardens in the State, consequently no one to enforce even such laws as we had.

There is a spirit of unrest in some sections, chiefly the result of prosecutions. The market hunter is the most noisy. Not being able to ship game out of the State, he experiences difficulty in disposing of his kill at the local markets.

There is general satisfaction among sportsmen with this one season's experience. It takes a little time, you know, to harmonize differences, and to get the machinery in good working order, especially where everything is new. Only after experience shall we realize the wisdom of our laws, and to do this, we must educate all classes. While this is a slow process we shall surely succeed.

Dogs are objects of special attention at this time and a head tax has rid the country of a great number of worthless curs.

A bill is now pending in the Legislature to prevent dogs running at large during closed season, unaccompanied. I am informed this bill is gaining favor daily. You readily understand the great advantage such a law would be to game protection, as thousands of birds and eggs, as well as animals, are now destroyed, not only by the worthless cur, but by good hunting dogs which are allowed to run at large in the breeding season.

The impression among some of the country people is that the League is behind all game legislation, therefore the farmers are prejudiced against the town man with a gun. There is good cause for this in some cases, but the farmer realizes that he has a source of revenue in the hunting privileges on his lands. Large tracts are being rented or bought for game preserves, and the man who roamed at will, now has to pick his path. Who can blame the farmer?

R. G. Bickford, Chief Warden.

TEXAS DIVISION.

The present wholesome laws for the protection of game in this State are largely the result of the vigorous crusade of the official organ of the League against game destruction. Without this and the members of the League in the State we could not have made such great progress.

We now have one of the best laws yet enacted in any State. The sale of game is absolutely prohibited. As a result there has not been much shooting the past open season. Instead of 60,000 ducks and geese being killed at Corpus Christi, as heretofore, only 5,000 or 6,000 were killed. This is only one-tenth of the usual number. Few deer have been killed during the past season. This is also due to our having stopped the sale of game.

I glory in your championship of the cause of game. You have conferred lasting benefit upon every State in the Union, and especially on this State.

S. W. Stanfield, Chief Warden,

CONNECTICUT DIVISION.

The Connecticut Division has had a successful year in that it has been the means of continuing on the statute books the 2 most important laws in respect to the protection of our upland game birds, namely, prohibition of the snaring of grouse and of the sale of grouse, woodcock and quail at all times. We took a step backward when we added one month to our spring duck shooting season, but the sentiment in favor of our proposed change was too strong for us this year, and rather than imperil the 2 foregoing provisions we had to yield that point. The upland birds being in greater need of protection, we are satisfied with our laws at present. At the next session we hope to re-enact the short season on ducks and other water fowl.

F. P. Sherwood, Chief Warden.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

FORESTRY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Friends of the forestry movement throughout the United States will be delighted to hear of the excellent stand taken by Massachusetts in passing its new State forester law. Great credit should be given the Massachusetts Forestry Association for work since it is due almost entirely to their strenuous efforts that the Legislature passed the bill. It is refreshing to see a State forestry association doing something besides reading tree poetry and swearing at the lumbermen. More injury to the cause has been done by such effeminate screeching and crying of "Woodman Spare that Tree" than any other thing in the fight to make owners see forestry in its proper light. Here at last is an association of sane, sensible, hearty men who do not claim that they know more than the lumberman or that they have a right to call him an octopus because he is carrying on a legitimate business on strictly business principles.

Governor Bates has shown himself a strong and consistent friend of the forestry movement. His firm stand for an efficient forestry service was important in securing the enactment of a satisfactory law. In his last inaugural address he said in part:

"I suggest legislation that shall provide for the appointment of a State forester, competent by education, special training, and practical experience, to direct to the best advantage the efforts of towns and individuals in this matter, and capable of wisely planning and developing on a broad policy State forest reservations. This involves an appropriation for the beginning of the work and for the acquiring of land.

"This concerns the Massachusetts of tomorrow. Three million acres, or three-fifths of the area of the State, are either in woodland or waste land. The woodlot area is but one-half of what is was in 1885 and the wood cut on the farms in the year 1900 is less than a third of what was cut 10 years ago, The timber of this State has practically disappeared and the stump and sprout lands are deteriorating. We have a law permitting town forest reserves but it has not been effective. We must adopt a more adequate policy."

The enactment of a law establishing the office of State forester marks the most important epoch in the history of forestry in Massachusetts and the accomplishment of one of the chief objects for which the Massachusetts Association has worked the past 2 or 3 years. This achievement does not mean that the work of the Association is done. Rather it is fairly begun, and may now be continued under more favorable auspices. In securing the new law the Association played a prominent part. Its work was most effective and its rapid growth in membership during the campaign acted as a continual strengthener of its influence through the evidence that it gave of a growing popular recognition of the importance of forestry in Massachusetts.

Now that the Commonwealth is to take up the practical forest work which the Association has partially undertaken during the past year, the Association may revert to the task of education which has formed a major part of its work from the beginning and which must still go on. Furthermore, the Association will be looked to by the State forester to give him moral support and encouragement. This it is in a position to do without embarrassment, for the position of the Association from the beginning has been one of entire disinterestedness and regard for the public service. It was characteristic of the fight against the bill that the Association was charged with looking for graft and working in the interest of a candidate of its own. On the contrary, the Association has never had a candidate, nor any desire other than to secure the most expert forester that can be obtained.

The appointment by Governor Bates was an excellent one. He asked the executive committee of the Association to recommend the most efficient man it could find. There was a strong movement among certain agricultural politicians for the appointment of a man who had been doing forestry work for various concerns in Massachusetts for 2 or 3 years; in fact, he was at the time employed as a forester by the Association; but as soon as it was found that a more capable man could be secured the Association immediately recommended him.

Governor Bates formally appointed Mr. Alfred Akerman, July 13th, and the choice was approved by professional foresters all over the country. Mr. Ackerman is a graduate of the University of Georgia and of the Forestry Department of Yale University. He has also studied his profession in Germany 2 years. He was State forester of Connecticut when appointed. Immediately after graduation from the Yale Forest School he was made an instructor in the school. Mr. Ackerman is also a member of the field force of the United States Bureau of Forestry.

The excellence and practicability of the bill establishing the position leads me to quote it entire, in the hope that a wider acquaintance with its provisions may prompt other States to do likewise:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. The governor, with the advice and consent of the council, shall appoint an officer to be known as the State Forester, who shall receive an annual salary of $2,000. The State forester shall be a trained forester who has had a technical education. He shall serve for a term of one year, unless removed for cause by the governor and council, or until his successor has been appointed and has qualified for office. The term of his office shall begin the first day of July, and if an appointee does not qualify for his office until after the first day of July, he shall, after he has qualified, be taken to have been appointed to serve until the first of July next thereafter ensuing. The State forester shall, *ex officio*, be a member of the State board of agriculture.

SECTION 2. It shall be the duty of the State forester to promote the perpetuation, extension and proper management of the forest lands of the Commonwealth both public and private. He may on suitable request give aid or advice to any person owning or controlling forest lands in the management thereof. He shall give such a course of instruction to the students of the Massachusetts agricultural college on the art and science of forestry as may be arranged for by the trustees of the college and the forester; and shall perform such other duties from time to time as may be imposed on him by the governor and the council. The State forester shall have the right to publish the particulars and results of any examination or investigation made by him or his assistants as to any lands within the commonwealth, and the advice given to any person who has applied for his aid or advice. Any applicant for such aid or advice to whom it is given shall be liable to the State forester for the necessary expenses of travel and subsistence incurred by him or his assistants. The State forester shall account for moneys received under this clause according to the provision of Section 5.

SECTION 3. The State forester may establish and maintain a nursery for the propagation of forest tree seedlings on such lands as the trustees of the Massachusetts agricultural college may set aside for that purpose on the college grounds at Amherst. Seedlings from this nursery shall be furnished to the Commonwealth without expense for use on reservations set aside for the propagation of forest growth for other than park purposes. He may distribute seeds and seedlings to landowners, citizens of the Commonwealth, under such conditions and restrictions as he may, subject to the approval of the governor and council, deem advisable.

SECTION 4. The State forester is hereby empowered, subject to the approval of the governor and council, to hire such assistants as he may need in the performance of his duties, and to fix their salaries.

SECTION 5. The State forester shall annually, on or before the 31st of December, make a written report to the general court of his proceedings for each year, ending the 31st of December, together with such recommendations as he deems proper, and a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditures incident to the administration of his office, which report shall be printed in the report of the State board of agriculture.

SECTION 6. A sum not exceeding $5,000 may be expended annually by the State forester, with the approval of the governor and council, in carrying out the provisions of this act.

SECTION 7. This act shall take effect on its passage.

STUDY OF FOREST CONDITIONS.

Realizing how vital to the welfare of a nation is the preservation of its forests, the United States is studying and improving the forests of this country while there is yet time to preserve them. In furtherance of this work the United States Geological Survey has just published a paper which bears the title "Forest Conditions in the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve, Arizona."

The San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve comprises portions of the broad summit and slopes of an elevated tract of land in North central Arizona, which includes the Southern part of the Colorado Plateau. The Northern part of the area is dotted by several hundred volcanic cones and the Southern part is gashed by numerous deep canyons. The altitude of the region ranges from 3,500 feet at Oak creek in its Southwestern portion, to 12,794 feet at the summit of San Francisco peak.

Among the coniferous trees in the reserve the yellow pine constitutes over 99 per cent. of the total forest. The aspen takes first rank among the broad leaved species, but has a close competitor in the oak. The chief lumber tree at present is the yellow pine, which is extensively cut and furnishes all of the mill timber sawed, used in, and exported from the region. Its average total height is 85 feet, with about 10 feet of clear trunk. The diameter averages 18 inches, which corresponds to an age of 180 years. In the 812,500 acres of forest area examined 2,743,558,000 feet B. M. of standing timber were found, which gives an average of only 3,377 feet B. M. per acre. It is evident that the yellow pine stands, even where entirely untouched by the ax, do not carry an average crop of more than 40 per cent. of the timber they are capable of producing. This condition is chiefly attributable to the numerous fires which have swept over the region within the last 200 years, destroying seedling and sapling growth.

The chief agencies through which the forests in the reserve suffer destruction are cutting, grazing, and fire. Logging operations have been carried on in most of the central forested areas that are tributary to railroads. The forest has been culled or cut from 148,645 acres. The timber cut on these tracts has been converted into tie, stull or round mining timber, and saw logs.

Grazing, especially sheep herding, is ruinous to the seedling growth of a young forest. Sheep are especially fond of the young aspen, which springs up as the first restockage on the non-forested park lands at the base and on the slopes of the San Francisco mountains. It was found that the destruction of seedlings on any particular tract of land ranged from 50 per cent. to total after a single passage over such ground by 2,000 head of sheep.

Fires have been of frequent occurrence in all portions of the reserve. The badly burned areas, on which the destruction has been 60 per cent. or more, aggregate 6,790 acres. The origin of fires in recent years may, in part, be ascribed to the carelessness of sheep herders, in part to sparks from engines on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, but by far the larger number of fires are due to lightning, and this cause has, of course, always operated. Sections exist on which 50 per cent. of the mature yellow pine has been either wholly or in part killed by lightning strokes.

Among other interesting questions considered in this paper are the low reproductive ratio of the yellow pine, the influence of the forest on run-off, the grazing value of the reserve and the effects of sheep herding on the forest floor. The bulk of the paper is devoted to detailed descriptions of the areas, by range and township, that make up the reserve.—Scientific American.

A clever young man at the Sault
Bit off more than he safely could chault,
And the people all shout,
Now the cash has run out:
"We'll sault yault—that's what we will dault!"

—Montreal Herald.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

OLIVE OIL MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

The most satisfactory method of making olive oil is to crush carefully picked olives as soon as possible after they are picked. Bruised olives or those which are in the slightest degree moldy yield an oil which is inferior in quality. According to experiments carried on at the California Experiment Station, the extraction of oil from fresh olives is somewhat troublesome, and in order to facilitate the work it is customary to deprive them of a certain part of their water before crushing. This partial drying is also useful when it is necessary to keep the fruit for some time before crushing or to ship them to any distance. It is generally done by placing them in layers not more than 3 inches deep, on trays that are stacked in a dry, well-aired room, protected from the wind and the direct rays of the sun. The olives are turned over daily, until they become well wrinkled. This requires about 8 or 10 days, according to the degree of temperature. If the partially dried fruit can not then be crushed immediately, it must be stored in a dark room where the temperature does not rise above 60 deg. F. There it may remain 3 or 4 weeks longer without any serious deterioration of the quality of the oil. In order to hasten the drying process, artificial driers, constructed on the same general principle as the fruit or hop driers, are sometimes used. The olives are placed in a single layer on trays, and the drier is kept at a temperature of about 120 deg. F. If the temperature rises above 130 deg. F., the quality of the oil will be impaired. The drying takes about 48 hours, more or less, according to the nature of the fruit. The olives must be crushed immediately on removal from the drier.

The problem of keeping olives until they can be crushed is an important one, as it is practically impossible to gather all the fruit of a large orchard just at the most favorable time and to crush it all while fresh. Numerous methods of solving this problem have been tried, but only 3 have been found which are free from serious objections. Drying at a low temperature, as already described, is that most generally used. They have also been successfully preserved temporarily in water. The olives are placed in vats filled with fresh, pure water, which is changed at least daily, as is done in pickling. In mild climates not subject to heavy frosts, perhaps the best method is to leave the olives on the trees. The quality of the oil deteriorates slightly as the olives become overripe, but probably less than in drying. It is usually stated that the quantity of oil attains its maximum at the time the olives are ready for pickling, and that the apparent rise of oil content with further ripening is simply due to evaporation of water. Recent investigations, however, show that there is a real and even considerable increase of quantity of oil per tree until February or March. This adds another reason for leaving the olives on the trees until they can be worked, wherever the climate renders it possible.

The crushing is still commonly done by means of old fashioned stone mills. They are slow, cumbrous and irregular in their action. Moreover, almost all kinds of stone that are used for these mills absorb oil, which it is impossible to remove completely. This oil becomes rancid and taints the olives that are being crushed. Crushers with corrugated bronze or bronzed metal rollers are now made that perform their work in a satisfactory manner, breaking the flesh and pits thoroughly. As they are all of metal they absorb no oil and are easily cleaned. It is essential that the flesh should be crushed thoroughly in order to break the cells and permit the oil to be pressed out.

Some oil makers prefer to pit the olives before crushing, in order to separate the oil in the flesh from that in the pit.

As soon as the olives have passed through the mill or crusher they should be pressed. For this purpose an extremely powerful screw or hydraulic press is necessary. The pressure must be applied gradually. From the liquid, which runs out first, with gentle pressure, is made the finest grades known as "virgin oil."

WHY POPCORN POPS.

In early times popcorn was commonly grown in small quantities on many farms and in gardens for home consumption, for it has long been a favorite food or food accessory with Americans. In recent years there has been a tendency to depend on the larger growers for popcorn and this crop is now raised in some regions to a large extent. For instance, a large grower in Iowa has 1,000 acres annually planted to popcorn, and in some regions in Nebraska popcorn is practically the only crop grown, 100 bushels to the acre being the ordinary yield. Fine popcorn is also grown on a large scale in some regions of Michigan.

Observations and experiments recently carried on by Professor M. I. Wilbert led to the conclusion that the popping of popcorn, which is accompanied by such a great change in the size, appearance and texture of the kernel, is caused by the expansion of moisture in the starch cells. It was found that old and dry corn did not pop readily. Such corn will at best only split open from a number of cells near the center of the corn kernel. If the application of heat be made slowly, it is possible to dry the kernels of corn, parch, and even char them without rupturing the outer coat in any way.

It was also noted that at the base of the kernels, or at the point of attachment to the cob, the cells are less compact and are seldom, if ever, ruptured by the generated steam. It is from this point, too, that the kernels of corn appear to dry most rapidly. The bearing of this point on the theory that popping is caused by the explosion of steam is found in the fact that popcorn invariably bursts first at the densest portion of the kernel, and never at or near its base or point of attachment.

When old and dry corn was soaked 12 hours and then dried for an equal time it did not pop well. If kernels were allowed to dry on the surface for 24 hours longer, the resulting kernels of popped corn were not only large, light and flaky, but had absolutely no suggestion of toughness.

As regards the loss of weight in popping, it was noted that 100 grains of whole or unpopped corn weighed 13 grams, the same quantity partially popped 11 grams, fully popped 9.2 grams, and dried and parched 7.5 grams; a loss of 15, 29 and 42 per cent, respectively.

In view of what has already been learned, further studies should be made of the changes in cell structure caused by popping, as well as determination of the quantity of material rendered soluble by the heating of the starch.

LET 'EM RIP!

The probable extinction of the terrapin as a gastronomical accessory is not regarded by the New York Evening *Post* with signs of alarm, judging from the following:

If, at the season of the peach crop's annual failure, we must have another discouraging report regarding some item of our daily victuals and drink, it is best that this should concern the terrapin. Deferring respectfully to the opinion of those who have made gustatory delights their life study, the statement can yet be made without fear of contradiction that there is no one of our national delicacies which so few people really like. What its own flavor may be very few persons know, since it is disguised as far as possible by an elaborately seasoned sauce. Certain it is that a compound indistinguishable by any but the highly trained palate from terrapin as usually served, could be made from the kittens put to such excellent use by Sam Weller's friend. The National Fish Commissioner predicts a speedy end of the diamond back unless it be artificially nurtured and protected. Even though, at $150 a dozen, these turtles must be a considerable item in our national wealth there are many millions of our people who would observe their extinction without a sigh.

PHILANTHROPIC RASTUS.

GIPSY CRANE.

A philanthropic nigger sat upon a high board fence,
Chewin' a reflection of good old common sense,
While he heard a rooster crowin'!
He figured up the policy of peace disturbin' points
And reckoned it was nearly time to limber up his joints,
To silence the rash chicken, that broke the country quiet
Which fell about the district, with the shadows of the night;
But the rooster kept on crowin'.

The rooster's worthy owner was lost in slumber deep;
Young Rastus feared the racket would disturb his peaceful sleep.
How that rooster was a crowin'.
In his interest for the farmer, he felt it was his duty,
To make a brave endeavor to coerce the crowin' beauty,
Who lacked consideration for his master's needed rest,
And ingratitude hurt Rastus; so he felt it would be best
To stop that rooster's crowin'.

This nocturnal benefactor soon reached the crowing star;
With slow and practised footsteps he sought the roosting bar.
And the rooster quit his crowin'.
But in choking off the hens, he awoke the slumbering chorus;
They would not accept his blandishments, he then attempted force;
But with five disturbers silenced, he felt his duty done,
And escaped the salt with glory, when the farmer fired his gun.
Now young Rastus does the crowin'.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

FIRST AID.

Every man who goes into the woods or the fields or on the water, for the purpose of fishing, shooting, or to indulge in other sport, should carry with him a bottle of Newskin. This is one of the most useful small articles I have ever carried in my outfit. Within the past 2 years I have sustained several small injuries in the way of cuts and scratches, and a simple application of Newskin has proven all that was necessary in each case. This preparation simply forms a waterproof film over the wound, that stays a week to 2 weeks, and when it finally wears off the wound is healed.

I have also found Newskin a valuable remedy for mosquito and fly bites. If you get a hot shot from one of these insects, simply paint the spot with New-skin and you will have no further trouble with it. The film excludes the air, stops the inflammation and that is the end of it.

Newskin has also mechanical uses not advertised by the manufacturers. It will mend rubber boots so that the water will not go through them. To repair a broken rod cover the broken parts with New-skin, put them together, fasten a light splint on the rod by winding with fishing line, and then coat the whole thing with New-skin.

It is made by the Douglas Manufacturing Company, 96 Church street, New York City. You can get a bottle for 25 cents that will last you several months, and after using it once you will probably never go on another shooting or fishing trip without it. In ordering please mention RECREATION.

NEW TRAIN TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Intercolonial Railway, of Canada, has put on a new train between Montreal and Halifax, which is known as the Ocean Limited. The cars comprising this train were especially built for the purpose and are among the most commodious and sumptuous I have seen anywhere. The sleepers are 8 or 10 inches wider than the regular standard, and the people occupying berths get the benefit of this extra space. Another luxury about these cars is that the berths are built high enough so that when a full grown man sits up in bed he is not in danger of knocking his thinking box against the ground floor of the upper berth. The dining cars and coaches are also of the latest models and the meals are simply irresistible.

The general service on the Intercolonial is such that many Eastern roads might well afford to study and copy certain features of it.

Sportsmen visiting Newfoundland and the States will find it greatly to their advantage to go by way of Montreal and over the Intercolonial, to North Sydney. The Maritime Express runs through from Montreal to North Sydney without change, but a pleasant break in the journey may be made by taking the Ocean Limited to Truro, having a few hours rest there and then the Maritime Express to North Sydney.

Full information regarding these trains can be had by addressing G. M. Lyons, G. P. A., Moncton, N. B.

NEW DEVICES FOR SPORTSMEN.

Patent No. 750,817 has been issued to E. M. Crenshaw, of Baltimore, Md., for a carrying case for guns. It is made in the form of a trunk with partitions or compartments arranged for carrying 4 or more guns, as the owner may desire.

Patent No. 750,742 has been issued to William Weston, of Denver, Colorado, for a portable camp stove, which is a decided novelty and which will doubtless prove popular when placed on the market.

Patent No. 748,950 has been issued to E. R. Hodshon, Wheeling, W. Va., on a sportsman's convertible hat. The device consists of a hat frame a foldable shade and stretcher frame, consisting of a series of stretcher rods like those in an umbrella, and a light, thin cloth stretched over these rods. When folded in a certain way this material forms a neat cap, suitable for hunting, fishing, bicycling, etc. When opened out it is made into a hat with a broad brim, intended to protect the face and neck from the rays of the sun.

Patent No. 749,212 has been issued to Alex. L. Mollett, Stonecoal, W. Va., on a new plan of revolver.

Patent No. 749,402 has been issued to William Rost, Gilmore City, Ia., on a glass lining for gun barrels, said lining being grooved as steel gun barrels are now grooved.

Patent No. 749,661 has been issued to G. F. Clarke, Toronto, Can., on a suspending attachment for game bags.

PARKER RECORDS.

H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont., made high average June 16 and 17 at London, Ont., shooting sliding handicap, 16 to 22 yards, unknown angles and unknown traps. Mr. Bates' record is 259 out of 290; considering the conditions, a remarkable performance. This record was made with the Old Reliable Parker.

Fred Gilbert, at his last 4000 targets, has shot 97 per cent. Early in June, at Marshalltown, Ia., Mr. Gilbert, shooting the Parker, established a world's record, breaking 50 targets straight at 22 yards rise, a wonderful performance. Mr. Gilbert and the Parker are inseparable.

J. W. Nelson, of Duluth, Minn., shooting the Parker gun, June 6, broke 49 out of 50. This is good work for the Old Reliable.

R. S. Rhoades, Columbus, O., won the amateur championship of Ohio at the State Shoot, June 15, shooting the Parker gun.

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S LAKE FLEET.

The Western Transit Company, which is the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad's freight connection on the Great Lakes, has recently put into commission their new steamer Duluth, which is the largest and most modern package freight vessel on the Great Lakes. She is 401 feet long, 50 feet beam and 30 feet depth, with a carrying capacity of 6,000 tons.

This makes 7 modern steel steamers in the Western Transit Company's fleet, 6 of which have been added since 1898, it being the company's policy to add a new steamer each year. In addition to these steel steamers, the company has 9 iron and wooden steamers, which, while not quite so modern as the steel boats, are still admirably adapted for lake freight transportation. This fleet of 16 steamers enables the New York Central to give a daily freight service from Buffalo to Milwaukee, Chicago, Duluth and Portage Lake.—N. Y. Evening Mail, July 27, 1904.

One of the most important and valuable tricks recently put out by the Marble Safety Axe Company, of Gladstone, Mich., is the Garrison rifle cleaner. This is made of fine wire gauze which acts on the bore of the rifle in a thoroughly effective and yet harmless manner. There is no object of greater importance to the rifle shooter than that of keeping his rifle clean. Without this it is impossible to do high class shooting either at the target or on game; and the life of a rifle may be increased 10 fold by proper care. It is, therefore, important that every rifleman should have some one of the modern appliances for keeping his weapon clean and I know of nothing better on the market than the Garrison cleaner. You should ask Marble for particulars and when you hear from him you will get a lot of information about devices of his make that are good for sportsmen.

The Blauvelt Knitting Company, of Newark, N. J., is making a line of knit worsted racing suits, sweaters, football and polo jerseys, golf vests and cardigan jackets. They are certainly up to the best standard of the day in these lines. The texture of these goods is exceedingly fine, soft and silky, and is much more agreeable to the touch than the coarse woolen materials that have been on the market for years past. The cardigan jackets will be found useful and agreeable to hunters, anglers and trap shooters; and every man who is interested in any one of these lines of sports should write the Blauvelt Company for a catalogue. In doing so please mention Recreation.

Walkerville, Montana.

West End Furniture & C. Co.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—Some time ago you shipped me one of your No. 20 Gun Cases and I take this opportunity to let you know that it arrived in good shape, not being marred or blemished in any way.

The case is a beauty and makes a handsome, ornamental and useful piece of furniture.

Thanking you for the care used in shipping, etc., I am Yours truly,

Louis Gainor.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of 302 Broadway, New York, have issued a new circular of the Luger automatic carbine, a copy of which will be sent free to anyone asking for it and mentioning Recreation. The Luger is a remarkable weapon, and it is well worth the while of riflemen and revolver shooters to know about it. It is not in the same class with the automatic shot gun, which is capable of destroying a whole flock of quails or ducks in 2 seconds.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, Conn., has issued volume 16 of its well known Hand Book, and it is now being sent out to sportsmen who call for it. Mr. Barlow advises me that there is a great deal of new material in this issue, which is certain to prove of deep interest to rifle, shot gun and revolver shooters. In writing for it please mention Recreation.

If you have any idea of buying an automobile at any time I wish you would answer the antomobile ads in this issue of Recreation, mentioning this magazine. In this way you will get a great deal of valuable information on the subject, and at the same time assist me in getting additional business in this line.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

RUN YOUR OWN MACHINE.

A writer in this issue of RECREATION advises automobile owners to study their machines to such an extent as to be able to operate them successfully. There are various reasons why every owner and user of an automobile should do this. In the first place, it is a genuine pleasure to know and operate any fine piece of machinery. In the second place, it is necessary that every owner of a complicated machine of any kind should know it intimately, in order that he may direct the operation of it, even if he does not see fit to give it constant attention.

Every man who submits blindly to the dictation of an employee is liable to be defrauded. There are honest and dishonest men everywhere, and many an honest man yields to temptation and becomes dishonest simply from being in a position where he is constantly tempted. Bank cashiers and tellers who handle large sums of money and who gradually win the confidence of their employers to such an extent as to be trusted implicitly, and who have all their lives been honest men, fall victims to continuous temptation. They have within easy reach the opportunity to become suddenly rich. This situation stares them in the face day after day, and they dream of it at night. Human nature is weak, and eventually many of these men fall victims to circumstances, when they would always have been good, honest men if these conditions had not been allowed to exist.

So it is with men of smaller intellectual capacity or business ability. Placed in positions of responsibility where they are allowed to handle small sums of money without the scrutiny of their employers, or where allowed to buy goods and have them charged to the employer without limit, they gradually grow into the habit of buying things that are not needed and appropriating them to their own use. Or, coming in contact with dishonest dealers they are tempted to buy goods at twice what they are worth, approve the bills, and pocket the difference.

I once employed as caretaker at a country club, a man who had for years worked for a wealthy man in this city, as a coachman. From time to time, while in the employ of the club, I discovered that he had numbers of fine whips, spurs, bits and other articles belonging to his former occupation, which had never been used. He had made his employer believe these articles were necessary for the proper equipment of the horses and carriages in his charge, had bought them and then secreted them. Doubtless he had bought many other such articles and had sold them, converting the proceeds to his own use.

The coming of the automobile to this country has brought with it a large contingency of French operators, many of whom have neglected to bring their consciences with them, if they ever had any. These men are to-day employed by wealthy automobile owners, a majority of whom know little or nothing of the practical construction or the working of their machines. These owners must simply accept the statements of their drivers as to what may be needed in the way of supplies or repairs, and as to the necessary cost of such materials. As a result, such owners are systematically worked for perhaps hundreds of dollars every year, for repairs or attachments that are not needed in the least.

In all such cases if the owner knew his machine thoroughly he would be able to see at a glance, when called on to pay for an article or a piece of work, whether or not it was needed, and thus avoid being persistently and repeatedly held up.

The man who studies his machine, who masters the science of operating it, may dispense entirely with the services of a driver. Then he not only saves the amount of the salary his neighbor pays, but he has the intense satisfaction of doing a good piece of work himself. There is as much pleasure in driving an automobile as in driving a good pair of horses. Many experts say more.

Furthermore, the man who operates his own automobile enjoys the valued privilege of privacy, of which every man and every family who employs a driver is deprived. If you ride with your family or other friends, you constantly want to talk about things that you do not care to have repeated by a servant. Any bit of news or information which an automobile driver, or a coachman, or a butler, or a maid servant picks up in the family circle, loses nothing by repetition. On the contrary, it is elaborated and grows rapidly as it passes from one to another of the retinue of servants. The family or the group of friends who ride in an automobile driven by an employee must, therefore, be constantly on guard as to what they say. Freedom from this restraint is really a luxury, which the average business man may just as well enjoy.

It may take a few weeks or a few months to learn your machine so that you can safely go on the road with it and make a long tour; but aside from the advantages already pointed out, the man who can do this enjoys the intense pleasure of doing something that is difficult, and the more difficult a thing the greater pleasure there is in doing it.

We live for the pleasure of living, and to the active mind, the keen intellectual American business man, one-half the pleasure of automobiling, or motor boating, or shooting, or fishing is in operating and taking care of his own machine, his own gun, or his own tackle.

BENNETT PRONOUNCES IT HARMLESS

The president of the Winchester Arms Co. has written a letter to a man in Massachusetts who protested against the proposed automatic gun, which it is understood the Winchester Co. still intends to make and put on the market. The letter contains some amusing statements, a few of which I quote:

"We have no automatic shot gun at present. Such a gun we should imagine would make execution in hunting more a matter of skill and give less opportunity for slaughter. For instance, if the boy cited had used 2 barrels of a double gun on the snow buntings, he would have killed more than he could possibly kill if using the one barrel of an automatic or repeating shot gun. If he had skill he might shoot another bird on the wing, probably; but we should imagine no more. There is nothing that can be done with the automatic gun that might not be done with the ordinary double barrel shot gun."

As usual Mr. Bennett says his company has no automatic shot gun, but he persists in defending the automatic principle. He says if the boy had skill he "might" have fired a second shot at the birds on the wing, "But we should imagine no more. There is nothing that can be done with the automatic gun that might not be done with the ordinary double barrel gun."

If this is true, then why in the name of heaven make a gun to carry 6 cartridges?

On this same theory a repeating rifle is no more effective in killing game than a single shot rifle. According to Mr. Bennett's reasoning an expert may possibly fire a second shot from a Winchester rifle, at a fleeing animal, but no more.

Further on Mr. Bennett says:

"We have mentioned above the fact that we have no automatic shot gun. The present agitation by a New York magazine was got up, we think to injure us, and at the same time to emphasize the immediate necessity of subscribing to a certain sportsmen's league which has, we think, a shadowy existence in a lot of officers, and of whose members there is no catalogue."

What do the 10,000 members of the L. A. S. think of Mr. Bennett's assertion that it has only a shadowy existence in a lot of officers? I wish the men who have attended the 6 annual meetings of this League, and who know exactly what it is doing, would each write Mr. Bennett and enlighten him.

What do Vice-Presidents Hornaday, Richards, Seton, Anderson and Secretary Rice and Treasurer Corbin think of a man at the head of a big gun factory who will assert that the L. A. S. has only a shadowy existence?

If the League has nothing more than a shadowy existence in a lot of officers, why did Mr. Bennett instruct his 22 traveling men to join it, as shown by letters printed in June Recreation, pages 448 and 449?

If it has nothing more than a shadowy existence in a lot of officers, why does Mr. Bennett urge his traveling men to obtain lists of the members of the League in the States in which they travel?

This League was not created for the purpose of enabling the Winchester Arms Co. to advertise its wares cheaply among the leading sportsmen of the country. That is why Mr. Bennett has not been able to obtain a complete catalogue of the members.

Bennett's assertion that my agitation against the automatic gun was got up to injure the Winchester Co. is more of his silly rot. This crusade was started in November, 1903, and in nearly every subsequent issue of Recreation may be found commendations of Winchester goods. For instance: Dec., 1903, page 459; Feb., 1904, pages 134, 135, and 136; April, page 302; June, page 450. If this agitation had been got up to injure the Winchester Co. would I be giving them all this free advertising?

Whenever Mr. Bennett makes such a statement, he lies and he knows it.

TO INVESTIGATE COLD STORAGE MEATS.

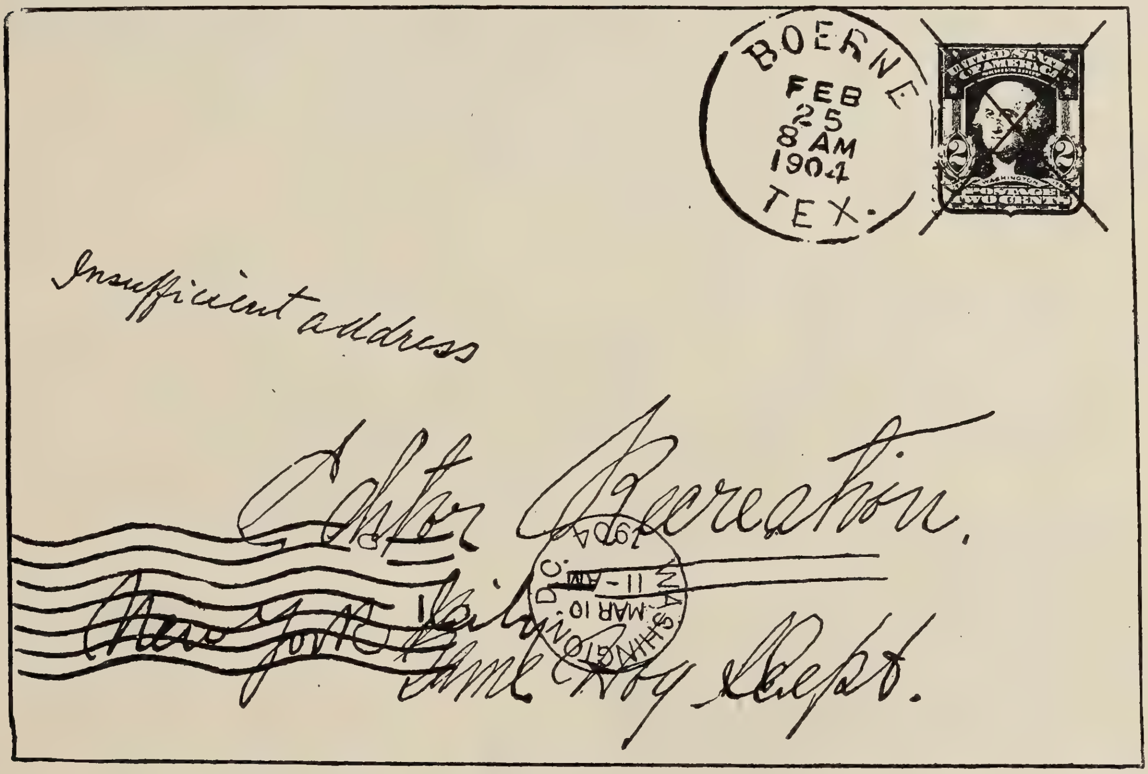
Dr. Wylie, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, has instituted a thorough course of study and investigation as to the hygienic conditions of meats, fruits and eggs kept in cold storage, and it is hoped he may include in this investigation game, birds and animals. I have printed several articles in Recreation from well known physicians who have become convinced that cold storage game is unwholesome and unfit to eat, and I have no doubt that should Dr. Wylie and his experts make proper investigations on these lines they would reach the same conclusions these physicians have.

Game has become too scarce to be further made an article of commerce. Its sale should be prohibited everywhere and at all times, and if we could establish the fact, by official tests and investigations, that cold storage birds and animals are unfit for food, it would aid us greatly in securing the enactment of laws in the various States to prohibit the possession of game in close season.

HE WON THE BET.

Here is a photographic reproduction of an envelope that came to this office some months ago. It will be seen that the words "Insufficient address" and "New York City" are in 2 different handwritings and that both are different from that in which the original imperfect address was written. Both of these notations were written in red ink.

My correspondent simply wrote on the envelope "Editor RECREATION, Game Hog Department," and mailed the letter at Boerne, Tex. The postmaster evidently made the notation on the envelope as to the address being insufficient and sent the letter to the Post Office Department at Washington. There a clerk readily located RECREATION and wrote on the envelope "New York City," when the letter was remailed, as shown by the postmark.



BOERNE FEB 25 8 AM 1904 TEX.

Insufficient address

Editor Recreation.

New York City

Game Hog Dept.

WASHINGTON D.C. MAR 10 11-AM 1904

This experiment was made to decide a bet. A subscriber who lives in Boerne, Tex., and who of course knows the world wide reputation this magazine has made by its crusade against the game and fish hogs, made a bet with a friend that a letter addressed simply to the Game Hog Department of RECREATION and mailed would reach this office. And he won the bet.

George George, of Spokane, Wash., was arrested some time ago on a charge of having venison in his possession in close season. He was arraigned before Judge Henkel and swore that he knew nothing whatever of a deer having been killed, and at the same time offered to plead guilty to the charge. The court declined to accept such a plea and continued the case for the purpose of getting further evidence. When the case was called again, Dan Davis appeared as a witness for George and testified that he had himself killed the deer, whereupon he was arrested, pleaded guilty and was find $30 and costs. The judge then turned his attention to Mr. George and soaked him $40 and costs. The testimony showed that although Davis did kill the deer, George knew all about it and got a share of the venison. Judge Henkel roasted him properly for having sworn falsely and having attempted to conceal the facts when he was first put on trial.

One of the most novel and practical presents I have ever heard of employees giving an employer, was a $2,500 Winton touring car, which the employees of the C. E. & W. Railway Co. gave Mr. Jeff N. Miller, their general manager, at Houston, Texas, June 1st.

Mr. Miller, by the way, is an old friend of mine and it is indeed gratifying to learn that in the discharge of the duties of a trying and critical position, he has so endeared himself to the hundreds of men under his charge as to inspire them with the idea of making him this magnificent present.

I congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Miller on their good fortune, and trust they may live many years to enjoy this token of the esteem of their friends.

The advent of the automobile has resulted in lugging into our language of another French word which is not needed. The man who drives a team is known as a driver, or coachman. The man who drives a truck is known as a truckman. The man who operates a railway locomotive, though frequently miscalled an engineer, is properly an engine driver. The man who operates an automobile, is an automobile driver to all intents and purposes, and there is no sense in American people, who have no knowledge of French, struggling with that monstrosity among words by which the automobile driver is now designated. The English language is good enough for Americans as it stands, and it is the height of nonsense to embody foreign words that are not needed.

J. M. Van Huyck, of Lee, Mass., has had the game laws of that State printed in Italian and circulated among the Italians of that city and vicinity. It would be well for friends of game protection in all the large towns and cities, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts, to adopt this plan. Many of the foreigners who violate the game laws do not know they are doing wrong until arrested. Comparatively few of these people would violate a game law knowingly. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Mr. James B. Dill, the great corporation lawyer, is making another of his phenomenal automobile tours through the wilds and over the bad roads of the North woods. His destination is Rangeley Lakes, Me., and his plan when leaving this city, was to penetrate some of the sparsely settled districts of Quebec; thence along the old Benedict Arnold road. Mr. Dill is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Emma, and they will no doubt have some interesting stories to tell on their return, of weird experiences encountered in their wild ride.

In June last a man named Henry Prentice was found dead in the Adirondack woods. Some days later Jerry Parsons was arrested and confessed that he had killed Prentice, having mistaken him for a deer. It seems that both men had been hunting deer in violation of law, and that Parsons got the first shot. It is a pity some other hunter could not have got a bead on him.

I am informed that the postal regulations would not allow the placing of the words and figures 'Game Hog No. 972," or other number, on an envelope and the sending of same through the mails. The request I printed in July RECREATION, p. 60, may be complied with in other respects. Postal cards should not be used for this purpose.

William McAdoo, of Medina, Tenn., recently killed 2 squirrels in violation of law and paid a fine of $25 each. The squirrels would probably not weigh more than a pound each and it would not seem that a Tennessee farmer could afford to pay $25 a pound for meat as a regular thing.

MUSTANG BILL'S LAMENT.

STACY E. BAKER.

Ol' Mustang Bill looked mighty glum
When he struck the town agin;
He'd been away, Bill had, fer years,
An' it seemed er mighty sin,
Th' way they'd let ol' land marks go.
"O, whar," Bill moaned, "O, whar
Is 'Five Ace,' Morton's 'Road to Hell,'
Er Dingley's 'Easy Cha'r?' "
But nary a yap would answer Bill,
Ez knew him in days gone by;
An' Mustang Bill, he stifled a sob
An' wiped er tear from his eye.
"Whar's th' boys from ther 'Bright Eyes' ranch
Ez used to float this way
Twict er year, with ther kiote yells
An' er pocket of gilt edged pay?"
One er th' boys as knowed Ol' Bill
Give er solemn shake of th' head,
An' Ol' Bill raised his glass of booze,
An' drank ter th' days long dead.

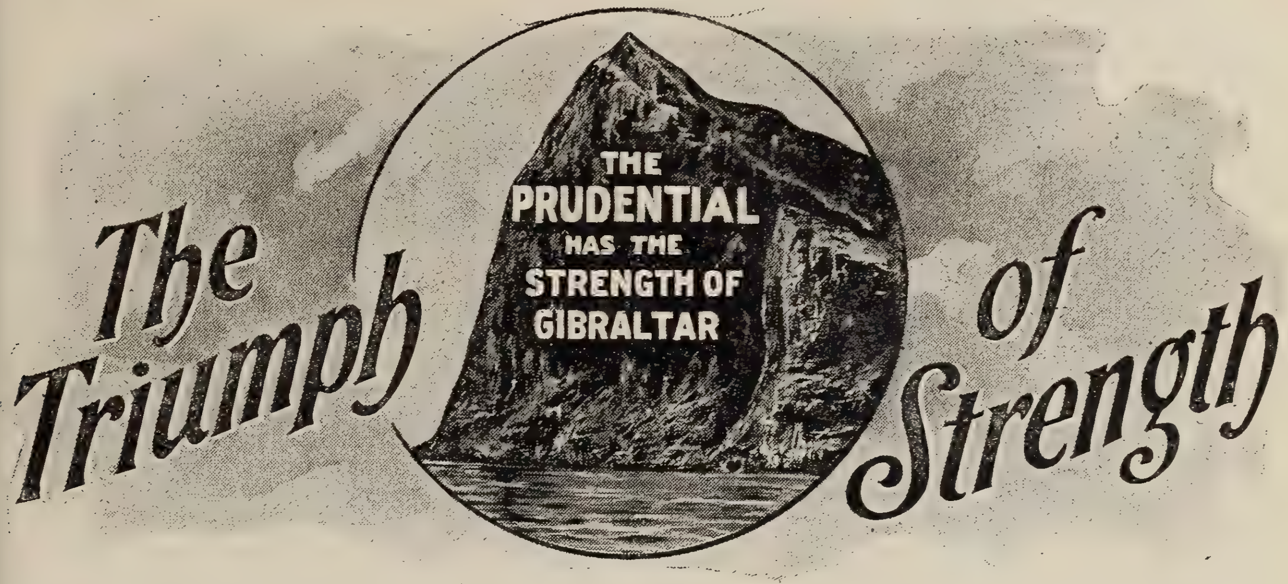
"But tell me, boys," sez Mustang Bill,
"Hez yer enything left at all
Thet calls ter mind ol' times afore
A warm town went ter ther wall?"
An' ev'ry man of th' bloomin' bunch
Set up er joyous shout,
"Bill, when it comes ter tenderfoots,
Yer jes' can't beat us out!"

I have known you through your pen many years, back to the days of Dr. Rowe's management of the American Field. In those days, too, you made me happy by complimenting an article I had written, entitled, "My First Elk." I wrote under the name of "Sancho," and some years later I wrote for Forest and Stream. RECREATION is the greatest success of all and I enjoy it very much.

F. N. Wood, Chicago, Ill.

"Is this the superintendent of the Metropolitan Street Railway? Well, one of your conductors insulted me this morning."

"My dear sir, don't mention it."—Life.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INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. 92. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

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DON'T WANT AUTOMATIC IN INDIANA.

Editors throughout the country continue to protest against the manufacture of the automatic gun. Here is what 2 of them say:

> Some of the leading gun manufacturers contemplate the making of an automatic gun for the use of those who have no interest in the preservation of the wild animals in our woods and forests. An automatic gun has a magazine which can be discharged as fast as a man can pull the trigger. The recoil of each shot throws out the empty shell, reloads the gun and cocks it ready for the next shot. The game which could be secured with one of these guns is enormous. Perhaps we can not control the manufacturers, who wish to supply a demand, but it is incumbent on every lover of nature to make the demand as small as possible, so that the manufacture of such a gun will be found unprofitable. Even as it is, the game and the other denizens of the woods are rapidly decreasing, and the use of an automatic gun in the hands of expert so-called sportsmen, would be a national calamity.—Lindonville, Vt., Journal.
>
> Friends of the birds — and their number is increasing — hope that the new automatic gun will not find favor among sportsmen. One variety of this gun is already on the market and other varieties are in process of manufacture. Bird lovers and the more humane class of hunters agree that the use of these guns is contrary to fair play, hence is opposed to the ethics of genuine sport. The new gun holds a number of cartridges that may be discharged as fast as a man can pull the trigger. The shooter jumps a bunch of quail, ducks or geese, cocks his gun and fires. The recoil of the first shot throws out the empty shell, drops a new one in and cocks the gun for another shot. Only the pot hunter should be willing to use a weapon that leaves game practically without hope of escape. The excitement of sport vanishes in the presence of automatic murder. When a man can kill 10 birds in a covey before they are able to get out of his reach, as the new gun is said to enable him to do, he is simply engaged in cold, systematic slaughter. A bird ought to have a fair chance for its life. Recreation is vigorously denouncing the automatic shot gun.—Indianapolis News.

THE PASSIONATE AUTHOR TO HIS LOVE.

Come write to me and be my love,
And we will all the profits prove
That furnace sighings, signed and sealed,
And vows epistolary yield.

Empty the coffers of thy heart;
Its every throb and thrill impart;
Search every secret, holy nook;
'Twill make, sweetheart, a lovely book.

And I will make thee vow for vow,
And in my letters mention how
By thoughts of thee I'm sweetly harried,
Despite the fact that I am married.

Thou'lt write how to my arms thou'dst fly
If 't were not for the legal tie;
And I, how straight I'd fly to thee
If from my fetters I were free.

These tender things we'll put in print,
Sweetheart, there may be millions in 't.
The public simply can't resist
"Love Letters of a Socialist."

We'll turn our passion to account,
And realize a large amount.
If of the plan thou dost approve
Come write to me and be my love.

—Puck.

"Between us," said the bathing dress to the ball gown, "we complete the work of the world."

"How's that?" said the ball gown.

"You begin where I leave off."—Life.

Both Mr. Perdicaris and his former captor, Mr. Raisuli, are said to be lovers of fine editions. They are unable to agree, however, as to the beauty of Morocco bindings.—Puck.

Fond Mother: Jane, has Johnny come home from school yet?

Jane: I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding under the stove.—Rochester Union.

First Baby: You look below par.

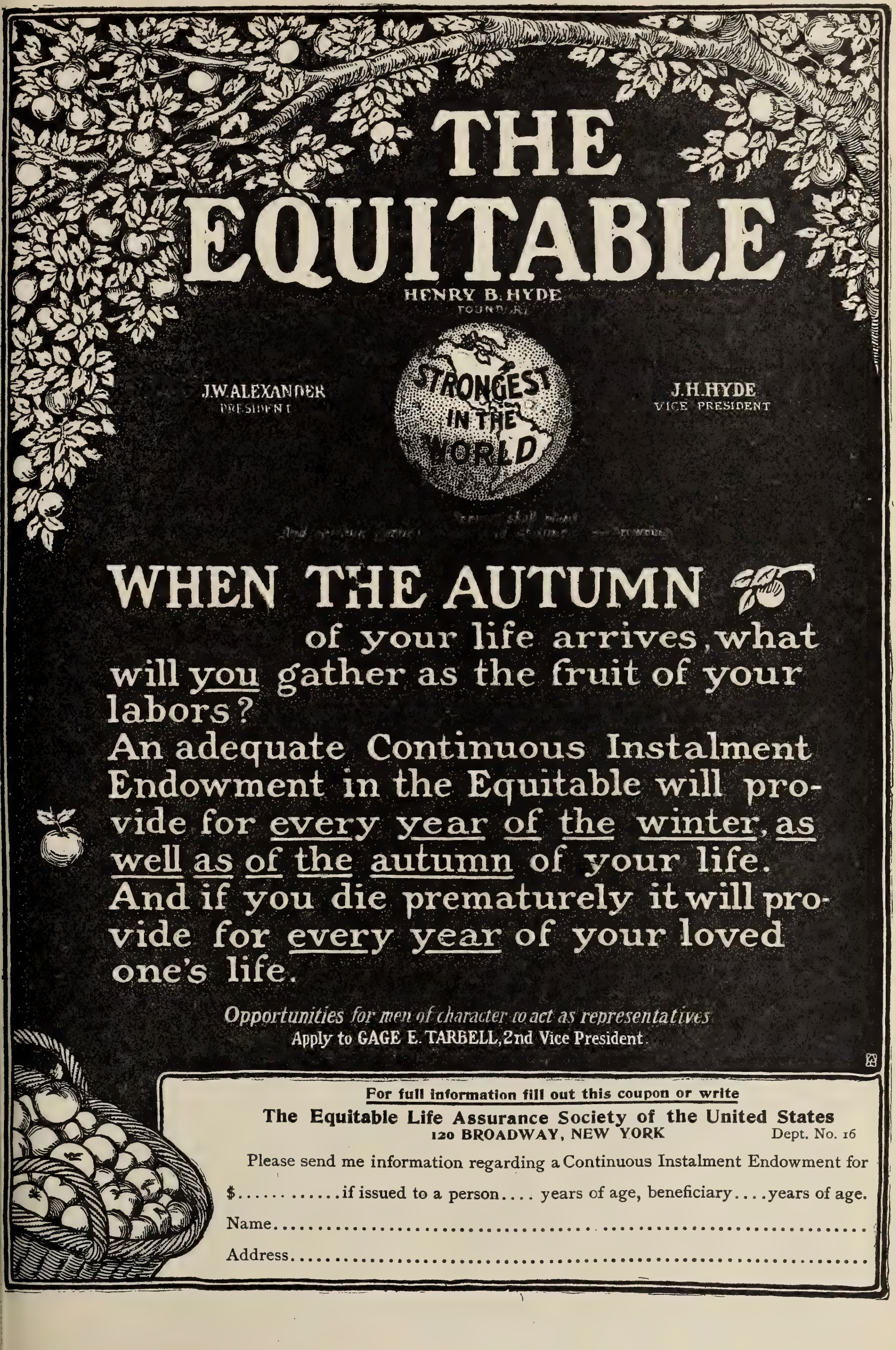
Second Baby: Yes. I haven't absorbed an unfriendly germ for so long that I'm losing all power of resistance.—Life.

"Do you know my friend from Philadelphia?"

"I have a nodding acquaintance with him."—Life.

"When is your wife coming back?"

"Oh, during the latter part of a thousand dollars."—Ex.



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of your life arrives, what will you gather as the fruit of your labors?

An adequate Continuous Instalment Endowment in the Equitable will provide for every year of the winter, as well as of the autumn of your life.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

☞ "For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

Recreation has conducted 8 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 9th opens April 1st, 1904, and will close November 30th, 1904.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A 4 x 5 Petite Century Camera, with Goerz Anastigmat Lens and Century Shutter, listed at $73.

Third prize: A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Lens Co., Rochester, N. Y.; listed at $36.

Fourth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, and listed at $32.

Fifth prize: An Al-Vista Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $30.

Sixth prize: A No. 3 Focusing Weno Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27.50.

Seventh prize: A 12 x 12 Waterproof Wall Tent, listed at $16.30.

Eighth prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Ninth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $8.

Tenth prize: A pair of High Grade Skates, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a pair of chrome tanned leather driving or hunting gloves made by the Luther Glove Co., and listed at $1.50.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $1.

A special prize: A Goerz Binocular Field Glass, listed at $74.25, will be given for the best picture of a live wild animal.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

G. T. HARRIS, IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

II.

Slides will either be toned from a black to a warm color or vice versa, and the most satisfactory results in toning are those obtained when a warm colored image is toned down toward black. If black images are toned to a decidedly warm color the change is often accompanied by loss of quality, due to the length of time occupied in toning, or to the strength of solutions employed.

To tone a warm colored image to darker colors, platinum, gold sulphocyanide and palladium may be employed; while to tone a black image redder, one must employ either copper or uranium ferricyanide, unless the image is converted into some haloid and again developed. Of these various toning agents the platinum bath for dark colors and the ferricyanide for warm colors are the most satisfactory.

A sulphocyanide toning bath, similar to that used for prints, may be employed to tone a warm colored image, but the color of the slide, if toned too far, becomes purplish black, and it is questionable whether such a color looks well in lantern slides. "Photographic purples," as they have been described, are best confined to silver prints, as the instances in which they suit the subject rarely occur in lantern slide work.

The following formula may be used when a sulphocyanide toning bath is wanted:

Ammonium sulphocyanide	60 grains
Gold tri-chloride	5 “
Water	16 ounces

The gold should be dissolved in half the quantity of water, and the sulphocyanide in the remaining half, the solution of gold being added slowly to the sulphocyanide solution, stirring this all the time. Some form of platinum bath is a good agent for lantern slides, though a mixture of gold and platinum behaves even better. Potassium chloro-platinite is the particular salt recommended, and not platinum bichloride. This latter salt is often quite acid with hydrochloric acid, and requires neutralizing first with some alkali and then reacidifying with nitric acid. If potassium chloro-platinite is used, no trouble will be experienced.

The formulæ usually given for platinum toning baths are too weak, requiring an inconveniently long time before any marked change is effected. The following bath is much more concentrated than usually recommended, but gives good results in my hands:

Potassium chloro-platinite	5 grains
Gold tri-chloride	5 “
Hydrochloric acid	10 minims
Water	5 ounces

Platinum toning, if carried far, intensifies the image slightly, so that should an attempt be made to tone a red slide quite black the slide might be found worthless on drying, from the adventitious opacity acquired in toning. The most suitable slide for toning is one devoid of large shadow masses, and one which needs additional density to make it a perfect slide.

The following modification of the gold platinum bath is convenient, as with it the increase of density is scarcely noticeable:

Sodium phosphate	50 grains
Gold trichloride	5 “
Potassium chloro-platinite	5 “
Water	5 ounces

This bath must be used fresh, and will not keep. Toning with it is rapid, but a pure black is not readily procurable.

Toning slides from black to warm is less easy than the foregoing, besides the alteration of color. Copper toning appears to give better results than uranium, as the staining of the gelatine previously referred to when speaking of uranium toning does not take place. A 10 per cent solution of copper sulphate, potassium ferricyanide, and neutral potassium citrate is recommended. To prepare toning bath take:

Cupric sulphate 10% solution	140 minims
Potassium ferricyanide, 10% solution	120 “
Potassium citrate, neutral, 10% solution	4 ounces

Add the potassium citrate to the copper sulphate, and pour in the potassium ferricyanide. A clear green solution will result, which keeps well and tones readily, without staining, from purple black to red.

Uranium is less satisfactory than copper, owing to its liability to stain. As, however, beautiful results can be obtained with careful working by the process, I do not feel justified in excluding it from notice. The exact strength does not seem of much importance, a stronger solution merely working quicker. The following is a convenient strength:

Potassium ferricyanide	5 grains.
Uranium nitrate	5 “
Acetic acid, glacial	1½ drams
Water	2 ounces

After toning, wash the slide in running water about 10 minutes. Take care not to wash too long; otherwise the brown color is washed out, leaving the image unsatisfactory. Uranium toned slides should be varnished when dry, to prevent fading.

A pleasant bluish green color may be given to a lantern slide that has been toned brown with the uranium toning bath if it is well washed and immersed in the following:

Hydrochloric acid	20 minims
Iron perchloride solution	10 “
Water	5 ounces

The color obtained is suitable for foliage subjects, but as the gelatine is stained throughout the slide any subjects with masses of high lights do not look well. The green color, however, can be discharged from any portion of the slide by treating it with a weak solution, say 20 per cent, of ammonia. Thus, the sky portion, where the stain shows more objectionable, can be cleared. Again, a slide, having been toned brown with uranium, can have certain portions of it toned green by applying with a camel's-hair brush the iron solution given previously. In this way a slide with 2 colors results, and some subjects look effective when done in this manner.

In spite of the variety of results that can be obtained by toning methods, I urge the lantern slide worker to devote all his care to gaining a high class slide by the process of development. Reducing and intensifying methods are of greater importance than toning formulæ. However expert and careful one may be, a certain proportion of his work will always be the better for readjustment in one direction or the other. Either some portion of the slide is over dense and requires reduction locally, or the whole slide would be better for a trifle more opacity. Lantern slides, unlike negatives, require their opacity to be exact, or the effect when they are projected on the screen is unsatisfactory.

The reducer introduced by Mr. H. Farmer is particularly useful in slide work if not used too strong. One and a half grains to the ounce is strong enough, though for local reductions of dense portions this may be slightly exceeded. The most convenient way of making up this reducer is to keep a 10 per cent solution of the potassium ferricyanide made up, and to add 10 or 20 minims of this to each ounce of water. The quantity of hyposulphite left in the film and on the surface of the plate when it is removed from the fixing bath is sufficient to effect reduction, though after reduction and good rinsing the plate may be replaced in the fixing bath for some minutes with advantage.

A good lantern plate with suitable developer should, on being removed from the fixing bath, show perfect freedom from any surface mark or deposit, except that which forms the image. Occasionally when developing for warm colors, an irregular white deposit occurs on the film. This may be removed by washing and rubbing slightly with a tuft of cotton wool, but the ferricyanide reducer is much simpler and safer. Flow a weak solution over the plate 2 or 3 times, just long enough to remove the deposit without reducing the image.

A reliable intensifier is especially useful when making slides having warm colors, as these slides are not easy to obtain of the exact density. The following formula may be relied on to give satisfactory results without the least influence on the color:

A.	Hydroquinone	20	grains
	Citric acid	20	“
	Distilled water	20	ounces
B.	Silver nitrate	20	grains
	Nitric acid	5	minims
	Distilled water	20	ounces

Take equal parts to form the intensifier. The plate should be well washed after fixing and placed for some minutes in an alum bath, and again well washed before intensification. As the intensified slide, when dry, is somewhat denser than it appears when wet, allowance must be made for this and intensification stopped somewhat short of the required degree. Rinse the plate thoroughly under the tap after intensifying and place in the fixing bath a short time to remove any silver chloride that may have been precipitated in the film.

Another intensifier of considerable value to the lantern slide maker is that of M. M. Lumiere. The formula is:

Sodium sulphite	1¼	ounces
Mercuric iodide	30	grains
Water	6	ounces

Rinse the slide well on taking it from the fixing bath and flow it over with the foregoing intensifier, when density will soon accrue. After a good washing, redevelop the slide with some developer such as amidol.

TO MOUNT ARISTO PLATINO PRINTS.

I am a most interested reader of your magazine, especially the photo department. I develop my own prints and do all the work connected with my photography, to the best of my ability. It is the most interesting work I ever did.

Will you please tell me the best way to dry Aristo platino prints for mounting in albums? Is there any way to prevent their being stiff and inclined to curl.

How can I make a good enlargement from a 4x5 print or negative on a 5x7 plate? I have a copying lens but have never been able to get a good enlarged copy from a print.

Can flash powder be used for making an instantaneous picture? When I try to take on the subjects have a startled look.

G. K. Taylor, Paw Paw, Mich.

ANSWER.

If you will write the American Aristotype company, of Jamestown, N. Y., they will send you a copy of their Aristo Manual, in which you will find full directions for working their brands of paper.

Platino prints can be mounted in albums, after they are dried, by flattening them as follows:

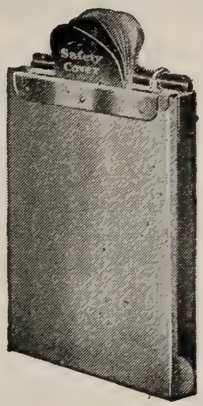
After the final washing of prints allow them to dry in the open air. When thoroughly dry draw them through cornerwise, face down, between a felt top desk and the back of a hard rubber comb pressed down firmly on back of print. By drawing prints through several times in this way all tendency to curl is removed.

By applying a solution of warm gelatine to the outer edge of print, and then placing it in the album under pressure immediately, you can mount prints without causing a cockling or warping of the album leaves. The gelatine should not be too thick.

A possible reason for your not being able to make an enlargement of a 4x5 print may be that the bellows of your camera is not long enough. I suggest that you consult a photographer as to this question.

Flashlight pictures are generally made with short exposure, to avoid any movement of the sitters. It is always best for subjects to turn the face away from the flash, otherwise they will have an unnatural expression of the eyes.—EDITOR.

5 x 7 PREMO FILM PACKS



All the convenience of film with the advantage of focusing on ground glass.

A PREMO FILM PACK ADAPTER will convert your 3¼ x 4¼, 4 x 5 or 5 x 7 PREMO into a film camera which loads in daylight in 3 seconds with the 12 exposures Film Pack.

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	3¼ x 4¼	4 x 5	5 x 7
Premo Film Pack Adapter	$1.00	$1.50	$2.50
Premo Film Pack (12 exposures)	.70	.90	1.60

Premo Catalogue free at the dealers' or by mail.

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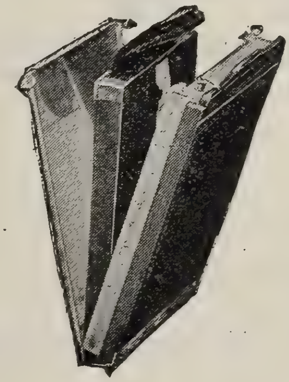

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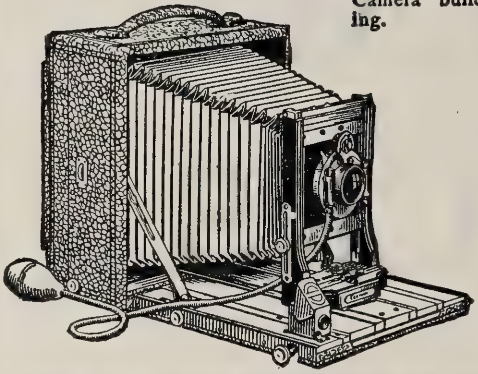

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The 1904 Models have a **Revolving Back** — the most useful and valuable improvement made in recent years.

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There isn't a photographic dealer in the country who can tell the quality or value of a lens by looking at it—he can tell you this, though—Goerz lenses are the standard for the world, and, after all, as the lens is the only part of the camera that makes the picture, your only safeguard is the reputation of the manufacturer. Ask about the Goerz.

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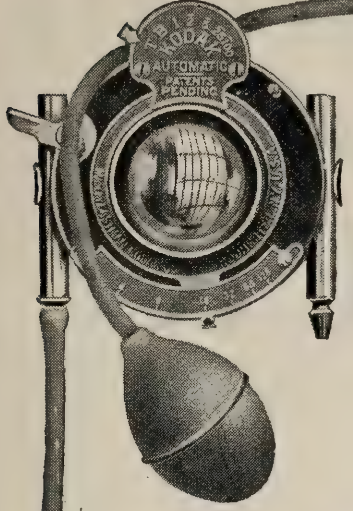

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Rochester, N. Y.

DIALOGUE OF THE GAME HOGS.

JOHN L. WOODBURY.

"Say, Jim, heard the news?
That new kind of gun?
Just pull and keep a-pullin'
Until the whole thing's done.
When the birds git ter risin'
Ye don't stop ter cock,
But soak it right to 'em
Till ye down the whole flock.'
"Yes, Bill, I've heard on't,
And something else, tew;
That dog-goned Coquina—
I've swore till all's blue!
He's dropped on the racket,
Good and hard, with both feet.
The thing's good as squelched,
Winchester's already beat."
"Plague take that old cuss!
He's spoiled us more fun!
Once the more a chap shot,
The more braggin' folks done;
But now if ye hang tew it
An' make a big kill
They all holler 'Game hog!'
Or 'Give that pork more swill.'"

Mrs. Burne Coyne—I saw the loveliest dress to-day that just suited me. It was $100.

Mr. Coyne—I hope you don't pay that awful price for it.

Mrs. Burne Coyne—Of course not. I had it charged.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

Novia Scotia contains only about 20,000 square miles of land, but I know of no other place that has so many moose. It is a complete natural park, and is entirely surrounded by the ocean except for a strip of land about 16 miles wide. A large part of it is located just right for moose and game, having large bays, beautiful lakes and rivers. These waters are well stocked with a number of kinds of fishes. Salmon can be taken on a fly from the first of February until October. In my surveying business last fall I saw 7 different moose in one week. My men with me were anxious to have me call for moose. Tracks were numerous. The third day of the season, which began October 1st, I began calling at dawn. The morning was good. I got an answer from a large bull at once. He came like a mad creature, hacking and breaking all before him, and before the sun was up we were standing by the side of the finest moose I ever killed. His horns were perfect, with a spread of 50 inches. His weight was 800 pounds.

Our forest is completely stocked with moose, and other game is easy to get. Sportsmen can reach here quickly and need only spend a few days, if they get the right guide, in procuring a good head. Accidents are rare in our forests. Our guides are fairly good and can be got at reasonable rates.

Wm. S. Crooker, Brookfield, N. S.

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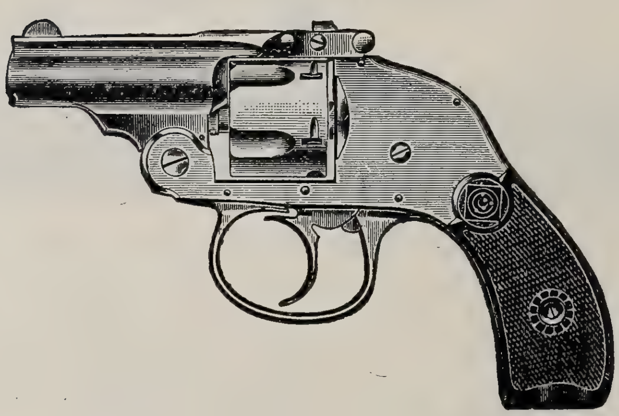
I will send you such a Revolver as a premium



It is made by the *HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.*, and this means good material and good workmanship.

Any other article made by that firm can be had on a basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

SAMPLE COPIES FOR USE IN CANVASSING FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address RECREATION

23 West 24th Street New York City

Hawk-Eye Cameras

are Perfect Cameras

Styles to Suit Everybody
Prices to Suit Everybody

$5. to $100.

Send for catalogue giving full description of Hawk-Eyes. Mention RECREATION

BLAIR CAMERA CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

I went to the coast range last fall with a friend. We got 5 blacktail deer, all bucks, from a spike to a 4-pointer. Saw a black bear but could not stop him, though we hit him 3 times with a 30-30. That gun is too small for bear. Even on deer it takes a neck or backbone shot to kill. I have shot 21 deer with a 32-40 and only 2 got away. Of 6 hit with a 30-30, 3 escaped.

C. L. Carlson, Ely, Cal.

The Bristol rod you sent me as a premium I received O. K., and it is a beauty. Thank you.

G. E. Page, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Is your seat comfortable, dear?" he asked when they had got settled in the theatre.

"Yes, it is very nice," said the wife, smiling pleasantly.

"Feel any draught, dear?"

"Not a particle."

"No big hats in front of you?"

"Not one."

"No posts in the way?"

"No; I'm very comfortable."

"Then change seats with me, dear!"—Yonkers Statesman.

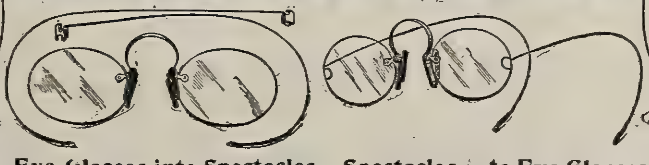
LEST YOU FORGET, IN A FIT OF ABERRATION, I SAY IT AGAIN, PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

For Golf & Tennis Players

"PRESTO! – CHANGE!"

ATTACHABLE EYEGLASS TEMPLES

GLASSES WITHOUT TEMPLES.
PATENTED June 17th 1902



GLASSES WITH TEMPLES.
COVERED BY Foreign Patents.

Eye Glasses into Spectacles. Spectacles into Eye Glasses

BE PROTECTED!

DON'T BREAK OR LOSE YOUR GLASSES IN EXERCISE, WIND AND STORM

Can be attached by anyone *Send thickness of lens when ordering by mail*

Price in Nickel 50c. a pair. Gilt 75c. a pair. Gold Filled $1 a pair. Solid Gold $2.50 a pair.

Established 1842 GALL & LEMBKE, Dept. C, 1 W. 42d St. 21 Union Sq., New York *Send for Circular*

The Acme of Sport in Rifle Shooting

can only be attained by the use of a telescope. With a high power instrument of this kind attached to your rifle you can do much better work at any distance than with ordinary sights. Furthermore, you can see your bullet hole in the target, after each shot up to 200 yards and thus know just what you are doing.

Send me 10 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

and I will send you a Rough Rider Telescope to fit your rifle. Or you can ship your rifle to the factory and have the tube attached. Any other telescope made by the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Syracuse, N. Y. will be furnished on the basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

ADDRESS RECREATION

23 West 24th St NEW YORK

Direct from the factory

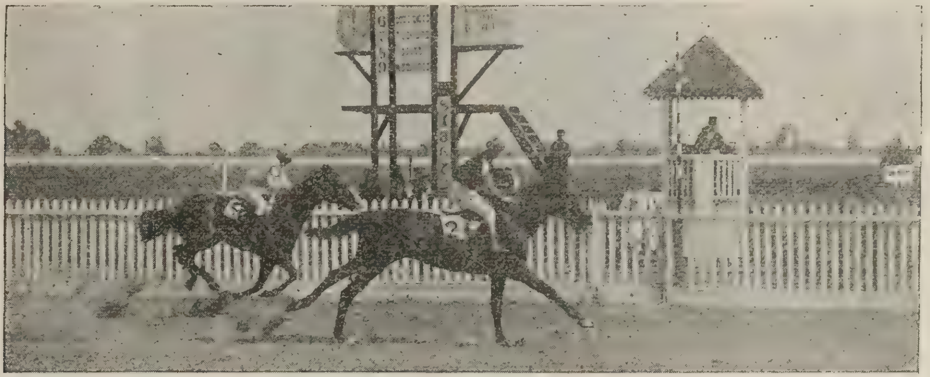
KORONA CAMERAS are subject to a liberal discount

when ordered by mail.

You save a profit and get the best camera made at a reasonable price. Thousands have been sold to RECREATION readers. The editor has long been one of our best customers.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS



MADE WITH THE TURNER-REICH LENS

If you need a new camera, fine lens, binocular field glass, telescope or microscope, please consult us. **Special optical goods made to order.** Mention RECREATION.

GUNDLACH MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

I am an enthusiastic sportsman, and travel thousands of miles every year to indulge my love of sport. I am glad to help RECREATION in any way possible, and I look on such assistance as working in my own behalf, since the policy of the magazine so closely parallels my own views.

C. S. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.

Your June number is up to the high water mark of the publication. The pictures are exhilarating.

S. W. Stanfield, San Marros, Tex.

"But," she protested, "I have been told that you are a reformed rake."

"'Tis false," he replied; "I never even thought of reforming."—Chicago News.

OIL PORTRAITS ON APPROVAL

If you will send me a photo of yourself or a friend and state color of hair, eyes and complexion, I will paint and send you on approval an oil or pastel portrait, miniature or life size.

Canvas, 6x8 or 8x10 inches,	$10
Canvas 10x12 or 12x14 inches,	$15
Three-quarters life size, - -	$25
Full life size, - - - - - - -	$35

Z. EMMONS, 58 West 104th Street
Reference: Mr. G. O. Shields. New York

DON'T FORGET

Recreation's

Photo Contest

THIS is the time of year to secure photos of **Live Wild Birds** and **Game**, of **Camping Scenes** or **other Outdoor Sports.** One such picture may win for you a valuable

CAMERA,
LENS, TENT,
FISHING ROD,
FIELD GLASS,
SKATES, GLOVES,
FOUNTAIN PEN

or other prize.

See announcement of contest in RECREATION, department of Amateur Photography

HUNTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

J. E. TARBELL.

While I was spending a short vacation with another American teacher at his station in one of the far interior towns of Northern Luzon, we were invited by the chief of a Tinguiane village to take part in a grand hunt after deer and wild boar. This was an opportunity for sport which we could not miss, for the Tinguianes are reputed famous hunters. They would at least show us where the game was, and we should probably have an opportunity to do some shooting.

Early next morning we ordered our horses saddled and set out for the residence of the friendly chief. When we arrived the hunting party was being organized. Meanwhile the village was clamorous with the shouting of men and howling of dogs. Half-naked savage hunters came in from little *barrios* in the surrounding forest. Besides us, the party consisted of the chief and about 20 of his followers, with 5 or 6 dogs. All the natives were armed with spears, and some also had nets to stretch across the runways.

To see such an expedition start might give one the impression that it would be a sorry day for the game, but although deer and wild boar are abundant, the Tinguianes seldom get more than 2 or 3 during a day's chase. That appears to satisfy them, for it furnishes a feast and a merry time.

We followed a winding trail through a magnificent forest. From the branches of huge moss-covered trees great vines hung in beautiful festoons. The air was filled with the songs and cries of many strange birds. In one place a troop of monkeys set up a chatter at sight of our company. Presently we began to ascend a mountain, and, after considerable climbing, emerged on a gently sloping section of open country. It was a mile or so across, and much cut up by ravines. Our horses were unsaddled and turned out to graze, and the hunt began.

Except the chief, the natives scattered to set their nets and start the game, while my friend and I were directed to positions where we could watch for it to appear. Dense forest bordered the other side of the opening, and from it the natives expected to drive the objects of our hunt.

My position, concealed by brush, was within easy range of my friend's rifle. Fearing he might fire in my direction, I moved on about 100 rods around a little rocky hill, and, as I afterward discovered, out of the line of chase. I waited long, occasionally hearing shouts and the barking of dogs, but no game came in sight. I heard a fusillade from my friend's old 45 and wondered if he had opened on a whole herd, or was merely suffering from buck fever. It proved the latter, and all caused by a doe springing suddenly from an unexpected quarter; but by the time my friend reached his last cartridge he steadied down and got the deer.

Finally the noise of the chase died away and as no game appeared, I started out to explore the mountain. I had gone but a little way when I heard a crackling of brush, and from a clump of thick woods, about 150 yards away, a big buck dashed out at full speed and made for a canyon some distance below. He bounded along with head thrown back, and the sight was almost too much for my nerve. I managed to send a shot after him just as he ran behind some rocks. In a moment he came in view again, and I handed him a 30-40 Winchester bullet that caught him about 5 inches back of the shoulder. Although he was running down hill, he fell dead before he could go 10 yards farther.

After bleeding him, I returned to where we had left the horses. There I found my friend and the native hunters gathered. Two men were sent after my prize. The natives reported having seen several deer pass their nets, but none were taken. However, they did get a big boar.

That evening the natives of the village, gathered around a big fire, made merry with feasting, singing, and dancing until far into the night.

I hand you herewith clipping from a local newspaper regarding the automatic gun. The editor speaks of the wholesale slaughter of birds that will happen when sportsmen are armed with this make of gun. No sportsman will ever use one of these. The man who does should spell his name H-o-g.

J. H. Klock, Phoenix, N. Y.

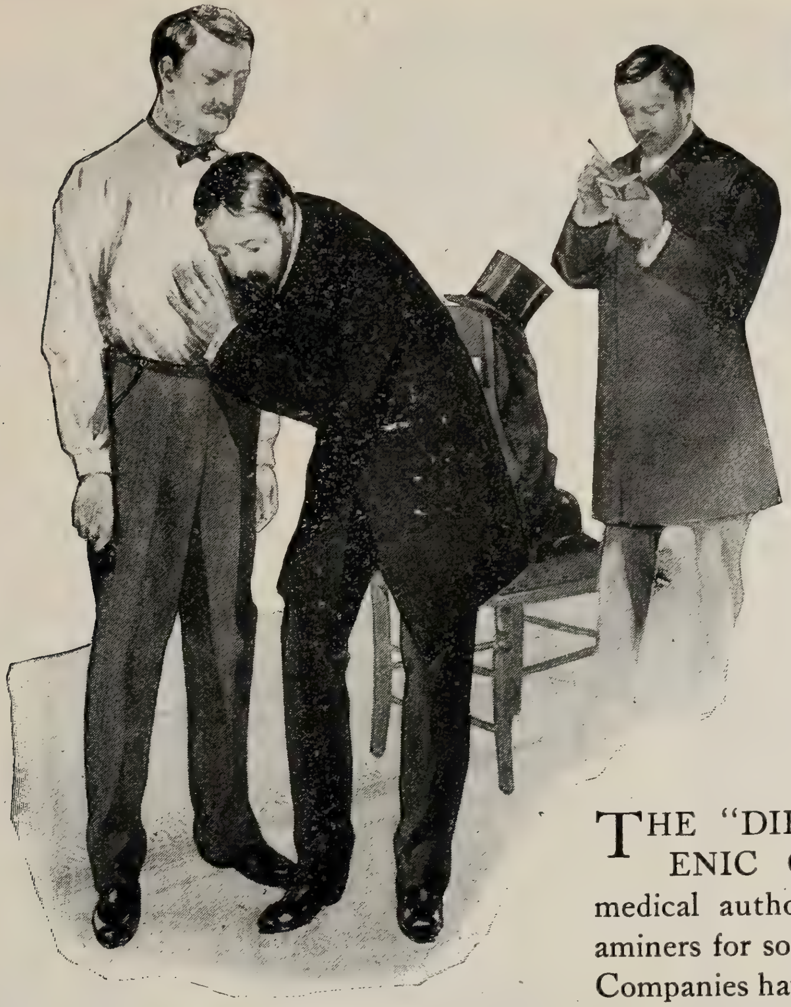
KILL THE AUTOMATIC.

The automatic shot gun that has just appeared on the market is an agency of destruction of so terrible a kind that if it were generally employed in the hunting of game birds their complete extermination would be a matter of a brief period. It is as shocking to the sensibilities of the genuine sportsman as to every other lover of Nature that the vandalism of the pot hunter and the game hog should be thus encouraged and made 10 fold potential through such diabolism of mechanical ingenuity. Therefore, it is imperative that all who delight in the wild life of fields and woods should stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight against this weapon of the game vandal, which to the world of sports stands in the same relation as the Gatling and still more rapid firing guns to that of war.

President Shields, of the League of American Sportsmen, is especially wide awake to the importance of the laws in every State prohibiting the use of repeating shot guns in the hunting of birds and animals, and to this end has forwarded copies of a bill for introduction in their respective Legislatures to all the chief wardens of this large and powerful organization throughout the country.

There is special need of such legislation in Pennsylvania as that indicated above. In many sections of this State there is great inclination to game, and the rigors of the past winter have greatly depleted the stocks of game birds and fishes—Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.

A young maid of old Terre Haute
Found herself in a duce of a baute.
The husband she'd bought
Wrote the name "Terry Hawt"
So she speedily set him aflaute.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



Coffee Heart

Life Insurance Companies now recognize the Disease

THE "DIETETIC AND HYGIENIC GAZETTE," a famous medical authority, says: "Medical examiners for some of the Life Insurance Companies have added the term 'Coffee Heart' to their regular classifications of the functional derangements of that organ. Coffee shortens the 'long beat' of the heart. 'Coffee topers,' they say, are plentiful and as much tied to their cups as the whiskey toper.

"The effect of coffee upon the heart is more lasting and consequently worse than that of liquor."

A well known physician specialist of Ladoga, Indiana, tells how he treats such cases. He has had many.

"I will mention just one case in my practice—Mrs. H., age 54, very fleshy family history good, had been for more than three years a constant sufferer from headache, heart trouble, and smothering spells, accompanied by nervousness. Had to lie down when attacked by these spells. She was treating all the time, but got worse.

"I soon found out that her trouble was 'Coffee Heart' and cured her quickly in this way: I forbade her coffee and put her on POSTUM CEREAL COFFEE instead—that was all the treatment.

"She reported in five weeks and had not had a bad spell, and felt sound and well once more; headaches, heart trouble, smothering spells and nervousness all gone.

"That was five years ago, and she is still a picture of perfect health and happiness."

Try well boiled POSTUM 10 days in place of ordinary coffee and see the coffee ails fall away as if by magic.

"There's a reason." Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

THE DEATH O' FLINT.

Said the fellow with the badges * * * "Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint."—Treasure Island.

Of the seven that day as sailed away
To bury the pirate's hoard,
Wi' a godless grin on his blue-black chin,
But Flint returned aboard.
His cock-eye twitched and luffed askew
As he croaked by the cabin door;
"'Twill go under the sod with me, b'God,
Then I'll beat up Hell for more!"

Oh, I tell ye, mates, the devil himself
Wouldn't sail wi' Cap'n Flint,
Unless he was hitched by a double clove
Or dragged by the old man's squint.
Ay, six were they and six are we,
And what are they now but bones,
For he smashed their skulls wi' his iron fist
And scattered their brains on the stones!

Ah, well I remember 'ow 'ard 'e died
That night on Savannah coast.
He shot three men and took Billy Bones
For an honest trader's ghost!
We darsn't go near, but we heard him sing
And the bottles go smash and crash,
As he fought wi' the devils as clung to his throat
And cursed 'em for lubber trash!

He fought and he fumed and he cursed and he swore
As he raved o'er his buried pile,
Yellin' "Fifteen men on the dead 'un's chest,"
And a-soakin' up rum the while,
And he "yo-ho-ho'd" and he stabbed the air
And he strangled the tangled bed!
Then he cracked the wall wi' a blow o' his fist
And laughed—his laugh!—and was dead!

He was blue wi' the rum that had fouled his hawse.
(Oh, an ugly devil was Flint!)
We could hardly believe as he'd come to Port,
For his eye had the same old squint.
When we laid him out snug in the hole we dug
We was feared 'e would open 'is jaw
An' sit up an' yell: "Flint dead? To Hell!
Fetch aft the rum, M'Graw!"

But come. Are ye scared? He's a grinnin' stiff,
Deep buried Savannah way.
Will ye show yer starn to a boozy ghost
When Flint don't walk by day?
I saw him dead wi' these 'ere head-lights.
I shoveled in some o' the sod.
It was these 'ere hands as closed 'is eyes—
Though they wouldn't stay shut, b'God!

But we weighted 'em down wi' gold doubloons,
(He had always an eye for gold,)
And we tied up 'is jaw wi' an old red sash
When sartain sure he was cold—
While the green parrot squawked around his face
And pecked at his cold blue lips,
Shriekin' "Pieces of eight!" But Flint was gone
To beat up phantom ships.

—Stephen Chalmers, in New York Times.

ANOTHER THREAT FROM THE WINCHESTER PEOPLE

Now that our Legislature has passed our game bill I am at liberty to draw your attention to one feature of the fight for game preservation in this State that may interest you.

Some months ago the sportsmen of the State prepared a bill which contained a provision that no gun should be used from which more than 2 shots could be fired without reloading. A draft of the bill was published in the local newspapers.

Soon after this a young man called on me and introduced himself as the traveling representative of the Winchester Arms Co. in this section. He said he had read our proposed bill and called to voice a protest against the section relating to repeating and automatic shot guns.

He asked whether I knew you personally and I said no.

He then said you had begun the crusade against his company and their new gun because they had withdrawn their advertisement from Recreation, and threatened to oppose our bill actively unless we cut out the objectionable section. He said it would be a fight to a finish and that his company would defeat the bill.

As we already had a lot of opposition from the market hunters we concluded not to press that feature at the session of the Legislature, and eliminated it from our bill.

It may also interest you to know that nearly 1,000 automatic shot guns have been recently sold in this city to market hunters and game hogs, and they are loud in praise if it.

A prominent banker, a gentleman and a true sportsman, borrowed one of these guns from a dealer and tried it one day in the field. He told me he was so ashamed of the slaughtering machine that he tried to avoid meeting any of his friends on his way back to town. He returned the gun at once and says no man but a butcher would have such a weapon in his possession.

Frank M. Miller, President of the Audubon Society of Louisiana, New Orleans.

"Do you think that music is of any practical benefit in life?"

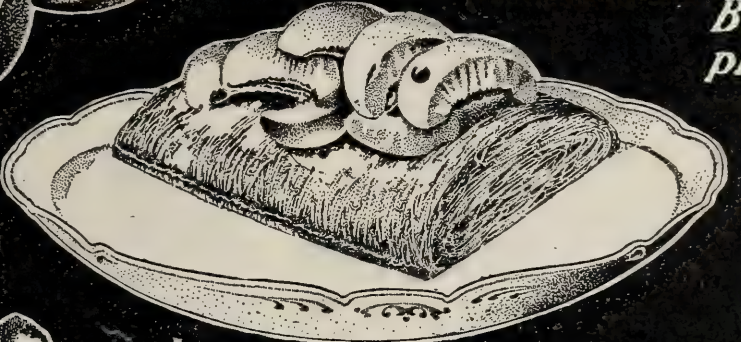
"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "judging from the photographs of eminent violinists, it must keep the hair from falling out."—Washington Star.

You never tire of

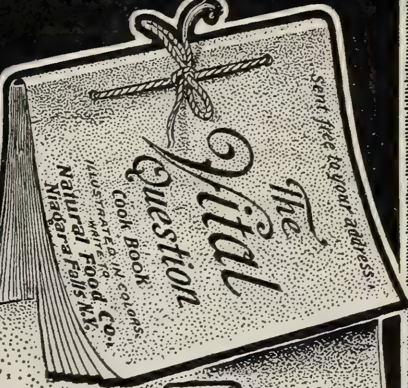
SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

Because it can be prepared in over 250 different ways.

It is thoroughly cooked and ready for instant use.



A SEASONABLE DELICACY


Sent free to your address.
The Vital Question
Cook Book
Illustrated in colors.
Write to
Natural Food Co.
Niagara Falls N.Y.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, peaches and cream are a great treat to the palate. The juice of the fruit is a valuable regulator of the system, and the crisp, nutty-flavored filaments of the wheat temper the sweetness of the dish and give it a delicious and satisfying flavor.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

AND

TRISCUIT

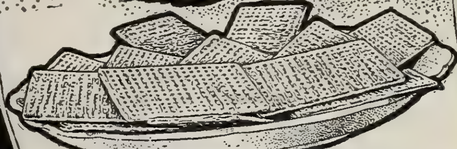
are easily digested by the most delicate stomachs and supply, in proper proportion, every element the human body requires to maintain health and strength.

Shredded Whole Wheat is the only food, made from wheat, that is porous, light and short without the use of yeast, fats or chemicals of any kind.

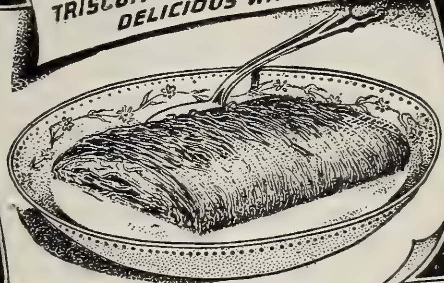
Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is the standard all-day cereal and may be served with milk or cream or in combination with fruits, preserves or vegetables.

Triscuit, The New Toast, is used as bread, toast, crackers or wafers. Try Triscuit spread with butter or cheese. "Make Triscuit your Daily Bread."

The Natural Food Company
Makers of Shredded
Whole Wheat Products
Niagara Falls, New York.



TRISCUIT AS TOAST OR CRACKERS. DELICIOUS WITH CHEESE.



BISCUIT WITH CREAM.

TRISCUIT WITH CHEESE

I read my RECREATION from cover to cover and enjoy its contents immensely. Your hog roasting department interests me greatly. I wish you would get after the porkers of New Jersey more often. We have many throughout the State and a little sizzling would do them good.

Last fall while spending a few days in Sussex county I was authoritatively informed of the beastly practice of gunners during the open season on woodcock. These fellows go afield in July and being privileged to burn powder they kill quails, grouse and rabbits whenever opportunity presents itself.

If the laws of all the States cut July out of the open season on woodcock our game would increase perceptibly. I should especially like to see an amendment made to this clause of game laws of New Jersey. What can we do?

F. F., Jr., Jersey City, N. J.

New York City.

Winchester Arms Co.,

Dear Sirs:

Having read in November RECREATION of your intention to make an automatic shot gun I wish to voice my disapproval of same.

Several years ago we looked with pride on the wild birds of this country. That was before repeating shot guns were invented; but now what have we left? Only a remnant of the former great numbers of our birds. Our pride has been humiliated and all decent and humane sportsmen shun this destructive weapon.

If you persist in placing an automatic gun on the market you will lose many friends, though you may gain the praise of a few game hogs.

Yours truly,
William J. Bell.

I see you speak strongly against game hogs. I wish you would ask all sportsmen, especially the L. A. S., to go out a few times and kill as many wild game hogs as they can, such as wolves, foxes, weasels, minks, skunks, porcupines, hawks, owls and eagles, also martens in season. These animals do more harm than any human game hog. The killing of these wild game hogs would furnish good sport. Deer are much more numerous in the Parry Sound district than they are 20 miles North, where it is far wilder, because there are wolves up North.

Clive A. Thomson, Parry Sound, Ont.

I have been a constant reader of your magazine and like it much. I recently bought an Ithaca and it is the best balanced and neatest fire arm I have ever owned. It is their No. 4 ejector and is the hardest shooting gun I ever put to my shoulder. June 23rd, in a blue rock shoot here, I averaged 93 per cent with it, the best shooting on targets I have ever done. Any one who wishes the best gun for his money will make no mistake if he orders an Ithaca.

H. L. Andrews, Pittston, Penn.

You will, no doubt, remember inserting for me in April RECREATION a small advertisement of a shot gun which I wished to dispose of for $50. I have had a surprisingly large number of inquiries from that small space and sold the gun some time since. I could have sold it 3 or 4 times over, judging from the inquiries I received. This shows what RECREATION can do.

T. P. Peckham, Utica, N. Y.

A father recently overheard his young son use a word he did not approve, and calling the child to him, said: "My son, if you will promise me never to use that word again I'll give you a silver dime." The little fellow promised, and true to his word, refrained. About a week later he went to his father and said: "Papa, I've learned a new word worth 50 cents."—The Philadelphia Press.

I received the Korona camera in first class condition. I have not seen a camera to equal it in this city. I had never thought the plates would be so good as they are. The photos I have taken with the Korona are excellent. It is indeed all in the lens. I thank you for the premium and shall do all in my power to secure subscriptions for RECREATION.

Robt. W. Miller, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Fond Mamma—Why does my good little boy want to grow big? Does he wish to achieve greatness?

Good Little Willie—Yes. I want to grow big enough to swat that jay across the street a couple without getting licked every time.—Chicago Journal.

Little Willie—Say, Pa, what is an empty title?

Pa — An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—Chicago News.

We have had excellent results from our ad in RECREATION, and when we make up next year's list RECREATION will be at the head of it.

Presto Mfg. Co., Ossining, N. Y.

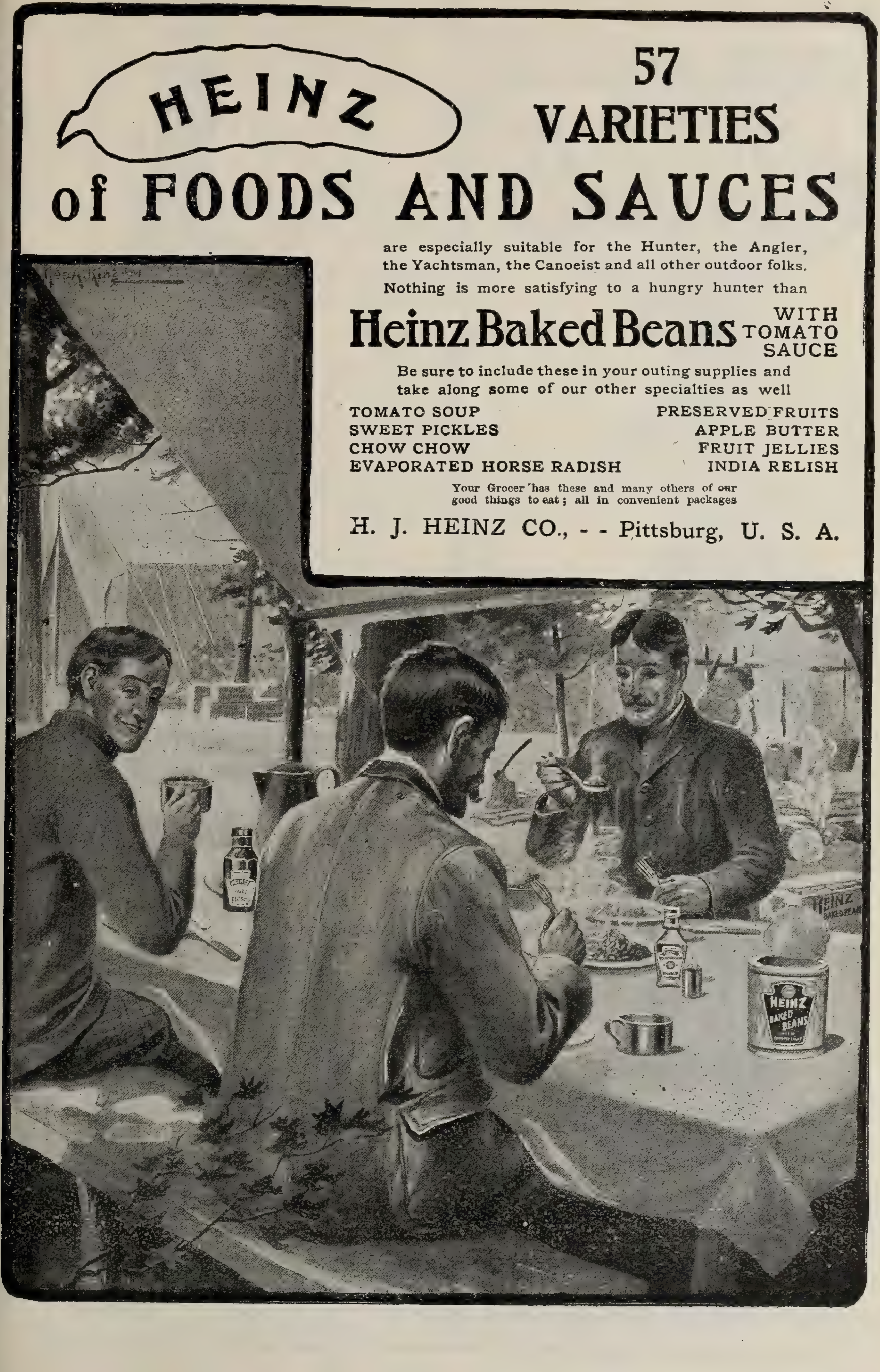
L

"The doctor says my husband has got water on the brain."

"You're lucky; mine has whiskey on the brain."—Houston Post.

Miss Sue Brette—Don't you like to hold hands?

Mr. Jack Pott—Yes; good hands.—Yonkers Statesman.



HEINZ 57 VARIETIES of FOODS AND SAUCES

are especially suitable for the Hunter, the Angler, the Yachtsman, the Canoeist and all other outdoor folks.

Nothing is more satisfying to a hungry hunter than

Heinz Baked Beans WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Be sure to include these in your outing supplies and take along some of our other specialties as well

TOMATO SOUP
SWEET PICKLES
CHOW CHOW
EVAPORATED HORSE RADISH
PRESERVED FRUITS
APPLE BUTTER
FRUIT JELLIES
INDIA RELISH

Your Grocer has these and many others of our good things to eat; all in convenient packages

H. J. HEINZ CO., - - Pittsburg, U. S. A.

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA, RICH CUT GLASS

A CUT-GLASS NOVELTY

Bon-bon, Olive, Jelly or Almond Dish, with two handles and foot, 6 inches across. Convenient and attractive on the table. Orders by mail solicited.

$3.75 each

A good article with which to make our acquaintance. Thousands of others in catalogue made up from world's greatest assortment of glass and china. Tinted pictures; 170 pages, free.

All goods average ¼ less than elsewhere

Send for catalogue No. 14-U.

West 21st and 22nd Sts. New York

"Buy China & Glass Right"

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,

Dear Sirs:

I learn through RECREATION that you intend to place an automatic gun on the market. If so I shall do all in my power to prevent the sale of it. I will not associate with any one who may use such a gun and will do all I can to discourage its use. I have 2 of your guns and there are no better made. I also use your ammunition, but if you place that gun on the market I shall stop using your goods entirely and in every legitimate way shall try to prevent the sale of such a pot hunter's murdering instrument.

Yours truly, Dewitt C. Tintle.

A Fountain Pen

has become a necessity with every business man. You can get a

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Made by the Laughlin Manufacturing Co. Detroit, Michigan

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

And you can get these 2 subscriptions in 20 minutes, any day.

The Laughlin is one of the best pens in the market, and thousands of them are in daily use.

There is no reason why you should be without one.

Sample Copies of RECREATION for use in Canvassing Furnished on Application

The gallant yacht rose and fell with the waves.

Most of the passengers had sought the seclusion of the cabin.

One of them, however, absorbed in thought, stood near the bow, talking to himself.

A soft voice at his elbow broke in on his reverie.

"I see you are a good sailor, Mr. Murgatroyd," it said.

"Is it possible, Miss Trevannion," he exclaimed, a blush of vexation and confusion mantling his cheek, "that you overheard me swearing?"—Chicago Tribune.

AFTER a morning's shopping nothing will recuperate you so much as one of those delicious **Club Cocktails.** They are the correct thing to offer your friends whenever they call. They are both a tonic and stimulant, and fill a distinct place of their own. Easily served and appreciated by ladies and gentlemen alike. Buy some Manhattan and Martini, and ask your friends which they prefer. Of all dealers.

Specify **CLUB COCKTAILS.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Great Western
EXTRA DRY

Health
is conserved and convalescence aided by the beverage physicians recommend—

Great Western Champagne
—the standard of American wines.

It is just as pure as the grape; made on honor, sold on merit.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere

GAME IN THE PINEY WOODS

Quails are numerous in West Florida. The best time to hunt them is in the mornings and evenings; at noon they seek the low wet places along the branches and creeks, where the trees and bushes prevent good shooting. I use a 12 bore, with 26 inch barrels, and find it just right for birds. Farther back in the woods turkeys may be found in fair numbers and deer are increasing with the disappearance of lumber camps. Ducks may be found at any time along the river, and the swamps afford excellent protection for grey squirrels. I wish the latter could be protected indefinitely; they have become too scarce to be classed as game. The crackers and negroes observe the game laws as a rule, as well as the planters and lumbermen do.

This would be a good place for a game preserve. The climate is such that almost every variety of animal and bird would thrive the year around. While only 40 miles from the Gulf the elevation is 400 to 500 feet, insuring cool summers and freedom from disease. A more perfectly watered section of country could not be found in the United States. Game birds and animals could be protected and cared for here with scarcely any effort.

George W. Greene, Century, Fla.

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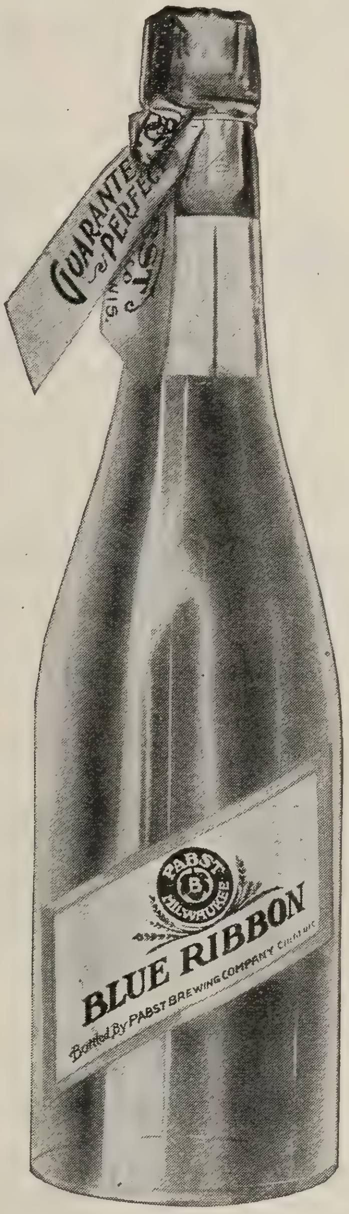
The Beer of Quality.



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A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

is absolutely essential to the pleasure and profit of every camping trip. Here is a way to make this easy

For 4 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I will send you a FOLDING CANVAS COT that weighs only about 10 pounds and which you can roll up with your blankets without adding materially to the bulk.

You can sleep as comfortably on one of these cots in camp, as you can at home on a brass bedstead, with woven spring and hair mattress.

I have but a few of these cots in hand and when this supply is exhausted this offer will be withdrawn.

Send for package of Sample Copies for use in canvassing

Recreation 23 West 24th St., **New York**

A WOMAN'S SORROW.

They had quarreled at the ball the night before over some trivial matter, as lovers will, and had parted in anger.

At the earliest possible hour the following morning he hastened to seek her and beg her forgiveness.

She was already in the drawing-room when he arrived. His heart smote him when he saw her heavy eyes, the deep lines of suffering on her face and noted that she was still wearing her gauzy ball gown.

"My love, my love," he moaned, "have my unthinking words wrought this havoc? Was it for my sake that those eyes kept vigil through the long night? Did my cruel words so crush you that you had no heart even to remove your dainty gown?"

"We were both to blame," she said gently; "but if you knew what I have suffered you would forgive the unjust reproaches I heaped on you. Listen! When I entered the house last night all was dark and still; everyone was asleep, and I—I" her voice trembled; "I had to sit up through the long hours because——"

"Because of my unthinking words, darling," he broke in deeply.

"No," with a fresh burst of weeping; "because my dress is fastened in the back."—Life.

The Royal Anastigmat lens given with 15 new subscriptions to RECREATION was received and I am much pleased with it. I consider this the most liberal premium ever offered for any magazine or other periodical, and well worth the effort necessary to obtain it.

A. E. Keating, Somerville, Mass.

I received my Mullins' bustle ducking boat in good shape, and it is one of the best all around boats for all waters that I have ever used.

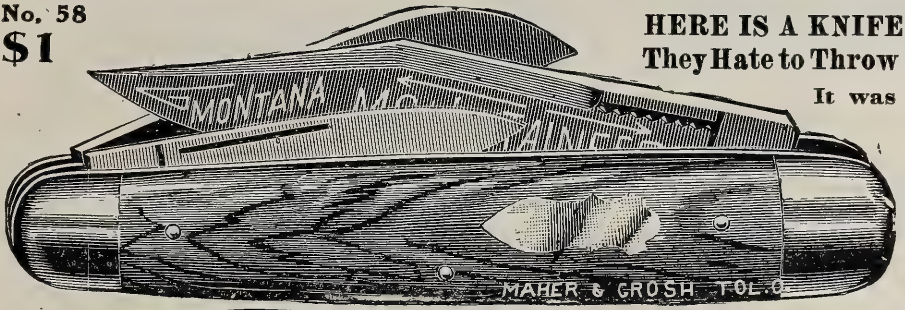
N. M. Kramp, Springfield, Ill.

For Bites and Stings of wasps, bees, mosquitoes, spiders, and all other insects, use as an antidote
POND'S EXTRACT
"The Old Family Doctor"
Neutralizes the poison, reduces inflammation, restores skin to natural color.
Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper
Accept no Substitute

"Have you any heirlooms?" she asked, "anything that has been handed down in your family from generation to generation?"

"Yes," he proudly replied, "I have the first pair of shoes my grandfather ever wore. He bought them with money he earned hauling timber for a house on which your grandfather was working for 60 cents a day."

Then she decided never to recognize him again because he was a man who had none of the finer instincts.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No. 58
$1


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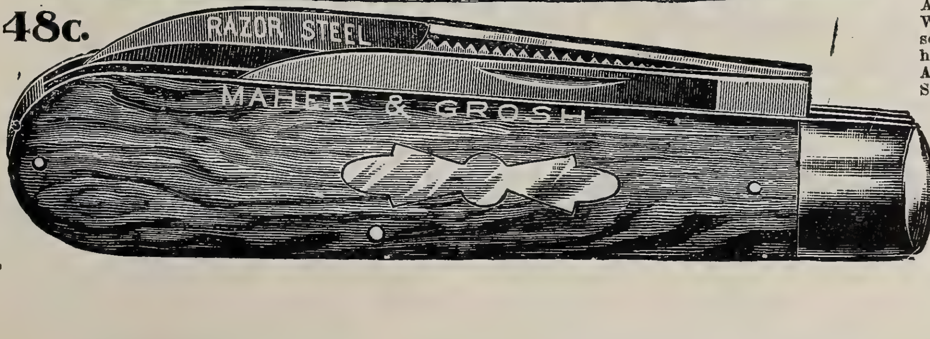

HERE IS A KNIFE Men Love So Much They Hate to Throw an Old Handle Away
It was Teddy's Camp Knife
No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German Silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid, $1, 6 for $5.
Our JACK KNIFE sells at 75c.: our special price is 48c.. postpaid, 5 for $2. All our blades file tested; Warranted; replaced free if soft or flawy. Barbers' hollow ground RAZOR AND STROP to suit, $1.33. Send for free 80-page list and "How to Use a Razor."
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74 A Street
Toledo Ohio

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Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of Recreation for use in canvassing furnished on application.

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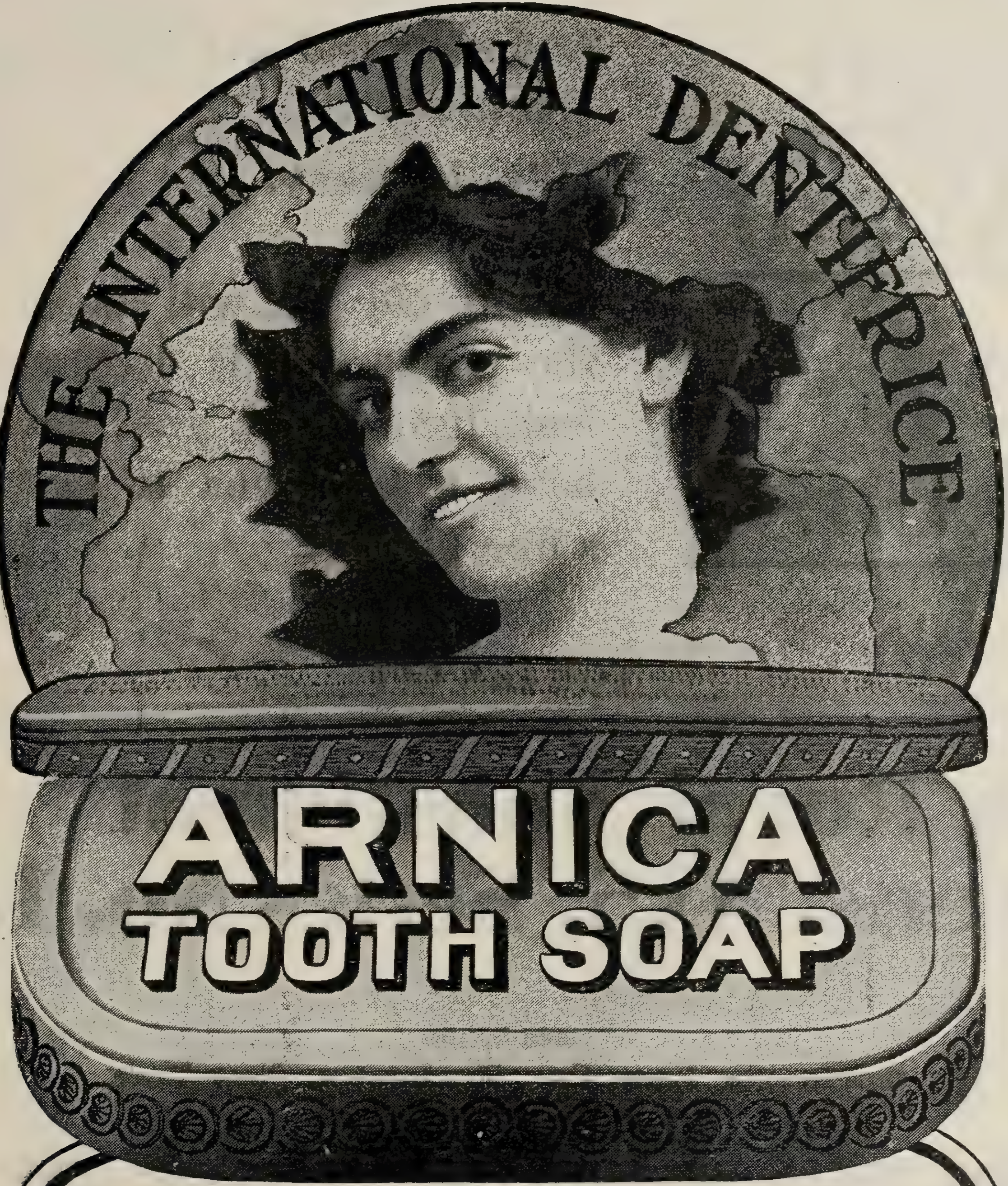
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If so, why not get a good one?

And why not get it free of charge?

This is easy.

Any old box will answer the purpose if it does not leak light; but you must have a fine lens to make a fine picture.

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A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4x5, Series No. 1,

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WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP.

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Sent postpaid. **LITTLE, BUT NEVER LET GO.** *Catalogue free.*
Sold Everywhere.

AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 44 **WATERBURY, CONN.**

"THE PI LINE."

The man had fired at the bear,
  That cartridge was his last;
He missed; then threw his gun aside,
  The bear was coming fast.
The man ran to a precipice,
  The bear o'ertook him there,
But just before the hunter turned,
  X& etSoAa3f b z|gDq WjMjf*mpht& $

The bride walked slowly up the aisle
  And met the happy groom.
Just then a man's voice loud and clear
  Came ringing through the room.
"She shall not be your wife," it said,
  A pistol then was flashed,
But at this juncture rose a form,
  EaAoRoLiLiL WaoWoFiKi oYiZ&. .$9

The court had sentenced him to hang,
  'Twas said he'd done no wrong,
"He bore the crime to shield a friend,"
  Was whispered through the throng.
He stood upon the awful trap,
  The rope was 'round his neck,
The sheriff reached, but stopped; just then
  aRooiFDW R$98I.*,.?z I&)|(|.—tm. . dl
—Kansas City Times.

I heartily endorse your crusade against the automatic and pump guns. The Legislatures of all the States should make laws to prohibit the use of any gun which gives the bird no chance whatever for its life. No sportsman would use such a gun.

Bert Thorndike, Fitchburg, Mass.

Jaeger
SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Whether partaking in games afloat or afield or touring in your auto, do not forget your

JAEGER WOOLENS

These light absorbent fabrics prevent over-heating, while at the same time effectually safeguarding against chill. No vacation outfit complete without them.

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A whole sweep of river
A whole army
A whole fleet of ships
A whole city

Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT

The Al Vista

is the thing. It lists at $30

One of the greatest inventions of the age.
Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

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Harrisburg, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Seattle, Wash.
Huntington, W. Va.
Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont.

At an inn in a small Georgia town, a greasy darky appeared in the door at noon and rang the big handbell, which announced dinner. The coon dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awakened, raised his nose toward the sky, and howled dolorously.

The darky stopped ringing the bell, scowled and yelled at him:

"Dawg! dawg! Yo' shet up! Yo' don't hafta eat dis dinna!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

I received the Al Vista camera in due time and thank you much for it. It is strictly all right. I do not see how you can give so valuable a premium for so few subscriptions. O. Drum, Bartlesville, I. T.

FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest

Get a pair of

Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE

33 William St. NEWARK, N. J.

I note your stand against the automatic gun and am with you to the limit. At the same time, I consider a bird dog, a man of swinish proclivities and any gun a mighty bad combination and one likely to do even more harm than an automatic. In the fall of 1900 I was living at Snohomish, Wash., and put in a day hunting blue grouse. I used a pump gun and walked up my birds. I succeeded in killing 6, but soon found I was not the only hunter in those woods. Four men, using double guns, and aided by 4 dogs, were ahead of me. If they fired one shot, they fired 600. I was told later that they killed 300 grouse. Could 4 devils with automatics have done more?

Jedson Conkill, Martin, Wash.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

R. M. FULTON.

I've hunted and fished in many climes
But it always seems to me
That we always fish too close to land
Or else too far at sea.

And when we take a hunting trip
We're sure to meet our fate;
We've either started out too soon
Or else a little too late.

I wonder if the weather
And the time will be in touch
To make things right for our next jaunt—
I doubt it very much.

The only soap that won't smart or dry on the face—Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. Free trial sample for 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for booklet, "How to Shave."

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

PAROID ROOFING

"IT LASTS"

Contains no tar—wears longer than shingles and is less expensive. Keeps out dampness and heat. You can lay it yourself with tins, nails and cement inside each roll.

F. W. BIRD & SON, Makers
Established 1817
EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO WASHINGTON

The Winchester Arms Co.,
Dear Sirs:

I hear you contemplate manufacturing an automatic shot gun. No true sportsman would use or own one. We have no game birds in this country to spare, and such a gun in the hands of a man who would use one would greatly decrease their number. I sincerely hope you and other gun manufacturers will give up the idea of making such a gun.

Yours truly,
William H. Baker, New York City.

WHY THEY DELAYED.

The Russian commander stamped his spurred heel impatiently.

"Why the deuce," he ejaculated; "why the deuce doesn't that battery go into action?"

"Why, general," said an aid, reproachfully, "can't you see that the men have not yet arrived with the moving picture machine?"—Judge.

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The Indianapolis Combination Table
Library, Dining, Billiard, Pool
3 TABLES IN 1
A Beautiful Library or Dining Table.
A High Class Billiard and Pool Table.
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Ask for payment plan and elegant catalogue.
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Temple-Clasps
Never Hurt

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write for our free book "Eye Logic." It tells all about the only glasses that don't pinch the nose, don't pull the ears, don't make your head ache and don't fall off. It also tells how you can really help your sight. It is FREE.

Briggs Optical Co., 104, Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

I sat down to a hotel table at which another man was breakfasting. While eating he called the waiter and said to him:

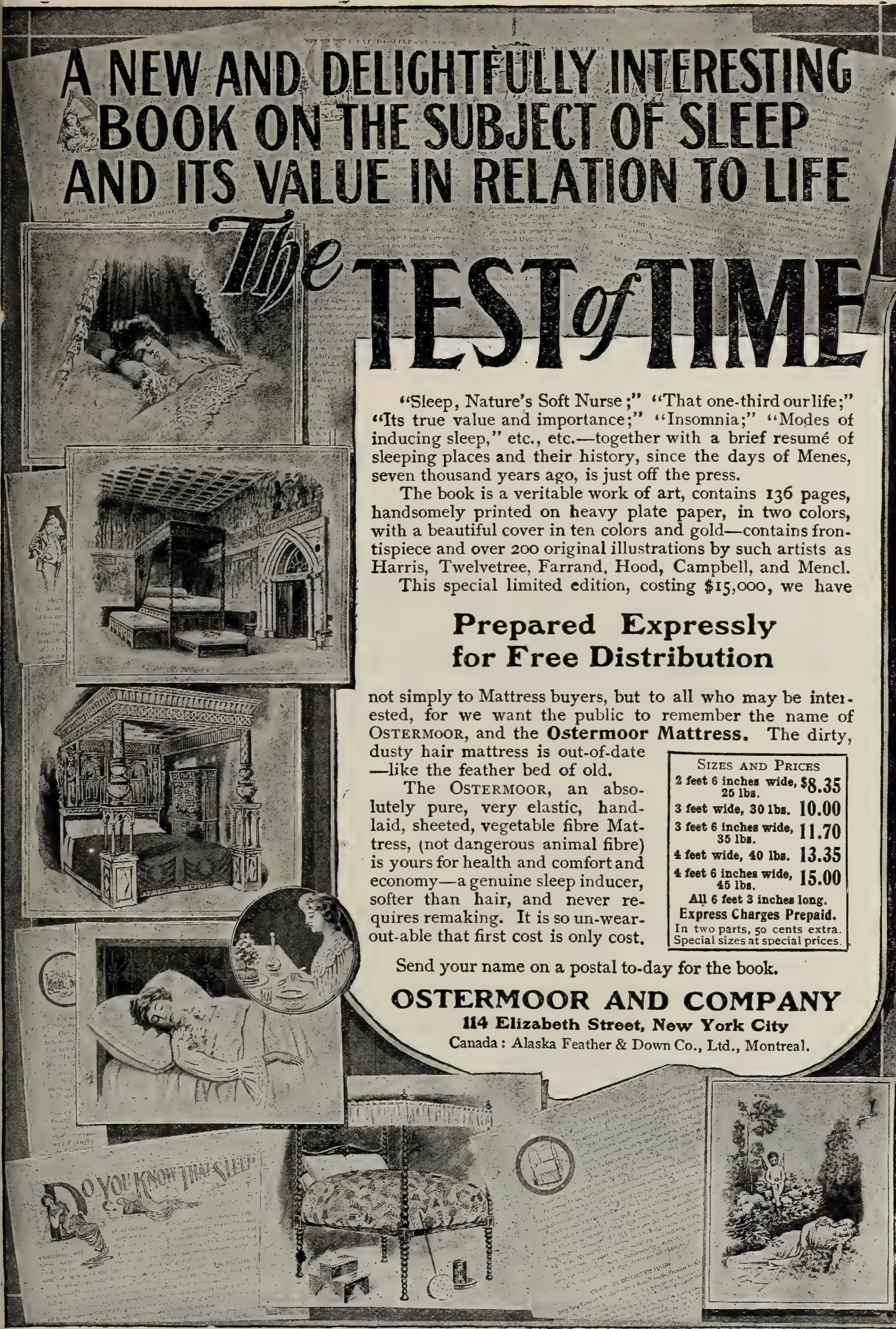
"I want you to put me up 6 ham sandwiches and I want you to have the bread and the ham both cut just as thin as they can possibly be cut. Put a very little butter on the bread and a very little mustard on the ham. I want you to make the sandwiches just as delicate and just as dainty as they can possibly be made. My wife and I are going for a drive in the country and we want a nice, delicate, dainty, little lunch."

I said to myself, "These delicate creatures are not going fishing or shooting. If they were they would want their sandwiches made an inch thick and would want a dozen of them instead of 6.

Free:—To any person sending a new yearly subscription to RECREATION through me I will send a fine Nickel Folding Drinking Cup and Dog Whistle, listed at 60 cents, or a hard rubber, water proof Match Safe, listed at 50 cents, or a Canvas Belt with loops, listed at 60 cents, or a Revolver Leather Holster Belt, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Horn Whistle or Star Vest Pocket Whistle, or a Duck, Snipe, Turkey or Echo Call, each listed at 50 cents, or a Rifle Cleaning Rod, 22 or 32, with scratch and bristol brush, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Dandy, Star or Perfect Oiler, very fine and handy, and each guaranteed not to leak, listed at 50 cents each, or a Powder or Shot Measure, listed at 35 cents, or a coin Money Purse, genuine soft kid, three compartments, listed at 50 cents, or a Money Pouch, made of fine sheep skin, with draw string, very fine, listed at 75 cents, or a self-closing rubber Tobacco Pouch, listed at 50 cents, or a high grade French Brier Pipe, listed at 75 cents, or a Fountain Pen, listed at 75 cents, or a lightning Fish Scaler, or a spring lock Hook Shield, or a Spring Gun Cleaner, or a Rubber Hook Shield, or a Little Giant Small bore Rifle Cleaner.

Edward Jacobs, 227 Mulberry St., Coshocton, O.

IN ANSWERING ADS, PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.


DO YOU KNOW THAT SLEEP

A NEW AND DELIGHTFULLY INTERESTING BOOK ON THE SUBJECT OF SLEEP AND ITS VALUE IN RELATION TO LIFE

The TEST of TIME

"Sleep, Nature's Soft Nurse;" "That one-third our life;" "Its true value and importance;" "Insomnia;" "Modes of inducing sleep," etc., etc.—together with a brief resumé of sleeping places and their history, since the days of Menes, seven thousand years ago, is just off the press.

The book is a veritable work of art, contains 136 pages, handsomely printed on heavy plate paper, in two colors, with a beautiful cover in ten colors and gold—contains frontispiece and over 200 original illustrations by such artists as Harris, Twelvetree, Farrand, Hood, Campbell, and Mencl.

This special limited edition, costing $15,000, we have

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not simply to Mattress buyers, but to all who may be interested, for we want the public to remember the name of OSTERMOOR, and the **Ostermoor Mattress.** The dirty, dusty hair mattress is out-of-date—like the feather bed of old.

The OSTERMOOR, an absolutely pure, very elastic, hand-laid, sheeted, vegetable fibre Mattress, (not dangerous animal fibre) is yours for health and comfort and economy—a genuine sleep inducer, softer than hair, and never requires remaking. It is so un-wear-out-able that first cost is only cost.

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2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
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All 6 feet 3 inches long.
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AND I WILL SEND YOU

A 14 ft. King Folding Canvas Boat

capable of carrying 2 men and an ordinary camp outfit. There are thousands of these boats in use, and nearly every man who is using one of them praises it on every occasion.

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Cured to Stay Cured in 5 Days. No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed Cure or Money Refunded.

VARICOCELE. Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health. Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, innumerable blood and nervous diseases result from poisonous taints in the system. Varicocele and Hydrocele, if neglected will undermine physical strength, depress the mental faculties, derange the nervous system, and ultimately produce complicated results. In treating diseases of men I always cure the effect as well as the cause. I desire that every person afflicted with these or allied diseases write me so I can explain my method of cure, which is safe and permanent. My consultation will cost you nothing, and my charges for a perfect cure will be reasonable and not more than you will be willing to pay for the benefits conferred.

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Correspondence Confidential. One personal visit at my office is preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call, write me your condition fully, and you will receive in plain envelope a scientific and honest opinion of your case, Free of charge. ***My home treatment is successful.*** My books and lectures mailed free upon application.

H. J. TILLOTSON, M.D., 140 Tillotson Bldg, 84 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

I received the Korona camera you sent me as premium and it is the only camera that ever happened. A professional friend of mine tells me I have as neat a camera as can be made. He is just as enthusiastic about it as I am. I thank you most heartily. It was beyond my expectation to receive such a beautiful, high priced camera for so little work. I shall help RECREATION all I can.

J. B. Krutza, Stevens Point. Wis.

Harrington & Richardson revolver was received promptly. After giving it a trial I find it a splendid shooting arm. I am more than satisfied to get such a good revolver for a few subscriptions for RECREATION, the best sportsmen's periodical published.

Please accept my thanks for the great favor.

S. W. Draper, Mt. Vernon, O.

I received the Davenport gun and it is a beautiful premium. I have a double gun but often prefer to use a single one. Game is scarce with us, and if I can get one crack at game, when it gets up, I am satisfied. The automatic gun is out of the question with me. More subscriptions will follow. Thanks for my premium.

E. K. Newman, East Greenville, Pa.

The man who will use a toothpick in street cars doesn't "belong."

We witnessed an incident on a car the other day, in which one of these nuisances received the proper squelching.

He was hanging by a strap and was absently, even peacefully, picking his teeth.

Presently the woman who was seated in front of him touched him.

"Sir," she said pleasantly, "would you mind going out on the platform to pick your teeth? I'm not at all curious to know what you had for dinner."

The fellow left the car immediately, while the conductor rang up 2 fares by mistake.—Rochester Herald.

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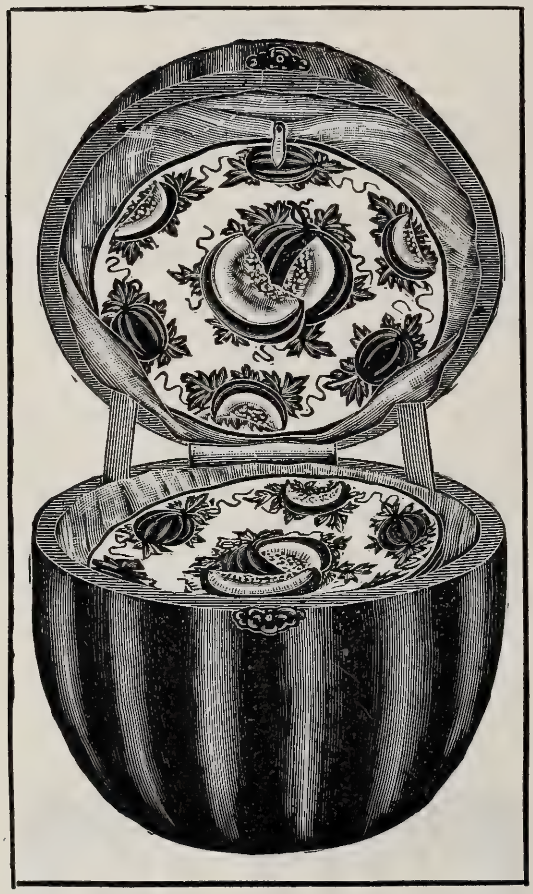
For Your Wife, Your Mother, Your Sister or Your Best Girl

For 25 Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation, I will send you a set of

1 DISH AND 12 TOMATO PLATES

made by Higgins & Seiter, 50 West 22d Street, N. Y. Listed at $19.50.



And, for 20 Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation, I will send you a set of

12 WATERMELON PLATES

listed at $16.50. (See illustration)

THESE are fine, thin, white china plates, beautifully hand painted, with pictures of tomatoes and tomato vines, or watermelons and watermelon vines, in natural colors, and each set of plates is enclosed in a case made in an exact imitation of a large tomato or a watermelon.

No more beautiful or appropriate present could possibly be found for a lady than one of these sets.

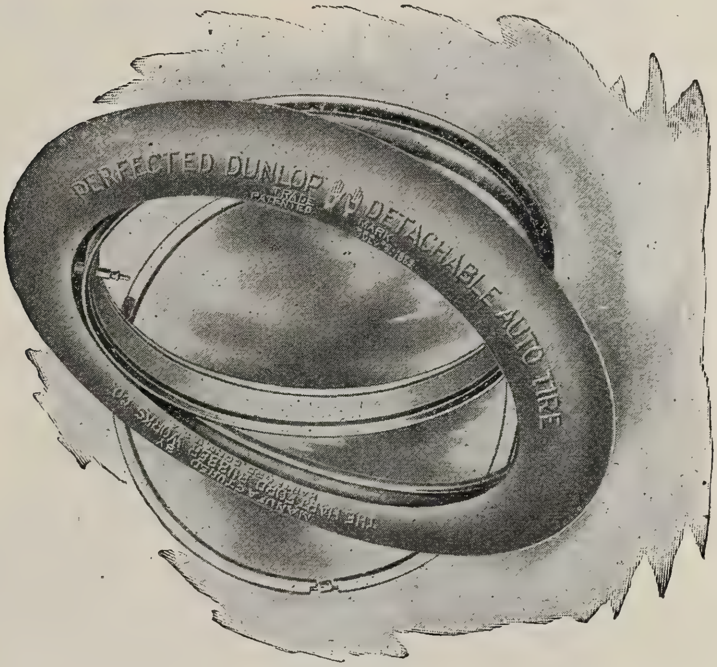
You can earn one of them in a few hours, and at the same time earn the everlasting gratitude of the lady to whom you may give it.

SEND FOR PACKAGE OF SAMPLE COPIES FOR USE IN CANVASSING

Recreation 23 W. 24th Street, New York

The Perfected Dunlop Detachable Automobile Tire

is a complete success


PERFECTED DUNLOP
DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE
TRADE
PATENTED

It can be detached by a novice in less time than any other tire.

No lugs. It will not *creep* when inflated.

Portion of rim pressing on tire has no sharp edges or angles.

Tire cannot blow off rim when inflated.

The Hartford Clincher Tire

The ideal tire of this type for American roads.

Fits the standard G. & J. rim.

Write for our Special Pamphlet.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co.
Hartford, Conn.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a pair of chrome tanned horsehide hunting and driving gloves, listed at $1.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a pair of gauntlets, for hunting and driving, ladies' size, listed at $2.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co., or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, *cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6 or less; or a Knit Hunting Coat, made by the Blauvelt Knitting Co., and listed at $7 or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4; or a Pocket Poco B 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $9.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10.

EIGHT new subscriptions at $1 each. A series 1, 4 x 5 Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $12, or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10, or a Cycle Poco No. 3, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $15.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or an Eureka Boat No. 1, Grade A, made by the Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $27; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20; or a Mullins' Bustle Ducking Boat, listed at $27.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $32.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $38; or a Colt Automatic Pistol, made by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., and listed at $25.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

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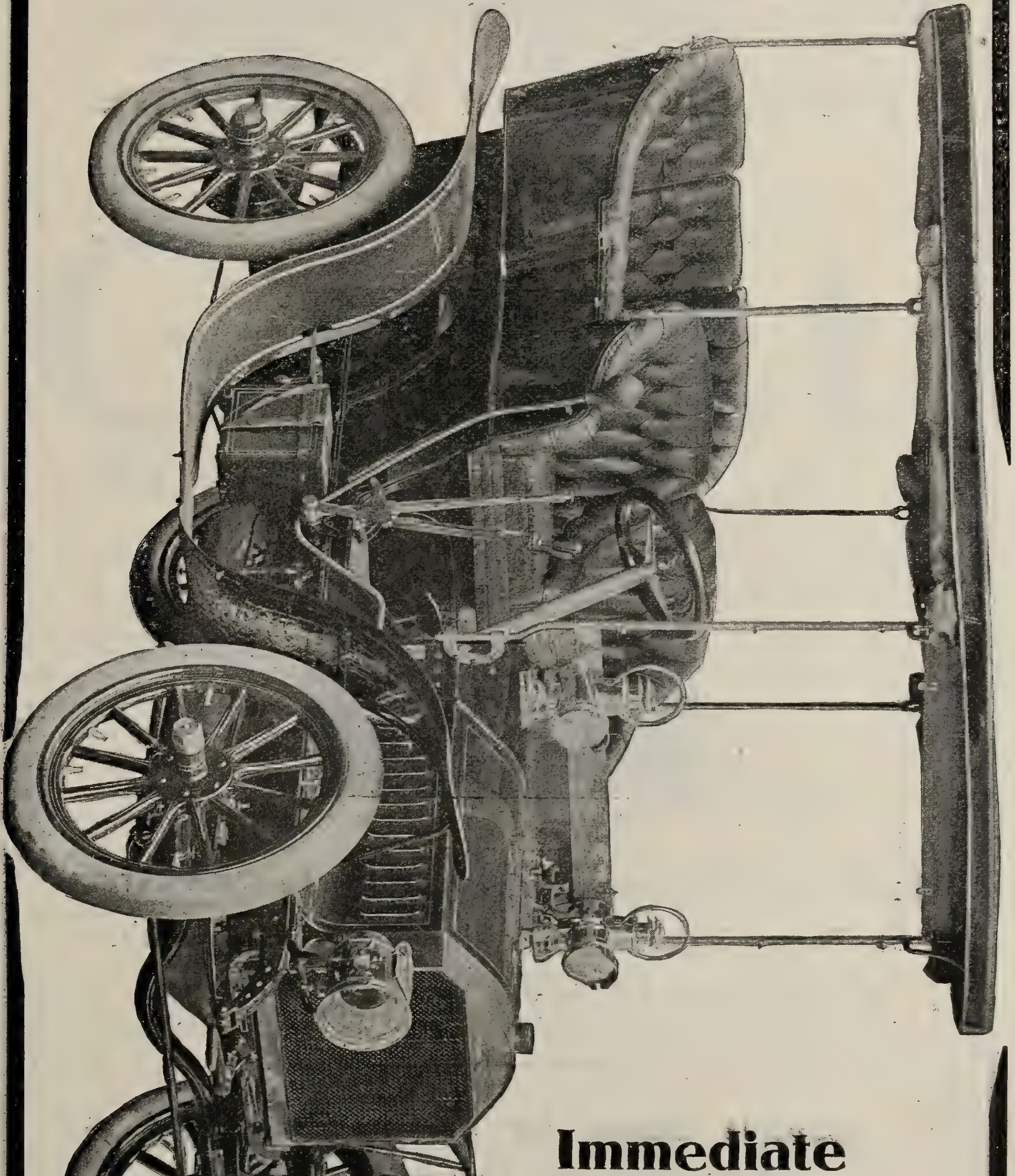

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Worthington Meteor Four Cylinder
18 H. P. Car

For Convenience and Comfort
When Shooting or Fishing
Every Sportsman Should Have
A Knit Jacket

Send me Five Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION
and get a jacket, such as shown in cut herewith,
and which will fit you and keep you warm

Sample Copies for use in canvassing
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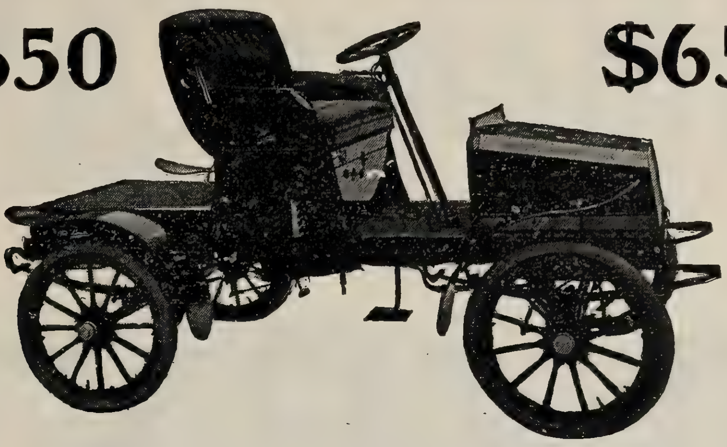
$650 **$650**



THE EXCELLENT

Grout

Steam Runabout

is priced at $650—*not* the *cheapest* car, but the very best car made for anything like this price. Absolute thoroughness of construction and carefully selected material are first considerations—then observe the following points:

Runs Noiselessly	**No vibration or jar**
Starts from Seat	**Strongest 10 horse-power car made at any price**
Requires no Cranking	

It excels as a hill climber, and its great strength gives it a tremendous advantage on rough roads.

The Grout Runabout is a practical touring vehicle—has ample luggage room—carries water for 40 miles and gasolene for 100 miles—and with our detachable surry seat at an additional cost of $50.00 the car will carry four persons.

Our Catalog sent free on request, contains full information for both experts and novices. Mention RECREATION.

We want an agent wherever we are not now represented

Grout Brothers Automobile Co.

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Orange, Mass.

GOING into CAMP?

If so, you will need

A TENT

You can get one big enough for 4 men and their camp outfit, by sending me

8 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

at $1 each. You can get another tent big enough for 6 men by sending me

10 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

at $1 each.

Why pay out money for a tent when you can make your friends pay for it?

Sail in and fit yourself for your summer vacation.

This is a great opportunity, and will hold good for only a few weeks.

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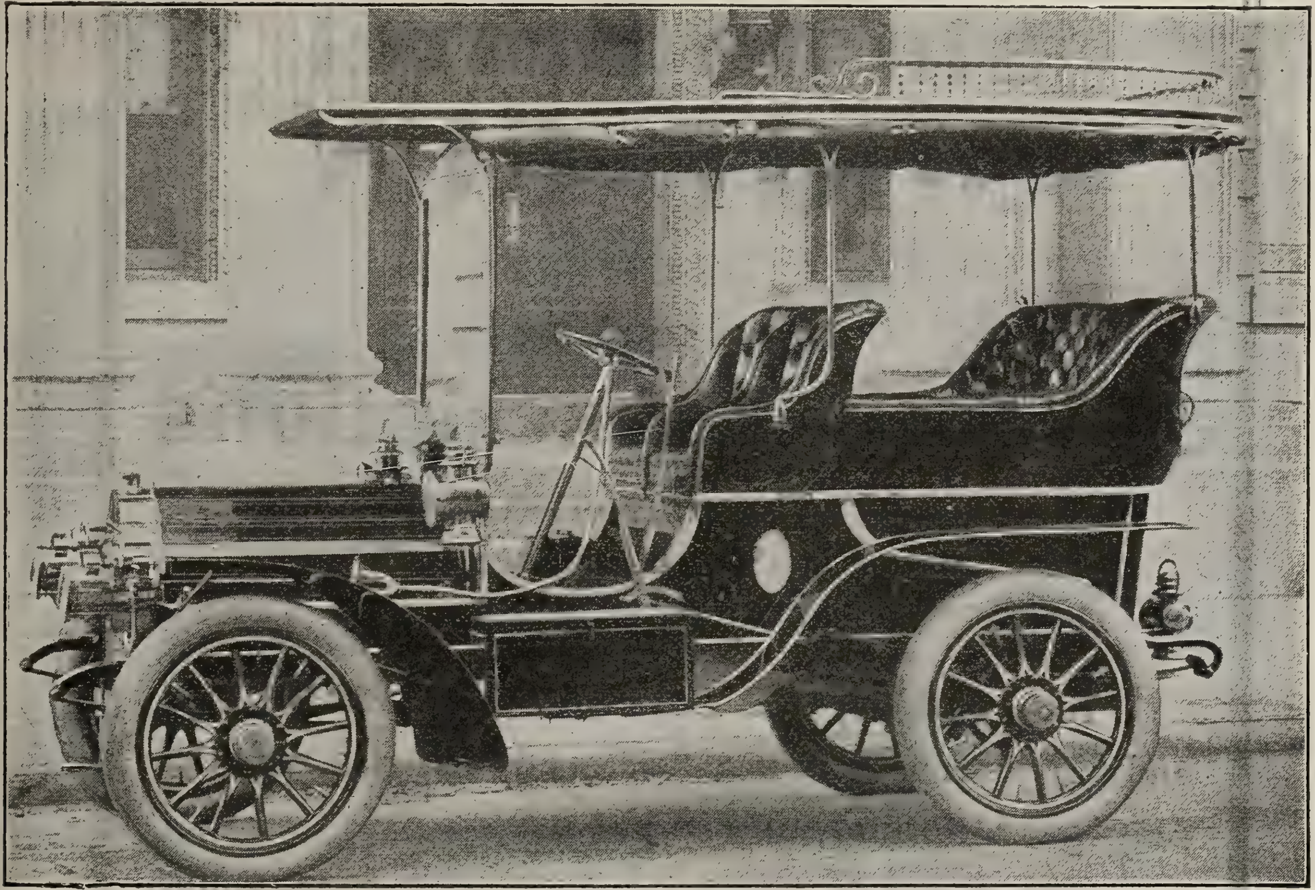
Tonneau, $2550 **Light Touring Car, $1450**

HAYNES AUTOMOBILES



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THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT ANY CAR EVER HAD. The Haynes Cars have proved best every time there has been a test. The Official Records of all American Automobile Trials place the Haynes at the head. That leaves no room for doubt—Buy a HAYNES

Immediate delivery. Catalogue and full information for the asking. Inquirers are urged to visit our factory.

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Branch Store, 1420 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America. Members of the Assn. of Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

REPRESENTATIVES

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TOLEDO, OHIO, Toledo Motor Car Co.
BOSTON, Geo. M. Brown, 43 Columbus Ave.
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Do You Want a Good, Reliable, Substantial, Well Made

Single Barrel SHOT GUN

If so, send me

5 Yearly Subscriptions

and I will send you an Acme listed at $8, as a premium

It is made by the *DAVENPORT ARMS CO.*, and this means it is made of good material and that only good workmanship is put on it.

This is one of the many remarkable opportunities *RECREATION* is offering to men and boys to fit themselves out completely for shooting and fishing.

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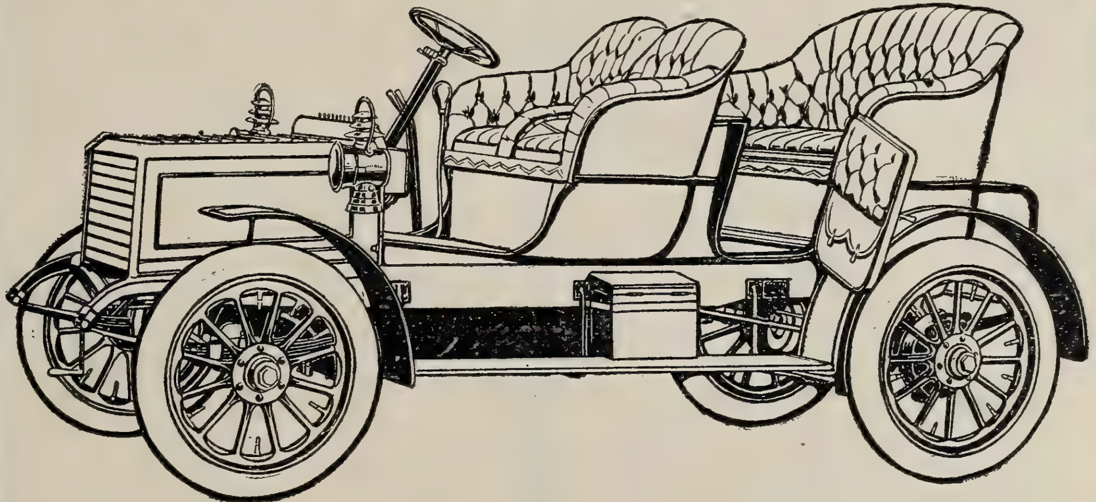
Winton



The Consummate Triumph

of motor car making achieved in the WINTON QUAD. Four cylinders, 24 horsepower. Practically automatic. All working parts instantly get-at-able. Scientific distribution of weight eliminates vibration and assures comfort. Abundant power and speed. Safe because strong. Control simple and absolute. Side entrance tonneau. All the driver has to do is to steer and look happy. $3,000 f. o. b. Cleveland. Complete description and diagram are ready. Mention RECREATION

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY

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Prompt Delivery Agencies Everywhere

CRESCENT Dry Batteries & Jump Spark Plugs

for Portable or Stationary Gasolene Engines, Automobiles, Launches and Motor Cycles. **Price $2.00**

They are the only insurance for Perfect Ignition. Try them and you will adopt them.

Crescent Mica Spark Plug made to fit any thread, are guaranteed.

Plug is constructed in one solid body avoiding loose joints. Special offer to Oct. 1st. Plugs at $1.50 and bargain in batteries. Send for illustrated catalogue. Mention RECREATION.

The United Electric Mfg. Co., 71 Murray St., New York.

Something Special. A Fine Casting Minnow Free: To each person sending me $1 for one new yearly subscription to RECREATION, or sending it direct to be placed to my credit, I will forward, all charges prepaid, a finely finished wooden casting minnow. This minnow has the latest improved spinner which will not catch upon the weeds; is finished with silver belly and green back, has three treble hooks, is weighted so it will not twist the line, always keeps right side up when in the water, and is just the right weight for casting. Lloyd J. Tooley, 141 Burr Oak Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

There was an old woman
  Who lived in her shoe,
She had so many children
  She didn't know what to do.
She thought she'd take a flat and went
  To look at the rooms all through,
But when she saw how small it was
  She rushed back to her shoe.
—New York World.

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT
PLASTER
NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT
PLASTER
ANTISEPTIC, ASEPTIC
WILL HEAL ANY CUT
OR SCRAPE
DOUGLAS MFG CO
NEW YORK

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
WATERPROOF

LIQUID COURT PLASTER

Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, Etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, Etc., Etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Sportsmen, Motorists, Golfers, Mechanics, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch or scrape their skin. **"NEW-SKIN"** will heal these injuries, **will not wash off,** and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as **"NEW-SKIN"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

	EACH
Pocket Size (Size of Illustration),	**10c.**
Family Size,	**25c.**
2 oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals),	**50c.**

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co.

96-102 Church St.
Dept. W, New York.

The Bristol fishing rod and the hunting coat arrived safe and I am not able to find words to express my appreciation of both. That you can afford to give such premiums amazes me. If any reader of RECREATION doubts that RECREATION gives first class premiums or that Abercrombie & Fitch, or the Horton Mfg. Co. make first class goods he would better lay that idea aside and give them a trial. He will be the friend of all 3 after his first purchase.

Success to RECREATION.

C. S. Pearce, Blairsville, Pa.

I received the hunting gloves from the J. P. Luther Glove Co., Berlin, Wis., due me as a premium on subscribers for RECREATION. I am much pleased with the gloves. RECREATION and its premiums are all right. I thank you for the gloves and am ready at any time to give RECREATION a good word.

H. F. Weiss, Punxsutawney, Pa.

The J. C. Hand Trap received from you as a premium is one of the best traps I ever saw. It throws a target almost as far as our Expert trap and is not half the bother. The hand trap is just what I want and I thank you for your prompt attention to my order.

Wm. Richardson, Lancaster City, Pa.

Hi Tragerdy—Yes, we opened in Oshkosh.

Lowe Comerdy—And what did your audience think of your Hamlet?

Hi Tragerdy—Why—er—he went out before I had a chance to ask him.—Philadelphia Press.

I received the Korona camera for subscriptions to RECREATION and it is the best camera I ever owned. Accept my thanks. I shall try to get more subscribers and another prize.

Maurice Schindler, Sisseton, S. D.

Green—Hear about Bifkins?
Brown—No; what about him!
Green—He married his cook last week.
Brown—That's just like Bifkins. He'd rather fight than eat.

—Chicago News.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and you will realize how many people are out for the dough.—Philadelphia Record.

Take good care of your hands

You may need
them next year

Send me
2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation
and I will send you
a pair of Leather Hunting Gloves
made to your measure, by the
Luther Glove Company
Berlin, Wisconsin

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

CADILLAC

Model B, 1904.
Complete, $900.
Without Tonneau $800.

A man drove a Cadillac up the steps of the Capitol at Washington. He paid for his fun, but it was worth the money to know the power of the Cadillac.

Write for illustrated booklet K which tells about the Cadillac and gives address of a nearby agency where it may be seen and tried.

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

BIRD DOGS AND AUTOMATICS

You are making a good fight in a good cause when you oppose the use of pump and automatic shot guns. I hope you will win. I think, however, you should include in your denunciation that most potent of game-bird destroyers—the bird dog.

The most swinish of men armed with the most deadly weapon will, hunting alone, kill fewer upland birds than will an ordinary shot using a single barreled gun and aided by a pair of good dogs. A man with an automatic can flush a covey of quails and get 4, 5 or 6; a man with a dog, if his dog is half a good one, can get every bird in the bunch. If, for instance, we had to walk up our grouse, these birds would be thicker in the woods than fleas in a dog kennel. The only excuse for the use of a bird dog is that he can find a few crippled birds which he would otherwise lose; but is it not better to lose a few birds, even to let them die in misery, than to exterminate all game birds? Quail shooting over a dog is less of a stunt than clay-birding. Dogging grouse is a little harder, but it often gives 3 or 4 shots at a bird one could not find at all without the dog.

If man-and-ferret is a combination to be spit on, what better is man-and-dog? Both supplement human intelligence by animal instinct, and for what? Merely to circumvent animal instinct after all. When we cut out the automatic, let's cut out the bird dog.

J. H. Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.

Are you in the City?
Come to see **The Seitz**
Handsome Auto Baskets
Motor Cars' Delights.
This will introduce me;
All my work is right.
Can't you wait to see me?
Then just 'phone or write.

Not
the
Cheapest,
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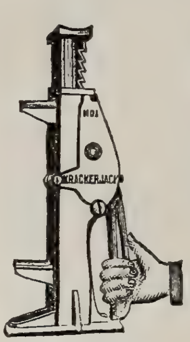
Best!

C. SEITZ, Manufacturer
207 EAST 35th STREET
Telephone 1006-J Mad. Sq. N. Y. CITY
Mention RECREATION



KRACKERJACK
KRACKER
IRON
AUTOMOBILE KRACKERJACKS
AND TIRE IRONS
If your tire gets flat don't break your back, but use a **Krackerjack.** They are double-acting ratchet movement, guaranteed against defects. Capacity, 2000 lbs. Height 14 in. Lift, 8 in. The irons are 14 in. long. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Send $4 at once and we will send you both Jack and Irons. This offer is limited.
W. H. HOLAHAN, Trenton Malleable Iron Co,
Trenton, N. J.
PRICES
Jack - - $4.50
Tire Irons, 75c pair

The Bristol rod, a premium for subscriptions recently sent you, has just been received. Thanks, very much. It is a splendid rod, one which can not fail to please the most exacting angler, and it is a most generous premium for so slight a service.

I hope to send you many more subscriptions and shall cheerfully recommend RECREATION to all lovers of animal life.

George W. Gieser, Easton, Pa.

Teacher—Why, Reggie, aren't you ashamed to come to school with your hands in that condition? Look at your sister's; they're always clean.

Reggie—Yes, but I didn't wash the breakfast dishes before I came to school.—Cleveland Leader.

"Would you like the cause of your late husband's death explained on the monument?" asked the sculptor.

"Well," replied the widow, "if it doesn't cost any more, you might engrave a couple of cucumbers on it."—Grit.

I have been reading RECREATION 2 years and it interests me more than any other sportsmen's periodical I ever read. I also enjoy the way you handle the game and fish hogs and wish you success.

C. B. Moore, Jr., Macon, Ga.

She—I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least 5 ciphers in it.

He—Oh darling! Then we will be married to-morrow; mine is all ciphers.—Chicago News.

"Glad to meet you," said the polite cannibal chief to the new missionary. "I shall expect to see more of you to-morrow. We dine at high noon."

"Er-thanks, awfully. I shall be delighted—"

"Not at all. The pleasure will be all mine, I assure you."—Philadelphia Press.

Aide-de-camp—Well, your excellency, it might have been worse.

Russian General—Ivan, I've heard that said about 4,000 times during the past 90 days. I do not wish to seem harsh, but the remark is growing slightly monotonous.—Houston Chronicle.

The Weno Hawkeye received. Many thanks for it. It is a beauty, and worth many times the little effort it took to procure the 10 subscriptions. I, like many other people, fail to see how you can afford to give such valuable premiums for so little.

E. E. Ewing, Pueblo, Col.

I received the Korona camera, which you sent me as a premium, and am much pleased with it. The subscribers are delighted with your magazine. I intend to get more subscriptions.

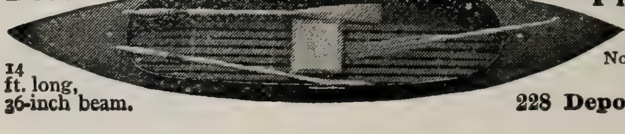
Albert C. Lachner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I don't want poverty, an' I don't want riches," says Brother Dickey. "All I wants is plenty political campaigns an' canderdates runnin' de year roun'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Lost your job?"

"Well, not exactly. I know where the job is, all right."

EXTENDED & FOLDED
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.
Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.
Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.


A Sportman's Boat
MULLINS "Get There" Steel Duck Boat
Price $20—Crated on cars Salem
Endorsed by Thousands of Sportsmen. Air Chamber each end. Always ready. No repairs. Send for handsome free book.
14 ft. long, 36-inch beam.
W. H. MULLINS
228 Depot Street, • • • Salem, Ohio

It is a good plan to bar pump and automatic guns, but it would be better to begin farther back and bar the bird dog, too. If hunters had to find and flush their own game, birds could never be exterminated. If, as some maintain, sport is found in hunting rather than in killing, then the bird dog is as unsportsmanlike an adjunct as a quail net or a grouse snare. Put the dog out of business and game will take care of itself, no matter what guns are used.

Frank Corlis, Dansville, N. Y.

"Don't be too anxious to get a husband," said the wise matron. "Don't go around hunting for one."

"Think I should sit down and wait for one, eh?" replied the maiden.

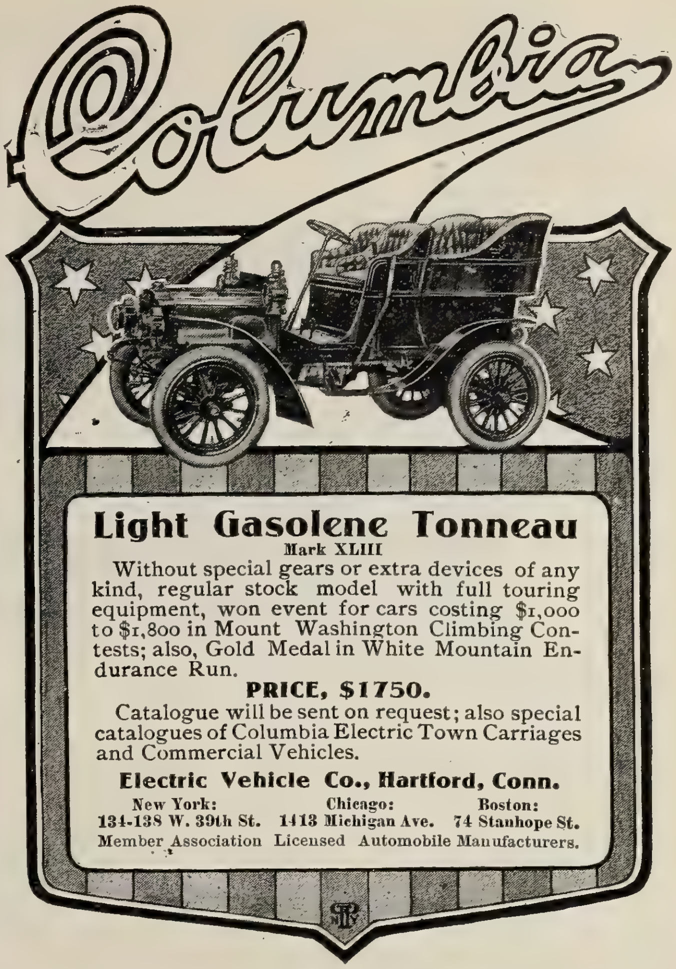
"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Do you think that a young man ought to go into politics?"

"No," answered Bronco Bob. "There's nothin' in it. I went to a political convention onct. All they did was to holler and wave their hands. There wasn't a shot fired."—Washington Star.

"Why," asked the teacher, "did Nebuchadnezzar eat grass?"

After a silence the small boy from Chicago made answer: "Maybe there was a beef strike in Babylon."—Washington Star.



Light Gasolene Tonneau

Mark XLIII

Without special gears or extra devices of any kind, regular stock model with full touring equipment, won event for cars costing $1,000 to $1,800 in Mount Washington Climbing Contests; also, Gold Medal in White Mountain Endurance Run.

PRICE, $1750.

Catalogue will be sent on request; also special catalogues of Columbia Electric Town Carriages and Commercial Vehicles.

Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

New York: 134-138 W. 39th St. Chicago: 1413 Michigan Ave. Boston: 74 Stanhope St.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Folding Canvas Boats

11-foot Special

were not satisfactory until the

KING

was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof,* wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention RECREATION. KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A

Matthews Torpedo Launches

BUILT TO PLEASE THE SAILOR

Sizes 16 ft. to 70 ft.—any power installed. Price includes full equipment except engine.

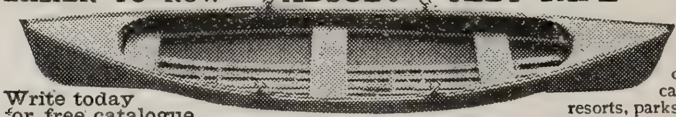
Matthews Motto Safety, comfort, speed. Cabin cruising launches a specialty. Finest catalogue issued to-day, 10c; send for it and frame the cover.

Agencies in all cities—Chicago office, 1409 Michigan Avenue.

MATTHEWS BOAT CO.,

P. O. Box 303 **Bascom, Ohio**

EASIER TO ROW ABSOLUTELY SAFE



Write today for free catalogue.

15 foot boat, crated **$29**

Especially valuable at summer resorts, for family boating.

Mullins Galvanized Steel Pleasure Boats

Made of steel. Practical indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot leak. Require no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

A correspondent, who is a friend of the Vagrant's, writes from Russia and says that he found the following epitaph on a monument over a grave in St. Petersburg:

"Here lies the body of Maurice Rypinsky,
He was killed by the Japs and has been
dead ever sincesky."

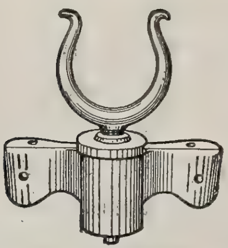
—Albany Journal.

I received the Harrington & Richardson revolver in good condition and it is a beauty. Keep up your good work in roasting the game hogs for they need it badly.

Walter P. Gruenler,
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

A man who was very benign
Once asked a poor neighbor to dign;
But he stared when his guest,
Without being pruest,
Drank nearly 3 bottles of wign.

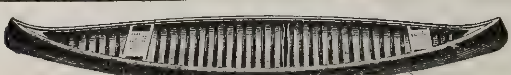
—New Yorker.



The Ball-Bearing Oarlock

A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN, N. Y.



Morris Canvas Covered Canoes

Special Indian model for safety. Catalog on request
Mention RECREATION.

E. N. MORRIS, Veazie, Maine

I received the Davenport gun and am much pleased with it.

T. B. Cobb, Burlington, Kans.

The Teacher—Now, Sammy, where was the declaration of independence signed?

Sammy—At de bottom.—Judge.

DO YOU WISH

TO IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING?

THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

I will send you a

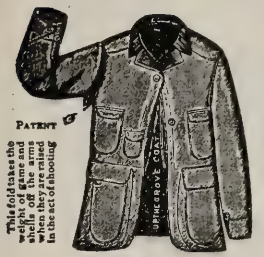
J. C. HAND TRAP

for 2 yearly subscriptions to

Recreation

Send in your club now and improve your shooting

UPTHEGROVE
Patent Fold
Hunting and Fishing
CLOTHES


PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
UPTHEGROVE COAT

Made to
your
Measure

Send for free illustrated catalogue.
Mention RECREATION.

The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Co.
Dept. C.
VALPARAISO, IND.

AUTOMOBILE HOUSES

Don't start your next month's storage bill

No Auto Owner should be without one

Why continue the expense of **storage** for your **automobile** when you can **save money** by buying **our portable automobile house,** which can be placed on fine residence grounds without detracting from the surroundings, and will give a place you are looking for to keep your car under your own observation and avoid **improper care?**

This portable Auto House can be **easily** erected, taken down and **cheaply** transported if necessary to change your residence; and when set up is **guaranteed absolutely waterproof.**

Write at once for our illustrated catalogue and price list.
Mention RECREATION.

Springfield Moulding Works
Waltham Avenue **Springfield, Mass.**

WHOLESALE.

Ethel—The ladies want me to sell kisses at the charity bazaar.

Pearl—Are you going to?

Ethel—Yes; I've got Jack to buy them all up in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

"Johnny," said his mother, "I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood."

"No, I didn't, mamma," protested Johnny, "I told it in an awful hurry."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Somebody has written a book about "Better New York." It is, of course, a work of fiction.—Chicago Record-Herald.

I have just seen in RECREATION an account of the new automatic shot gun, being manufactured by the Winchester Arms Company and protest most emphatically against the production of such a weapon, which would in a few years exterminate the already fast disappearing Bob White, which every true Virginian prizes above all other game.

J. M. Macon, Richmond, Va.

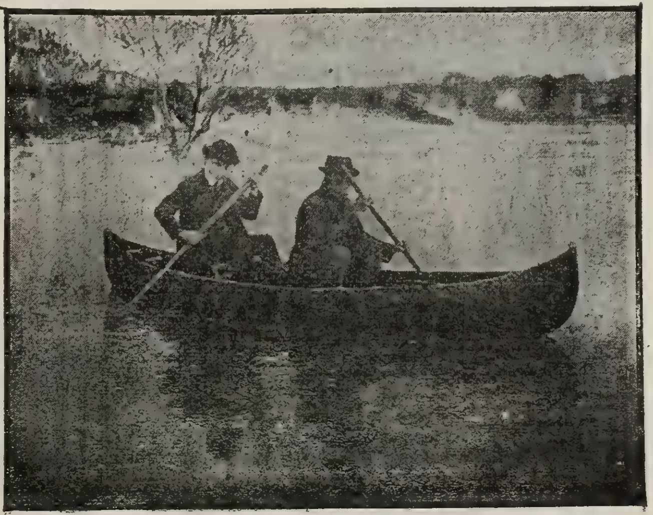
Counsel for the defendant (sarcastically)—You're a nice fellow, aren't you?

Witness for the plaintiff (cordially)—I am, sir, and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you.—Tit-Bits.

The Latest, Safest and
Best Canvas Boat

Is what we offer you. A Boat built on modern lines that will prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected materials used throughout, and it comes to you **guaranteed** the best. A handy and safe boat for fishing and shooting. Puncture proof. Tempered steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds most compact of any boat made. Latest patent and improved Canvas Folding Boat on the market. Write for descriptive circular and catalogue. Enclose 4c for postage. Mention RECREATION.

Life Saving Folding Canvas Boat Co.
757 Portage St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan



Spratt's Patent Dog Soap

THEY FIGHT FOR SPRATT'S
Spratt's Patent

Is of the greatest value to dog owners, as it is entirely **FREE FROM POISON,** and at the same time most effective in the destruction of lice and fleas. Moreover, it keeps the skin free from scurf, prevents Mange and other skin diseases. No other soap should ever be used in preparing dogs for exhibition; it leaves the coat smooth and glossy.

Spratt's Patent Dog Soap contains no carbolic acid or coal tar, but is nicely perfumed and produces a fine lather. Recommended by kennel owners throughout the world. Once tried, always used.

Price, 25 cents per Tablet, by mail

None but the best can be the cheapest.

Spratt's Patent Antiseptic Soap is instant death to all parasites, lice, ticks, the mange parasite, bacteria etc.

Price per Tablet - - - 50c.

Send for Catalogue, "Dog Culture," with practical chapters on the feeding, kenneling and management of dogs. Also a chapter on cats.

We also manufacture a specially prepared food for dogs, puppies, rabbits, cats, poultry, game, pigeons, fish, birds, etc.

Spratt's Patent
(Am.) Ltd.

450 Market St, Newark, N.J.
714 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.
1324 Valencia St.
San Francisco, Cal.

"Buddkins said he was glad to die."

"What made him feel that way?"

"Well, he was paying for so many things by the installment plan, that death came as a welcome relief."—Life.

Pheasants for Sale.

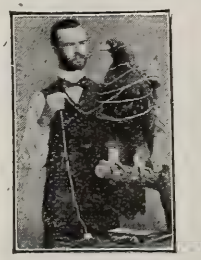
Young Golden...........$10 a pair
Young Amherst..........$15 a pair
Versicolor ....$15 a pair
L. M. Bachhuber, M.D., Mayville, Wis.

The Laughlin fountain pen is a treasure. I thank you for it.

J. E. Brackett, Newport, Me.

SPORTSMEN—DO IT NOW

Send to-day for our **New Catalog** It tells how we teach **TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.**



We can teach you to mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Heads, etc., accurately and **True to Life.** You can save the fine trophies that fall before your gun, double your interest in sports, and make your gun pay its own way. Easily and quickly learned, very fascinating. If you are a sportsmen our catalog will interest you, and IT'S FREE. Let us mail you one.

Thousands of Testimonials from students. Write right now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Inc.
Suite A, Com. Nat. Bank., **Omaha, Neb.**

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The Famous Ever Ready Dry Battery?

THE FAMOUS EVER READY BATTERY
THE BEST DRY BATTERY MADE
THE STANDARD FOR HIGH GRADE WORK
THE FAMOUS EVER-READY BATTERY
TRADE MARK
MORE VOLTAGE
MORE AMPERAGE
MORE LIFE
MARVELOUS RECUPERATIVE POWERS.

The Best Dry Battery Made

Style J, 2½ x 6, 35 cents
Style K, 3 x 7, 50 cents

This battery has no equal for use in Automobiles, Gas and Gasolene Engines, Motor Cycles and Telephone Work. A trial will prove their Merit.

American Electric Novelty and Mfg. Co.

304 Hudson St., New York City

Duxbak
TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Absolutely waterproof in rain; light and cool in pleasant weather. Coat, trousers and hat made of fine soft duck, treated by a patent process that resists a dreary drizzle or driving storm. Lined with same material and double stitched throughout. Always easy and pliable in rain or shine. No rubber—no rustle. Perfect ventilation at all times.

Coat has reinforced gun cap at shoulder; patent ventilated gusset under arm. Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

In ordering, give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Give waist and leg for trousers. Light tan or dead grass color. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Price, coat, $5.00; trousers, $3.00; hat, $1.00. Express prepaid. Sample of material and booklet free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

The Al Vista camera you sent me as a premium for subscriptions for RECREATION arrived in good condition, and it is the finest piece of machinery in that line that I have ever seen.

I expect to send you more subscriptions in the near future.

Huston S. Shupe, McKeesport, Pa.

Mrs. Annex—This must be the new cook now, John. I hear a cab stopping at the door.

Mr. Annex—You'd better show her the house, dear, while I go and tell the cabman to wait.—Life.

The Parson: Young man, have you ever seriously considered your duty to others?

Futter: Indeed I have! I visited a summer resort recently, and before I had been there 24 hours I had kissed every girl in the hotel.—Life.

Convict: I'd rather be in the penitentiary than outside.

Visitor: Why?

"I'm in here for bigamy."—Chicago Chronicle.

I like the way you dig into the fish and game hogs. They are a fierce crowd and cannot be roasted too much.

Harry Dominy, New Westminister, B. C.

September Suggestion for Sportsmen

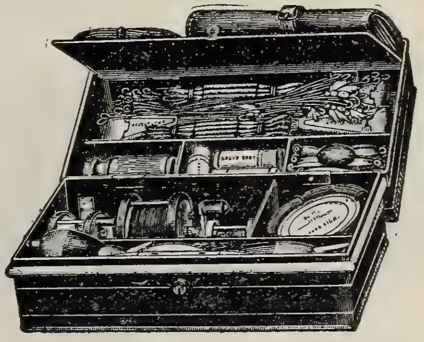
Lay your Fishing Tackle away

in one of our

Johnson's Trayless Tackle Boxes

It will keep it snug and trim for personal examination and discussion with your friends and be a satisfaction and delight all through the winter season.

It will be a capital holiday gift for a man



(Patent Applied for)

SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, FOR $2.00

REFERENCES
Recreation, New York City
Yale National Bank, New Haven, Conn.

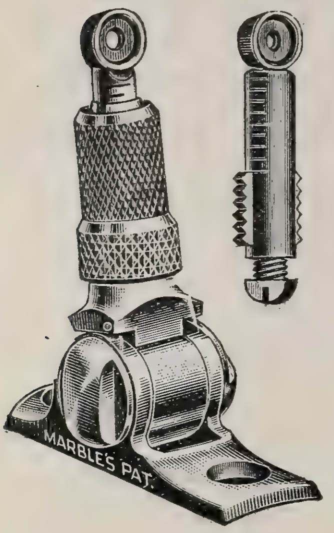
Address with remittance or for further details

MERRIAM MFG. CO.
DURHAM, CONN.

TIN BOXES FOR ALL OFFICE USES

Marble's Improved Rear Sight

(Patented Oct. 20, 1903.)


MARBLE'S PAT.

THIS sight is different from any other sight on the market—better. Not better because we say so but better because it has four newly patented features.

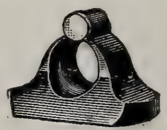
The flexible hinge joint allows the sight to be pushed forward to the tang or backward to the tang, but will force it to return instantly and precisely to the correct position for shooting. To fasten the sight down fold it rearward to tang and push the locking button rearward until it engages with recess in bottom of standard.

The lower sleeve acts as a lock-nut to prevent the elevating sleeve from being accidently turned.

These two sleeves in combination with the shoulders on the slotted stem socket act like a bit brace and will clamp the disc stem perfectly true and rigid even at the highest elevation no matter how old or worn the parts may become.

Another improvement is the screw at bottom of disc stem for adjusting sight to point blank range.

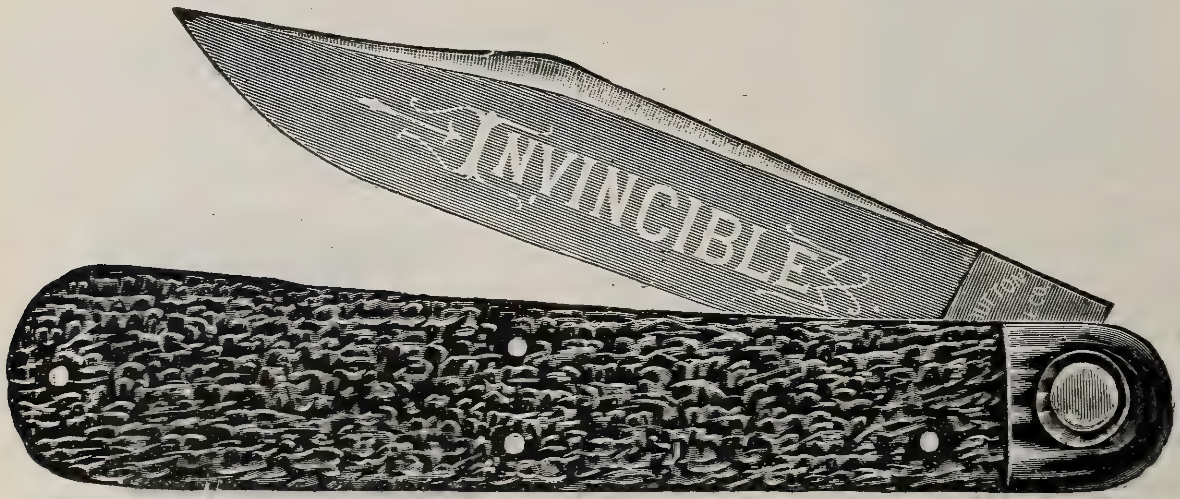
Made in sizes to fit all rifles, price prepaid, $3.00. Send for catalog describing Marble's Improved Front Sights and other specialties for sportsmen. Mention RECREATION.



Marble Safety Axe Co. Dept. A. Gladstone, Mich.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

3 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

Sample Copies furnished on request.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York

Algernon—"Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

Arabella—"No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."—Exchange.

Palette—So you really think that Dauber takes his art seriously?

Mahlstick—I certainly do. Why, he sacrificed his wife and family to it, and even came near suffering hardships himself.—Life.

I received the gloves you ordered sent me by the J. Luther Glove Co., and they appear to be just the thing for knocking about. I shall always recommend RECREATION.

Clayton I. Boyer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Your premium of Mullins Bustle boat at hand. I am much pleased with it and thank you for such a beautiful premium. The subscriptions were so easy to get that I feel almost ashamed to take them.

E. R. Andrews, Lakewood, Ohio.

Mother—Tommy, have you eaten all your candy without even thinking of sister?

Tommy—Oh, no, mamma. I was thinking of her the whole time. I was afraid she'd come before I had finished it.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

Sal be all put out this morn,
An' I'll tell ye th' reason why.
I went ter town with a load o' corn,
An' came home with a load o' rye.
—Exchange.

I received the Bristol fishing rod in good condition. Have given it a thorough test and find it a complete success.

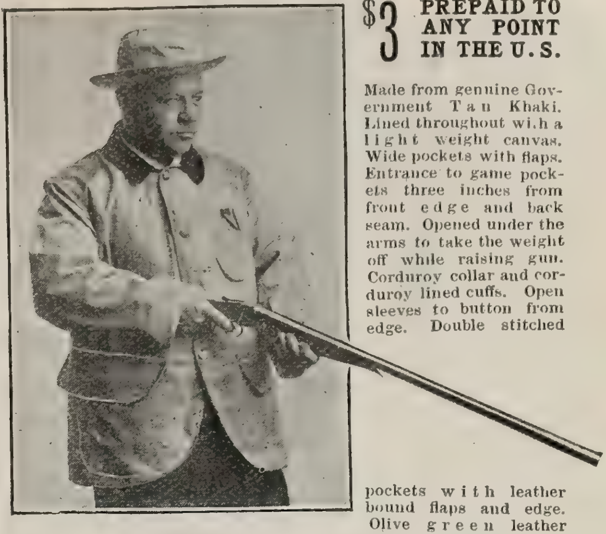
B. R. Wilbar, Brockton, Mass.

"Papa, what is the National Bird?"

"It used to be the eagle, my son, but since Roosevelt came in, it's the stork."—Exchange.

I am a steady reader of RECREATION and you do right in going after the game hogs.

L. Marshall, Romansville, Pa.



KOENIG'S "SHEDRAIN" HUNTING COAT

$3 PREPAID TO ANY POINT IN THE U. S.

Made from genuine Government Tan Khaki. Lined throughout with a light weight canvas. Wide pockets with flaps. Entrance to game pockets three inches from front edge and back seam. Opened under the arms to take the weight off while raising gun. Corduroy collar and corduroy lined cuffs. Open sleeves to button from edge. Double stitched pockets with leather bound flaps and edge. Olive green leather shoulder patches. Samples of material free on request.

HUNTING PANTS of Same Goods, $2.00

prepaid anywhere in U. S.

In ordering send snug breast measurement, close up under the arms.

Send for Complete Catalogue of Sporting Goods.

Mention RECREATION.

E. G. KOENIG, South Broad St., Newark, N. J.

"NEW JERSEY'S OLDEST GUN HOUSE."

Squab Book Free

Squabs are raised in 1 month, bring *big prices.* Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here *is something worth looking into.* Facts given in our FREE BOOK, "How to make money with Squabs" PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Douglas H. Shepherd
Manufacturer of Artificial
GLASS EYES
for birds, animals, fish, etc.,
DOUGLAS H. SHEPHERD
Box 106, Taunton, Mass.
Stamp for Catalogue
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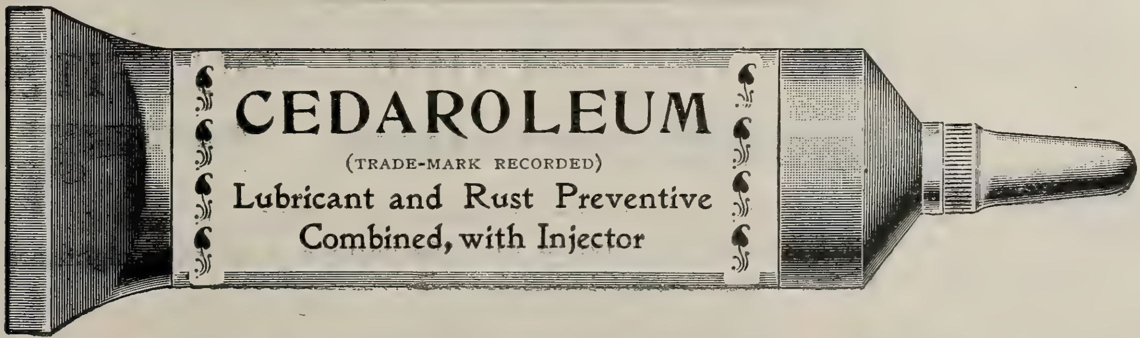
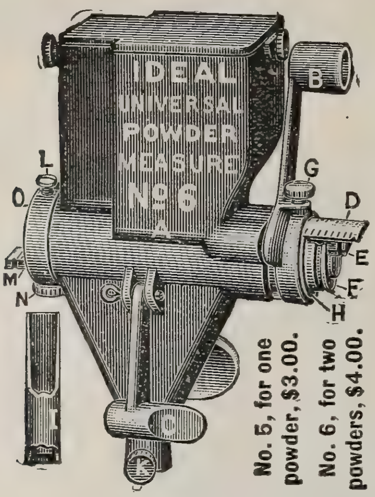


CEDAROLEUM
(TRADE-MARK RECORDED)
Lubricant and Rust Preventive
Combined, with Injector

Sportsmen do not fail to put a tube of **Cedaroleum** in your Gun Case when starting on your vacation It is impervious to atmosphere and salt water, It will not evaporate nor grow rancid. It is the most up-to-date rust preventive and gun-lubricant on the market. **One ounce tube, 15c; two ounce tubes, 25c.** Both sizes having injecting point. If your dealer does not carry this in stock, send stamps for sample tube. Special prices given to clubs and dealers upon application. Mention RECREATION.

SUPERIOR TAP CO., SPRINGFIELD. VT.



No. 5, for one powder, $3.00. No. 6, for two powders, $4.00.

POWDER! POWDER!

All kinds of powder for ***Rifles, Pistols*** and ***Shot Guns, measured accurately*** from 1 to 145 grains. 4 different measures in 1. The latest and best tool. Ask your dealer for it.

Every shooter should have 1. Send 3 stamps for ***Ideal Hand Book,*** 146 pages of information to shooters.

IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The PHIL B. BEKEART CO., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

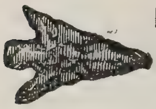
When you write kindly mention RECREATION

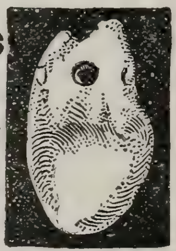
NAVAJO BLANKETS
Indian Beadwork, Baskets, Pottery, Moccasins, Alaskan Curios, Mexican Goods, Beads, Basket Material.
If it's Indian we have it.

Send 6c. Stamps for Catalogue.

BENHAM INDIAN TRADING CO.
138 West 42d Street, New York City
Mention RECREATION.

Taxidermists' Glass Eyes for Stuffed Birds, and Animals
Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies **Materials**
Send 5c. in stamps for catalogue
FRED. KAEMPFER, 88 STATE ST., Chicago, Ill.
Taxidermy work done in all its branches
Mention RECREATION





INDIAN CURIOS
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
CURIO DEALERS'
SUPPLY DEPOT.
Bead Work, Baskets, Elk Teeth, Mexican Goods, Beads, Fossils, Minerals, Arrow-Heads, Pottery, Alaska Ivories, Shells, Agates, Photos, Great Stock, Big Cata. 5c., stamps. Mention RECREATION. If a dealer say so.
L. W. STILWELL,
DEADWOOD . . . . , SO. DAKOTA

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.
JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine

"And every living thing was drowned except what went into the ark," explained the Sunday school teacher.

"Fishes, too?" queried a small pupil—Chicago News.

Rustic (to conductor)—Which end of the car do I get off?

Conductor (politely)—Either you prefer; both ends stop!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Emily—I have an invitation to a charity ball, but I haven't the least idea what I am to go in. What would you wear, Fanny, if you had my complexion?

Fanny—A thick veil.—Grit.

I received my premium, the Poco camera, and it is a fine instrument. It has proved satisfactory in every respect. You have my sincere thanks.

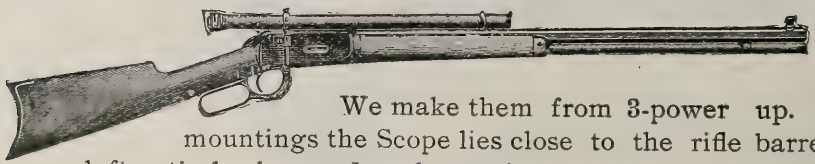
Frank A. Stauring, Herkimer, N. Y.

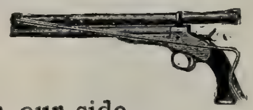
At the Eating House: He—I say, Carrie, are you fond of lobster?

She—I hardly know what to say, George; this is so sudden, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The Kenwood sleeping bag came promptly, and I am much pleased with it.

F. H. Thomas, Hot Springs, Ark.





No Rifle complete unless mounted with one of our

IMPROVED TELESCOPIC OUTFITS

We make them from 3-power up. With our side mountings the Scope lies close to the rifle barrel and the open sights are left entirely clear and unobscured.

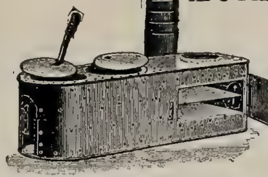
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

Mention RECREATION.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO.
F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.

Established 1857

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

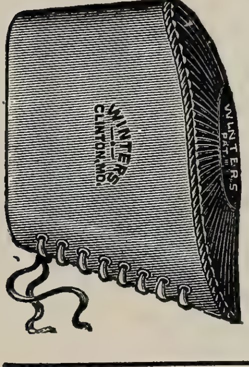


Practical Common Sense CAMP STOVE
in 6 Sizes.

Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.



THE 1904 Model

LEATHER-COVERED Pneumatic Recoil Pad is now perfect. No pump, no valve, no recoil, no flinch, no headache, no bruised shoulders, no money if not satisfactory and returned at once.

PRICE, $1.50

J. R. WINTERS
Clinton, Mo.

Free:—Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions or a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions. For 5 new yearly subscriptions I will give a pair of tame young Raccoons. Safe delivery of animals guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

I received the Get There duck boat from Mr. Mullins to-day and I can not thank you enough for it. It was the easiest premium to get I ever saw. I got the 15 subscriptions in as many days.

C. E. Hooper, Fredonia, N. Y.

Willie—And the angels brought it? Gee? they must have been very careless angels.

Mamma—Careless?

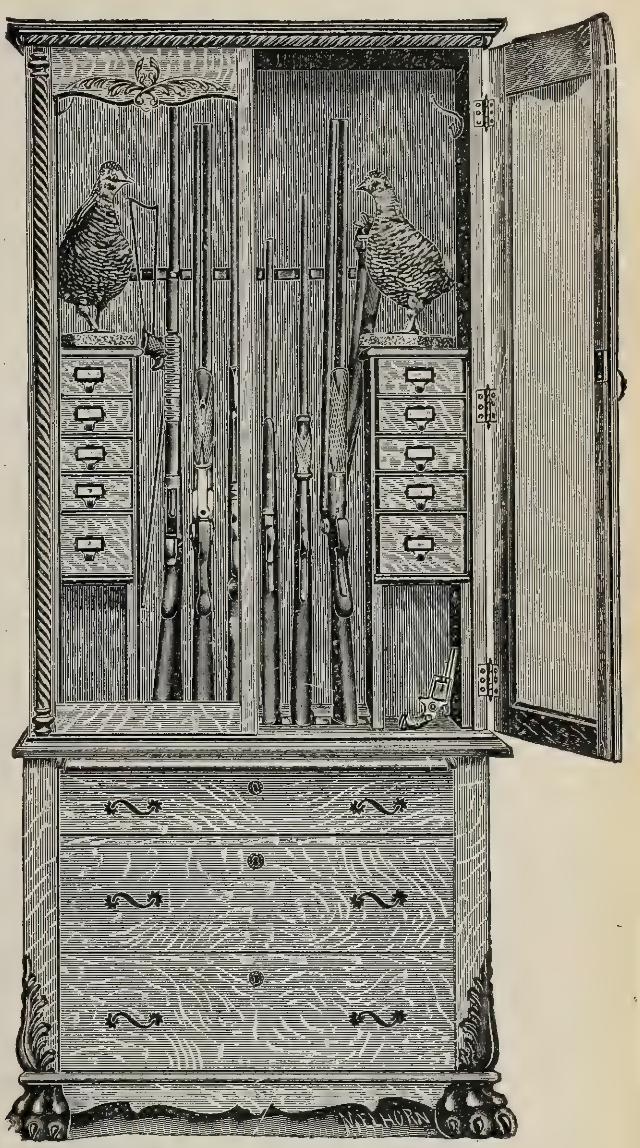
Willie—Yes; they forgot to put any hair on its head.—Chicago Blade.

Pallette—You'd be surprised if you knew the amount of time spent on that picture.

Pellette—Yes; I understand men have stood in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is.—Illustrated Bits.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send ten cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. Clarke, Agent Leroy N.Y., Dept. 3.

You Need This



If you see one, you'll buy it.

To fully appreciate the convenience of a sportsman's cabinet, you must have one in your home. Up-to-date sportsmen want their guns, ammunition, etc., handy. You wouldn't believe how ornamental a cabinet is till you see one with your outfit nicely arranged in it We are selling them to the most noted sportsmen in every state and territory in the United States and you should be on our list too.

We make cabinets from $17.50 to $48.00
Send stamp for descriptive catalog.

Mention RECREATION.

West End Furniture Co.,
SOLE MFRS. AND PATENTEES
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Canoe Trips

The Canadian Pacific Railway will arrange six canoe trips down the Mississaga averaging about ten days in duration, on the following dates: August 15th, Sept. 1st, Sept. 15th, Oct. 1st, Oct. 15th and Nov. 1st. Also shorter trips north of Desbarats.

A car load of superb canoes is on hand at Biscotasing, Ont., to be sold at cost.

Special efforts will be made to furnish good guides, outfits, etc., but no responsibility taken.

Write well in advance to

L. O. ARMSTRONG, C. & T. A.
Canadian Pacific Railway, MONTREAL.

Mention RECREATION

For Sale: — Maynard No. 16 Rifle. Fancy ck. p. g. stock; Swiss butt; 5 barrels; all fine shooters; .22 long rifle, 25-20, 28-30-120, 32-40, 40-60. An all around rifle for any purpose. Fine target sights. Hand-sewed Victoria case. Complete outfit of reloading tools, moulds, shells, etc., etc. Sidle achromatic telescope 5 and 10 power interchangeable, with target mountings, fitted to use on either 25-20, 28-30 or 32-40. $36 takes it. Details on application with stamp. E. B. Guile, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

Free:—To any person sending me $1. for 1 new yearly subscription to RECREATION, I will send a deck of the celebrated golf playing cards.

For 2 subscriptions, a fine artificial minnow listed at $1, or a spool of 50 yards of Kingfisher No. 5 silk casting line listed at 75 cents.

Arthur W. Bruce, 508 Woodward Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

For Exchange:—A 12 foot Acme Folding Canvas Boat, listed at $40, nearly new, for a 5 x 7 Stereo Camera, Pocket Kodak, Ithaca Shotgun, or goods listing at $30 or more.

Hans C. Colby, Jackson, Minn.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following are names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me:

FLORIDA.

C. H. Stokes, Mohawk, deer, alligators, turkey, quail, and snipe.

IDAHO.

John Ching, Kilgore, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Chas. Pettys, Kilgore, ditto.

MAINE.

H. R. Horton, Flagstaff, deer, bear, moose, caribou, fox, grouse and trout.
Eugene Hale, Medway, ditto.

MONTANA.

A. R. Hague, Fridley, elk, deer, mountain sheep, bear, grouse and trout.
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, ditto.

OREGON.

Charles H. Sherman, Audrey, bear, deer, grouse and trout.

WASHINGTON.

Munro Wyckoff, Port Townsend, deer, bear and grouse.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.

CANADA.

Carl Bersing, Newcastle, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, bear and grouse.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

John C. LeMoine, Birchy Cove, Bay of Islands, caribou, salmon and trout.
A. M. Pike, Bay of Islands, bear, caribou, salmon trout.
John Gillard, Notre Dame Bay, ditto.
George Gillard, Little Bay, ditto.

Bacon—You say your wife made a sensation at the reception?

Egbert—Yes, but it wasn't like the sensations mother used to make.—Yonkers Statesman.

For Sale: 2 Al Vista 4 B Cameras, new and in good condition. Cost $25 each. Would sell for $10 each. Address, C. B. Hodgdon, Fort Totten, N. Y.

Date, ______________________ 190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St. New York.

Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year beginning with ______________________ number,

Name, ______________________

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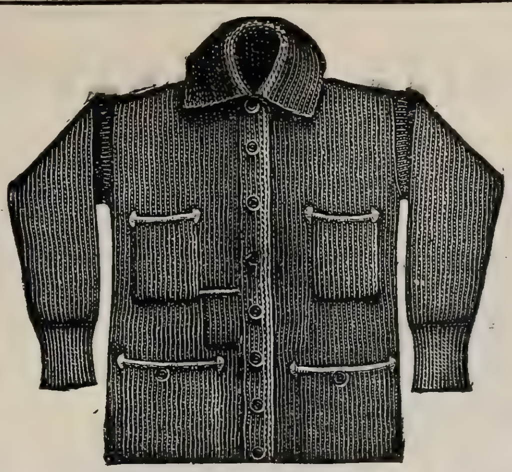
Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN



Shooting Jacket

$3.00

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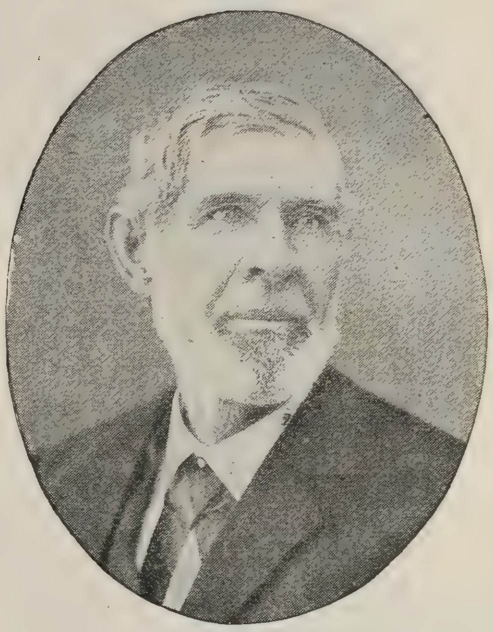
Charles Farr,
Duane Edwards,
W. A. Sheldon, } Committee.

D. T. Cowing, Sec'y, Northampton, Mass.



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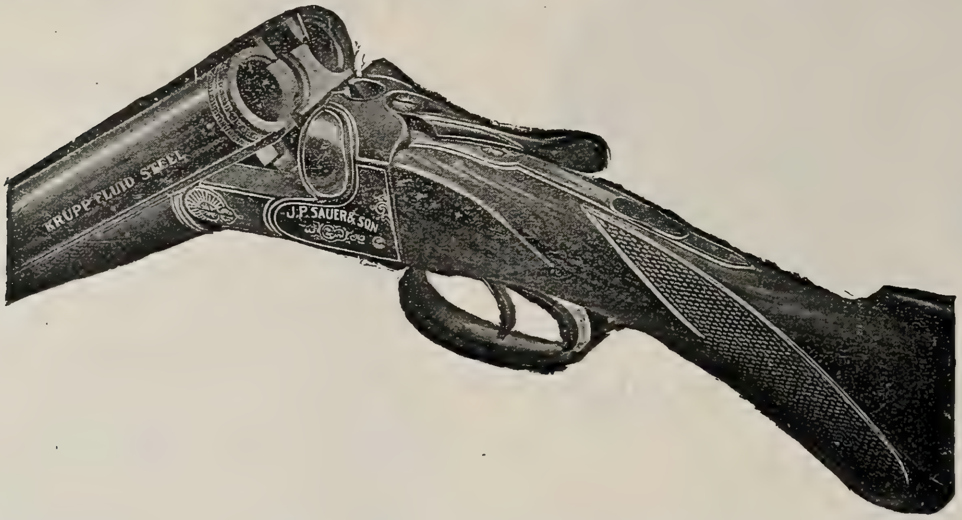

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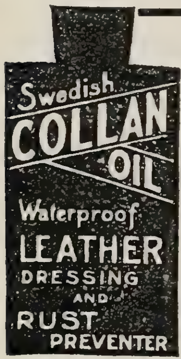

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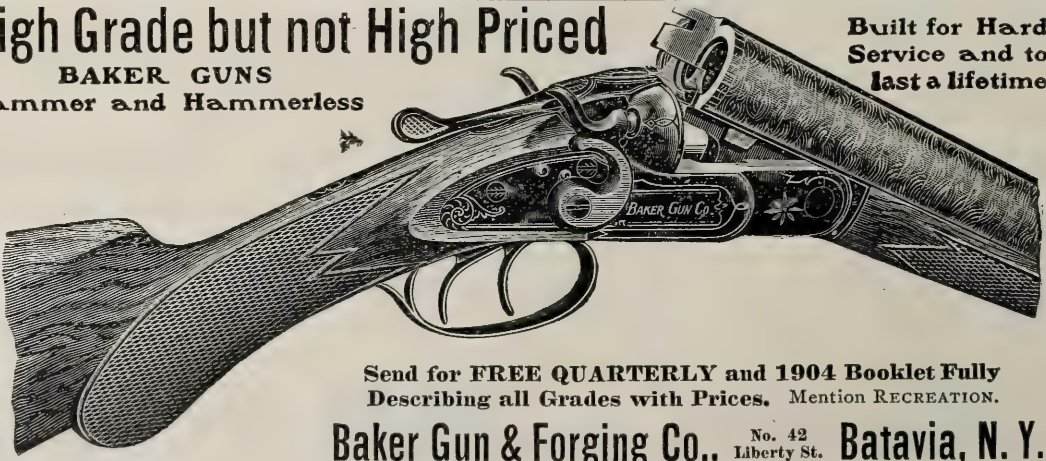
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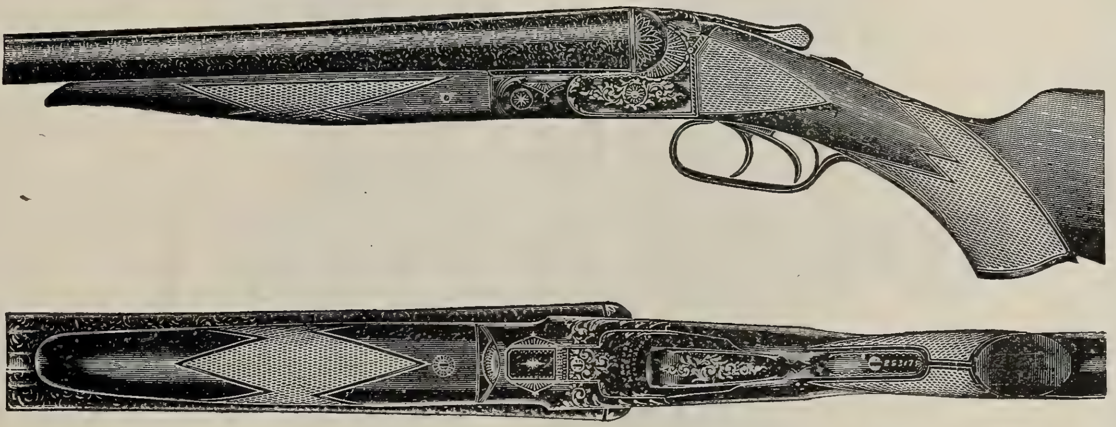

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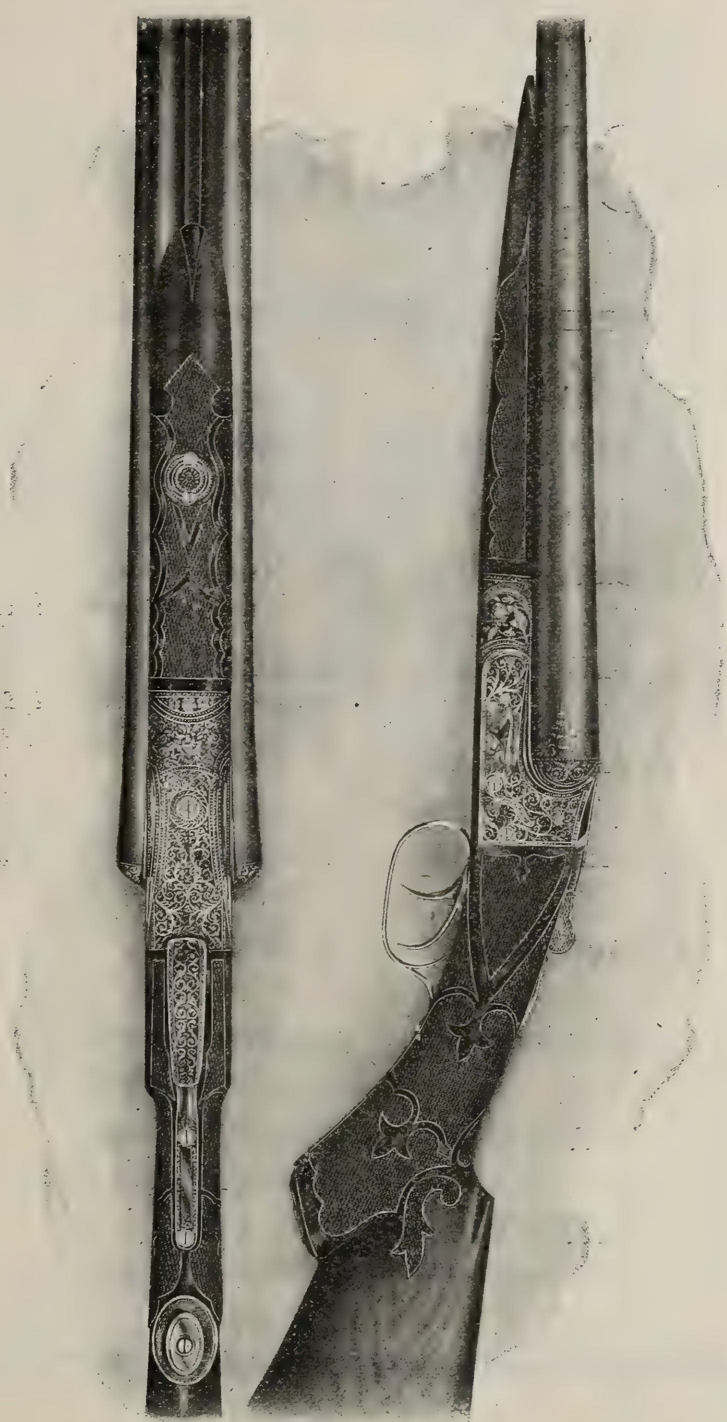

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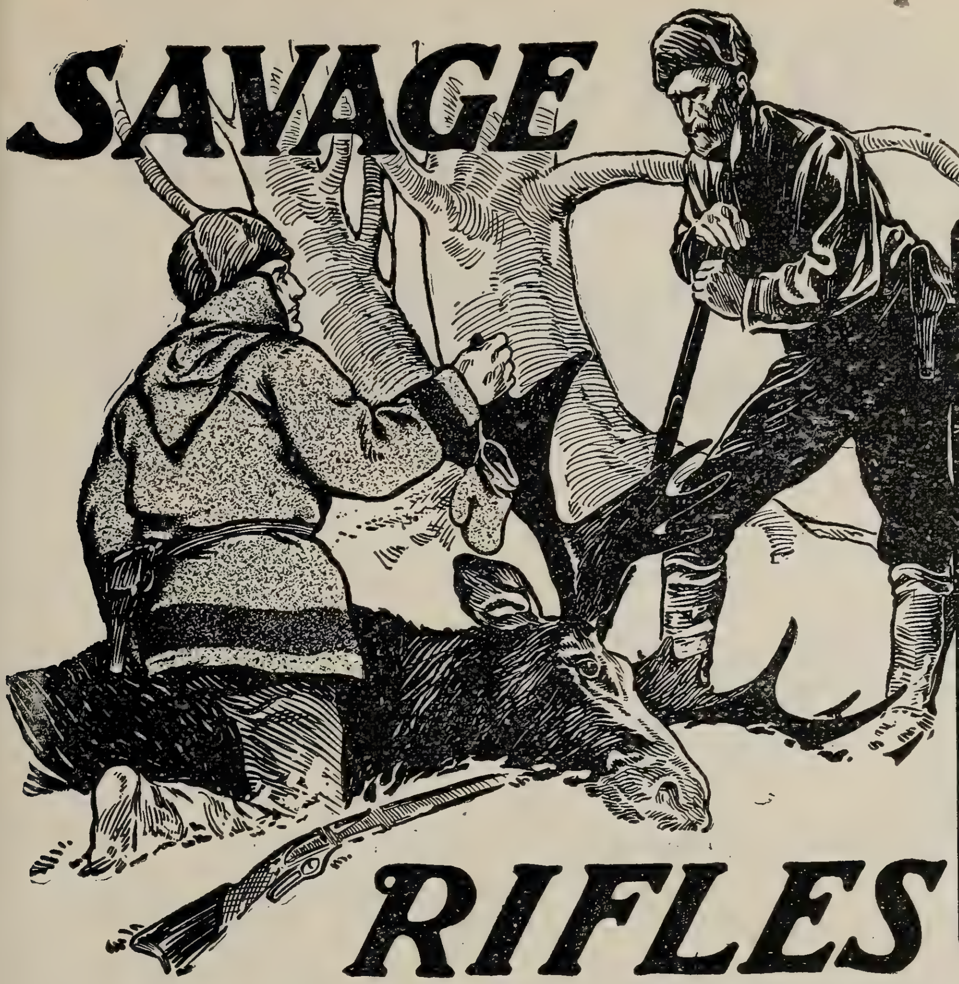

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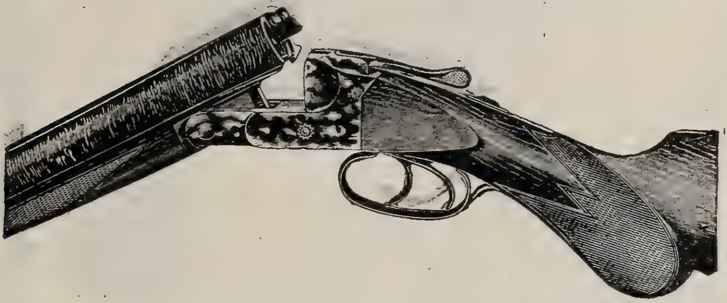

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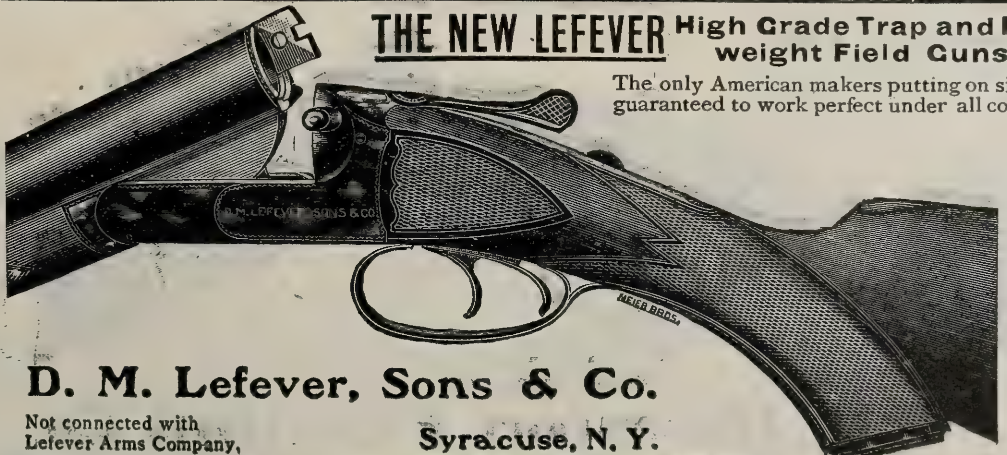
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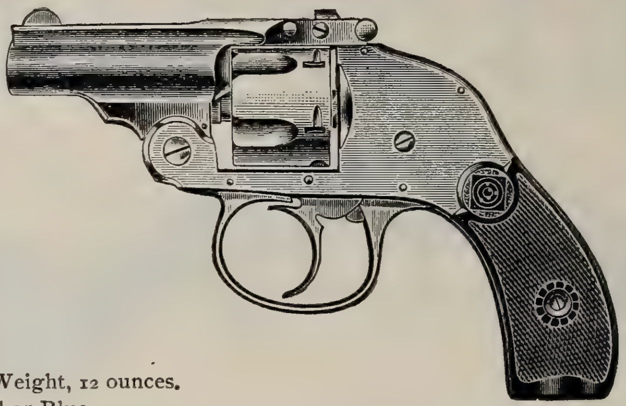

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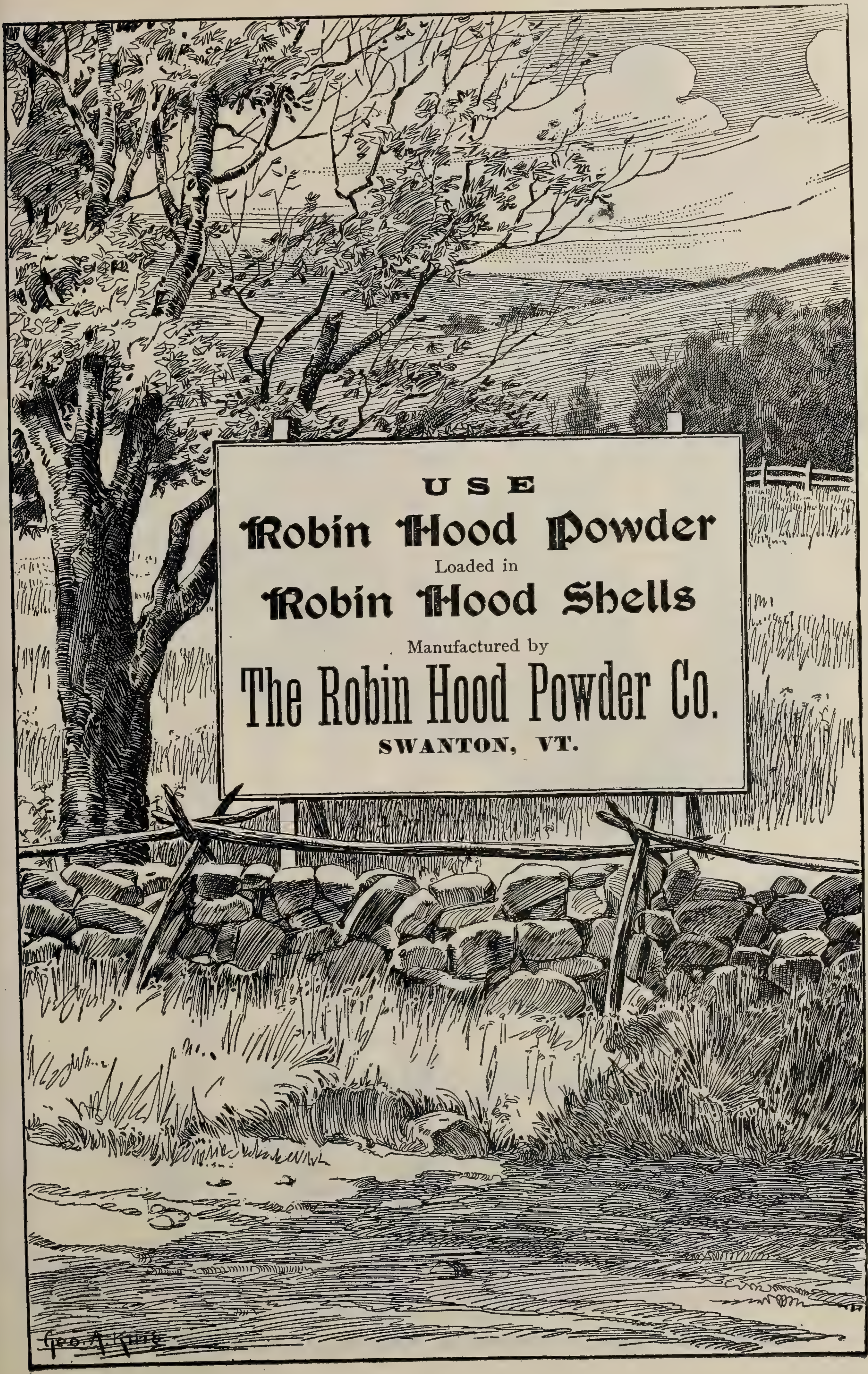

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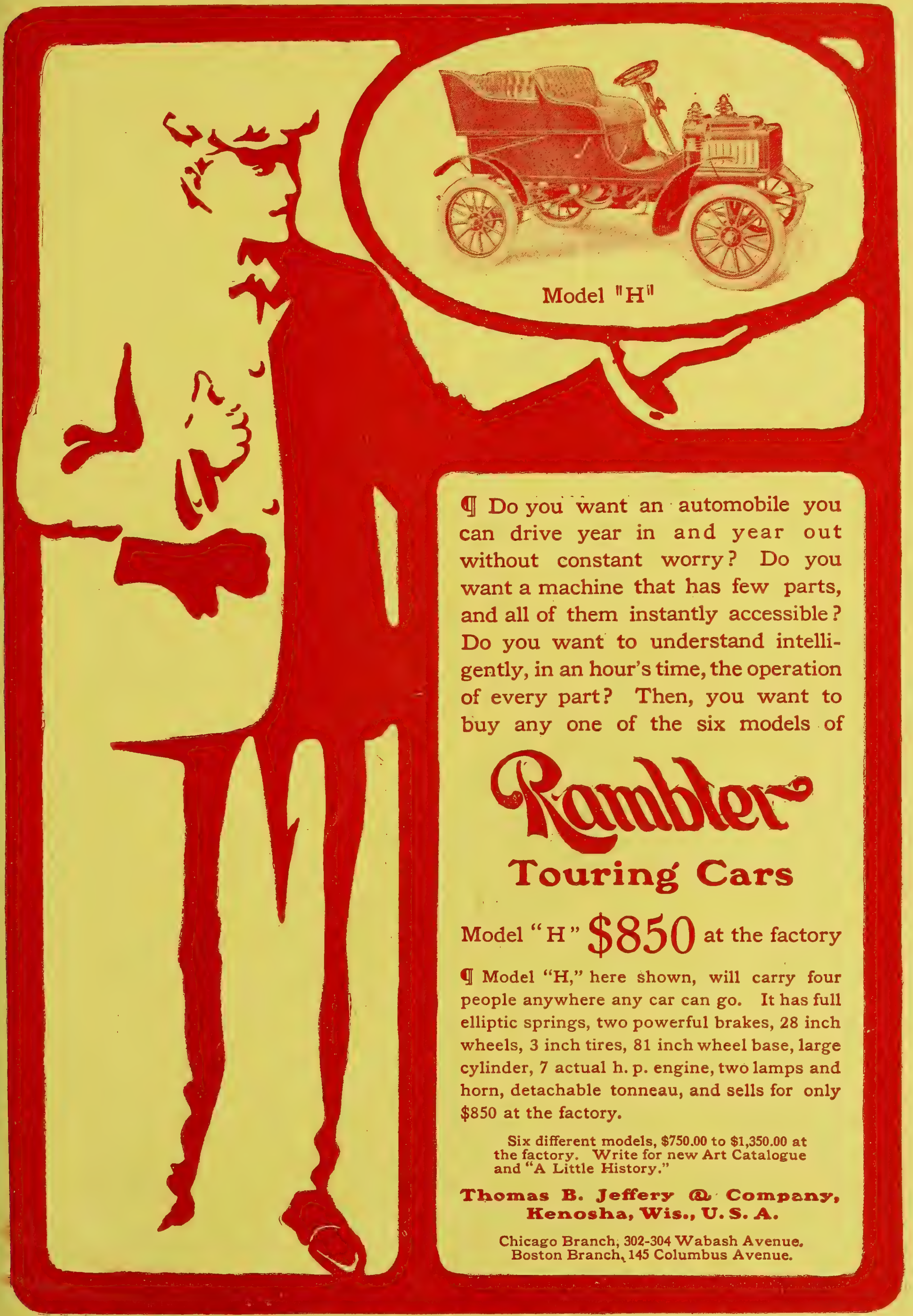

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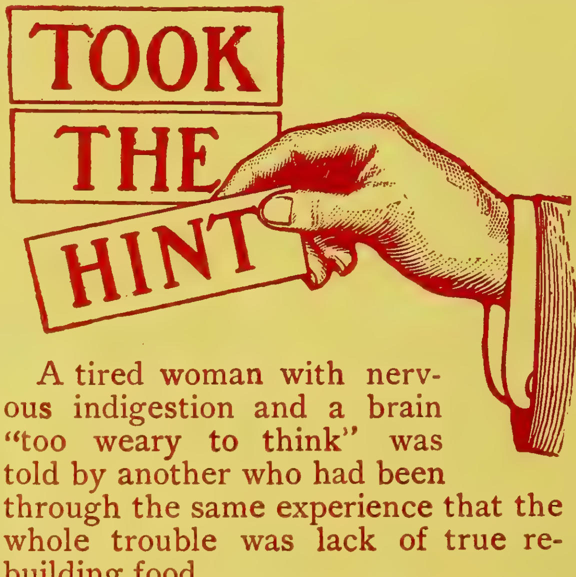

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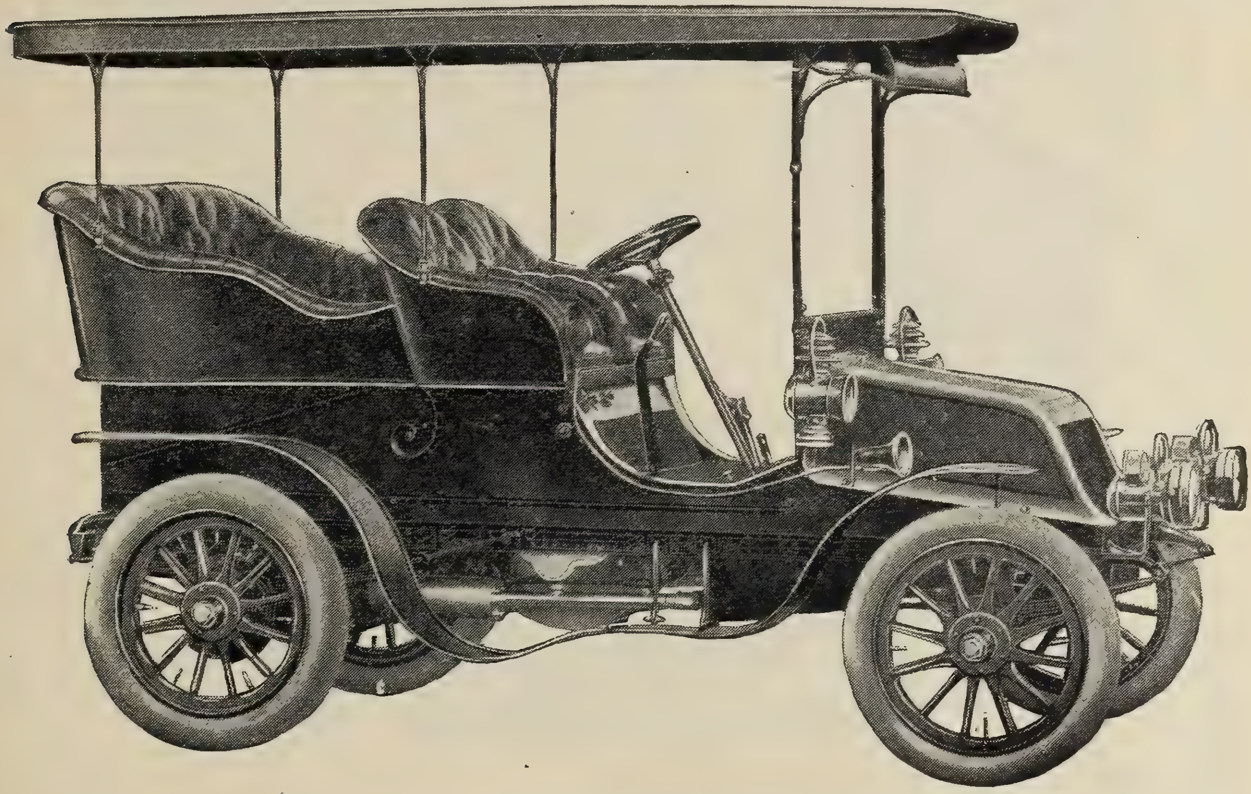

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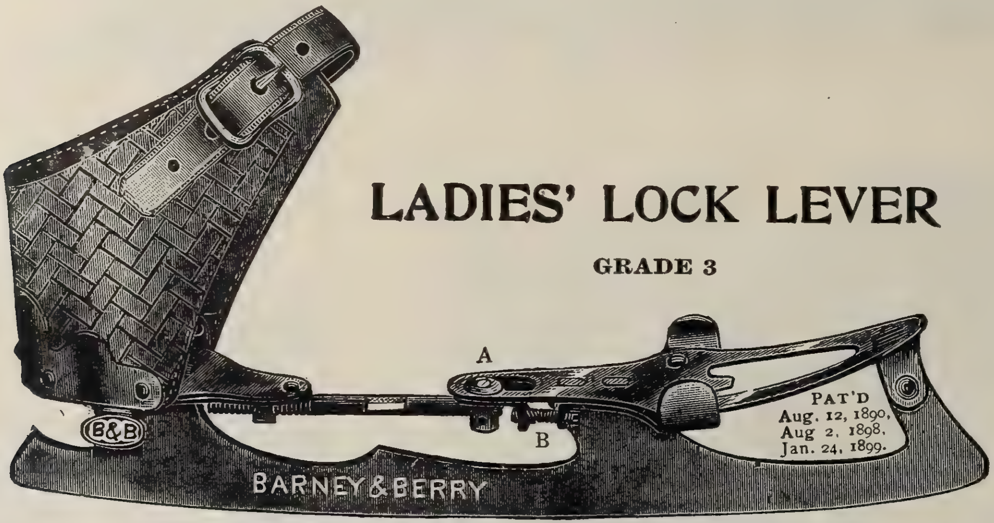
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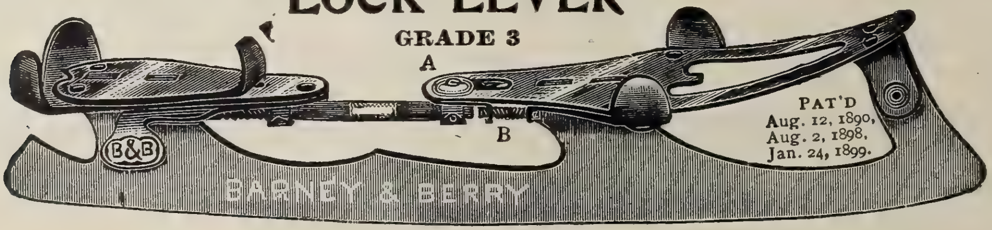
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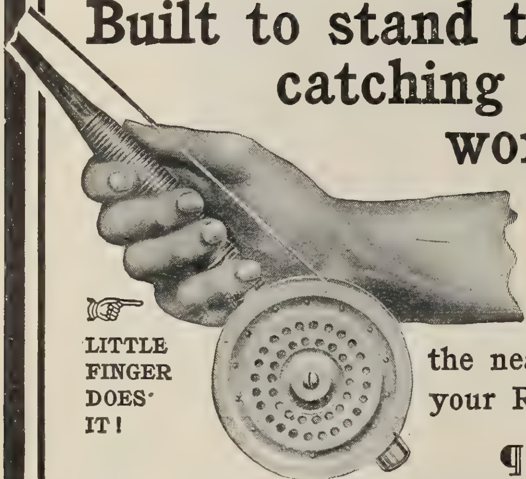
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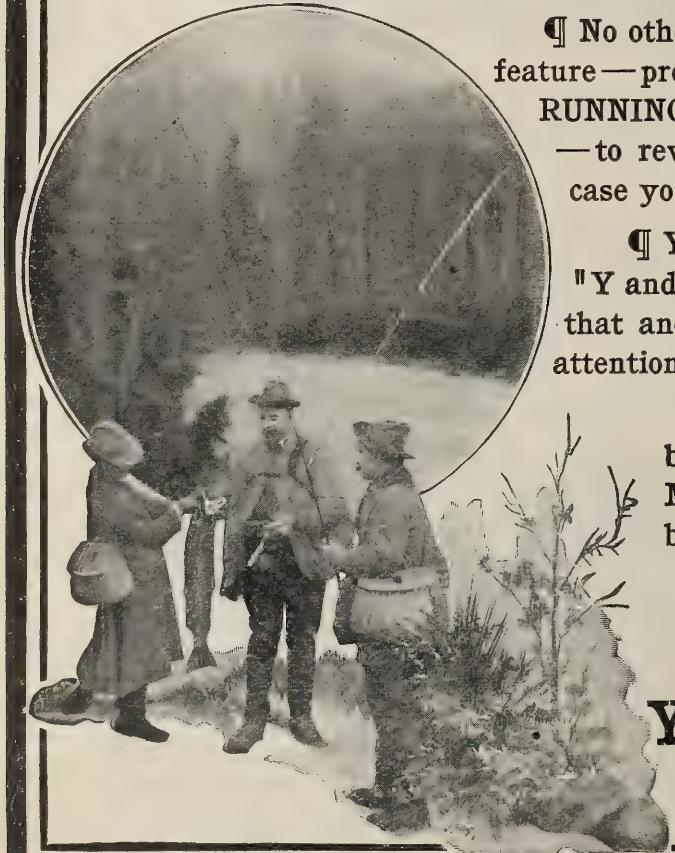

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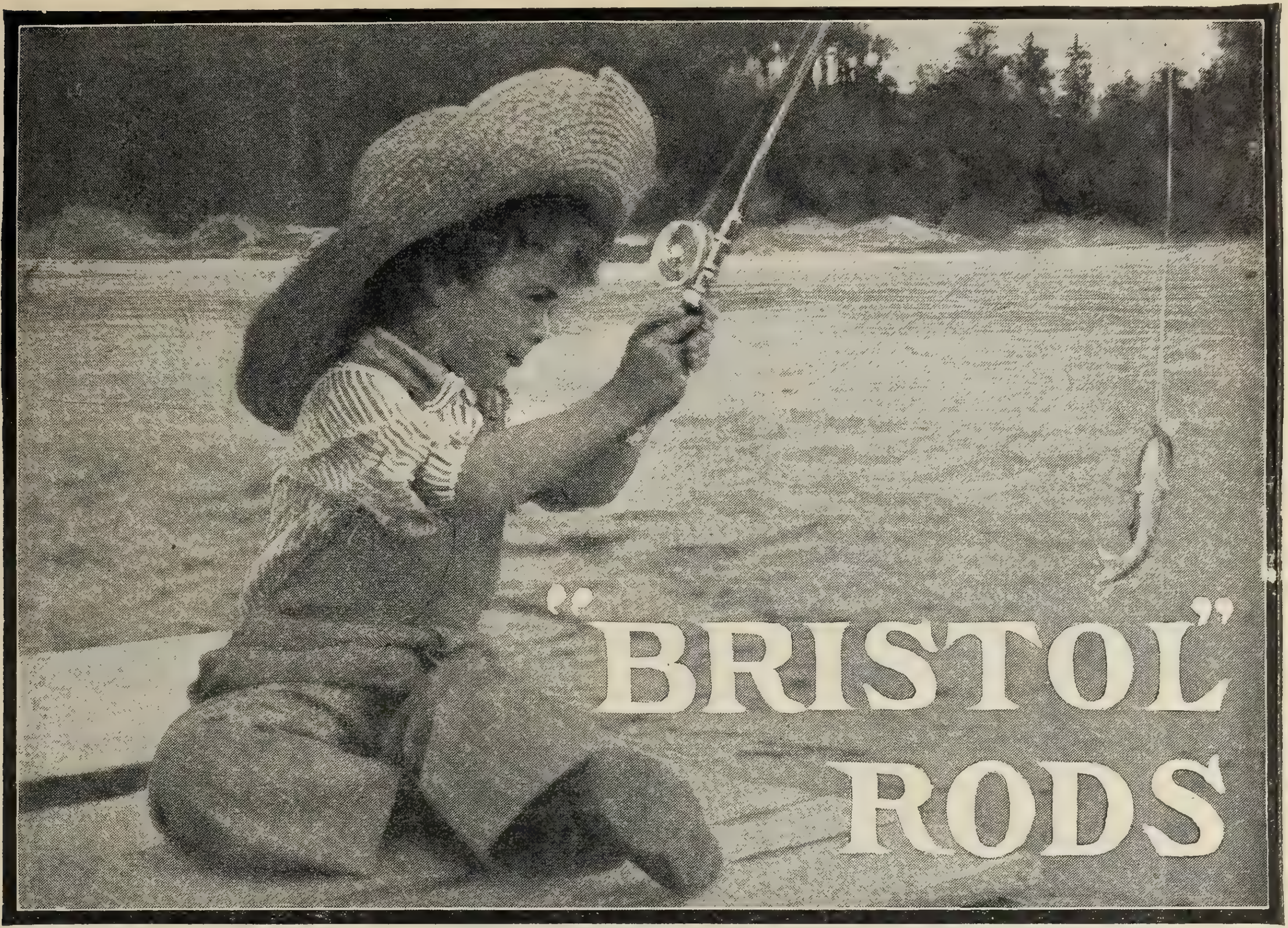

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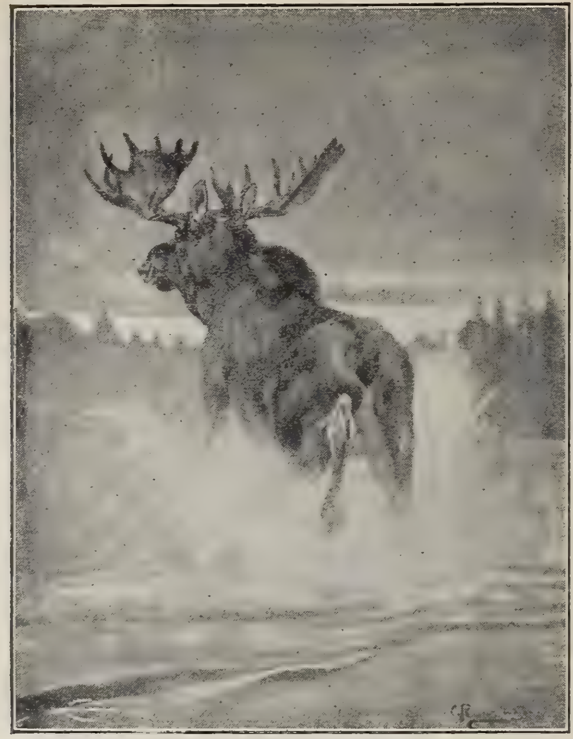

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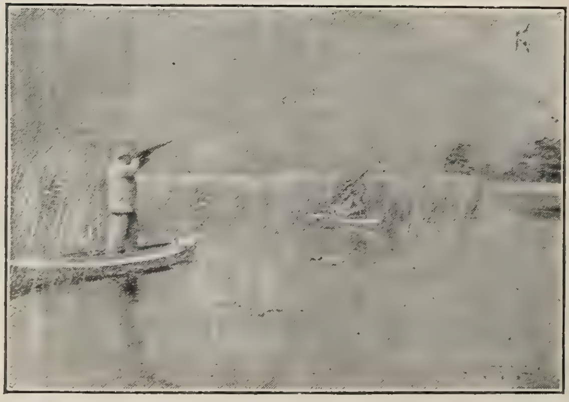

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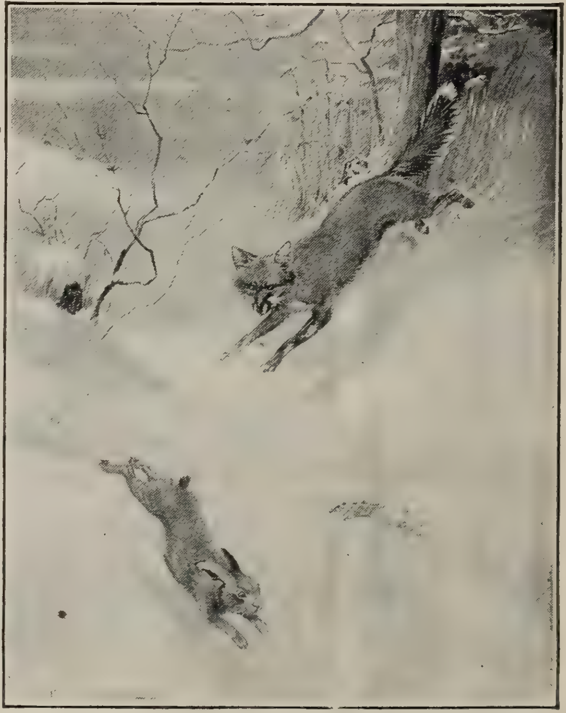

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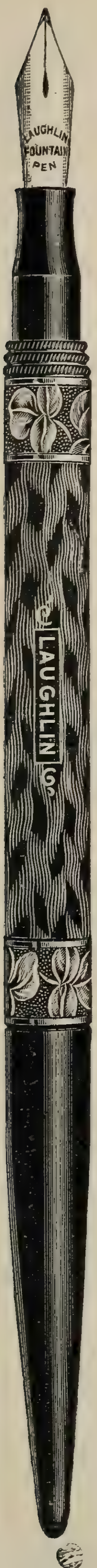

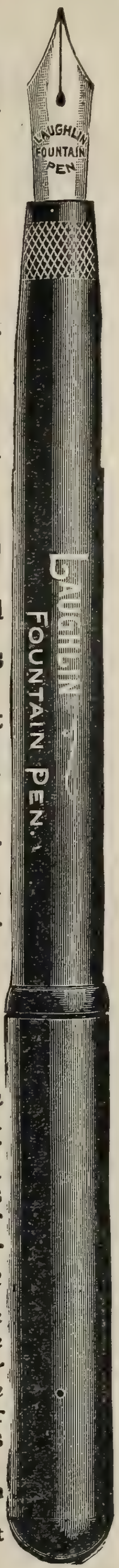

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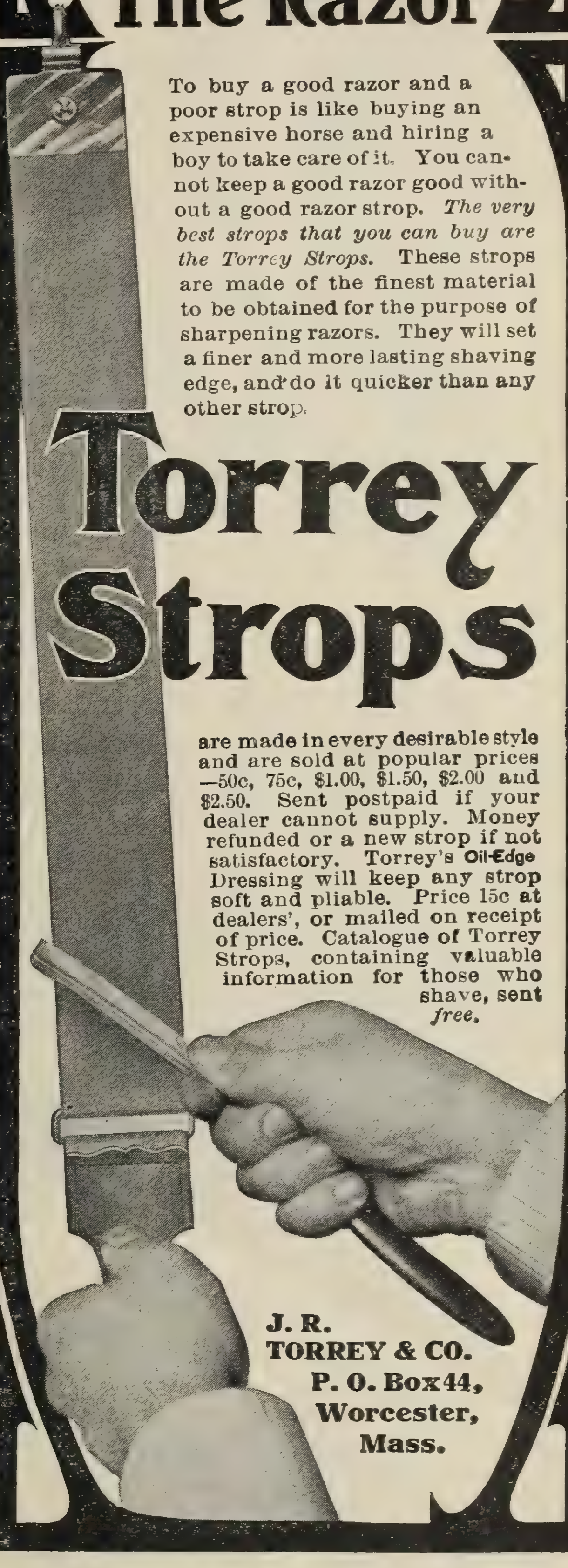

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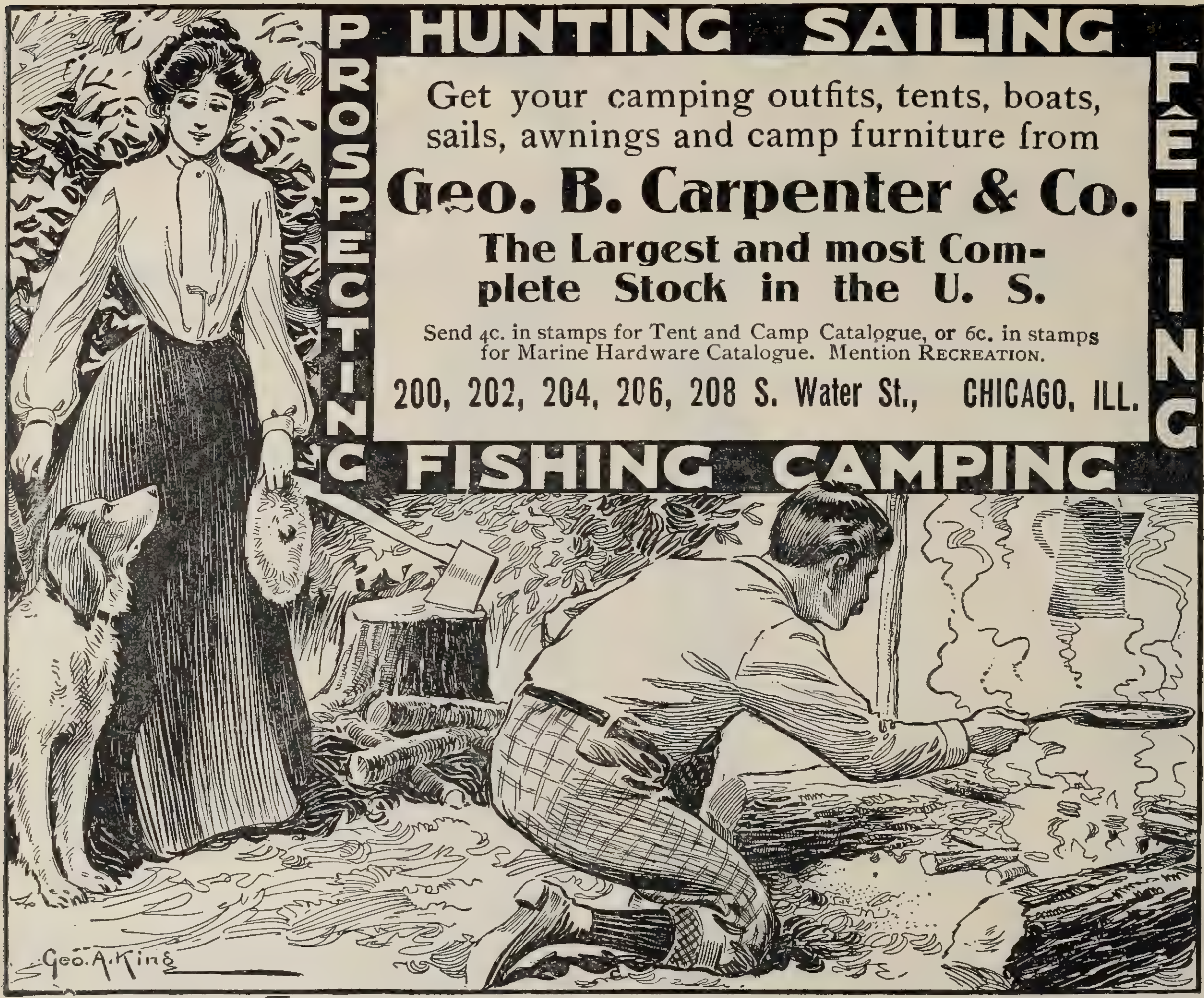

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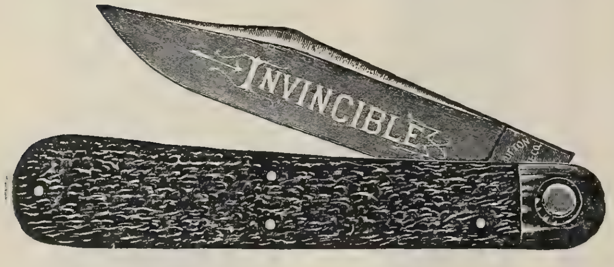

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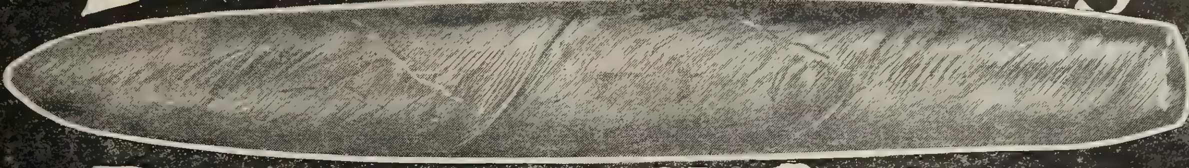

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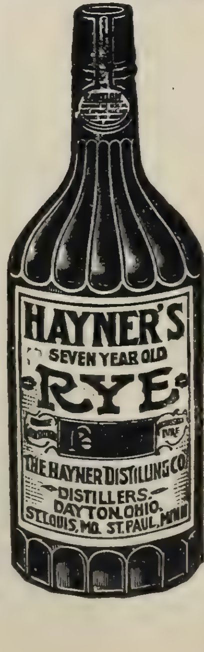

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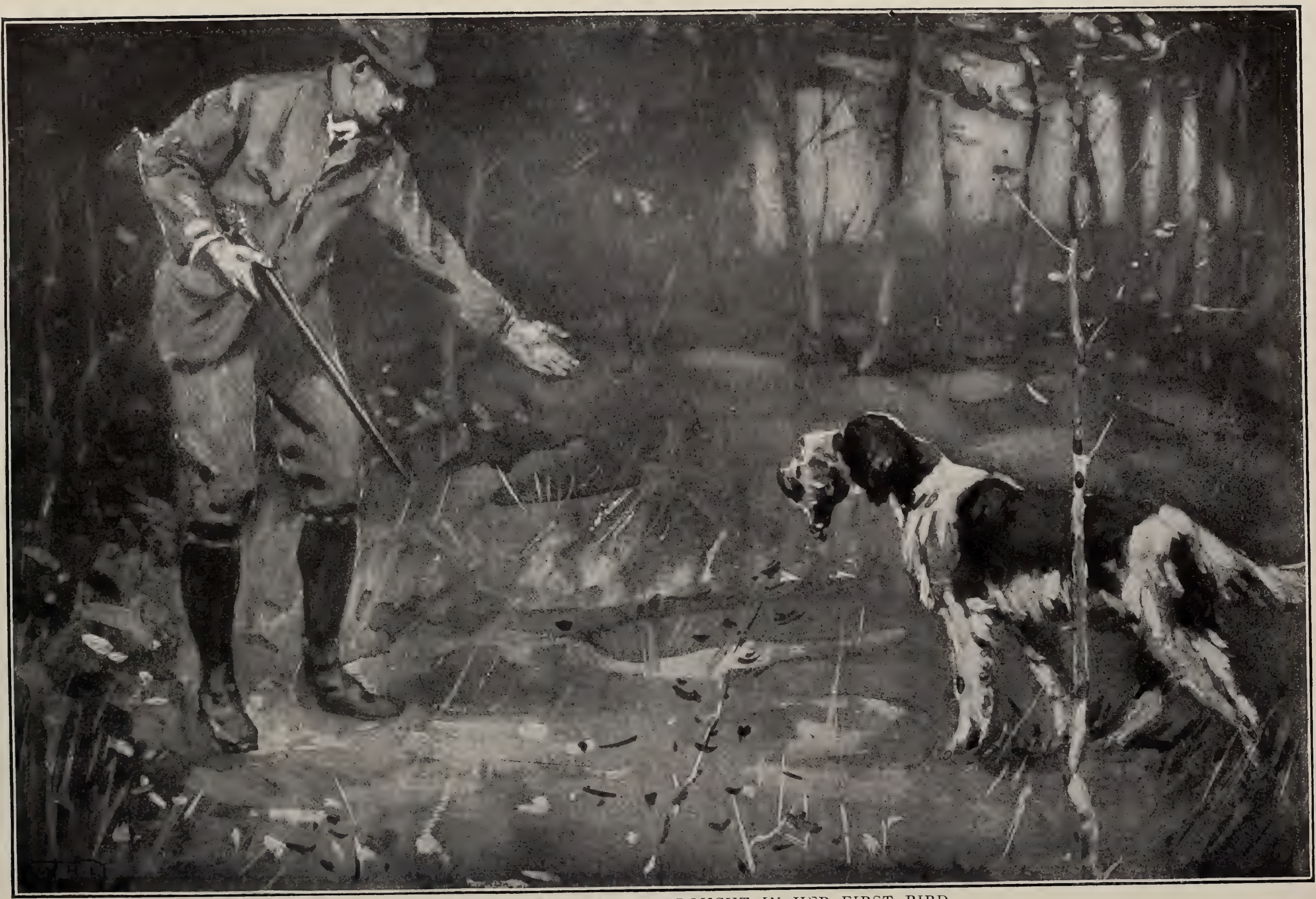


WITH A LITTLE COAXING SHE BROUGHT IN HER FIRST BIRD.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. OCTOBER, 1904 Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

NELLIE'S FIRST BIRD.

CARL CHURCHILL.

In the spring of 1901 my brother gave me a setter puppy, 4 weeks old, and as I had some leisure I resolved to train her myself. You who have gone through the experience know what vexation and what enjoyment such an undertaking carries with it. She was bright and would soon see what was wanted of her, but like most setters she was strong, of exuberant spirits, and extremely self-willed. When she was 2 months old I put my hand firmly on her broad, curly little back and said "Charge." She wagged her tail and tried to get my hand in her mouth.

That was the beginning. The details may be omitted, but at the opening of the hunting season she was 7 months old, strong, ready to obey; but she had never smelled a bird. To sparrows and such small fowl she had never paid the least attention, which worried me, as I was afraid she would not care for larger game either.

The first day we went out we had no luck. The second day was early in November, with dull skies, wet ground, dripping trees and a chilly wind. We struck out Westward and in 20 minutes we were on the hunting ground. Passing along the edge of the woods, we carefully scanned the hedgerows along the buckwheat fields, and all such likely places, with no reward until we came to a large tract of rocky land covered with weeds and dry grass. It was first-class cover and the haunt of a covey of quails.

The dog was working along pup fashion, looking for something but having no idea what it was, when up from our right, perhaps 3 rods away, went a dozen beauties, all in a bunch. The dog broke. I let the birds go and spoke sharply to her. She stopped instantly, and I easily marked the birds down in the edge of a hemlock thicket at the foot of the hill.

After scolding Nellie a little to steady her, I made another start. We worked down to where the birds had entered the woods and on into the small hemlocks, Nellie showing signs of being much interested. Soon we came to a small brush pile. Nellie came ranging up, went by, stopped, half turned, hesitated an instant, and then settled down like an old dog, tail straight, nose out, and one fore foot raised.

My heart leaped. I steadied her carefully until she had held her point perhaps a minute; then walked up and stirred the pile with my foot. There was a quick flutter, a strong whirr, a left quarter shot, and the bird was down. Nellie was thoroughly broken to retrieve sticks and balls, and with a little coaxing she brought in her first bird.

We looked through a few more likely covers and got one more bird, the result of Nellie's second point, and then sat down to let the birds move again.

After half an hour we made another start. The pup flushed her first one, but I got the next. Then we left them. We soon found another covey from which we took 2 and then started for home. In passing through a dense scrub on the way, Nellie made 3 staunch points, none of which gave me a shot, however.

We got home at noon with 5 birds, enough for one day. Nellie had made at least a dozen points and had held nearly all of them well; not a bad day for a pup of her age. When the season closed she was better than many an old dog. She is now a big, strong dog, perfect in obedience, and bids fair to rank among the best. I love to work my dog and in doing so I find double pleasure in hunting. I can kill birds without a dog; yes, enough to be a game hog; but I prefer my dog's help, and I get every bird I knock down, which counts for a great deal to my peace of mind. During the past season not a single bird did I lose that showed any signs of being hit.

A MONARCH'S FALL.

P. Q. LORING.

When sets the pale October sun
Behind the forest hills,
When in the woods the day is done,
And the forest concert stills;
Beside a pool of water fair,
A doe stands quietly,
As if she had been stationed there
By wizard sorcery.

And when it seems that all is well,
At this closing of the day,
There comes her mate, whose antlers swell
Like roots of dead wood gray.
A vain and pompous creature he,
But with a coward heart;
And every sound from shore or tree
Will make his lordship start.

A domineering old poltroon,
But loved by the gentle doe;
So he sends her first to the long lagoon,
While he waits the trees below.
A cracking twig 'neath a careless foot,
A gleam from the hunter's gun,
And quick, ere there comes a chance to shoot,
From his slender mate he'd run.

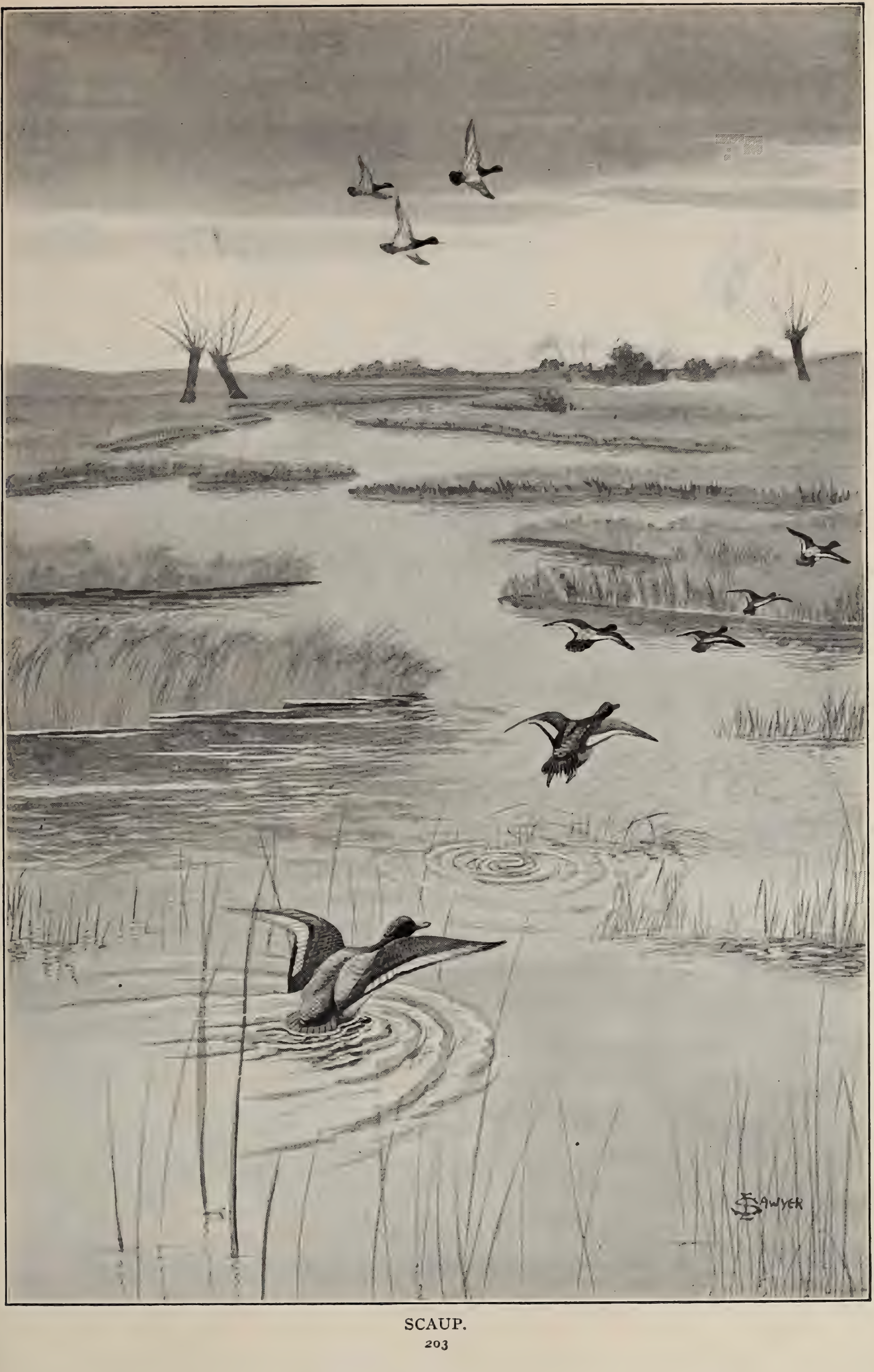
Perchance, as swift he leaped away,
He'd hear the rifle crack;
And he'd smile again, in his deerish way
As a glance he darted back.
But no grief he'd feel for her so true
Whose blood the dead leaves wet;
For one can live but one life through,
And wives are easy to get.

The hunter crouches in the grass,
With wildly beating heart;
And waits for the timid doe to pass,
Or her lagging lord to start.
Often he's watched at the twilight hour
For this buck, but all in vain!
And now by the pond where the hemlocks tower,
He is waiting once again.

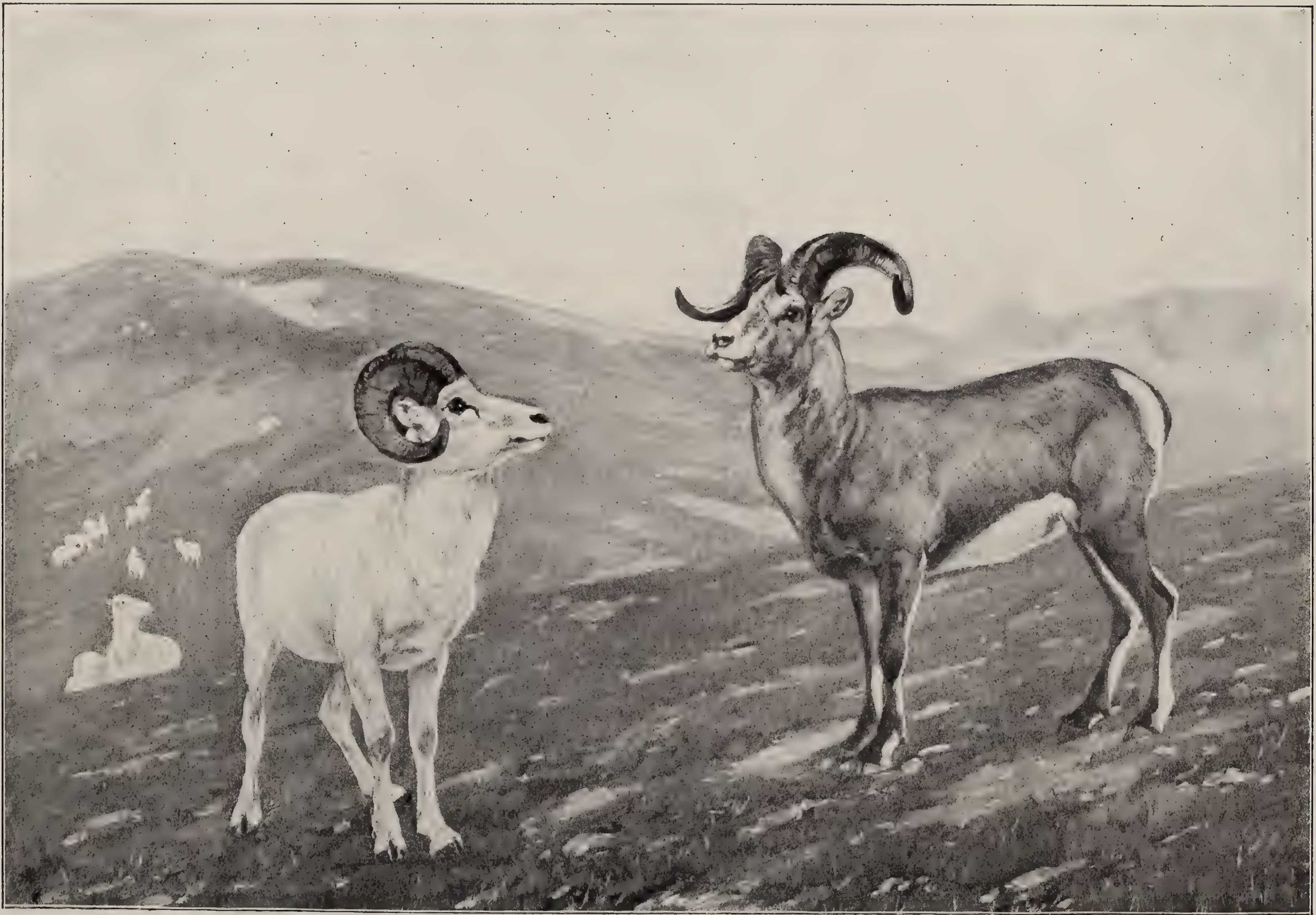
The doe glides softly to the pool,
To drink the water clear;
She stands within the water cool,
Nor dreams of danger near.
Then comes the buck, with watchful air,
And slowly moves along;
Oft lifting up his head to stare,
And see that naught goes wrong.

His fears subside as grows his thirst;
He eyes the water dim;
Since she is safe who went there first,
No harm can happen him.
Then comes a crash, a deaf'ning sound!
A flash in the grass he sees,
He feels a pang, turns slowly round,
And sinks upon his knees.

A ruddy stain on his silken coat,
A tremor in every limb,
A gleaming blade at his swelling throat—
Then his lustrous eyes grow dim.
Who walked but late with haughty tread,
As fits a woodland king—
A monarch with a crowned head—
Is now a lifeless thing.



SCAUP.



PAINTED BY CARL RUNGIUS.

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WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP (*OVIS DALLI*), AND BLACK MOUNTAIN SHEEP (*OVIS STONEI*).

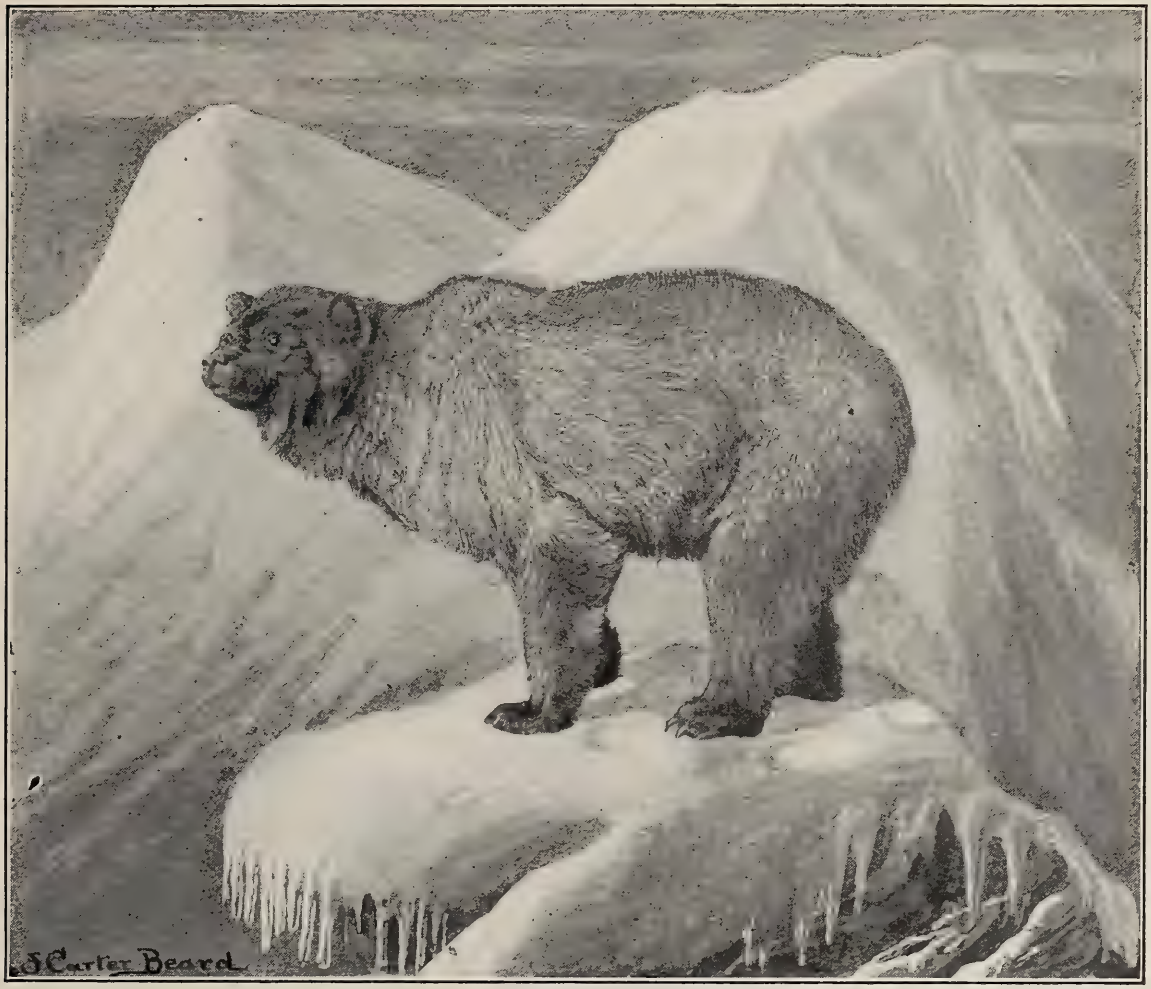
THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

G. O. SHIELDS.

No country in the world is more generously blessed with native wild life than North America; and yet for a hundred years past Americans have been blindly wondering what are the names of even our common mammals, birds, fishes, amphibians and reptiles. Of late years, however, we have been deluged with pictures of wild animals and birds. Scores of books have been published giving facts or fairy stories about our wild creatures, yet no single work has been placed before us giving concise and accurate information as to the classification of our living animals, and showing in common sense ways their relative places in the great system of nature.

Zoological parks and museums have been provided for the entertainment and instruction of the public, and thousands of people daily visit them. They see there living or mounted specimens of thousands of native creatures, and in most cases these are labeled with names which, even though printed in English, are as Greek to the average visitor. A man, a woman or a child may spend a whole day in a great museum of natural history, and then carry away only a jumbled, confused mass of information, which it is impossible to systematize or to remember. The next time the same person sees any one of these tame animals or birds, he wonders which it is. If there be at hand a naturalist, he inquires; yet he can not remember the name or the family or the species to which it belongs.

I have in my office mounted heads of



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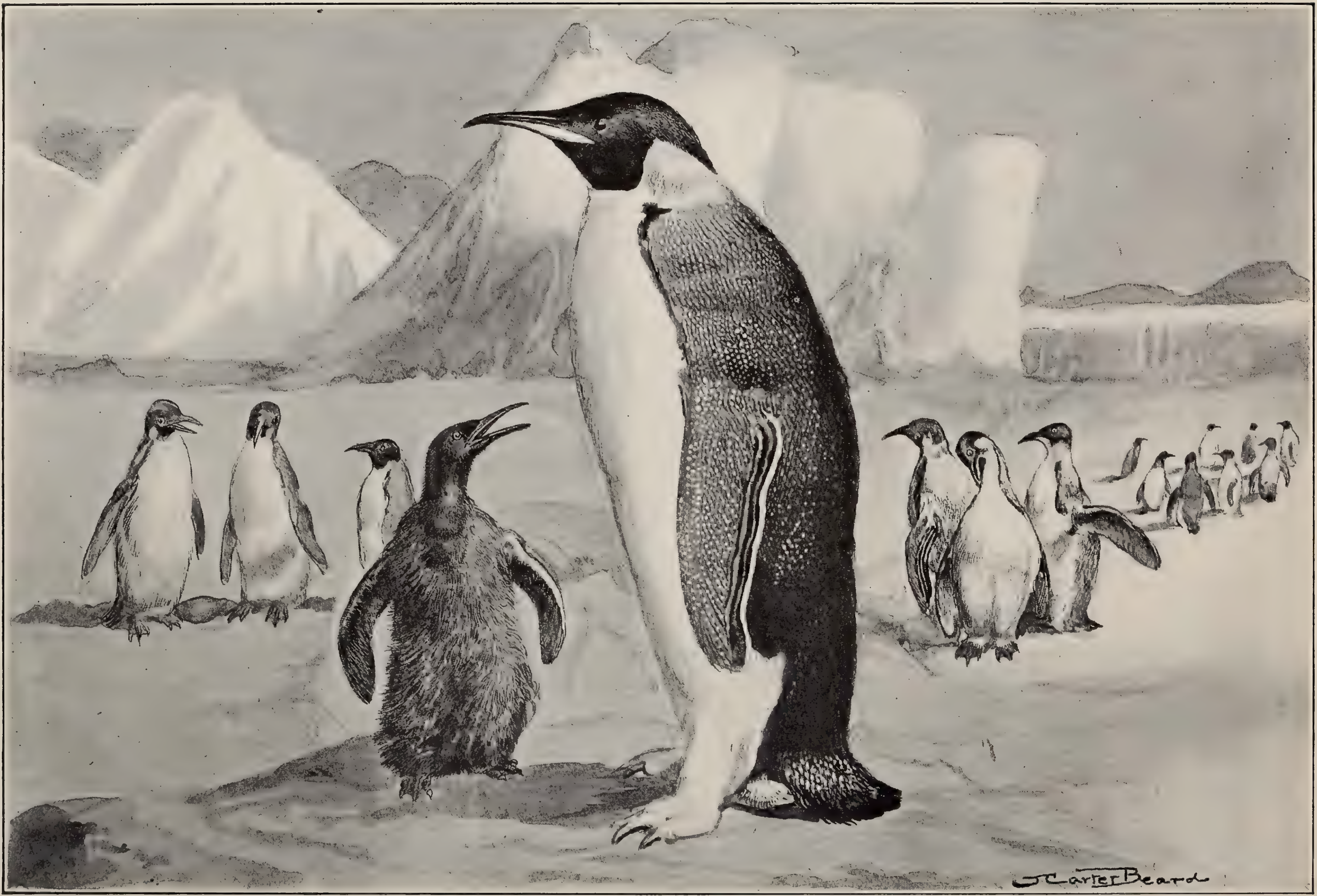
THE GLACIER BEAR, *URSUS EMMONSI.*

This small but well defined species inhabits the Western slopes and glaciers of the Mt. St. Elias Alps. Only one specimen is to be found in a museum, and not one has ever been taken alive. The specimen here shown is in the United States National Museum.



(REDUCED IN SIZE.)

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THE EMPEROR PENGUIN, OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.
The largest of the flightless diving birds, of the order *Im-pen'-nes.*

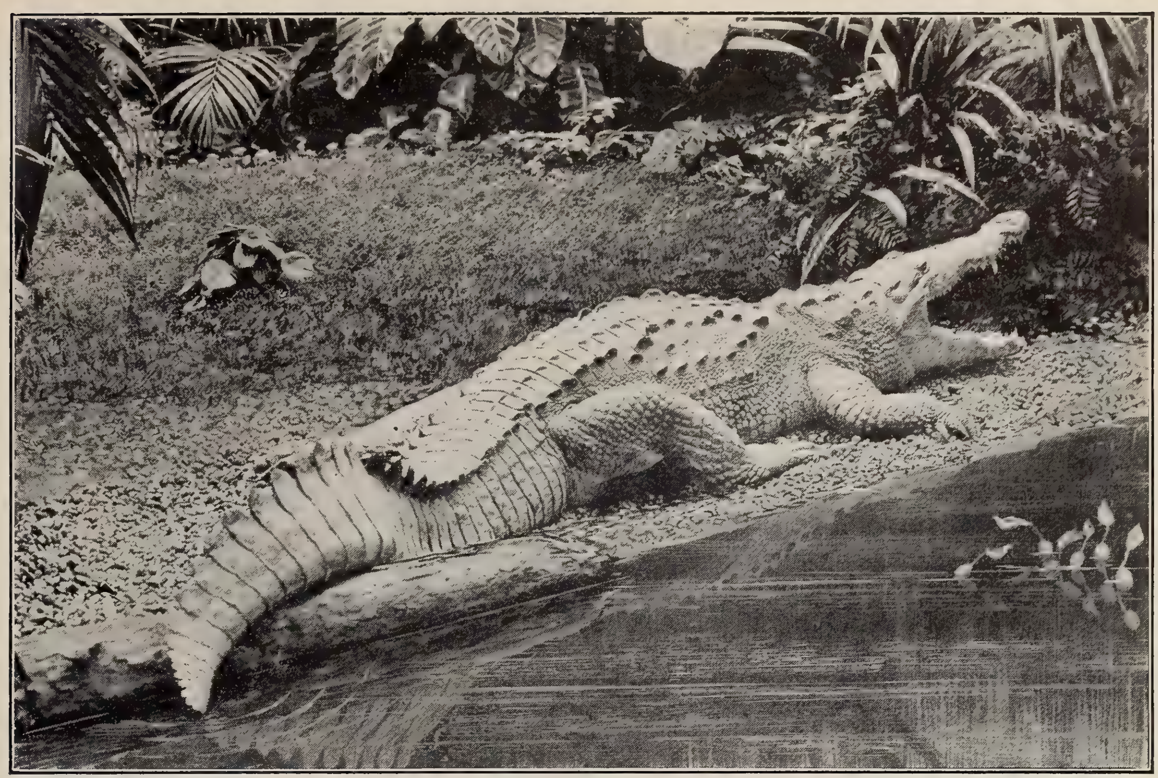

PHOTO BY E. R. SANBORN.

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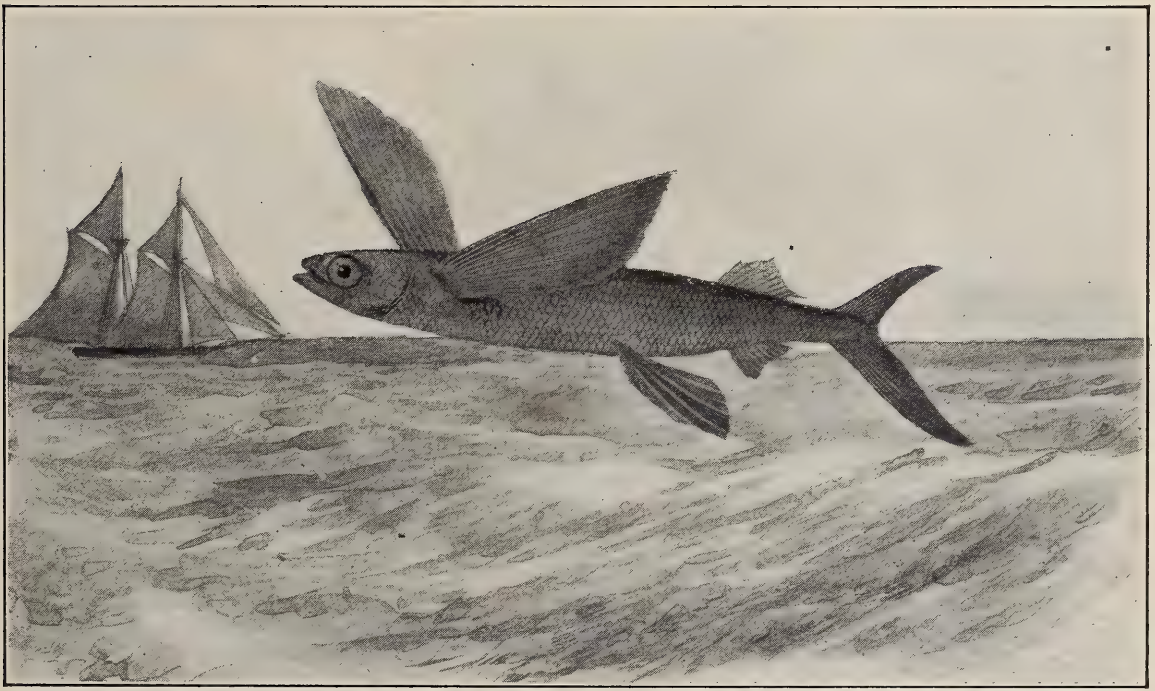
FLORIDA CROCODILE.

Female specimen, about 10 feet long, in the New York Zoological Park.

most of the species of big game to be found in this country. Of the thousands of persons who have called here and inspected them in the most earnest way, many have looked at the head of an elk and asked, "What is that, a moose?" or at the head of a deer, and asked, "Is that an elk?" Or at the head of a mountain sheep and asked, "What is that, a goat?" I have often been amused, and in other cases saddened when looking at a cage of wolves, or foxes, or other animals in the Zoological Park, by hearing people ask questions of one another, or of the keepers, as to the names of these animals. Many of these people know Greek and Latin and have "done"



DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.

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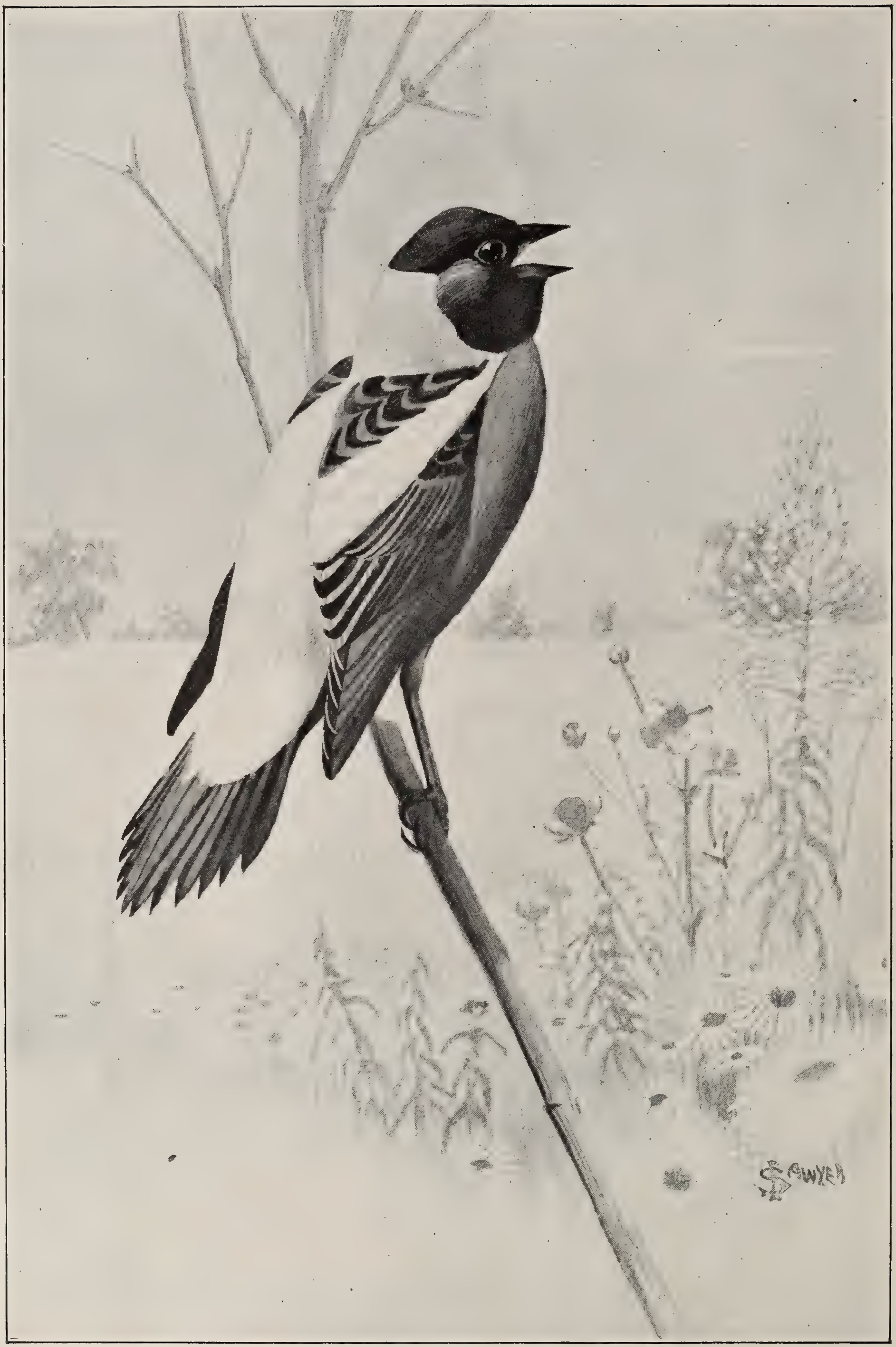
THE COMMON FLYING-FISH.



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SAWYER.

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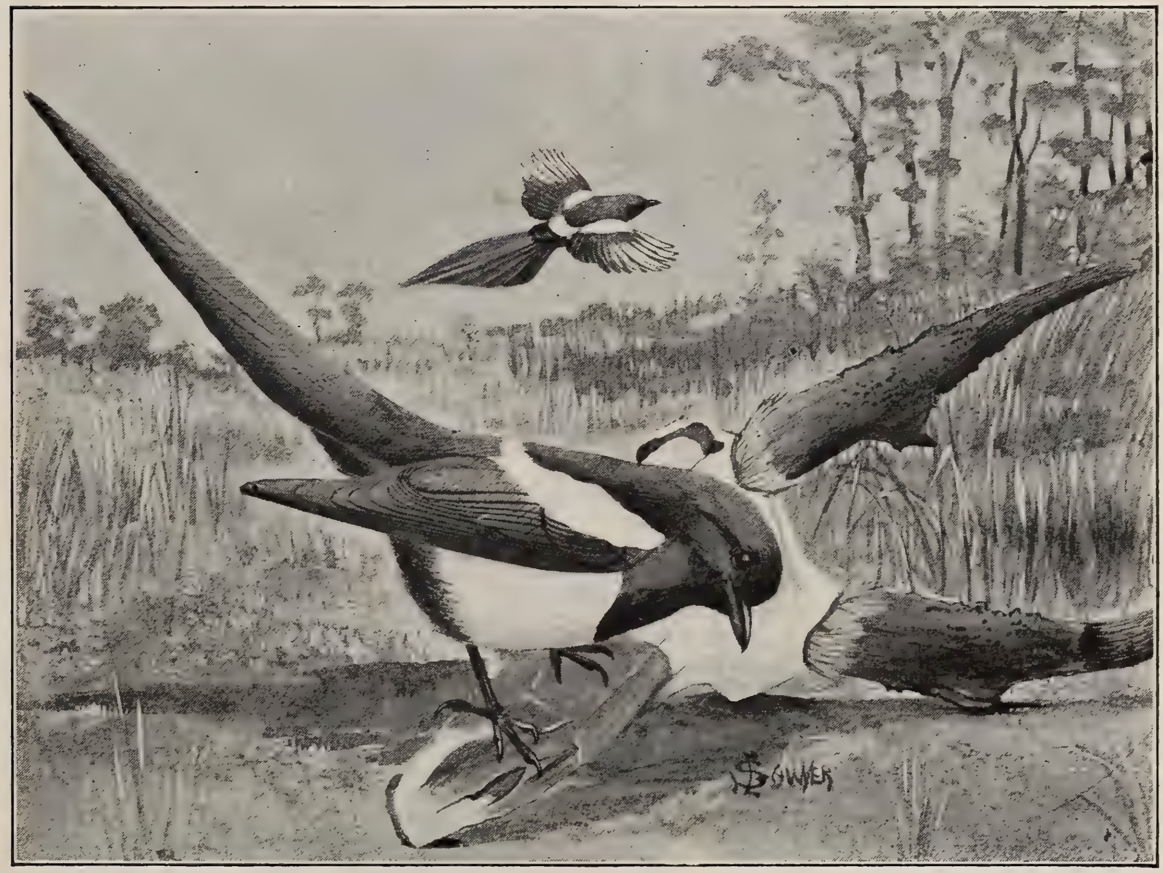
THE BOBOLINK, IN SPRING.

Europe from one end to the other, yet their lack of knowledge of the fauna of their own country is simply deplorable.

If our schools were properly conducted and carried on, any boy or girl of 15, would know more than the average man or woman to-day, about our native American wild animals and birds; but the education of the youth of this country along these lines has been universally neglected because the people who constitute our boards of education are themselves ignorant of these creatures, and there has been no "best Natural History" from which to learn. For 15 years, at least, teachers and pupils alike have been asking, "What is the best Natural History" of our own wild animals?"



DRAWN BY E. J. SAWYER. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. T. HORNADAY.

THE AMERICAN MAGPIE.

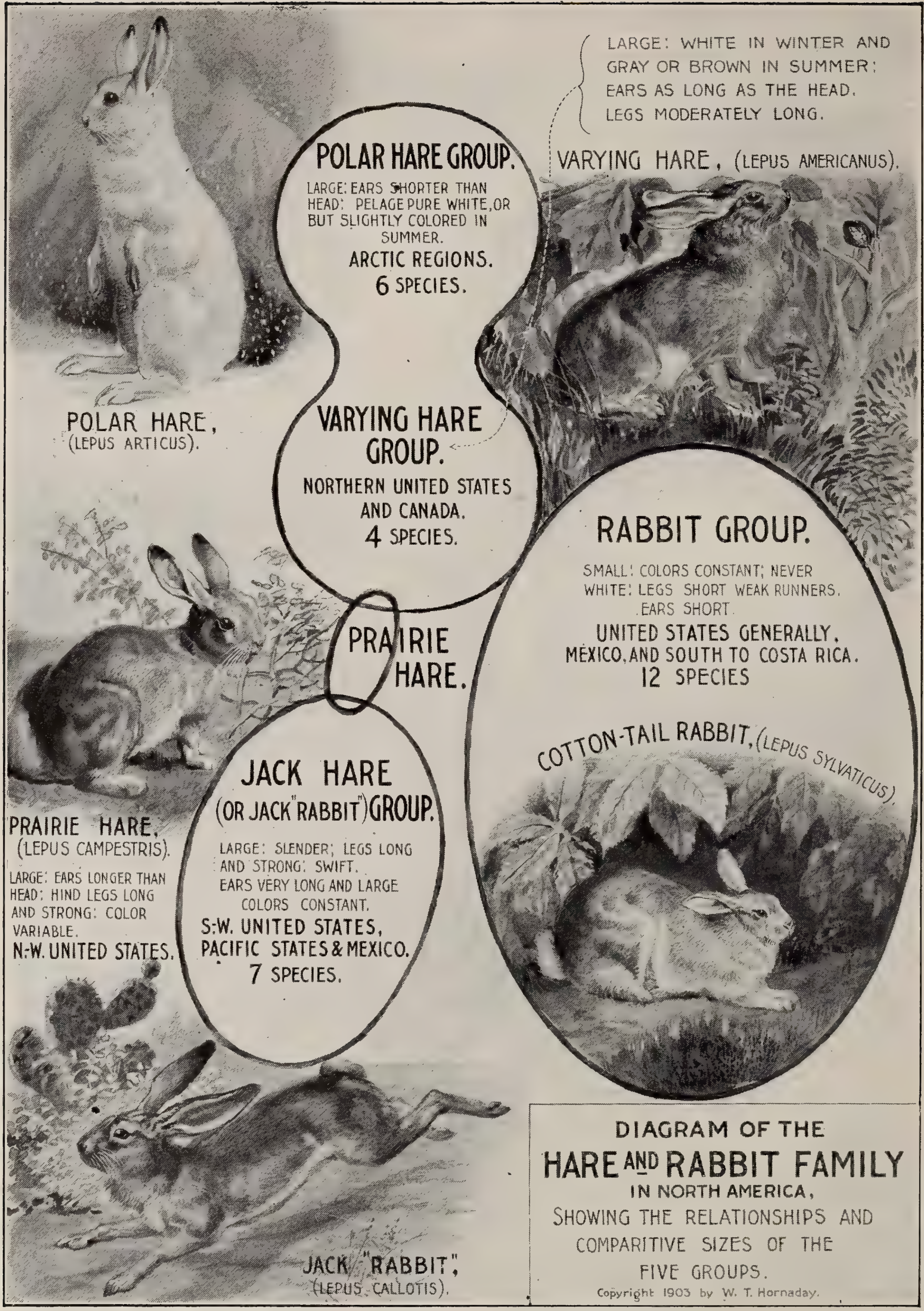
At last this question has been answered. There has been written and published a book that will provide not only the young but the old, with adequate and accurate information regarding the principal beasts, birds and fishes of this continent. Hereafter there will be no excuse for anyone to remain ignorant of the general characteristics of these wild creatures, and their classification.

I refer to "The American Natural History," written by W. T. Hornaday, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

No man living is better equipped for such a task than the author of this book is. He grew up on an Iowa farm, surrounded by wild life, and has been, from childhood, an earnest and eager student of our fauna. He was educated as a zoologist, he served an apprenticeship in the largest natural history laboratory in the world, and became an expert zoological collector and taxidermist. That institution sent him abroad to study and collect specimens in various parts of the world, and he served in that capacity many years. Later he was employed for 8 years by the United States Government, on the staff of the National Museum, in Washington.

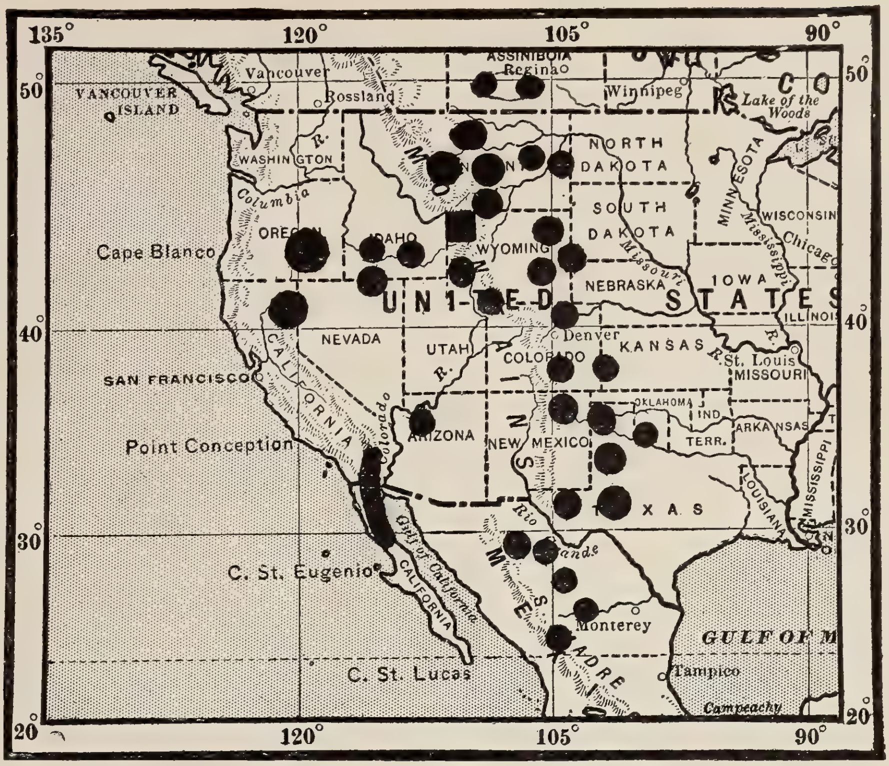
When the New York Zoological Society was formed, and a search made for the best man to create a great zoological park in the metropolis, the choice naturally fell on W. T. Hornaday. As a result, New York has now the greatest zoological park in the world, and yet it is not finished. The plans of the Society include a course of several years more of building and collecting specimens from the entire world.

It is simply marvelous that while burdened with the duties of planning and build-


LARGE: WHITE IN WINTER AND GRAY OR BROWN IN SUMMER: EARS AS LONG AS THE HEAD. LEGS MODERATELY LONG.
VARYING HARE, (LEPUS AMERICANUS).
POLAR HARE GROUP.
LARGE: EARS SHORTER THAN HEAD: PELAGE PURE WHITE, OR BUT SLIGHTLY COLORED IN SUMMER.
ARCTIC REGIONS.
6 SPECIES.
POLAR HARE, (LEPUS ARTICUS).
VARYING HARE GROUP.
NORTHERN UNITED STATES AND CANADA.
4 SPECIES.
RABBIT GROUP.
SMALL: COLORS CONSTANT; NEVER WHITE: LEGS SHORT WEAK RUNNERS. EARS SHORT.
UNITED STATES GENERALLY, MEXICO, AND SOUTH TO COSTA RICA.
12 SPECIES
PRAIRIE HARE.
COTTON-TAIL RABBIT, (LEPUS SYLVATICUS).
JACK HARE (OR JACK "RABBIT") GROUP.
LARGE: SLENDER; LEGS LONG AND STRONG: SWIFT. EARS VERY LONG AND LARGE COLORS CONSTANT.
S-W. UNITED STATES, PACIFIC STATES & MEXICO.
7 SPECIES.
PRAIRIE HARE, (LEPUS CAMPESTRIS).
LARGE: EARS LONGER THAN HEAD: HIND LEGS LONG AND STRONG: COLOR VARIABLE.
N-W. UNITED STATES.
JACK "RABBIT", (LEPUS CALLOTIS).
DIAGRAM OF THE HARE AND RABBIT FAMILY IN NORTH AMERICA,
SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIPS AND COMPARITIVE SIZES OF THE FIVE GROUPS.
Copyright 1903 by W. T. Hornaday.

THE NORTH AMERICAN HARES AND RABBITS.

A bird's-eye view.


135°
120°
105°
90°
50
40
30
20
VANCOUVER ISLAND
Vancouver
Rossland
ASSINIBOIA
Regina
Winnipeg
Lake of the Woods
WASHINGTON
Columbia
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
WISCONSIN
Chicago
OREGON
Cape Blanco
IDAHO
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
IOWA
UNITED STATES
ILLINOIS
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
Denver
KANSAS
St. Louis
MISSOURI
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA
OKLAHOMA
IND. TERR.
ARKANSAS
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Point Conception
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
Rio Grande
C. St. Eugenio
Gulf of California
CALIFORNIA
Monterey
GULF OF M
Tampico
C. St. Lucas
Campeachy

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DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE,
As far as known in 1903.

ing up this great institution, the Director thereof could find time and could endure the labor of writing and preparing the greatest natural history book ever written; but W. T. Hornaday was equal to the task.

He began work on this book 3 years ago, and it has but recently come from the press. In reality it represents the careful and accurate observations of a lifetime, boiled down to the limits of one large volume.

He has covered the subject as completely as the limitations of available space would allow, and while more might have been said of some of the species, the work could not have been more detailed without making 2 volumes and doubling the cost. Every naturalist knows that it is easy to talk or to write indefinitely of any important wild animal or bird, but few such men know where to stop. Mr. Hornaday not only knows where to begin, and what to say on each subject, but he knows when he has told all that the average reader cares to know. Furthermore, he knows how to give all necessary information in the fewest possible words, and when the student reads what is said in this book, of any particular species, he feels that he is personally acquainted with it.

Naturally a man who knows so many things worth knowing about birds and animals, and who knows how to dissect, or skeletonize, or mount a specimen, would also know how to illustrate a book of this kind. Consequently Mr. Hornaday selected the best artists in the world for his purpose. The names of Carl Rungius, J. Carter Beard, C. B. Hudson and E. J. Sawyer appearing frequently in this great work are of themselves a sufficient guarantee that the drawings are technically correct; yet, in the making of these drawings, Mr. Hornaday has greatly aided the artists by careful directions and criticisms.

Mr Hornaday also appreciates the value of the camera in portraying nature, and more than 100 beautiful photographs have been reproduced in the book. Altogether the volume contains 343 illustrations, and the pictorial part of the work is equally complete and exhaustive with the text.

Another valuable feature of the book is a series of maps showing the distribution of certain species. Then the book is so completely indexed that it is the work of only a few minutes to locate the description and the picture of any species of which the student may seek information. This book should be in every home, in every school, library, ranch and camp in America, for it is a practical, common sense book for all. I hear that both publishers and author have made a great effort to keep down the price of this splendid volume to a figure so moderate ($3.50 net, expressage extra), that no one need be without it. It is the finest book at the price ever put on the market, and might well have been sold at $5.

As showing more fully the plan laid down and followed by the author I quote from his preface:

"By natural inclination, every child is interested in animals. Whenever a grown person is not interested, it is positive proof that the natural instincts of childhood either have been turned aside, or stifled by lack of opportunity to live and grow. The love for animals is, I believe, even more universal than the love for music.

"Whenever I try to sum up the amount of living interest and genuine delight that is yielded by even a modest acquaintance with the higher forms of life, 'I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me!' It seems a pity that so many appreciative persons should lose so much of life through lack of acquaintance with 300 important and well chosen species of animals.

"In these days of struggle and stress for place and power, and in these nights of insomnia and nerves, there are few side issues more restful or more pleasantly diverting to a tired brain than an active interest in some branch of natural history. A hunt for the life history of a fine animal species is next in restfulness to a real hunt, over the fields and far away, with all cares and worries left behind.

"There is no royal road to a real acquaintance with living animals. Entertaining and truthful story books about quadrupeds and birds are excellent in their way, but they do not, and can not, go down to bedrock, and lay foundations on which the pupil can build for aye. It has been decreed by Nature that he who will not work shall not know her. There is no process by which the secrets of Nature can be placed automatically in a giddy mind.

"The author maintains in this volume, and out of it, that system is the only master-key by which the doors of animate nature can be unlocked. Even with boys and girls 15 years of age, the foundations of natural history classification must not be ignored! Let them but begin right, and the structure is bound to rise; but beware of all chaotic jumbles of unrelated facts!

"This volume is intended as builder's filling in the chasm that now exists between the technical zoology of the college and nature study lessons of the common schools. I am certain that many nature study teachers dislike their work solely because they lack suitable sources of information. Surely it is unnecessary to suggest to any intelligent and sincere teacher that it is possible to utilize only a portion of this book, by selecting the subjects best adapted to each particular class, and passing over the others.

"Anatomy is necessary to the advanced student; but in a book for schools and the general reader, it is easily carried too far. As with human beings, the first thing to be learned about an animal is its place in Nature, and after that, its personality. It is only the scientific specialist who wishes to know first about its mandibular symphysis, the geography of its sutures, and the size of its auditory bullæ.

"I have striven to accomplish two ends: (1) to make clear each animal's place in the great system of Nature, and (2) to introduce the animal in such a manner as to enable the reader to become personally acquainted with it. The subjects chosen for introduction are not confined to any one section of our country, but represent all North America, and even lands beyond. For the purpose of avoiding wide gaps, several important foreign animals have been included."

It now only remains for the men and women of this country to read and to study this book carefully. It remains for boards of education and for universities and colleges, to place the book in every school room. It remains for the great army of teachers to study it carefully and to see that their pupils do likewise.

After this, there will be no further excuse for the man, or the woman, or the youth, who may still be ignorant as to at least the leading characteristics of all the birds, quadrupeds, fishes and reptiles of the continent of North America.

The American Natural History, by W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, author of "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," "Two Years in the Jungle," etc., Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $3.50 net.

THE SONG OF THE 'POSSUM.

F. H. MELOON, JR.

It's ho, when the autumn winds are sharp
And the night comes clear and cool!
The trees respond like an icy harp
To the breeze by the frozen pool.
It's ho, I say, for the woodland way
And the frost that falls like a goad!
Strike, dogs, and fail on my misty trail
Where I follow the tree trunk road!

It's ho, when the leaves are crisp and brown!
And the corn is stacked on high,
And the tiny mounds of the musquash town
Are firm to the foot, and dry.
It's ho, I say, for the far-off day
And the fields where the farmers mowed!
Strike, dogs, and fail on my faint traced trail
Where it leads to the tree trunk road!

It's ho, for gold of the squandered squash
And brown of the fallen vines!
It's ho, for the mountain waters' wash
And the reek of the platted pines!
It's ho, I say, for the far off day
When I turn to my bare abode!
Strike, dogs, and fail on my wavery trail
Where it trips to the tree trunk road!

LOG RAFTING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

EDWIN BARTHOLD.

As he floated past Lewisburg, the pilot had shouted to us that he would snub his raft for the night at Blue Hill, a point 8 miles distant, where the North and West branches of the Susquehanna unite to form the big river. There we were to join him for our annual trip.

Late in the evening we packed our kits and caught the owl train. Dropping off at Blue Hill, where we slowed for a switch, we set out to find Bill and his raft. Apparently this was an easy thing. There lay the fleets, side by side, just at the bridge. Blundering aboard in the darkness, we yelled for Bill and were informed that nightfall had caught him still a mile and a half behind the others and we would find him at the Seven Kitchens.

We headed upstream, never doubting we should find him. How we pushed our way through weeds and briars, how we scrambled over ditches and waded, for 2 long hours, in a foot of mud and water, and how the moon set and left us fairly bogged, are pleasant memories of unpleasant realities. We never found Bill, but sullenly paced our way back to the others and, uninvited, turned in at 4 in the morning.

Even that night had an end, and when Bill came sweeping along about 6.30 we were careful not to miss him. A flying leap to his frosty craft, a handshake all around, and we were fairly embarked.

With the passage of the chute at Shamokin dam came our first taste of excitement. We stood well aft and I can feel, even now, that first sense of exhilaration as we watched the big logs dive under the breakers, felt the raft heave up and down under our feet and heard the groaning of the tough hickory withes. All the while we were flying down the chute like a bird; then we shot out into the broad river again and rowed the clumsy craft over where the current was swiftest.

All that day we floated through a land of rugged beauty. Precipitous cliffs shut us in on the left, while on the right sloping hillsides gave way, at length, to mountains, rich in a purple haze and dotted with country homes. Where the mountains came down to the river their sides were jagged and seamed, and down these furrows little streams hastened in leaps and bounds. Sometimes the mountains nearly came together, and there, where once had been solid rock, the river plunged through the passage it had worn for itself in the countless ages. Garments of moss and forest trees softened these harsh outlines and covered many an aged scar. Above, below and on either hand, the river was studded with islands, adding subtle and indescribable charm. In deep souled content we floated through this panorama. At times we listened with keen interest to the yarns of the crew, for to them every rock and mountain was a page whereon they read wonderful tales of all that had gone before. At other times we lay in the warm sunshine, wrapped in our blankets, or watched hungrily while the cook worked just inside the tent door. Though the sun was still high we stopped at McKees, and after a hearty supper and a ramble along the old canal, turned in, to dreamless slumber.

The next morning we found ourselves in a fairy world. The light filtered coldly through heavy clouds that enveloped us. With the coming of the wind, these began to shift, rising and falling, gathering and dispersing with weird effects. Mountains loomed up suddenly with no base, forests of trees with no trunks, or trunks with no branches; islands appeared and disappeared mysteriously and the scene was constantly changing and shifting. To us it was beautiful, wonderful; to the raftsmen ominous. It kept the pilot uneasy, and the men stood close to their oars.

Toward noon the fog lifted and again we settled down in dreamy eyed content; but suddenly danger threatened. We were in midstream at Girty's Notch, already beginning to hear the roar of Green's dam, not far below us. To pass it we must cross to the South side and go through the chute. A storm had sprung up off that shore and down went the tent. We sprang to the sweeps, and there we toiled until the cords stood out on our necks and the sweat poured off our faces, but we could not force the raft ashore. The roaring grew louder; the wind fiercer. We ran with the sweeps and dipping them swiftly, sprang against them with all our force. Foot by foot we were gaining; but the raft was sweeping down stream like a racer. Almost at our feet the falls were thundering when, with a leap and a splash, Al was ashore! In an instant we threw him the line. He passed it around a birch. Snap, crack, rip —the tree was giving way. Again he made fast.

Then slowly the raft was snubbed; but rest was not yet for our tired bodies. Wood and water were fetched and the tent was set up, just as the rain caught us. Inside our tent we defied the storm, and when we had eaten our evening meal we slept peacefully through the stormy night.

Early the next day we cast loose and

went gliding along in the twilight fog, like a specter craft. The passage of the chute was glorious, for the swift, birdlike motion exhilarates one like wine. Once outside the chute we found ourselves in a maze of rocks and swirls and treacherous currents that gave us small leisure to watch the Juniata that just there joins the Susquehanna, or to note the smoky forges of Duncannon. Avoiding Hen and Chickens, and sweeping past the ruined piers at Dauphin, we shot through a narrow arch of the stone bridge at Rockville. Past Rockville were Harrisburg, Steelton, Highspire and the White House. There again we snubbed, for below us lay the falls of Conewago, demanding a special pilot. He soon came aboard, but for 3 whole days we lay there, as he dared not run the falls in the high wind.

On the morning of the fourth day, however, there came a lull in the wind. While the stars were yet shining and the mist lay heavy on the river we cast loose, for old Gus had said we must strike the rapids by sunrise. Huddling about the fire, we were munching our bread and ham and gratefully drinking coffee, when a bend in the river brought us in sight of the rapids. Just as we swung into them the sun shot up over the Eastern mountains, and broke through the tapestry of silver and blue that covered the sky.

All along the island we skirted the shore, gliding under trees and barely missing the rocks. With every foot the waters became wilder, and the roar increased; with every moment our hearts beat faster. Swinging past the lower end of the island, we came suddenly to the great falls. There were crests and hollows, there was blinding spray and a deafening roar and we were about to plunge into it. There were angry rocks to dispute our passage and the slip of an oar might mean ruin. Before we could think of these things we were in the heaving waters.

The forward oars were both tied down and all hands came aft save the pilot, whose aged frame was bent forward, his white hair and beard glistening in the sun, while with one hand he motioned to the steersman. The raft groaned and creaked; it waved up and down; it jumped one billow only to drive under the next; it staggered and shook from the force of the waters; and sometimes a great wave would come sweeping over all its length.

The pilot stood unmoved. The years were dropping from his shoulders; his bent frame was straightening itself, when suddenly his oar came untied and dropped into the foam. A second, the wink of an eye, would have wrenched it loose, turned us broadside to the stream and perhaps sent us helplessly against the next rock. But before the waves could grip it, the old man had bent like a flash, seized and raised it, and held it down with his foot. So he stood all through that long plunge.

A few more waves, a few more shocks, a few more plunges and we shot into smooth water below. Looking back we saw this great mountain of water through which we had passed, and when we looked at our watches we found the eternity of bewilderment, the hours of excitement, measured by 7 little minutes.

And then came a short, peaceful run to the harbor, the packing of the tent and equipage and our journey was over.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. T. F. ROBERTS.

FEEDING ANTELOPE.

Winner of 29th Prize in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

THE BIGGEST ONE GOT AWAY.

W. L.

Old Sport taught us all we knew about fishing and for a while we were content to take advice and learn what we could. There came a time, however, as there always comes to boys, when we thought we knew at least as much as our teacher. His primitive tackle was too heavy and clumsy, we could handle a canoe as well as he, all his fishing grounds we knew.

I was the first to burst my hat band, when I bought a Bristol steel rod and outfit. Old Sport shook his head but said nothing. The kid's hat became so small that he went without one and soon he had a rod to match mine.

The season of 1903 opened and Old Sport determined to show us that we knew nothing about fishing as yet and that our tackle was no good. To prove this he brought home, one day, a bass weighing 3 pounds 10 ounces and impressed on us the value of knowing how to fish. The next week, however, I landed one that weighed 4¾ pounds. That record held until the last of the season.

It was our last fishing trip before going to our respective colleges. We had invited Carl to go with us. Things were to be exciting. No doubt of that. Old Sport and Kid were in one canoe while Carl and I were in the other. Carl was no angler but an expert in handling a canoe. In the other canoe they had the grim determination to break my record while I was just as determined to keep ahead, and I knew Carl would do his best to help me.

The day was beautiful and the water had an enticing look, with its gentle ripple. I was soon casting a grey backed frog with my utmost skill. Fifty yards to the East of us was the other canoe, slowly gliding over good fishing grounds and a glance told me they were doing their best.

Old Sport had bought a steel rod for the occasion and I smiled to see him cast. He was not used to the spring of such a rod. We worked carefully around every snag. Frogs were sporting among every bunch of lily pads and across every deep hole in an earnest endeavor to get a rise.

Suddenly I heard a shout from the other canoe and beheld Old Sport, paddle in hand, ready for action, while Kid, every faculty on the alert, was playing a big fellow. How the pole bent and the line swished! I found myself holding my breath. Would he land him? Such mad rushes! Yes, up he comes, tired out, his great mouth wide open, and is safely taken aboard!

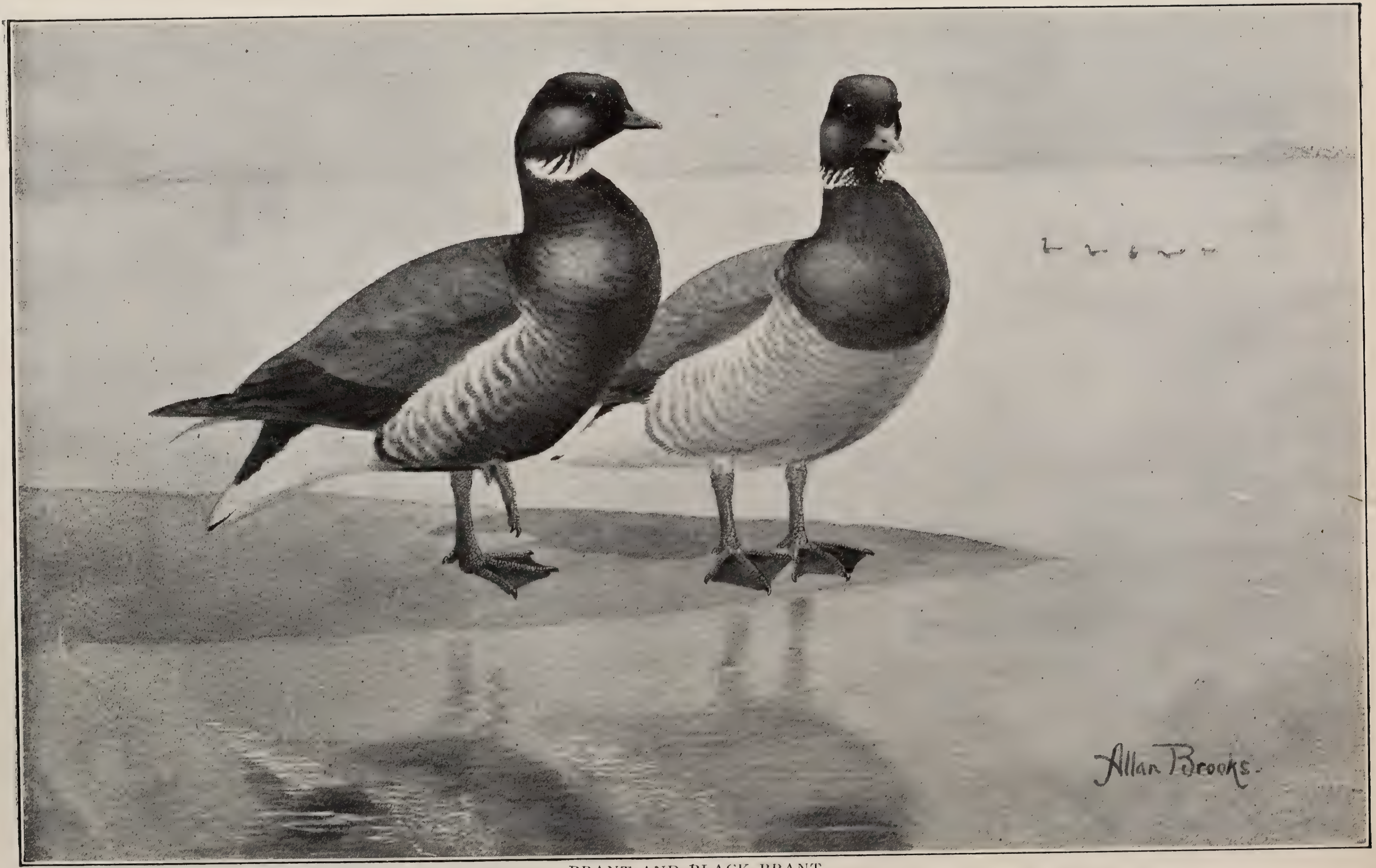
I felt my hopes sink for the bass was larger than my fish that had so long held the record. My courage was speedily revived, however, by Carl's exclamation as he got fast to one. It proved to be a small mouth of about 2 pounds weight and gave Carl all the excitement he wanted.

Fifteen minutes later, as we were rounding a point, I made a long cast to reach the other side of a deep hole. My frog had scarcely touched the water when there was a tremendous splash. How fast I had to work to give that fish the line he wanted! Suddenly he stopped and when he started again I fixed the hook and the fun began. Straight away for 30 yards, then back he came, just as fast. I could not take up line fast enough and probably would have lost him if Carl had not paddled backward as hard as he could, thus keeping the line taut. Finding that his tactics would not work, the fish started off again and how the reel did sing! Backward and forward and sidewise he rushed, my reel singing and my rod bending like a whip. At last I could see that he was tiring. Then he came near the top; then down he went to the very bottom, just showing us his broad tail as he turned! When he came up again we got him in. He looked as large as the one in the other canoe.

Half an hour later I got another large bass from the same hole.

The sun was going down over the hills West of the lake, the water was smooth save for a slight ripple now and then. We were elated over our good catch and being about ready to go home were somewhat relaxed. I made a long cast, just to be doing something, into the wake of one of those little ripples that dimpled the lake. A huge bass suddenly jumped clear of the water and literally fell on the frog. Away went 10 yards of line at a jump! Something happened. Hardly knew what. I suddenly felt myself going swiftly backward, there was a pause for an instant and then the cool water closed over me. I gripped my rod tightly and when my head was clear of the water I became aware that something was tugging like fury on my line. At first it seemed as if he would pull me under, but after a vicious tug the line slackened and the fight was all over.

Then I thought about the fish in the canoe. We had put them in the bow, so they had not fallen out, as the end was covered. We easily swam ashore and were met by the other canoe. They also had 3 fish. The scales proved the weight of fish caught by the other canoe to be 5½, 1½ and 1¾ pounds respectively, while ours were 5 pounds, 4 pounds and 2 pounds 3 ounces. My record was beaten but I was happy.


Allan Brooks.

BRANT AND BLACK BRANT.

THE BRANT.

ALLAN BROOKS.

The American sportsmen's nomenclature teems with misnomers, but in no case are they so glaring as in that of the geese generally called brant. On the Atlantic and Pacific sea coasts real brant are found and are known by their correct names; but over the rest of the continent every other species of small goose has the name misapplied to it. The alleged brant of the Southern interior of British Columbia and Alaska is either the cackling goose or Hutchin's goose, both of which are miniatures of the Canada goose. On some parts of the Northwest plains the various species of snow geese or wavies are called brant or white brant. By far the worst misnomer is the so called brant of the Mississippi valley; and Westward. This is the white-fronted goose, the only true *Anser* found in America. In time these misnomers will dispute the title with the original owners just as in the case of the mule and blacktail deer. Of the true brant, or, as they are known in the British Isles, brent, the common brent *Branta bernicla,* is a bird of wide distribution, being found throughout the Northern portion of the Northern hemisphere. On the Pacific coast it is rare, though I have shot typical specimens. There it is replaced by the black brant, *Branta nigricans.*

In the black brant the white collar is continuous around the front of the neck; in the Eastern species it is interrupted in front by the black of the neck. The under parts are also blacker in the Western species, without a sharp contrast in the color of the breast and neck. Old males of *bernicla* are sometimes nearly as dark as *nigricans.*

Both species of brant can always be distinguished from the cackling and Hutchin's goose by the position of the white patch on the neck. In the brant this is always on the upper part of the neck. The other geese, like the Canada goose, have the white on the cheeks only.

The brant has many congeners. One of the closest is the barnacle goose, *Branta leucopsis,* of Northern Europe, which is lighter colored, with the forehead and sides of the head white. Another, and the handsomest of all geese, is the red breasted brant of Northern Asia. The Canadian goose and its smaller relatives are also included in the genus *Branta..* These are more inland birds, true brant. Both *nigricans* and *bernicla* are practically confined to the sea coasts, rarely being found inland. They are the neatest and most graceful of geese, corresponding to the teal among ducks. Their flight is rapid and at times almost as erratic as a teal's. On land they walk gracefully and are capable of running at great speed. On the water they are among the most graceful of water fowl, floating lightly, the tail elevated, the white flank feathers lapped well over the wings, making them show more white than black on the water. They swim buoyantly, picking up their food with dainty little pecks. Occasionally they feed in shallow water. They then tip up just as a mallard does. These brant never dive for their food, but when wounded and pursued dive deep and far, using their wings under water just as in flight. When one wing is broken close to the body they are unable to dive far.

Their food is principally eel grass, *zostera marina..* When this is plentiful they get enormously fat, and are then the best of all water fowl for the table. Later when this grass is uprooted by the winter storms the brant get thin and lose all their fine flavor. They then feed on various grasses and algæ in shallow water.

In the spring herring deposit their spawn on the eel grass, algæ, etc. Brant feed on this voraciously and become so rank as to be unfit to eat.

The note of the Canada goose is a grating or rolling cry in various keys, according to the age of the bird, and might be syllablized as crank or cronk. It has various modulations of expression.

Brant usually go in flocks of 5 to 7, the 2 parent birds and their last year's brood. Later in the season they get together in huge flocks.

The size is variable, large old males weighing 5 pounds. The young are much smaller, sometimes no larger than a small mallard. The young of the year can be recognized by the light colored tipping to the wing coverts and back feathers.

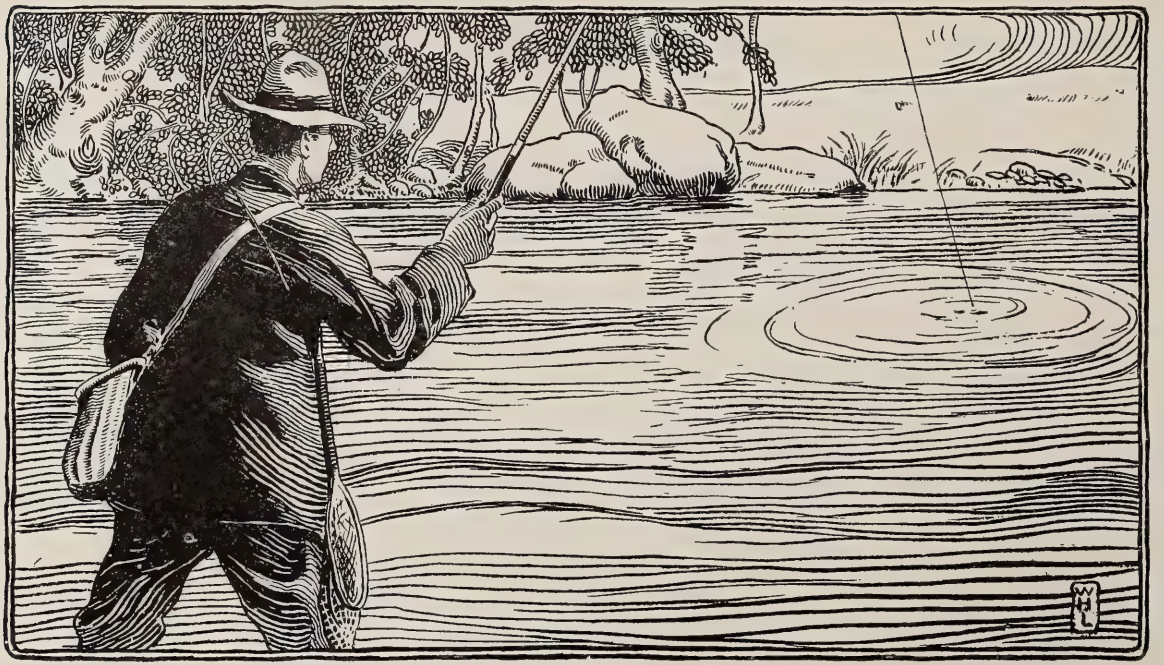
The breeding ground of the Canada goose is the most Northern of that of all geese, their summer home being the most Northern and inhospitable islands of the Arctic ocean, and along the extreme Northern rim of this continent.

The color of the iris is brown in both species, black bill, feet blackish shaded with olive on the tarsi. The illustration represents typical specimens of both species. Both are drawn from adults, the black brant, on the left, being a male, the Eastern species a female.

SONG OF THE SPORTSMAN.

PIERRE SOULE.

We're up with the sun, by the rippling brook,
With split bamboo and a feathered hook,
Whipping each eddy and shaded nook,
For a 2-pound trout we're wishing.
A cast, a rise, and the whir of the reel!
As homeward we go with a well filled creel,
Tired but happy, we're bound to feel
There is no sport like fishing.

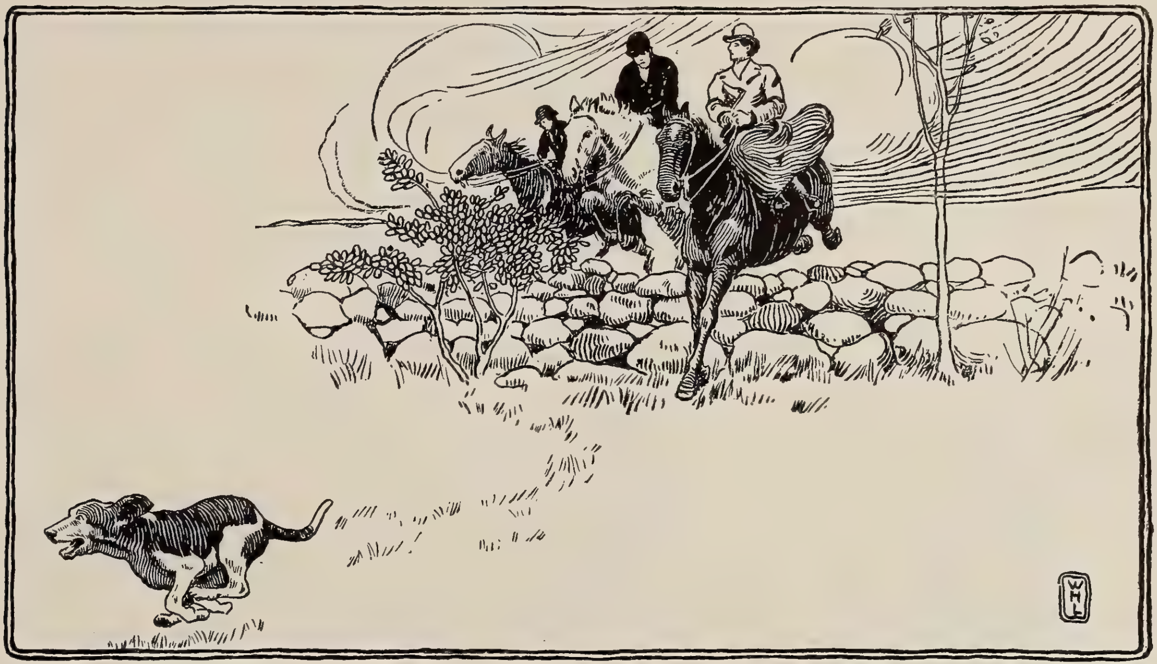


A hunter sits by the pond-hole small,
Decoying the bay snipe with plaintive call,
While goodly birds to his good gun fall.
When the owl at the winter moon is hooting,
The hunter thinks of his blind by the bay,
And recalls the pleasure he had that day,
For there is no sport like shooting.

The wind blows free in the hunter's face,
And his steed flies on at a steady pace,
Doing his best to be first at the place
Where the sly red fox is hiding.
As the far-off bay of the running hound
And the mellow notes of the whip's horn sound,
The hunter tastes of the joy that's found
In the noble sport of riding.

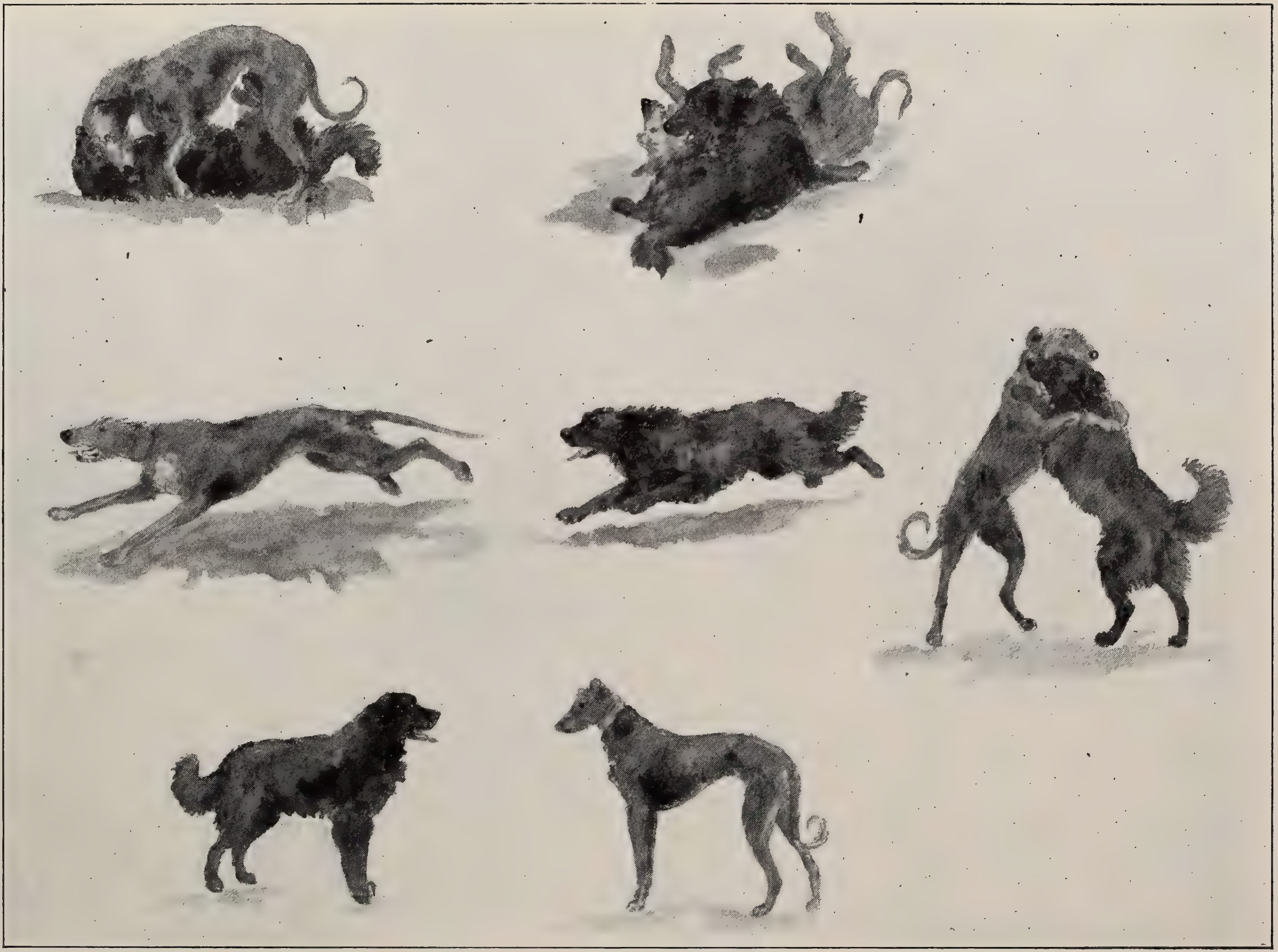
As the morning sun shows her light in the East
And the otter is tasting his newly caught feast,
The hunter is setting a trap for the beast,
While the woodpecker loud is rapping;
Or he fixes a snare by the light of the moon,
A strong figure 4 for the cunning coon,
Ere he visits a trap where a mink will be soon,
For there is no sport like trapping.

Oh! what joy is found on the water blue,
As onward we swing with the stroke so true
In the boat with the rest of the jolly crew,
On the rippling water floating;
Or out on the lake when the sun has set
And the twinkling stars in the heavens are set.
'Tis afloat on the wave true fun's to be met,
For there's no sport like boating.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. C. NICHOLS.

THE ANXIOUS MOMENT.



See page 266.

AT PLAY.

DRAWINGS BY EILEEN HOOD.

AN INCIDENT IN MOUNTAIN FISHING.

JAMES R. WATSON.

After waiting 10 days for the water to reach a suitable stage of clearness, my companion and I arose one morning at 4:30, ate heartily of the breakfast which the landlord of a West Virginia mountain hotel had prepared for us, and set out for a day's black bass fishing. We carried all the paraphernalia of anglers, even to the flask of good old Bourbon without which no well ordered angler ever leaves home. The necessity for an antidote for the bite of rattlers, which abound among the rocks in this section, is perhaps greater than in most other localities, although certain maliciously inclined persons assert its larger use to drive away that tired feeling attendant on ill luck.

Walking briskly through the yet sleeping village, we crossed the long toll bridge which there spans the Shenandoah, and on the center of which one may stand at the convergence of the boundary lines of 3 States, Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland. The Virginia end of the long bridge reached, we swung off down the road to the left, which, for a mile or more, winds through one of the wildest sections of the old Commonwealth. War's ruthless hand left its heavy imprint there, as witness huge dead and uprooted trees, tremendous boulders shattered by the impact of shells from the Union batteries which crowned Maryland Heights during the great civil conflict, and great caverns in the mountain side which gave shelter to many a party of Yanks or Johnny Rebs. Once out of sight of the bridge and around the turn of the road, the evidences of civilization are few. They consist for the most part of a small clearing in the thick woods, where economically inclined Virginians tie their lean animals, hitched to ancient vehicles, to save paying toll, and, crossing the bridge on foot, carry their produce into the village. In the distance is an occasional cabin, standing at a frightful angle against the mountain side.

We soon left the road and emerged on the river's bank at a favorite spot for anglers known as the Three Boulders. Rods were quickly jointed and rigged and our lines were soon being merrily whisked about by splendid shiner bait. During the first half hour the confident expectation that the next moment would bring a strike would not brook even the momentary laying down of rods. At the end of that time this confidence began to weaken, and we were content to lay aside our rods long enough to fill and light our pipes for the morning's smoke. Another half hour passed in silence, except for alternate low voiced conjectures on the part of Billy and myself as to why the fool fish did not bite. Then that silence was suddenly and rudely broken by the discovery that Billy's line was fast on the bottom. His ejaculations of disgust, coupled with his vigorous efforts to dislodge it, startled me from my semi-expectant reverie. Our joint repeated efforts were finally rewarded by the recovery of his line minus the hook. Another hook was quickly made fast and silence again reigned. That time a small toad was sacrificed by way of bait. After another hour the strain became too great to be borne. I resigned to Billy sole possession of the field, along with the care of my rods, and set out to find some new delicacy with which to tempt the appetite of the reluctant fish.

Going back to the road from which we had turned off and continuing down it half a mile, I came to a log cabin which stood 50 yards back. A small clearing of about half an acre surrounded it. A loud "hallo-oo-oo" brought out on the rickety steps at the front door a motley crowd, consisting of a woman, an even half-dozen scared looking children and a lean, lanky half-hound-half-mongrel dog, with 3 of her playful offspring. In reply to a rather doubtful "Who air ye, stranger, 'n whut do ye want?" I stated my desire for the aid of some of the youngsters in securing crayfish which swarm among the rocks around the springs there. My offer of money was met with that habitual indisposition of the mountain classes to work. The sight of my pipe, which I began refilling, changed their indolent attitude, and almost in a single breath they volunteered to catch me "tew doz'n crawfeesh" if I would give them a "snack uh t'bacca." A promise that they should have the whole paper when they returned with the bait sent them in search of it. It was more than an hour before they returned with the stipulated 2 dozen large crayfish. During their absence I carried on a conversation with the mother of the family. She had the usual tendency of the rural classes to tell a stranger all about themselves. In spite of the direst poverty, she seemed happy and content. Her story was short, but it covered her lifetime of 50 years.

"I wuz bawn up th' mounting a ways."

These people have no conception of distance other than the boundary formed by the summits of their native mountain ranges.

"We wuz reck'nd a fair fam'ly. Pap had

uh snaick er graoun, 'n we raised ouah own cawn n' gyarden truck, hawgs 'n sturrs, made ouah own licka en wuz fair relijus. I hed met up eth Cal (her husband) at bush meetin's, 'n kain er tuk uh faincy ter him, though I's young then. He b'longed tuh anurr mounting fam'ly daown 't th foot er th' rainge. I reck'n, stranger, askin' yo' pahdon, et I mus' er bin a fair luk'n gal then, 'cause I rec'lecs once a aing'neer er the guv'n'ment frum th' Furry 'peared ter like me right smaht. He used ter haing 'raoun ouah place considerbul, 'n oncet he aisked me fer tuh mairry him. He said he'd cairry me tuh th' city fer ter live. But I jes cud'n beah tuh leave these hyare ole mountings, 'n besides I'd got et inter my haid 't I wan't fer no sich ez him ennyways. Why, I cud'n er felt no bettah in er city en a wild bird would in uh caige. No, suh, I jes cud'n go.

"Long abaout this time th' revenner offisuhs got wind uh Pap's still. They waited fer him and ketched him et wuhk. They smaished th' still n' tuk Pap in er waggin, entendin' fer tuh put him in jail. 'Cal' hed laid low n' watched th' whole thing, 'n et wah him ez gethered th' gaing fer to take Pap away fum th' offisuhs. The gaing came up 'th 'em goin' daown the mounting, broke the irons off'n the ole main, smashed th' waggin ter shivers 'n tuhned th' offisuhs loose fer tuh git home the bes' they could. Uv coahs I jes' natchully seemed ter kind uh b'long ter Cal efteh thet. He see this 'n shined up to me more peahrt, 'n efter we'd ben er coahtin fer nigh onto foah yeahs we wuz mairried by er travel'n Methodis' pahson.

"We lived up 't th' ole place fer quite er spell, 'n then we moved daown heah 'n tuk this place. Yuh see, we got er little paitch er graoun, er house et'll keep aout th' col', an' 6 good chil'lern. We mainages ter git uh livin', 'n I reck'n, stranger, we ain't got no cause fer tuh graowl."

At this moment the youngsters returned. Presenting them with the promised paper of tobacco and some small change by way of good measure, I took my departure. Before I was out of sight, mother and children were pulling away with evident relish at their old cob pipes, the baby meanwhile wailing at the top of his voice, doubtless in protest at not being allowed to join in.

Returning to what had proved a Waterloo as long as I remained on the ground, I found that Billy had landed 5 bass. The fires of hope, kindled within me at sight of them, were destined to be dismally extinguished by the failure to hook a single fish, though Billy got 3 more.

At sunset we packed our traps and started home. Billy was pleased in the possession of his fish; but not more so than I was at the peep I had had into a sphere of life with which I had until then been unfamiliar.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY P. SPITTAL.

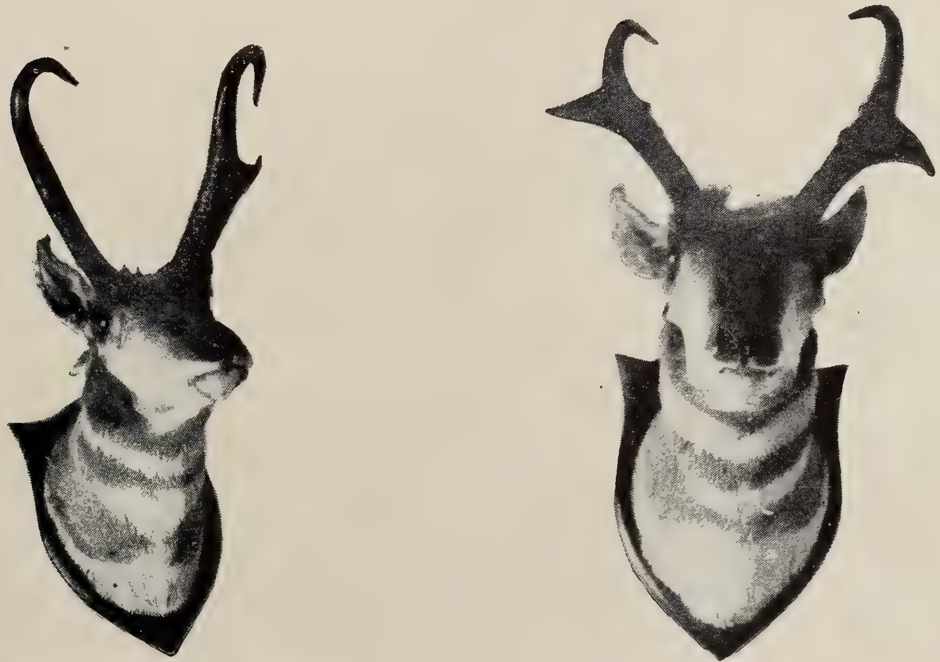
THE FOSTER MOTHER.

Winner of 26th Prize in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

TO A WILD DUCK.

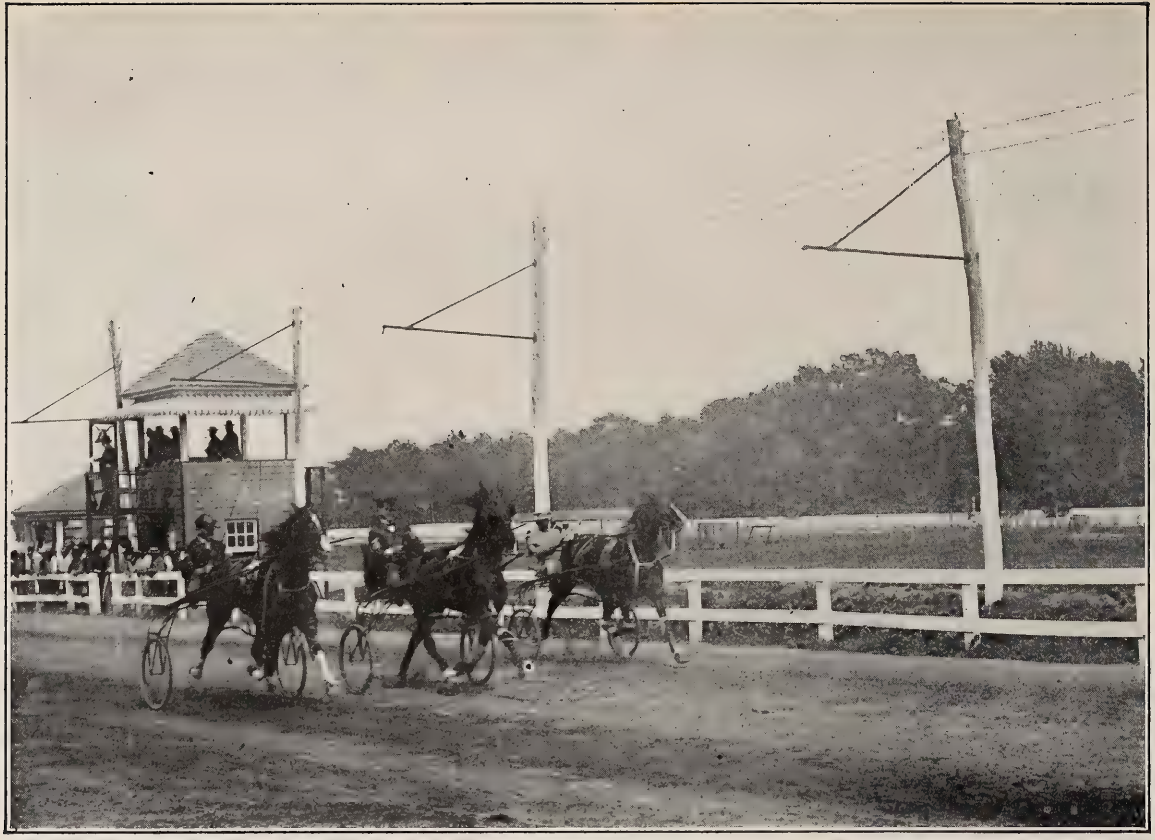
JAMES R. WATSON.

Thou green crested patriarch of travel, whence comest thou?
Pause a while in thy weary flight and tell me now,
Hast lately flown o'er Northland, where thy piercing eye saw naught but wide
expanse of glistening snow?
Or hast last looked upon the Southland, with tropic sunshine fraught, where
roses and magnolias grow?
Has thy long flight passed o'er the city's crowded ways.
Through lurid nights and smoking, hazy days?
Or was it far from these, o'er quiet hill and dale?
Or hast been worn and buffeted by rude and blustering gale?
Art thou not tired with long journey, and wilt not rest,
And bathe, and plume thy wings, and gain new zest?
Thy very frame must be aweary worn,
And need, maybe, new strength ere coming morn.
Nay? An' must thou rise e'en higher in thy flight? Well get thee gone,
And wing thy way unharmed, untrammeled and alone.
Bon voyage! Godspeed thee where'er thou may'st be bound,
Thou can'st not know the good friend thou hast found.



LENGTH OF HORNS 17½ INCHES. PRONGS 4½ INCHES WIDE.

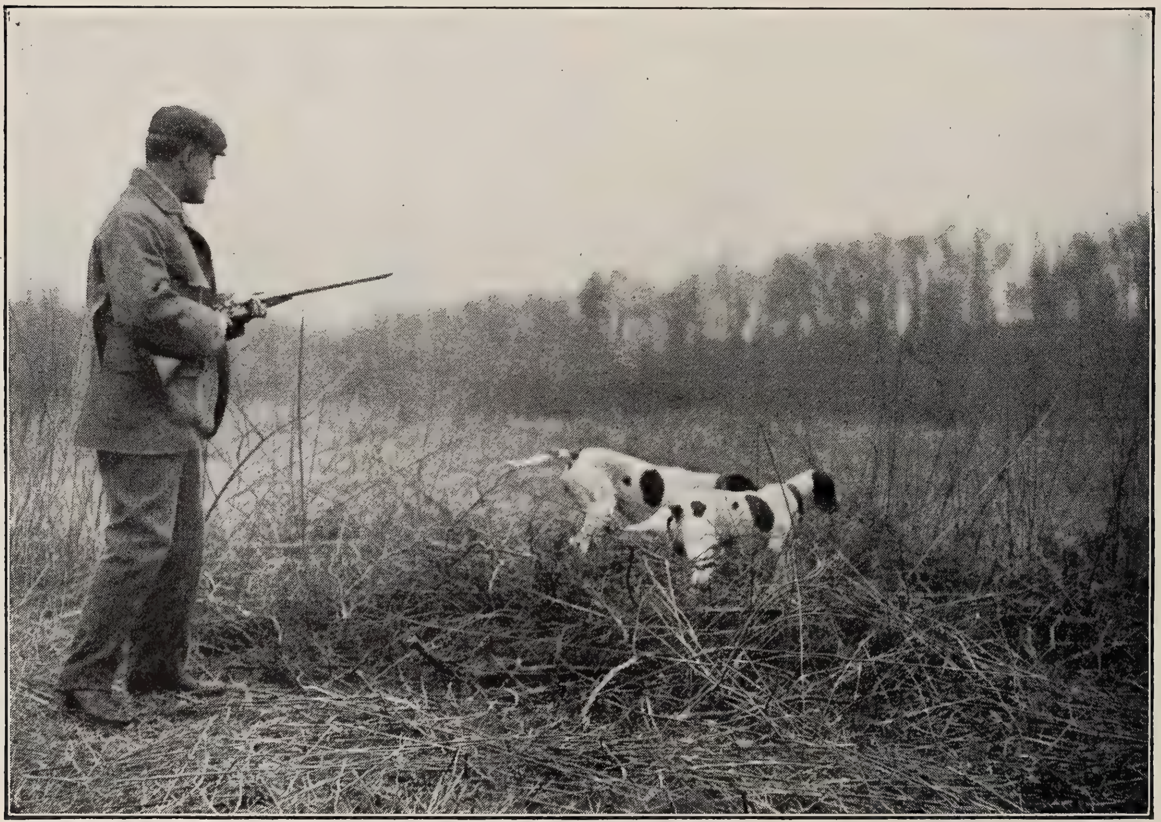
A GOOD PAIR.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY WM. H. FISH.

A GOOD START.

Highly commended in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY U. C. WANNER.

A HOT CORNER.

Highly commended in Recreation's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

ESTABLISHING HIS POSITION.

A. A. E.

Several years ago I was enjoying to the full a hunt in the Drowned Lands of the St. Francis river, then an ideal spot for one fond of primeval nature and a mixed bag; for we really hunted, and frequently killed deer, turkeys, ducks and squirrels; but our main reliance was the lordly mallard. The lucky hunter who has felt the tingling thrill as a big lusty greenhead breaks through the entangling cane in his upward spring will agree that of all duck shooting, jumping mallard holds the palm.

There was then, and may be now, a clause in the game law of the State imposing a gun tax on the non-resident gunner, but no one seemed to pay any attention to it. I had not taken out a license, so it was with a sense of guilt that I heard the sheriff was in the camp, when we returned late from an all day shoot. My host, Mr. Frienze, also seemed worried, though he put a bold front on the matter, and together we faced the music. A tall, gaunt man, flannel clad, trousers in boots, slouch hat, met us at the door. Frienze did the honors gracefully, and the 2 disappeared behind the log cabin whence at intervals their voices came to me in apparently heated discussion. I shifted into dry clothin, and then interviewed the cook as to an extra duck or so, which I had finally persuaded him not to skin and dry to a crisp under pretense of cooking, but to treat in a civilized manner. Presently the pair appeared, and, after telling me Jones had called to see me about my gun license, Frienze withdrew and left us alone. I suggested we defer the question until I had done the honors of the camp in a steaming magnum, for the nights were cold. While consenting, the sheriff did not thaw, and it was only after a large supply that he unbent. Finally he consented to stop and take pot luck with us.

The ducks, underdone to a turn, were a revelation to him, and as he did full justice to them, he unbent, so that when we adjourned to the only other room and he lighted his pipe, he was approachable.

From the first I was devoured by curiosity to know how he had acquired a ghastly, hardly healed scar, commencing at the corner of his right eye, dividing his nose and ending at the point of his jaw, leaving a welt almost a finger broad across his face. This, together with his backwoods dress, his errand and the surroundings, made a typical picture of a real bad man of the Southwest, and I was sure there was a story worth hearing connected with the scar. I administered yet another toddy and ventured to ask him how he got that scar. Instantly he froze, and grunted:

"I done never like to talk 'bout that."

I assured him I intended nothing personal; that I knew an officer might have a hard time doing his duty among the lawbreakers of such a hard county as his, and I was sure he had received it in an honorable encounter. This smoothed his ruffled feathers, and after a pause he said, "Wall, ye see, hits this-a-way. When I was 'lected shurriff hyre, a moughty bad man that was a makin' a heap o' trouble, he 'lowed how as this hyre county wasn't big enough for to hold both on us, and he did a heap of disrespectful and pisin' talkin'. Now, I don't hanker for no trouble, but if hit's goter come, my way is to go for hit, not around hit; so as soon as I got well fixed in office, I got onter my crittur and went down to the timber camp where he was workin'. Well, I rally waren't countin' on havin' trouble. I wanted to talk hit over; but, sirs, as soon as the ornary cuss saw me a comin' he let out a yell, an' the whole passil on 'em come a runnin'! I jes' told 'em hit was a trouble o' hisen and mine, and they formed a ring while I got off my hoss and got ready for bisness," and standing up with a fierce light blazing in his eyes, he reached down to his boot top and pulled out the most blood curdling knife I had ever seen. Then he resumed.

"He was too blaim quick for me, though, and caught me a wipe across the face"—a pause, while he held the glittering, murderous knife poised in mid air.

"Well?" I questioned breathlesslyy.

"Well," he continued, "I jes' let him have it in his dinner. I drawed it across, turned it back"—acting the scene.

"Well?" I again asked, as he paused.

"Oh, well; that's all; 'cept they buried him nex' mornin' and I was a blaim long time gettin' 'round again. But there haint none of the fellers 'round here that 'sputes my say so now; and, stranger, 'bout that matter o' yer shootin'—you jes' go on an' shoot all you want ter. If any feller axes you 'bout hit, jes' tell 'em I tole you to, and you won't be bothered."

I was not; except by bad dreams for a while.

What do you get out of your garden?
"Bills."—Life.

HE GIVE HIS LAST CENT.

MOSES THOMPSON, JR.

English Exactly as she is writ.

In Olden days several centures ago when only trafic could only be had by horse back and Stage's. in those days such as little town's and Village's some of them was a far distance apart. and some times a traveler would be one and two days reaching some town or village to stop and rest. In a very large place in France, living a large settlement of people. nothing but wealthy Royalty's. In those days a man having a Son and when that Son become of age it was always custom for the Father to give his Son a start when he became twenty one years of age. Such as money and stock to start him off to make a living then for him self. So fortunately it was that a Son of a Royal family become of age. of twenty one. On that day his father had been to town and drawn out of his bank whom he did banking business with One Thousand dollars. and on the last day of his aged son whom become twenty one years of age. His father taken the young man to his room and sit himself down and also commanded his son also. and began to explain his will and offer to his Only Son. His father then began to talk. the boys fomer name was Johny, Johny his father said?. On this day my lad you are twenty one years of age and consider that you are your own Man and do as you like. So my son i have here for you One Thousand dollars and in the Stable your choice. of any Pony in the lot. This is your twenty first birth day and i had promised you when you become of age and had live with your father and mother and behaved your self as a son should i would give you one thousand dollars and a horse and saddle. To do as you like leave home and go off and try to make your self of a man or stay here at home with your father and mother, But as Johny had been home every since his boyhood he desided to leave home and go away and see what the outcome might be for his future life. So he Says. Father as i have been here all my childhood days and have obayed you. And i feel that i might go away and try and make my self what i can out of the share you have given me. I should go now and try to make myself a rich man. So father if its you will i will go away and leave you and mother. and some day you will hear of your Son being a rich man or a poor one some day. Father? I will take my choice of the horses in the stable and the best one i am ask to choose which ever i like the best. I will do this at once father I bid you and mother good bye and i will let you hear from me often where ever i may be. but remember father i have a home as long as i live whether not i may success or not am I?. Yes my Son you are welcome home at any time Rich or poor you are my Son. So Johny and his father left the room and Johny went at once and picked his Pony. and then went into the house and prepared for travling, after bading his mother and father fare well and good bye for some day he may return as a rich man or a beger, So at noon he ate his harty dinner and well fed his choiced Pony and with him he taken some extra feed and food for him self to last about two days. So at Noon he left his father and mother crying in the door as he left the house So little Johny started on his jurney to the open World, He and his Pony Traveled all that half of day and when night had fallen upon them it was their luck to find loging for the remainder of the Night. After having a good nights rest and his horse properly fed the next morning he resumed his Jurney. It was a large City that Johny was making for. As it was about fifteen hundred miles away from his home. So early the next morning he had a good heart of travling and had made a good start. So when he left the place where he had spent the night he bided all good bye. And onward he went. So when noon come he had traveled a long distance as the Pony he had was a fast traveler. He stoped and feed his horse to wha feed he had and rested his Pony about an hour and after resumed his journey, So when night had fallend upon him he was again lucky to find lodging for him and his Pony. after having a successfully nights rest there and geting a fresh start the next morning. So at this time his food and feed for his Pony had given out. and he had hopes of finding lodging at every place along his jurney close as the first two stops over night. So he went untill noon and seem not to get hungry and as his Pony had a fast gate he decided to keep on the go untill night come. but he traveled all day and when night come he found no place to stop so he camped on the side of the road. So by this time the young Lad had traveled a long ways from home. after spening the night on the side of the road although it was in the summer time when such camping could be had with pleasure. after spending the night there success fully but was a little hungry the next morning. He resumed his jurney hoping to find some stoping place where he could find something to eat for both. He and his Horse. without Water his Pony for over one night and a day traveled well. Noon come again with no prospects in sight of no house Nor well or branch Stream for which they could get any way much as water. but had traveled all day without anything to eat nor drink. Untill nearly night. just as the Sun was going down when the skyes began to look pale and red as if the world was on fire, riding along down the road he distinguished somthing far ahead of him somthing like a gathering of somthing bu t as he was so far away he could not make out what it was. as traveling on some roads you can see along way ahead of you jurney as the roadway being straight, but when he advanced forward and forwards he and his little Pony opon which he arrive at the scene of a great Fatal Tragedy. Whom but he seen laying on the ground. a youth young and tender Dead; and by whom some few people had a horse and a rope attached to the body of the dead; draging it up and down the road, Johny stoped still and Ask the cruel people what was they doing and what was they draging a dead; body op and down the road like that for?. They haulted and replied to the Stranger whom was Little Johny on the Pony. Mister you see her we have thi s young fellow living with us and he got sick and died; leaving himself over one thousand dollars in dept to us and we are draging his remains to Get the beninit out of him. because he died owing us over one thousand dollars and we are going to drag his remain untill we are satisfired. Get up Pete they exclaim to the horse they had the body attached to. But Little Johny quickly spoke and said. hold on there wait? just a moment. you said the dead man owe's you all one thousand dollars, and to whom should i pay the money too will you all Burry the dead; body if i pay the Dept?. question was quickly Answered, Yes Sir; we will Burry it if you pay Us one thousand dollars we will, without another word from Little Johny, but quickly pulled from his inside pocket a purse containing one thousand Dollars, for which he handed over to the Authority parties claiming the Dept. Just to think his last cent he give. the Authority's burried the body on the side of the road just a little distance from the main drive, So after they had burried the dead; body. Johny without a cent resumed his jurney. passed the house of the those whom had draged the body. although mighty hungry he was and also his Pony for water and feed, he went on untill night had claimed its victims of the eastern part of the world. findly Johny met another traveler on hourse back same as he. and had asked him how far he recconed it was to another place where he could stop for the rest of the night, but the stranger replied. My Son you are a far far distance from the next accomidating place. for i have traveled two days and a half without seeing no house and only meet two more travelers out side of my self. So they passed each other, but determined to keep his promis to his father he would not turn back, but after he had left his friend he met in the road he had only gone but a little ways before he began to give it up of going where he was intended too. but by being so thirsty and hungry he turn his Pony around and started back to his Father's home. as the distance was to far for him and his faithful Pony to reach without starving to death;. So he started back homeward, passing the same house again without stoping to ask for food nor water for either one. by this time it was good dark. Little Johny had a good nerve and bravery with it. So as he neared the spot where he had stoped and gived his last cent to burry a dead; body. In front he seen a little dart as an Image so he first stop his Pony and looked, So the object looked to be as some one just in frnt of him playing along the side of the Road. So he rode up to where he was stoped and asked a question?. from a little Lad. Say Mister will you let me ride a little way behind you and your hourse?. Yes as his hair every stran stood to its self as he knew that was about the spot wher e he seen an Awful sight. But he said yes my boy you can jump up behind and ride as fare as you wish, the little fellow did so. asking no question the little fellow only sit behind without a word to say. but after they had rode a little ways, Little Johny says. Oh I am So hungry I don't know what to do. As he said the little fellow behind says. Hungry didn't You say Mr. Johny?. Another feeling run all over him by the youth calling him by his name. Yes' replied Johny. replied the little fellow behind. Well when we'll get to that light you see just a little distance a way we will stop and put up for the night do you mind?. Oh no. replied Johny, knowing that he never remembered seeing any house along there as he passed before he arrived at the Awful scene, but did'nt refuse to return his answer to saying Yes'. Yes we will stop there if any one lives there?. Oh there is some one live there alright enought said the little fellow behind So when they come to the place. It was a very large house handsomly built. They dismounted the Pony and call to some one to respond to their call. So some one did. asked them In. they went in. Johny was the first to Enter the door. he noticed the lady did'nt seem to see no one but him. So again he said to him self that there was a Ghost following him, he went in the Room where he was Invited the little fellow still followed behind him. and still no one seem to see him still, by this time Johny knew somthing was wrong. he aske for lodging he was accepted of same and also his Pony taken to a stable and feed, Still he had not a peny. but the people of the house thought he had a large sum of money on his persons, So the house was a place where ever a traveler once stoped he would never be seen again, in those days places like that was called the Murray houses Houses where people were killed and robbed. So after Dinning and seeing after his Pony being feed. he ask to be shown to his room. whereupon he lost sight of his little fellowship. so he was design to his room which wa s handsomly furnished. at once began to undress and go to bed as he was very tired of traveling and also sleepy. So when he began to doose off to sleep Who at once was at the Side of his bed a strange face looking down upon him saying in a low whisper Voice, Mr. Johny this is no place for you to stop at all night. But listen to me dont get frighten as i will leave. Do you know where you are at. No answered Johny. little comrade, Well Mr Johny you are in a place if vou spend the night here you will never live to see day light again, So this is my Will, Listen to me, Do you remember night before last, Or not night before last, But last evening just as the Sun was Going down when the Purple skyes and hiden Sun had Set in the West Do you remember you paying your last Cent to a little crowd of people in the Big road, You give them one thousand dollars to burry a little Lads Body did you not?. Yes Said Johny, Well said the little fellow, I am the very one that you seen lying in the road attached to a horse and my body was draged up and down the road untill you. You' It was You' that give your last cent towards my Dept and Burial, When you left your Fathers home. you promised you would not return home untill you were a rich man or a poor One. Did'nt you Not?. Yes. Replied Johnv, Well said the Little fell ow. This place here is a Murray House where any one stay over night will never be seen again,

So these People here are my Kin people. So I am going to destroy the whole family to-night, and you shall live not them, and to you I shall make rich balence of your days. your promis to your Father shall not Fail. For such man as you and such heart as you have are werthy of all the good though taht you lended a hand, It was my body Mr. Johny that you give your last cent to have burried the best way you seen. and you shall be a rich man long as you live, So in less than a half of an hour when the hour of thelve comes, there shall be no more murders committed here this handsome House you shall live in with peace, Look, throught that window to the right, On yonders hill there is a little Cotage in that Cotage is a handsome fair Maiden pretty and fair, you shall make her your wife. her love for you upon the first sight will take effect upon you, Go to see her cort her make love to her afterwards Marry her bring her here where you shall live with Peach and Pleasure. I command, Listen. To-night there will be some one to enter your room to take your life. but it will never happen, but awake in the morning from your good nights rest. Awake as I say. go down stairs, and on the Parlor Center table you will find a very large box, in this Box is your Fortune. Open it and you will find Money, Gold and Silver to last you the Balence of your days. Remember the Family are now here is my Kin people and they shall be swept from the earth by my Power to-night, This home shall be as if nothing ever happend here of this kind, It was your heart that was tender, it was your eys that seen my body in a disstress, and It was your money laid it away. So fear not nothing for i will always be on hand if any thing should happen to you. But Fear notheing shall harm you. I am a Sperit from God. and his work shall ever be. By this time Johny had Risen from his bed and had become satisfired tha this fortune was won, and the little out another word from Little Johny, but fellow lef him, Banished away all at Once. He left Johny whom promised his Father, withm tears in his Eys. Would you give your last Cent towards a burrial?. if you would Its with God that you shall Prosper. He A Lone Give His Last Cent,

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"A hero is a man who does something bold and desperate for his country's good, isn't he?" said Senator Sorghum.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I don't see why nobody comes around with medals for me. I once risked $30,000 getting into a position where I could serve my country."—Washington Star.

A CALIFORNIA DUCK SHOOT.

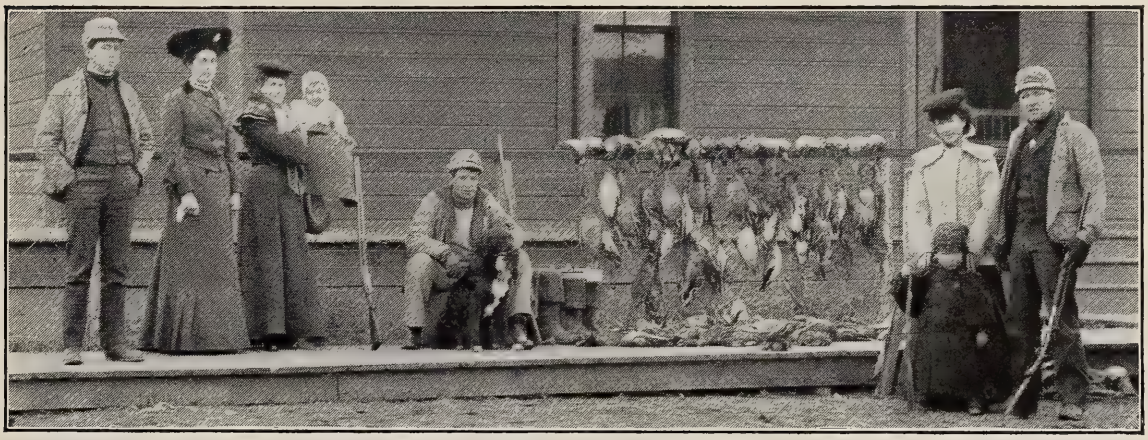
The outside world knows little or nothing of the hunting fields of Modoc, a county in the extreme Northeastern part of California. There are to be found the best hunting and fishing grounds of the West. Herds of deer and antelope, and an occasional elk, inhabit the forests; the river and creek banks are alive with otter, mink, beaver and other like animals; while in different parts of the county black and cinnamon bears abound. The streams afford the finest trout fishing in the State, and the swamps, which are many and large, swarm with ducks and geese. There is the home of the mallard, which, despite the varying conditions of weather, can always be found in great numbers.

The latter part of November Attorney J. W. Adams and wife, Dr. E. F. Auble and wife, and my wife and I left Alturas, the county seat of Modoc county, and drove one evening to the South fork of Pit river, which is one of the tributaries of the Sacramento. The distance was about 20 miles.

We camped for the night, preparatory to having a duck shoot the following day. In the morning we drove down to the ranch of W. W. Williams, where we were joined by him. The day was clear and cold, and as a great deal of the open water was frozen we sought the warm spring section, where there was plenty of warm, open water. We stationed ourselves about 100 yards apart, and as the birds came in from all directions, most singly but sometimes 2 or 3 together, we found the shooting good. We left the water about 4 o'clock that evening, with 190 ducks, mostly mallards and widgeons, and 13 geese. The accompanying picture shows 160 of these birds, after our return to Alturas. The guns used were repeating Westchesters and one Le Fever.

This same party has often gone on the swamp only 3 miles from Alturas and bagged 38 ducks in half an hour.

Many market hunters are at work on Lule lake, this county, and I have heard that they have shipped as many as 5,000 pounds of ducks and geese at one time, doing so, of course, under assumed names. However, the local sportsmen in and around Alturas keep the market hunters away from the South Fork swamps.—R. L. Sloss, Alturas, Cal.



R. L. SLOSS, ALTURAS, CAL.

COMMENT.

If you and your friends killed 190 ducks and 13 geese, as you state, you are all entitled to places in the hog pen. You say, "The accompanying picture shows 160 of these birds, after our return to Alturas." Only 61 ducks are shown in the photograph and no geese. Where are the other 90 ducks and the 13 geese? Probably stored away under the porch, eh? Your statement and the picture do not hang together well. You should either have used a camera that would exaggerate, or else you should have toned down your own statement to fit the camera you did use.

I am not surprised that you and one of your friends should have used pump guns. You are exactly the kind of men who may always be counted on to use the most murderous weapon that can be found.—EDITOR.

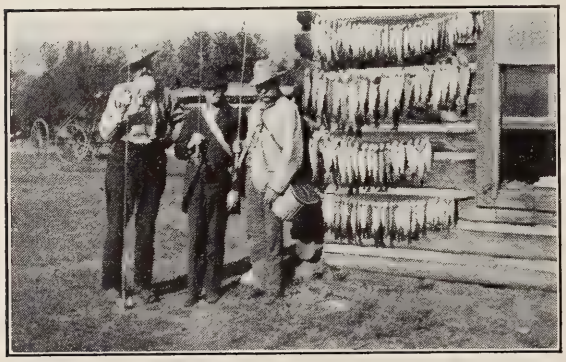
"Music is said to be good as a medicine."

"That's all right; and then again we often feel the need of medicine after hearing some kinds of music."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

MORE OF THE DENVER BREED.

In less than 4 hours 220 trout were landed, almost an average of one a minute for these 3 men, I. N. Rogers and Julius Marx of Denver and George W. Pingree, a Wyoming ranchman and former resident of Denver.

One a minute for 3 men, or an average of one every 3 minutes, for each man!



JULIUS MARX, MR. PINGREE, I. N. ROGERS. (DENVER.)

"I never saw fishing so fine anywhere," said Mr. Marx. "We had to move but little, and as fast as we could cast, the fish took the flies. The fish were 6 to 14 inches long. We ate 12 to 15 fish at each meal for several days."—*Denver Post.*

To my inquiry regarding the truth of this report, Julius Marx replied:

I enclose you a photo of our party and one of our catches. We were fishing on the Little Laramie. Pingree is the old gentleman, I. N. Rogers is in the middle and I have a fish basket attached to my person.

Julius Marx, Denver, Col.

Denver has long enjoyed the distinction of harboring more game and fish hogs than any other town or city in the United States. It is a mystery how any decent sportsman can continue to live in such an atmosphere. If the test which was applied to old Sodom should be put against Denver, and "clean sportsmen" substituted for "honest men," I fear Denver would go up in smoke as the old town did. Marx's number in the corrall is 1046, George W. Pingree's is 1047, and I. M. Rogers' is 1048.—EDITOR.

Mrs. Benham—Do you think a Mormon who has 10 wives can be really happy?

Benham—Well, he has 10 chances to my one.—Town Topics.

LOCOED LIMERICKS.

MELVIN L. MILNER.

Once a game hog a trunk filled with game,
And attempted to market that same;
But he got in a mess,
For the great L. A. S.
Soon put this old rooter to shame.

For their wardens were watching for him,
And they hustled him off with a vim;
Behind bars made him dine,
Also cough up a fine—
Now this game hog is feeling quite slim.

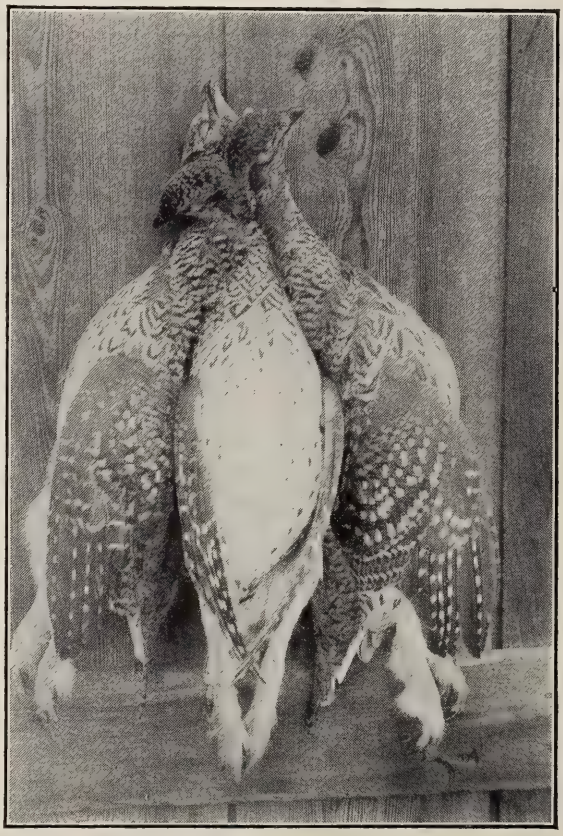
Said a scornful young lady from Me.,
"Them novels all give me a pe.
I simply can't stand
The stuff by Miss Grand—
And don't you dare mention Hall Ce."
—Chicago Journal.

"Childhood's hours are the happiest times of one's life!" sighed the disappointed man.

"Oh, I don't know!" chirped his companion. "I don't see but that I can watch a ball game about as well as I could 40 years ago!"—Detroit Free Press.

He—Like all young men, I have my faults.

She—Yes, Mr. Goodleigh, but they are so insignificant that no self-respecting girl would feel justified in marrying you to reform you.—Town Topics.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. J. ANGIER.

GROUSE.

Winner of 50th Prize in RECREATION's 8th Annual Photo Competition.

THE AMATEUR TRAPPERS.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

The Amateur Trappers live in Florida, and are partly wild. Every year, when the wind comes out of the North, cold and lonesome, and the leaves begin to fall, a spirit of unrest seizes the Trappers, and they long to get out in the tall timbers, as far from civilization as possible. This spirit grows stronger until the pursuit of the dollar is abandoned, they pack their traps, camp plunder and "weepons," and seek the haunts of the "varmints." Every fall, since they became old enough to paddle their own canoe, have they done this, with the result that their worldly possessions are few, but they are rich in recollections and experience. The fall of 1902 was no exception to the rule. Promptly with the advent of November, their resignations were tendered, and accepted, their outfit was packed in 2 of Mullins' metal canoes, and launching the boats at the head of the Hawhatch river, they severed all connection with an effete civilization. Paddling down stream 18 or 20 miles, the Amateur Trappers came to Sand lake, and picking out a good place under some big moss-hung liveoaks, they made a comfortable camp, for they were to stop until their outfit was put in shape for a long trip. It was night by the time the camp was completed, and as they lay in the door of their Abercrombie tent, playing casino by the light of a fat pine fire, they were happier than the common run of kings. The bark of a fox could be heard off in the woods, and a goggle-eyed old villain of an owl said h-o-o-a-a-w in a manner so lonesome as to cause shivers to run through the frames of the Amateur Trappers.

"I always disliked those things," said Mose, the senior A. T. "Once, when I was not so old as I am now, Mother sent me to the store, which was over a mile through the woods, for a lamp chimney. It was in the evening, and she told me to hurry back; but I got to playing with another boy, and the first thing I knew it was dark. I tore out for home in a hurry, looking over my shoulder at every other step, and was nearly home, when one of those wretches fetched a hoot in a tree right over my head. Gee, how it scared me! I jumped and dropped my lamp chimney, and of course it hit on a root and smashed. Father asked me what I'd do if I heard a panther holler, and I couldn't give him a satisfactory answer."

"Let him hoot," said Uncle Snap, "he eats a rat every night."

"That settles it. If he eats rats I'm his friend, for the maddest I ever was in my life was at a rat. Summer before last I had the prettiest coat I ever saw; silk lined. I gave $10 for it. It hung on the wall all the time we were off on that fishing trip, without being moved. Just after I got back there was a dance at the hotel, and I got all ready to go. I took my coat down to brush it, and it nearly fell to pieces in my hands. A rat had gnawed out the whole back of it and made a nest in one of the pockets. No, I didn't catch the rat. If I had, I reckon I should have been guilty of cruelty to animals."

The game of casino was finished, and soon nothing could be heard but the barking of the fox, and a low, continuous rumbling, emanating from the tent. Mose was awakened at daylight by sandhill cranes cackling. Uncle Snap still snored. His head was under the blanket, but one foot was exposed. Carefully, noiselessly, Mose tied a string to a prominent toe, tied the other end to a brogan shoe of huge dimensions, and laid the same on the breast of the unconscious Uncle Snap. Sitting in front of the tent, he then began to rattle the dishes loudly, in the preparation of breakfast, and awaited developments. He had not long to wait. Aroused by the noise, Uncle Snap opened his eyes, became aware of the weight oppressing his chest, and cast his gaze, first on the shoe, then on the back of Mose, busy just outside the tent. A look of vindictive revenge spread over his features. Grasping the footwear in his right hand, and sighting carefully with his left, he hurled the offending brogan with unerring precision, but alas! his toe was the only sufferer! Shrieks of rage, yells of demoniac laughter echoed through the camp for a moment, then quiet was restored.

Breakfast over, the trappers, armed with rifle and gun, went out to look for sign. Opening back from the lake at intervals were lagoons, grown up with flags and lilypads, and in the open spots fish were breaking the water. Up arose a flock of blue wing teal, almost at the Trappers' feet in the pads, and shot off with a singing of wings. The old gun exploded twice and 5 fat little ducks hit the water with a splash. At the report other flocks arose in various places, and circled around to locate the disturbance. Dropping in the grass the A. T's. watched and waited. Soon 2 specks were seen approaching. They increased in size with amazing quickness, and flashed overhead, a splendid pair of mallards, paying no attention to the No. 4's sent after them.

"Drat it all, those ducks are traveling faster than the shot," said Uncle Snap, reloading.

"Oh, gimme the gun," said Mose, "and

let me show you how to destroy that bunch coming over."

Uncle Snap complied, slyly slipping out the shells as he did so. Over came the flock, 15 or 20 teal, nicely bunched. The boastful Mose gave a hurried squint along the barrels and pulled, snapped a hammer, pulled again with like result, and became aware of the fact that Uncle Snap was rolling in the grass choking with laughter.

"Did you get 'em all?" he gurgled. "Did you destroy the whole bunch? Oh, Lordy, to see you trying to bring down a whole bunch of ducks with an emptv gun! You will tie shoes to my toe, will you?"

Mose tried to be indignant but failed, and together they waded in and gathered up the teal. Going a little farther they came to a muddy trail leading from one pond to another, beaten down by the feet of otters and coons. A quarter of a mile beyond, on a bank of sand lying between the lake and the lagoons, they discovered a place where the playful otters wallowed and rolled, and in the course of the morning several more such places were found.

Heading back for camp at last, the A. T's. picked the ducks as they went, and in a short time had them over a fire in the pot. Eating a hasty lunch, Mose went out again, with half a dozen traps, to set where the sign was seen, Uncle Snap remaining in camp. When Mose got back it was nearlv sundown. His pard was removing the ducks from the pot, and laying them on their backs in the bake oven, with a little piece of fat pork on each breast. An odor arose from the steaming birds impossible to describe. The eyes of the A. T.'s met, and they licked their chops in unison.

"Put on the cover quick," said Mose. "I can't stand it."

"What'll we have to go with 'em, fried taters or biscuit?" said Uncle Snap.

"Let's make it biscuit," said Mose. "I'll make 'em, and you 'tend to the ducks."

Suiting the action to the words, in half an hour the Amateur Trappers were facing each other with a duck apiece, and a plate of hot biscuits and gravy in front of them.

"Do you s'pose it is because we are so hungry, or are these teal really the best things in the world?"

"Sure they are. Some of these millionaires would give a thousand dollars for this mess if they were to get a taste of it; but, to paraphrase old Omar Khayyàm, what more precious could we buy with the gold than the ducks we sell? No, I wouldn't sell out this feast for twice a thousand dollars; that is (slapping his somewhat empty pocket significantly), I don't think I would."

"Amen," said Uncle Snap, as he buried his glittering fangs in the juicy breast of an unconscious teal.

For some time the silence was unbroken save for the occasional cracking of a bone, a smacking of lips, or a sigh of satisfaction. At length, when only one duck of the 5 remained, they drew back as if by mutual consent. Simultaneously their hands sought their belts, to relieve the increased circumference.

"If this doesn't kill us it will make us fat," said Uncle Snap. "I'm too full to wash dishes now. Let's play casino, to see who has to clean up."

"Done," said Mose; and with the lantern hanging by a string from the ridgepole, they commenced the game, reclining on their elbows on the blankets.

"Let's not play for everything at once," said Uncle Snap. "Those pots and things are greasy as the mischief."

"All right," said Mose, "here goes for the plates and everything but the pot and skillet."

"Did you ever see the confounded cards run that way in your life!" growled Mose presently; "5 points, while you are 21. Here goes for the greasy pots."

Luck was still against him, and with a yell of rage he grabbed the pots, pans, etc., and rushed down the bank to the lake, muttering something about the villain who invented cards. When he got back Uncle Snap had the gun cleaned and laid away, and the bed made down. Putting out the lantern, they lay on their backs watching the flicker of the firelight in the top of the tent, and talking of the past, present and future.

"Supposing," said Uncle Snap, "we could make enough this winter, trapping, to take us on a fishing trip next summer, wouldn't it be fine!"

"Too good to be true. If we make our expenses it will be more than we usually do," said Mose. "One thing puzzles me, and that is, why people will live in houses, when they can live in tents just as well. I never can feel 'loose an' free' in a house."

"Yes, a tent is the thing, all right enough," said Uncle Snap, "but I would just as lieve have been in a house that night the big storm caught us on Tiger creek."

Mose was forced to admit that a house would have come in mighty handy on that occasion, 2 years before, when the A. T.'s were camped on the banks of Tiger creek, hunting and trapping as usual. They had a little old tent 5 feet high, well ditched, with a soft bed of pine straw inside. One night about 9 o'clock they were aroused from the enjoyment of the bed by a low, almost inaudible muttering off in the Southwest. This gradually increased, until they recognized it to be the continuous rolling of distant thunder, something unusual in the winter. It was 2 hours before the storm burst on them, but it made up for lost time.

The thunder crashed among the heavy pine timber, the lightning annihilated the inky blackness for seconds at a time, and a deluge of rain soon flooded the tent in spite of the gallant efforts of the little ditch to carry off the surplus water. Scraping up the pine straw bed so as to make a mound, the A. T.'s piled everything perishable on top, covering all with the blankets. The wind rose and blew in the open front of the tent, puffing it out like a balloon, and threatening to take the whole outfit up bv the roots. The unfortunate Trappers no longer attempted to keep dry, but bent their entire energy toward the protection of the mess box, ammunition, etc., that would not benefit by being diluted with water. Hanging by both hands to the ridgepole, Mose successfully resisted the wind, while Uncle Snap defended the pile of stuff on the pine straw, shielding it with his body, from the streams of water that trickled through the roof.

By midnight the storm had passed, the provisions and ammunition were saved, but the bedding and all the clothing in camp was soaked; so the A. T.'s built a great pine knot fire, and stretching a rope, hung the wet goods up to dry. While they were drying, the Trappers played casino to see who got the wettest, and by 3 o'clock they were in bed again, warm and dry.

THE SHOOTIN' MATCH AT DAD'S.

W. P. CHADWICK.

The wind was blowin' from the East;
'Twas just such dirty weather
That 'twant no use at all to look
For fur or fin or feather.
But 'twas on this unlucky day
Three dudes came from the city,
With dogs and guns and flasks of rye,
Oh, wasn't that a pity!

One chap was fair and short and fat,
And one was dark and lank and lean;
The other lad was nothin' much—
You might say he was 'twixt and 'tween.
They all had caps and cartridge straps,
And all were loose and free of speech;
They all had them newfangled guns
That load up at the breech.

They hunted over all Dad's farm,
Their dogs treed our old mouser
And raised a ruction all around
'Till they got chawed by Towser.
They called Dad out to see their guns,
But Dad he wasn't much impressed,
He said that with his old smooth bore
He'd beat 'em all or he'd be blessed.

They set a mark at 40 yards,
'Twas half a broken platter.
The long man with the Parker says,
"You fellers watch me bat her."
He squinted long to get an aim
And finally he loosed her,
He never touched the mark at all,
But killed our Shanghai rooster.

The short man stepped up to the scratch
And fired his Syracuse,
He fairly scotched our breedin' sow,
She run squealin' like the deuce.
The other feller had a pump
And when he pumped she jammed,
He broke his jackknife fixin' her
And, says he, "Marlin be ——!"

Then Daddy took the old smooth bore
And, after she had been capped,
He pulled both triggers on the mark,
And, dam it all, she snapped.
It took an hour to ream her out,
Although she wasn't loaded,
Mud wasps had filled her end to end,
That's why she hadn't 'sploded.

The dudes they nearly died a-laughin',
And I, too, had to snicker,
And Dad he got as crazy mad
As if he'd been in liquor.
He sicked old Towser on the dudes
And fairly ran 'em off the place,
And yanked me round behind the barn
And licked me with a wagon trace.

ON THE RANGE WITH A RANCH FOREMAN.

H. L. SUYDAM.

Nash was an ideal companion for such a trip. He had been on the peaks many years and I was intensely interested in his narratives of early days. Tefelo, the Mexican cook, pretended not to understand me, and invariably shook his head and muttered, *"Quien sabe,"* when I spoke to him, though Nash talked his lingo like a half breed.

After Joe had fallen asleep I lay long into the night thinking, for my stomach was unaccustomed to being slighted at meal time, and we had been deprived of our "chuck" by a storm.

"Now," I said to myself, "I am experiencing some of the hardships I have so often read about," but I did not dream that several years later a siege of 13 months on the frozen passes to the Klondike would be my lot, when this night on the plains of New Mexico would be but a pleasant memory as compared with the rigors of winter in the Arctic. However, I dozed until the first break of dawn, when I got up and crawled out of the tent. The storm had passed over and the first rays of the sun were appearing in the East, which is always the reveille of the active cow puncher as well as the soldier. We made a hasty toilet in the ditch, for the less alkali water we used on our skins the better. I felt stiff from my cramped position all night, as I sat on my heels near the little camp fire of buffalo chips, while I drank hot coffee from a deep tin cup and stoked my human furnace with brown beans and salt horse.

After breakfast we started in the direction of the Staked Plains of Texas. As we had no fresh meat in our commissary box, I shot 13 young jack and cotton tail rabbits for dinner. Coquina will not roast me for this statement, as that was in the country where I first met him, and he well knows the destruction caused by these rodents on the agricultural lands in the vicinity.

The sun was almost at its zenith when we rounded a small hill and came in full view of an antelope that was contentedly grazing among a bunch of cattle. I quickly dropped a rabbit I was preparing for dinner and picked up my rifle. The antelope seemed undecided whether to run or not, and stared at us with its big eyes in utter amazement. The cattle scarcely noticed us, which reassured the game. Before we were within 300 yards of the antelope it ran, in a circle, keeping about the original distance until it was directly abreast of us. I jumped out of the wagon, dropped on one knee and steadied myself for a good shot. The antelope stopped and gazed at me, but before he could think twice I had pressed the trigger. Down he went, then scrambled to his feet again and started to "hit the high places" at a surprising pace. His right front leg was dangling from the shoulder.

"Give him another pill," shouted Nash from the wagon, but I did not heed him. I went after the game at full speed, thinking I would soon overtake him. Before he had sprinted 300 yards he fell, gave several vigorous kicks and when I reached him he was dead. Several sharp cuts in the ground attested how desperately he had plied his pointed hoofs, even after he fell. When Nash came up he put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"So you never shot an antelope before?"

I told him that was the first one I had been near enough to shoot at, and asked him what he said when I jumped out of the wagon.

"I am glad you didn't hear me. I said, 'I'll bet you 5 you don't kill him,' naturally expecting you would get buck ague."

That was not my first big game, for hadn't I killed 3 or 4 bogged cattle daily since I had been on the ranch? And, besides, while breaking broncos, hadn't the boys always called me to kill a horse that had broken his leg in his frantic efforts to free himself from the fearless Mexican, who would not desist until he himself had been stunned or had a broken limb. Moreover, when a hog was to be butchered, which was frequently on this big ranch, I was called on to dispatch him with a bullet.

Nash soon had his sheath knife into the warm carcass, and we traced the bullet through the shoulder and heart. It would have been called a "pinwheel" shot at Creedmoor.

Not finding any water, we stopped to get dinner. A fire was soon made from buffalo chips, and by cutting small green branches from a mesquite bush, we made a long fork, on which we strung a steak of tenderloin, then a slice of bacon, then a piece of liver, then bacon, etc. One end of the stick we stuck in the ground, so the meat was suspended over the live coals of our little fire. Perhaps the thermometer would have registered 130 degrees Fahrenheit, as it often did in that country, but I was as contented as a king, and would not have changed positions with the Sultan of Turkey. I was hungry, having been shaken desperately for 8 hours in the buckboard over prairie dog holes and alkali flats, and now I was gorging myself with this succulent dish as only a hungry man can.

We gave the horses but little water from the barrel that we had brought along, for we had no way of telling when we would be able to replenish our supply. Nash stretched himself in the little shade of the wagon, and I worked on the antelope head, which was a good specimen of a 4 year old buck. We finally found the horse camp, attended to our business and returned to the home ranch without further incident.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

ROXBURY.

Lost; lost in the woods. Were you ever in a position to realize fully the meaning of these words? Did you ever stand in the dense, dark forest, miles from camp, with night coming on, and wish you could tell for a certainty just the right direction back to camp? You smile at the thought of getting lost in the woods, for, doubtless, you have in mind the fall when you visited grandfather on the farm. There were acres of trees and you went among them fearlessly, with no thought of being lost. Still, you remember one day you did get a little twisted, and the thought of that day comes back to you. Even if you did go a mile or so out of your way, you finally saw a gleam of light through the trees. You wandered into a clearing where you could see and recover your bearings, then back to the farm, with never a thought that you were lost or that you would care if you had been. Oh, yes, you know something about that lost feeling, and you are almost sure you enjoyed it.

But, seriously, were you ever in the Maine woods, miles from any railroad, located at some hunter's camp with the boys, having a good time, with no thought of what might happen to you in the trackless forest? Your companions, with the guides, have gone for a hunt. You had decided to remain in camp for the day, but you are not the agreeable company you imagined. Soon the monotony of the situation occurs to you, and you chuckle while you thing how good it would be to stroll away by yourself and have a fat deer hanging in cold storage when the mighty hunters return. Just a bite to eat, and you shoulder your rifle and go into the forest. You are not to remain over night, so you will need no warm clothing. In fact, you are to take such a short trip you do not even think of that useful little companion, your compass; and then, you know the way so well. All one has to do is to follow those little spots on the trees, where the guide chipped the bark on each side. No matter how dense the woods, the spots will lead you there and back again. What is the use of a guide? They are always in the way, take valuable time telling about the big moose some other fellow shot, and look wise and disgusted when you miss a good opportunity. Then, of course, 2 make more noise than one; you have no use for a guide, and are thankful you are alone.

But what was that? You are just in time to see the signal flag of the biggest buck of the season disappear over the ridge. That would be a prize to have in camp; and what a laugh you would have on the guides, who are supposed to have all the good specimens corralled. This one must have escaped them. What an ornament that head would be for your city office; what stories you could tell the boys as they admired your prize. He seemed to have stopped near; so over the ridge you go. There he is. Bang! He ought to have dropped dead in his tracks, but he did not. Anyway, you hit him and he can not be far away. Blood on the leaves; that tells the story. There he is again. He has crossed the ravine, and climbs the opposite ridge. He is badly wounded. You are following as fast as quiet will admit. You are holding your rifle with a firm grip, but you are breathing hard, for the excitement of the chase is on. Into view he comes. Bang! Bang! Down he goes. He is yours at last, and in one fleeting moment your imagination pictures that beautiful head mounted and admired. All that remains to do is to dress your prize, hang him up for the night, and go back to camp; the boys will help you bring him in the morning. You shoulder your rifle with a feeling of greatness and start.

But, great snakes, where are you? What has become of all those little spots on the trees? Possibly you are on the wrong side. You are a good hunter, and you hunt until you conclude the trail has gone up a tree and taken the spots for company. The more You look for the sun. That has disap- you move, the more dense seems the forest. peared behind a friendly cloud, lest it injure your complexion, and, besides, it is almost night. But hark! Something you hear sounds like hoof beats; maybe some horseman is coming your way who will kindly set your face in the right direction. You listen. Surely it is a friend, but he cannot help you; the thumping of your heart, that's all. It seems to say, "Lost, lost, lost." Trees, nothing but trees,—hundreds, thousands, millions,—and how like sign-posts they look. They are sign-posts. You can read them, front of you, back of you,—and on all you read, "This way out, this way out."

It is nearly dark; you quicken your pace. Again you hear something. It is not that pounding sound you heard before, only a slight clicking. There seems to be life all about you. Snow comes falling through the branches, and, as it settles on the leaves with that gentle click, you give a sigh of relief, for at least you have company, you can make tracks and see them. You remember that a man lost in the woods steps farther with one foot than the other, and walks in a circle. After a few circles you will be able to determine which foot makes the curve, and, if you live to get out, Science will doubtless reward you.

Just stand your gun against a tree, put your hands in your pockets, kick your feet, and wake up a little. You are lost in the woods, and you may as well do what you can to make yourself comfortable. Just a bit hungry, no doubt. Don't you wish you had those pieces of bread and meat you fed to the moose birds at lunch time? No supper for you to-night, that's sure, and you are not likely to have a comfortable place to sleep. Just think of that warm bunk at the camp. About this time the boys are sitting down to a supper of broiled venison and baked potatoes. You can hear the rattle of tin plates and smell the tempting good things. But that's imagination, and you are not at liberty to imagine. You are dealing with facts now. Just attend to business and try to find yourself. The best thing you can do is to yell and yell loudly. You may be surprised to find what a weak, puny voice you have. Can hardly hear it yourself. Better fire your rifle, if you are not afraid it will frighten you.

You are lost; it is nearly dark. You do not want to lose your head, for that means you may lose your life. Just find a sheltered spot under some tree, clear away the snow, gather sticks and branches and make a lean-to, if you know how. Strip off some birch bark, collect what dry spruce and cedar you will need, and build a fire. That will make you as comfortable as you can expect to be at such a time. Don't sleep or even try to. Occupy your time keeping awake and warm. It may be a long night, but morning always comes, and it will tomorrow.

Midnight, and you were nearly asleep. What a long night, and what sounds you hear all about you. That's only the nightmare crashing through the bushes, and that friendly owl merely wants to know who—who you are. Your head drops a little lower on the green branches about you. The fire has gone out, the cold is intense, the snow is still falling, you are cold and lost; but you do not mind that—you are fast asleep. How the good and bad deeds that you have done take form, and parade before you. Who are all those little fellows trying to get away from the crowd? Oh, those are the good deeds. And the crowd? Well,—no matter about them. Thump, thump, thump. Your eyes open, you start. There is a glimmer of light through the crevassed logs. You look about. You feel around. You are in your bunk, and you hear some one say "Get up, it's 5 o'clock, breakfast nearly ready, and you know we were to start at 5.30."

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not?"

"Yes, after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply.

"How nice!" murmured half the company.

"Did you bring your violin with you?"

"No, I did not."

"How nice!" murmured the other half of the company in fervent unison.—Galveston News.

CAMP COQUINA.

HARRIET SMITH.

On a delightful morning in July, our party of 6 young men, 6 young women, and an all around boy, with our *chaperone,* exchanged our West Virginia homes for a week of life at Camp Coquina, 5 miles up the river. There we set up 5 creamy white tents, on a perfectly level terrace, a few feet above the water, in a grove of towering beeches, bordered on 3 sides by dense woods. Our ample supply of boats, 8 in all, was kept at the wharf. Natural steps led to the terrace, and the ground of our new abode was carpeted with a layer of woods mold equal to the richest Wilton velvet. "Old Glory" floated above the central tent. The camp-fire, kept burning night and day as a safeguard against serpents, panthers, or grizzlies, lent its aid to the scene of comfort. Seven hammocks hung from the trees, every one of which had its lean-to, padded with cushions. Two extra canvas-covered cots, with cushions, served as open-air settees, besides a dozen camp stools.

The men's and women's sleeping tents were each carpeted, and each contained 7 single cots. Two large trees, one near each sleeping tent, had hanging on them good sized mirrors, comb boxes, with small open packing boxes, having the bottoms nailed to the trees, making convenient 2-shelf dressers. These boxes contained tin wash basins, soap, sponges, towels, combs, brushes, tooth brushes, etc. A similar dresser, with towel scarf holding small mirrors, pins, needles, thread, scissors and hairpins, furnished the girls' sleeping apartment.

The third large closed tent, 12 by 14 feet, was the reception hall, where were kept the curio-cabinet, containing lichen souvenirs, stationery, cameras, of which we had 5, games of all kinds, books and magazines. There were stored also shot guns, fishing tackle for casting, trolling, turtle and frog-hunting, besides music and musical instruments; and there we repaired for games when storms came. Thor favored us through the week with just enough of his rumbling to make the lightning darts the more beautiful. One night during our stay the downfall of torrents of rain, defying canvas, induced us to hold umbrellas over us as we lay in bed, sleeping and dreaming of floating peacefully over hill and mountain crest, each steering as his ark his inverted umbrella.

The first day the gentlemen insisted on preparing all meals, after which lots were drawn deciding which lady and gentleman should be partners in culinary skill; the couple who were to cook the meals Monday preparing the 3 meals of the day, and so on. This plan worked admirably, the lady preparing the menu and supervising, while her aid tended fire, carried water, and saved steps generally. The rivalry existing between couples produced excellent meals. Cooks for the day wore white caps and aprons. All dish-washing was done by the all around boy. Bread was brought fresh from the town, Buckhannon, every day, the boatman acting as canoe postal clerk, carrying and delivering letters. Butter and milk were brought us from a neighboring farmhouse, and were stored on ice in sawdust in our cellar, a dugout in the bank. In our larder were potatoes, onions, beans, string beans, oysters, soda crackers, canned salmon, chipped beef, Vienna sausage, both sugar-cured and camp-boiled ham, breakfast bacon, eggs, cheese, cucumbers, flour, lard, vinegar, sugar, salt and canned fruit. Among fancy dishes we had turtle soup garnished with lemon, *consomme de la pomme de terre* with croutons, egg omelette, egg salad, salmon croquettes, ice cream, peach frappé and fried chicken, with blackberries in season, at a total expense of $17.50, or $2.95 per couple.

Our kitchen was a canopy tent, with work-table, store of edibles, cooking utensils, complete as convenience suggested, line of tea-towels, and a stove made from a slight excavation in the hillside, with a 10-inch brick wall on either side, overlaid with sheet iron, finished with its stove pipes and elbow supported at the back by clay mortar. Wood was put in at the open front. It corresponded in size and convenience with a 6-hole range.

The dining room was another canopy tent, with stationary table in white oil cover, shining tin cups, tin plates, stewpans for sauce dishes, metal knives and spoons. The table and bench seats were ample to accommodate 18 persons. Our table was always decorated with flowers. On special occasions, one of which was the entertaining of a Sorosis club of 16 for an entire day, we employed paper napkins and special decorations.

Breakfast and supper were followed by a row to bait and examine 50 turtle hooks, a row to Silver Springs, 4 miles distant, to get a drink, a blackberrying excursion, or a rowing, minnow-catching or fishing expedition of 2 to 10 miles.

The noon hour was followed by the make-believe siesta, but woe to him who fell asleep! He was sure to awaken with the caterpillar-like chestnut blossoms rounding the curves of his ear, or with the snapper of a 20-pound turtle, held by the tail 3 inches from his nose. Of these monsters, we had so many at one time that a giant "Coxy" overturned the covered box and led his followers, stealthily by night, to the Washington, D. C., of their native haunts.

The bathing time came after the siesta. Attired in bathing suits, the girls rowed to the opposite side of the river and leaped into the water, while the men plunged in from the bank. Those of the crowd who were not already adepts at swimming and diving, made admirable progress in that direction. Though our river lacked in saline properties, our bathing place compared favorably with old Atlantic.

Nine o'clock in the evening found all boats in harbor and all romantically inclined rowers around the camp fire for an hour or 2 of telling stories, playing games, singing songs, and listening to music on mandolin, mandola and guitar. This was varied with an Indian war dance, making fudge, turning out the camp lamps in the trees and telling, in the darkness, the weirdest of ghost stories, or by taking a frog-hunt, with boats, lanterns and gigs, to end the lives of the innocent croakers. This meant fricaseed frogs the next day.

The girls wore for this outing short skirts, colored shirtwaists, sleeves rolled up and necks turned in, with flannel blouses or sweaters for cool mornings and evenings, and broad brimmed straw hats. Men dispensed with coats and vests and appeared in shirt waist, belt and rolled sleeve combination of the summer college boy. The costumes, the rowing and bathing, were highly conducive to the rich olive skin of sunny Italy.

If anyone became sick he had only to peep into the medicine cabinet, prepared by a pharmacist in the party, and he was soon relieved. This wonderfully useful camping accessory contained whisky, Jamaica ginger, castor oil, clove oil, camphor, quinine, headache powders and tablets, indigestion tablets, cotton bandage, medicated cotton, adhesive and court plasters. No cure for snake bite was needed, though we killed an 8-foot black snake as it basked in the afternoon sun beneath a hammock.

Even though one member of the party, with 2 fair maids in his boat, became so fastened on a snag that no effort could extricate them until a friendly vessel came by chance to their rescue, the rowing, the moonlight nights, and the evenings around the camp fire were grand beyond description.

HUNTIN' TIME.

DR. R. S. TUTTLE.

W'en de punkin's gittin' yaller
An' de leaves am turnin' brown,
An' in de early mawnin'
De frost am on de ground';
Den go an' clean yo' shot gun
Fur you know hits comin' soon,
De time to go a-huntin'
Fur de possum an de coon

W'en de 'simmins am a-softnin'
An' de possum's fat an' slick,
An' de ole gray coon am lookin'
Fur de crawfish in de crick;
W'en you gits dem funny feelin's
Wid de changin' ob de moon,
Den hits time to go a-huntin'
Fur de possum an' de coon.

W'en de hickery nuts am fallin'
An' de sweet pertater's ripe,
Don' set dar in yo' cabin
A-smokin' ob yo' pipe;
Go put up dat ole banjo,
Don' you play anudder chune,
Hits time we wuz a-huntin'
Fur de possum an' de coon.

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw, "You tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

BOONE TO COQUINA.

The fight seems fairly on between you and the men to whom you are giving numbers in your pen, and one almost hears Captain Cuttle again with his unfailing word for all emergencies, "Stand by!" If in the battle you should give out the names, numbers and faces, electrotyped and ready for framing and hanging on the wall, I should not wish to be in that gallery.

I am much amused by tender regard that other sportsmen's periodicals show for the feelings of the men in the pen and their deprecation of rough words and measures regarding them and their offences. Sir Samuel Baker tells us after wide experience in India, Ceylon and Africa, he had found the best missile for all soft skinned animals to be the greatest quantity of soft lead that can be fired comfortably from the shoulder; for pachyderms one must harden his lead and use explosives. You plainly show that you load for pachyderms and you have the great hunter's authority. I interpret this concern for the class you are after, as showing something in the fence; something in the line of sensitiveness as to your circulation.

Friend Coquina, all this takes me back over the 30 years that you and I have, in our several ways, been working for thoughtfulness and humanity toward the game. A few instances occur to me. Many years ago, before the law became stringent, and when the marketmen of Chicago, Boston and New York had full swing to fill the mouths of their city customers, a man of my near acquaintance in an Iowa town made a side line to his regular business by buying trapped prairie chickens. It was more profitable than his regular business. He took me into a side room and showed me the floor covered with frozen prairie chickens, each with the head tucked under the wing, ready for the barrel and the shipping. It was the sadest sight I ever saw in the game line, save 300 chickens rotting on the lake shore, shot by a man from Boston, to break his dogs. I also saw 500 in a festering heap the summer before in a game dealer's store in Chicago, spoiled by heat. My friend looked gloatingly on the show of birds. It was near spring, and he said:

"These are the last of 2,200 I have shipped since New Year's day. I have made a good thing out of it."

"Yes," I said, "in money; not in character and honor. Is this lawful?"

"Oh, not just lawful, but it is not noticed, and there is great demand for them at the East."

"Isn't the trapping unlawful?"

"The trapper must look to that; it is not my affair."

The trapper was another citizen, his head level up in the community. I had driven past his pile of 300 traps out in the country the summer before.

Figuring out that one case, 2,200 birds are 1,100 pairs, average 12 young to the couple; that is, 13,200 birds cut out of the increase of the next year. There were 150 men in Iowa engaged in the same business. How long could Iowa expect to have chickens for herself? The law declares grouse the common property of the people and sets times for taking them. That marketman and those trappers robbed the people of 13,000 of the next year's chickens. They might just as well have taken money from the county treasury. That would have made them both thieves, and the killing of the birds was a much more despicable form of stealing. He had not made a good thing! The money burned in his pocket and at night he had to sleep with a thief. I get hot, friend Coquina, over these things, and talk extra. Illicit gain one way led to illicit ways in lawful trade. That man's business dwindled and he failed, and the citizen trapper died a poor man. A man can not steal and thrive. A curse is in it all. In the early days, I lived near one of Iowa's beautiful little lakes. In the spawning season the swollen outlet poured out the fish, and the overflowed meadows were filled with them. Then men and boys with clubs, pitchforks, even with their hands, would load the fish into wagons and cart them home. The authorities stretched wire netting across the outlet to save the fish. That was held by many to be high outrage and the netting had to be guarded by night. It took years for law and opinion to prevail. I wrote an article for the local paper, calling attention to the matter of delicacy as well as humanity and saying that fish in spawning time should no more be eaten than a sitting hen from her nest; that nature was against it. The next day I met the President of the local bank, and he said, "You gave me a night of nausea and my stomach is not right yet. Yesterday my wife had choice fish baked for dinner and I ate heartily of it. In the afternoon I read your article and felt as if I had eaten a sitting hen or addled eggs. I can't eat any more fish this summer!"

On the gilt ball of the spire of our schoolhouse, a few rods from my home, a large fish hawk, or osprey, settled one evening, for his nest. It was an appeal to confidence that went to all our hearts. We watched him till the dusk hid him. Early in the morning a shot was heard and I feared for our friend. When I went into the post office, there lay the poor creature, spread out for inspection. The editor asked me what it was, for no one knew. I told him it was a fish hawk, one of the most interesting and least harmful of all our birds. It has so little fear of men that it likes to make its nest near a farmer's home. A farmer on the Des Moines river told me that a pair had made their nest 4 years within gunshot of his door. Not a harmful hawk of any kind dared go near: sharpshin, Cooper's, red tail, he would chase away, and never touch a chicken himself. He is for the fish. The poor fellow alighted right among us, and slept on the schoolhouse dome all night. I am sorry his trust in men was met in this cruel way, for he is a noble bird.

"Write this out for me," said the editor, "and I'll bet no one else will shoot a fish hawk."

I did so. Later I met a young friend who said to me: "I am sorry about the hawk. I saw him on the schoolhouse as I went to breakfast, and, not knowing what bird it was, I thoughtlessly told a shooting man, and he went up and shot it. The killing has weighed on my mind ever since."

The man who shot the osprey said it was nothing but a bird, anyway, and it was not worth such a fuss! There is the line that runs through our race, and we are all on one side or the other.

Out in the mountains we had a neighbor who had been one of the old time skin and meat hunters of the plains. I said to him one day,

"Johnny, didn't it ever trouble you to kill a creature of 1,800 pounds, and dozens of them, for a dollar or 2 dollars a hide?"

"Yes, it did, sometimes, but it was all my money, and I made it while I could. I wouldn't do it now, for I see things differently."

PUMP GUNS AND MARKET HUNTERS.

While I recommend the efforts of RECREATION to suppress the game hog, I consider its attacks on the pump gun and on market hunters ill-advised. We find the sworn enemies of the pump using the latest and most deadly of double guns and clamoring for their further improvement; yet they denounce as hogs all who use the latest single barrel. If these tender hearted sportsmen are sincere, why do they not go back to the muzzle loader and thus set us a good example? I am to-day the owner of a Winchester repeating shot gun, the best and cheapest weapon the world has ever seen; yet, greatly through the influence of RECREATION, I am not 1-10th the game hog that I have been behind the old time muzzle loader.

Let those who want to stop market hunting read the history of the Tolliston Club—a history of cold-blooded murders, endless litigation and bristles. It stopped the poor market hunter, and had a monopoly of the duck shooting for years in the Kankakee marshes.

I have in mind another club, located at Bentig, Arkansas; membership 350 especially organized and armed to protect game by waging war on the market hunter. These game protectors employed a man who informed them by telegraph just when game needed the most protection. Then down they came, bristling with guns and protected about every thing the market shooter had overlooked. Thus things went on until the slow going native realized that his country was becoming as barren of game as Alaska is of oranges; he saw plainly that his fine shooting was being hopelessly ruined. There was but one thing to do; it was done, and the Bentig Club house went up in smoke. I do not wish to be understood as attacking the members of those clubs as individuals, for they were mostly gentlemen; it is on combinations of this class that the bristles protrude. In the end what difference does it make whether some poor market hunter ships a bunch of ducks to St. Louis or a club man takes them as baggage. In either case there are as many ducks destroyed.

W. H. M., Albion, Ind.

ANSWER.

Your defence of the market shooter is decidedly lame, as any defence of that class of hunters must be. Game has become too scarce in this country to be longer an article of commerce. The time was when it was all right to sell it; but that time has long since passed. It should be regarded as affording a legitimate means of sport and recreation to the people who like outdoor sports, and even these should be limited to the smallest possible number of birds in a day and in a season, and the seasons should be shortened to a minimum in every State.

There are men who claim that they should have the right to buy and eat game even though they do not care to go out and kill it, but I deny this. In politics the offices belong to the men who can hustle for them and get them. The money belongs to the man who is willing to work for it and earn it. The land belongs to the men who are thrifty and careful enough of the money they earn to buy it, and the game belongs by right to the men who have the energy, snap and skill to go into the field and kill it. I would not object to allowing a poor man, who enjoys the sport of shooting, and who kills a dozen or 20 birds in a day, to dispose of them; but I do object, most emphatically, to allowing a lot of brutal butchers to follow the wild fowl and other game birds from the British line to the Gulf of Mexico, killing all they can of them every day and shipping them to the market. This is the kind of market hunter that should be stopped.

A Philadelphia paper recently published an interview with a St. Louis game dealer, who says he employs a large number of professional hunters to meet the ducks and geese when they cross the Canadian boundary and follow them clear into Old Mexico, shipping the birds to this dealer day after day. A great deal of this shooting is done in States that have laws prohibiting the export of game beyond their limits; but these laws are evaded by this army of exterminators. The birds are packed into barrels and boxes, marked poultry, mutton, or some other false name, and smuggled out of these States in open violation of law. There are over 300 men on Carrituck Sound, N. C., who make their entire living by shooting ducks for the market. I was down there in November last, and the steamer on which I came up carried 35 barrels and boxes of ducks and geese, all consigned to New York game dealers.

On a certain day last year 17 barrels of ducks were shipped from Norfolk, Va., on one train, to New York game dealers. The men who do this slaughtering should be stopped by law.

Nearly every one of the market hunters referred to above, use pump guns. Why? Because they can kill more birds with them than they can with double-barrel guns. Many of these men did use swivel guns, mounted on the bow of a boat, loaded with a handful of powder and a handful of large shot. Most of this class of slaughter has been broken up by legal methods; but some of these same hunters still use these guns clandestinely. I was told by men who live on Carrituck Sound that men frequently go out at night, with these big swivel guns, with jacklights on their boats; that they scull up within 30 or 40 yards of a flock of ducks, geese or swans that are quietly resting for the night, and turn their murderous cannons loose on them, sometimes killing as high as 30 or 40 birds at a single shot. These are a few of the reasons why the pump gun should be prohibited by law, just as the swivel gun is now prohibited.—Editor.

As we understand the current interpretation of international law, the seizure of a vessel on the high seas is a mistake or an act of piracy according to the size of the navy of the victimized nation.—The Washington Post.

AN APPEAL TO THE ELKS.

Mr. Joseph T. Fanning, G. E. R.,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Acting on the suggestion in your letter of June 25th, I enclose herewith copy of a resolution which I should like to have introduced for consideration in your annual meeting. You may not be aware of the fact that, as stated in this resolution, the elk is threatened with speedy extermination in this country and can only be saved from the fate that befell the buffalo a few years ago, by prompt and vigorous action on the part of the members of your order, with the aid of the sportsmen and nature lovers of this country in general.

The only considerable herd of elk remaining on the continent is that which inhabits mainly the Yellowstone National Park. Small bodies of these elk cross the park boundary into the Jackson's Hole country every fall, and being semi-domesticated, from their frequent contact with people in the park, are comparatively tame. They, therefore, fall an easy prey to thoughtless and reckless hunters, who visit or who live in and about the Jackson's Hole country.

As president of this League and as editor of Recreation, I have been for years laboring with the sportsmen, ranchmen and all people who carry guns in the West to quit the indiscriminate killing of elk and to give these animals a chance to exist permanently. I have all these years been advocating the passage and enforcement of rigid laws for the protection of the elk and the providing by law for heavy licenses for non-resident hunters, in order to save these animals. With the aid of many other thoughtful men, I have been successful in this work in a marked degree. Still the destruction has gone entirely too far. You doubtless know that a few years ago it was possible to see bands of 100 to 500 elk almost anywhere in Northwest Colorado, or throughout the mountainous portions of Wyoming and Montana. From the best information obtainable, I am convinced that there are to-day not more than 50 elk remaining in Colorado or Montana and practically none in Wyoming, outside of the Yellowstone Park herd, portions of which occasionally range over into the Jackson's Hole Country.

These animals were once abundant in the Olympic mountains in Washington, but it is entirely conservative to say there are not 100 remaining in that region to-day.

You may not be aware of the extent to which elk have been killed for the teeth alone. A game warden patroling the Olympic country last fall found the carcasses of 11 elk in one place and 15 in another place, that had been killed by a hunter, and no part of any one of them taken except the eye teeth.

In several instances the carcasses of 5 or 10 or 15 elk have been found in a single place in Wyoming or Colorado, from which nothing had been taken but the teeth. I have, myself, found several single carcasses of these animals from which the teeth had been taken and no other part disturbed. The market for these teeth is principally among the members of your order, though I regret to say that other people buy them to some extent. This League and its officers are, as I have said, doing everything possible to stop this killing, and I trust your honorable body may now join us in this effort.

I should be glad to be advised after the adjournment of your meeting, what action, if any, has been taken on the resolution which I enclose.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
President L. A. S.

The resolution referred to is as follows:

Whereas, The American elk, the animal in whose honor our order is named, has been recklessly and ruthlessly destroyed during the past 20 years, by so called sportsmen, by market hunters and by tooth hunters; and,

Whereas, This beautiful and magnificent animal is threatened with speedy extermination, therefore:

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks ,in annual meeting assembled, do advise and urge all brother Elks to discard the elk tooth as an emblem or sign of our Order and to cease, once and for all, to buy or wear elk teeth.

Resolved. That we deem such action necessary in order to check as far as possible the killing of the small remnant of these animals now remaining on this continent.

THE KIND OF MAN HE IS.

One Frank Ives, editor of the Cass Lake, Minn., Times, and who, it seems, holds down an appointment as a U. S. Commissioner, frequently prints in his paper paragraphs commending people who violate the game laws, denouncing all such as oppressors of the poor settlers. He characterizes the State Fish and Game Commission as hirelings paid to enforce these laws and thus to injure and oppress homesteaders.

I wrote Mr. Ives, asking him if he personally had written certain articles which had appeared in his paper, and which had been sent me. He replied as follows:

"I am opposed to any game law that restricts the settler from killing game for his own use, and expect to maintain my opposition until the settlers are restored to their original privileges. You seem greatly concerned; have you an interest in the game of our State? You and your associates are safe yet; our law makers are still in the grasp of the boodlers and have no appreciation of the rights of the poor pioneer who goes into the wilderness to carve out a home. I know what it means. I know, too, that he has a right to the game around him superior to that of the city sportsman, and when prosecuted for infraction of this infamous law I expect to defend him to the best of my ability.

Frank Ives.

I have been looking up the record of this blatant champion of the poor homesteader, and one prominent citizen of Minnesota writes me as follows:

"Ives is thoroughly unprincipled and unreliable; he has not a spark of principle in his whole make-up. He has been a drunken bum all his life and was when he occupied a seat on the bench, in the Northern part of this State. I realize that this is strong language to use in a letter, but I can prove every word of it, because I helped to carry him home, drunk, when he was holding court in Roseau county."

This is exactly the sort of man who always howls about the injustice of any law that curtails what he is pleased to term his "rights," or the rights of his friends.—Editor.

THE BAND TAIL PROTECTED.

In January Recreation Mr. Lundy of Stanwood, Wash., says there is no law in Washington protecting the band tail pigeon.

At the last session of the Legislature a bill was passed for the protection of non-game birds, and is now on the books of our state.

Section 1 reads as follows:

> No person shall, within the State of Washington, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird other than a game bird, or purchase, offer or expose for sale, transport or ship within or without the State, any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught, except as permitted by this act. No part of the skin, plumage or body of any wild bird protected by this saction shall be sold or had in possession for sale. For the purposes of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: The *anatridae*, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the *rallidae*, commonly known as rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the *limicolae*, commonly known as shore birds, plover, surf birds, snipe, sand pipers, tatlers, and curlews; the *gallinae*, commonly known as grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quail. (Laws 1903, page 256, paragraph 1.)

The penalty for killing a non-game bird is $10 to $500.

The band tail pigeon is becoming rare in our State and needs protection. I trust Mr.

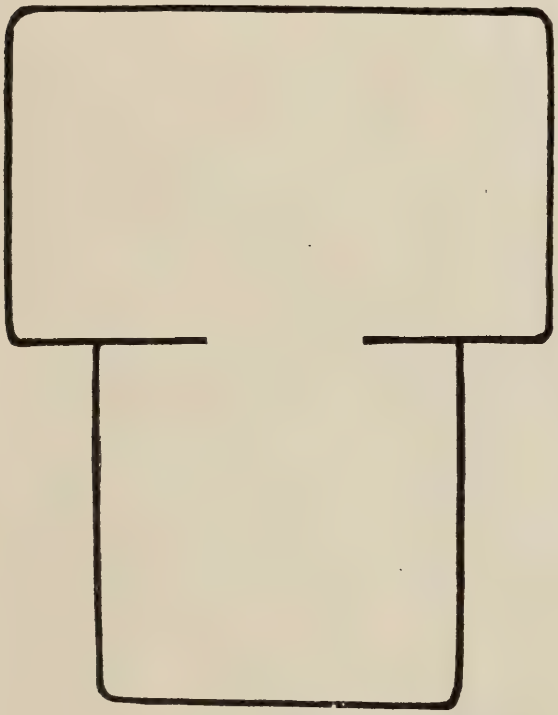
Lundy will make every possible effort to instruct the people in the neighborhood of Stanwood, Wash., that it is unlawful to kill these particular birds and all others except those mentioned in the law quoted.

H. Rief, Game Warden, Seattle, Wash.

A CAMP CANDLESTICK.

For the benefit of the many sportsmen who camp out, I send you a sample of a camp candlestick I have made and used many years. Its weight and cost are nil. Its usefulness and convenience are great; and when once it is tried the clumsy lantern is thereafter left at home.

Any man can make one of these camp candlesticks. Melt the end off a tin can, mark the pattern, then cut out with a pair of shears, and roll on a small stick till a candle will fit the top end. Make the lower end much smaller. Then cut a small stick, any length desired, so it will fit the lower end of the tin. Sharpen the lower end of the wood, to stick in ground, put in the candle, light up, and be happy. When the candle burns low, push up the stick and all will burn.



Curtis Hall, South Pass, Wyo.

GAME NOTES.

The ad for chipmunks which you so kindly placed in Recreation for me has brought many replies and I have chipmunks from all sections of the West, North and South. Have placed a number of orders and expect to be supplied with about 30 or 40 pairs.

One Bill Shook replied to the ad. Bill finds his self located out in Montana, on Wolf creek. What he can not write he prints. Bill states that he's a natural born trapper and that when he once sets out for a varmint it just naturally gets discouraged, walks out of its hole and cashes in; 'cause it knows that if it don't Bill'l make life so d—n miserable it'll not be worth the livin', no how. Bill knows all about chipmunks and can pick all I want "if it aint to fer to ship 'em." Bill also states I can write for his record to anyone around the parts; that he don't give a d—n who I select.

Another, Billy Babcock, of Sullivan county, sends his record as having had 168 skunk skins nailed to his barn last fall. I should like to have been his neighbor? Babcock says he "aint no hog 'cause skunks aint no use to no one 'cept fer their hides," and hopes he gets the job.

I hope the L. A. S. will put the automatic gun out of business.

Horace P. Beck, Newport, R. I.

Quail shooting in this section was excellent last winter. The weather was unusually cold, but we had no snow, and the birds fared well.

Mr. Geo. Eastman and a party of friends spent some time at the Lodge in November; also made another visit in February. They were mostly beginners in wing shooting and they did the birds no serious damage. No other hunters from the North came into this immediate vicinity. Little hunting was done by resident sportsmen, consequently there was a large number of old birds to raise from this season. We had excellent weather for the young last summer; no heavy rains to drown them, and we have a large crop of them this fall.

W. G. Vinson, Enfield, N. C.

Moose and caribou are numerous and are being guarded now, but the same old calling will go on, I suppose, after the season opens. The moose can stand it for a year or 2, as there are so many, but it should be stopped.

Edward Hickson, Bathurst, N. B.

I should like to correspond with some readers of Recreation who have camped and fished on the North shore of Lake Huron and along the Canadian Pacific railway. George G. Brewer, Minett, Ont.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish mackerel—Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, Calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide. Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and Tide: Day and night flood.

Croker—July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead—June to October Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime; not affected by tides.

FISHING IN NORTHERN VERMONT.

Early one August morning Robert and I started for a day's fishing. Our objective point was the inlet of a brook by Lawrence's Mills. On the way we picked up a boy to bring our team part way back and save us a tramp. Before 8 o'clock we reached the brook and started down stream from the mills. I never fish up stream when I can in any convenient way fish down. At the start we caught half a dozen 8-inch trout in quick succession, and it looked like a big day ahead; but then our luck changed. As we followed the current we noticed that sticks began to float by, then more sticks and pieces of board, and we realized that the lumbermen had started the sawmill. We had understood it was closed for a week.

We found a section clogged with brush and picked out a few more fair sized trout, but they nipped and darted away. We finished a few, but they seemed to go more than to come and Robert remarked:

"This reminds me of the darkey who said to his boy, 'Wat foh you cross you gallusus in front? Half de time I cawnt tell wedder youse gwine or cummin.'"

After considering the matter we concluded to get out and walk down the road till we reached the team, as it was about noon, then have our lunch and try the stream again below the grist mill, as the flood from the saw mill would be set back by the lower pond.

We drove a mile to the mill, had our team sent ahead and started fishing again below the mill, and then out in the open meadows, with rows of overhanging trees skirting the brook and shading some most enticing pools. Tramping half a mile along the stream in the sunlight we found it hot and did not blame the trout for not biting. After fishing an unusually promising pool for 10 minutes, I made a detour, crawled flat on the upper bank, took a look into the pool and counted half a dozen trout; but not one of them was hungry. We lingered dreamily in the shade, awaiting the cool of the day. At sunset we went back to our pool, taking 3 large trout out of it, and continued our way down stream. All the trout don't bite all the time but some of the trout bite some of the time; otherwise there would be no charm to trout fishing. In the next half mile we took 3 or 4 half pound trout and some smaller ones and then quit; each with a basket of fish for our day's sport. Then regaining our team, we drove homeward, while

"From purple to saffron,
From saffron to gray,
Fades on the twilight
The beautiful day."

Frank S. Fay, Meriden, Conn.

DYNAMITE PROBABLE CAUSE.

Will you please give me some information concerning a trout stream where I am in the habit of going during the summer. It is called the White Salmon river and is about 50 miles East of this city in the State of Washington.

A large firm has been logging along this stream and frequently strong jams of many thousand feet of timber are wedged in between projecting ledges. To break these jams a great deal of powder and dynamite are used. Several sticks of the latter are bound to a pole, 10 to 20 feet long, a slow fuse is lighted, the whole is chucked into the water and the upper end of the pole is nailed to one of the logs. A tremendous explosion is the consequence and usually the jam is broken. For the last year I have noticed few trout in the stream where formerly there were many, and the stream is little fished in this locality.

Can you tell me if this dynamiting is the cause of the scarcity of fish? The explosion often splits logs, 3 to 5 feet in diameter, in half, and throws others 6 feet in the air. The water is seldom over 15 feet in depth and has a swift current.

Paul McKercher, Portland, Ore.

ANSWER.

The use of dynamite in a stream such as the White Salmon river in which there are trout and other species of fishes must certainly result in greater or less destruction to fish life. Whether the decrease in the supply of trout for that river is due wholly, or even partly, to the use of dynamite in connection with the removal of the log jams, can not be stated with certainty without a fuller knowledge of the facts than you have given. It is reasonable, however, to believe that such use of dynamite is sure to result in more or less destruction to the fishes. In most States such a use of dynamite is illegal, and it probably is so in Washington. At any rate, every legitimate effort should be made by those interested in the preservation of the food and game fishes of the State of Washington to do away with this destructive custom. I suggest that you refer the matter to Hon. T. R. Kershaw, State Fish Commissioner of Washington, Whatcom, Wash., and that you also confer with the Superintendent of the Government Fisheries Station at Little White Salmon.—EDITOR.

THE LOCATION MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

I am with you in your efforts to stop all kinds of illegal and legal slaughter, and enjoy reading your magazine; but why do you print, without comment, a story about 2 men catching 110 trout and then give other people fits, in the same issue, for catching about the same number of fish at Spirit Lake, Ia.? It does not look consistent.

Arthur E. Bartlett, Chetopa, Kan.

ANSWER.

Circumstances alter cases. The 2 men whose story I printed on pages 27 and 28 of July RECREATION, were fishing in a mountain stream in Washington, a long distance from any town or village, and where the supply of trout is practically unlimited. I have fished many such streams myself, and I know many trout die of old age in that country, every year. A reasonable catch there, if made in Iowa or any Eastern State, would put the angler in the fish hog class. Furthermore, those Western anglers did not rush to a photograph gallery and have their pictures taken. They caught 110 trout in 2 days, an average of 27 fish a day to each rod, which is not excessive for that country.

The Spirit Lake crowd not only took too many fish, and thus deprived their neighbors of a part of their share, but they strung up the result of their day's work, posed behind the string, and had themselves photographed. This, of itself, shows a vulgar, swinish taste, which is condemned to-day by all decent sportsmen, everywhere. I heard Congressman Lacey say, in a speech several years ago, that no decent sportsman would allow himself to be photographed with a string of fish or game, much less seek an opportunity for the making of such a picture.

I am working with a view to educating sportsmen out of this habit. I strongly recommend the use of the camera in hunting and fishing, instead of the gun and the fishing rod, but I do not approve of parading pictures of dead fish, or dead birds, or dead animals, together with the faces and figures of the people who did the killing. I have said as much in RECREATION time and again.

I realized when I printed the story of the Washington men that I should be criticized for not roasting them, but under the circumstances I do not consider their catch excessive.—EDITOR.

FISHING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

I have for 15 years spent my vacations mainly fishing in Lake Champlain, and am much interested in preserving the fish in that beautiful lake. Will you allow me to point out what seems to me a lamentable defect in our law, or the enforcement of it.

Early in May last, while visiting in Milton, I declined an invitation to go to the Lamoille river to catch pike. The fish were said to be in the river in such numbers that one man hooked a bag full, another nearly 100, and many others reported large hauls. There was no secret about this. It was done openly, by men who claimed they were angling within the law. The news of the various catches was telephoned from house to house. The pike are steadily decreasing in the lake.

Will you also permit me a word in favor of the much maligned but gamy old pickerel. Every year I meet many campers who come to Lake Champlain, from different States, and I know that for most of them the chief attraction is trolling for pickerel. Though it may be heresy I join with many others in rating the lake pickerel as equal to wall eyed pike or bass as a table fish.

Notwithstanding this, when the water covers the marsh near the mouth of the Lamoille river in early spring, the large pickerel go there in great numbers and alleged sportsmen seek them in boats, armed with shot guns, destroying the fish by cart loads.

I have talked with many of these men who regretted the practice as ruinous to lake fishing, but justified themselves by saying that if others were permitted to do it, they might as well get their share.

Old fishermen tell me that the fishing is not what it was. It is not so good as when I first visited the lake, but it is much better to-day than it will be if the slaughter continues. There may be those who think it policy to exterminate the pickerel in the lake, but I fear it will prove a mistaken policy, and that they will destroy one of the principal attractions for city visitors.

Camper, South Royalton, Vt.

DESPOILING A TROUT STREAM.

Tacoma sportsmen who occasionally visit the Skokomish river predict that this splendid stream will soon be ruined by the wholesale slaughter of the trout by Indians and others who have no regard for the game laws of the State. Evidences are abundant that some persons have dynamited the stream, while nets are frequently employed to trap the fish. These methods are both illegal and unsportsmanlike, and it is a great pity that one of the finest trout streams in this section of the country should be despoiled of its supplies in such a way. The explosion of a stick of dynamite will kill every fish in a pool, the small young trout as well as the large, and nobody but a human hog would employ such a method to secure fish. There is no doubt, however, that it has been done, with the result at times of killing more fish than the brute could carry away. The fish and game wardens should put a stop to the violation of the law in this manner and prosecute the offenders if it is possible to detect them and procure the necessary evidence.—Editorial in Tacoma, Wash., Ledger.

Know where that editor got his opinion of fish hogs? Know where he learned how to class them? If not it is because you have not been reading RECREATION long enough.—EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

Bass are abundant in most of the waters in this vicinity, and decent sportsmen are cordially invited to avail of the excellent sport to be had here. We should all be glad, however, if the fish hogs would stay away. It would make you tired if you could be here in the summer when the tourists are busy. Some of them bring in strings of fish 6 or 8 feet long, composed almost entirely of black bass, and after being photographed and written up in the local papers they bury the fish. I trust we may soon have a law to prohibit such slaughter.

One day last fall a friend asked me to go fishing with him, and we started the next morning at daylight. We went to the Chippewa river and began fishing, just as the sun came over the hills. When the first rays struck the water a big bass took my hook, and after a lively scramble I landed him. He weighed 4 pounds and 4 ounces. My friend caught one that weighed 3 pounds and 8 ounces. That made enough for both of us, so we quit and went home.

Neven Ward, Alexandria, Minn.

We often see on our lakes great slaughter of bass. One man from Boston caught 142 one day and 78 the next. I gave him such a roast that he would not show me his 2-bushel basket after that.

I wrote and headed a petition to the commissioners and got our best residents to sign it. The result is a special rule limiting the catch to 5 a day to one boat.

There is a period of about 3 weeks in May or June, according to latitude, when any old dub can load a boat with bass, for they are all on the shore in about 3 feet of water and will take minnows as fast as one can cast them. The hogs came near cleaning out Hadley lake, on the shore of which I live, and they will do it at Belgrade if not limited in catch.

I influenced our local dealer to keep RECREATION, and the copies he sells are doing good here by teaching people what is a decent bag.

James L. Robinson, Machias, Maine.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

"But," protested the prospective tenant, "the house is awfully damp."

"My dear sir," replied the agent, "that is one of its advantages. In case of fire it isn't likely to burn."

"And there is no water in the well," continued the would-be renter.

"Another advantage," said the agent. "In case your children happen to fall in it they will not drown."—Chicago News.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

THE SAVAGE CARBINE.

I have been a reader of RECREATION more than 6 years and take great interest in the Guns and Ammunition department. I long thought the Marlin the only gun, then I took up the Winchester, then I bought a Savage, which is the best gun of all. My favorite is the carbine. I have one fitted with Lyman No. 10 front and No. 18 rear sights and they make a fine combination. I find the short barrel just as accurate as the 26 inch barrel. Have owned 2 Savages with 26 inch and 2 with 20 inch barrels. The short gun is much the handier.

I have loaded both the regular and the miniature charges for the .303 and 30-30 with perfect success. At present I am loading a miniature load that is equal to any 22 rifle load I ever used, and it works well in both the .303 and the 30-30. I use in a .303 6 grains of Laflin & Rand Sharpshooter smokeless powder and buck shot. I use No. 8½ primers. The only tool required is a recapper. Use the regular miniature shell, with the crease around it to prevent the ball from going in too far, and force the ball into the muzzle of the shell by pressing it hard against a block of wood or the edge of the table. I use no lubricant, never lead my gun, and have fired as many as 35 of these loads without cleaning. This load is as accurate up to 50 yards as the 22 long rifle when fired from a gun with a short barrel, but is no good in the 26 inch gun. At 50 yards, fired from a 20 inch barrel it gives a penetration of 1½ inches in soft pine boards; when fired from the 26 inch barrel many balls failed to stick and the best penetration was ½ inch. Can any of the readers of RECREATION explain this difference in penetration? The rifle I am now using is a .303 carbine. With it I got a lot of Savage ammunition, loads Nos. 1 and 4. At 50 yards load No. 4 shoots 8 inches higher than load No. 1. It has always been the reverse of this with all other guns I ever used, the miniature loads always shooting lower than the regular loads. Can any reader explain this? Perhaps the Savage Company will kindly enlighten me.

I have a Colt's New Service 6 shooter with 7½ inch barrel and it is the most accurate revolver I have ever used. At any distance up to 100 yards I can do the same work I do with the rifle. I use smokeless powder in this revolver and find greater penetration and less recoil then when black powder is used.

I note with great interest what different writers in RECREATION say about the great tearing power of the soft nose bullets over those with the full metal coverings. The first 3 years I used the 30-30 rifle I used nothing but full metal covered bullets. In those years I killed many antelope and I do not think any wounded animal got away. The size of the wounds was the same as would be made with soft nose bullets on the same kind of game. The great tearing power of these high power rifles is due to some other cause than the soft nose bullets. I have made many tests of these bullets, and claim it is nothing but their high velocity that gives them this great tearing power. Take a rabbit at 50 yards, shoot him with a full metal covered bullet and you have no more rabbit meat left than if you had shot him with a soft nose. At the same distance shoot one with the same gun and bullet, but load with black powder and see what the result is. I went still farther and found that in every case where high velocity ammunition was used, there was little rabbit left, while there is no difference in the soft nose or the full metal bullet; with black powder loads from the same arms there was little tearing. In the face of the many tests I have made with high velocity ammunition in different guns, and on different kinds of game, I am convinced that the velocity, not the expansion of these bullets, is what gives them such great tearing effect.

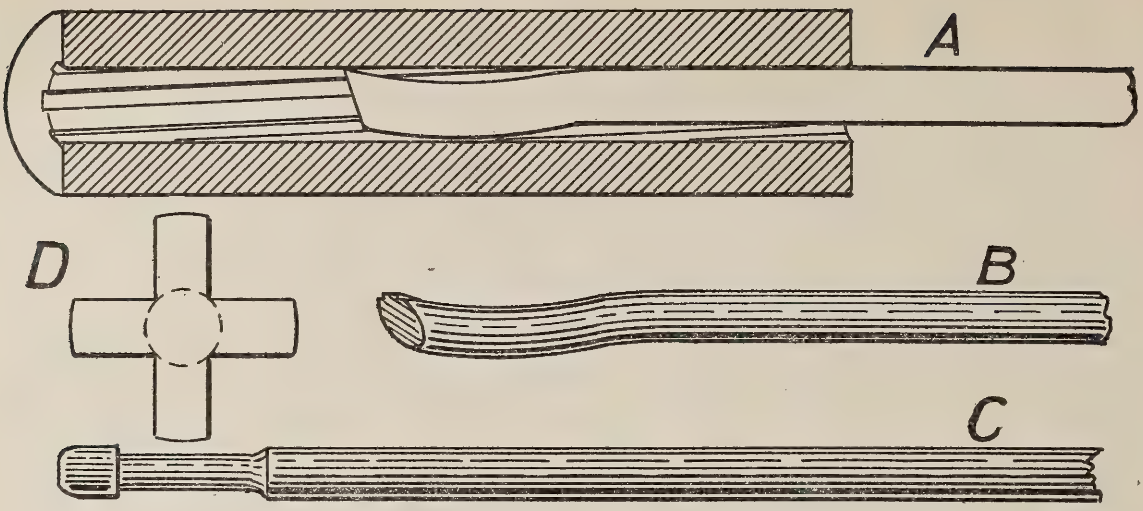
George S. Cooper, Rochester, Wyo.

A TOOL FOR RIFLEMEN.

Every breech loading rifle is liable to become leaded. A speck of rust or some rough spot in the barrel will scrape off a particle of lead from the bullet, and succeeding bullets will increase the adhering particles until a lump is formed. These lumps will often adhere to the barrel with such tenacity as to defy all ordinary means, such as swabs and wipers, to remove them. They cling as if welded to the steel. In a rifle of small caliber, a minute quantity of foreign matter or roughness in the barrel will cause the rifle to shoot inaccurately. Such barrels require more care than larger ones, to keep them in good condition.

For such cases I have designed a tool which every sportsman can make for himself and which acts perfectly.

Procure a stout iron wire, somewhat



longer than the barrel, and several wire-gauges smaller than the bore. Make the wire perfectly straight and true. File one end so as to bring it to the form of a blunt chisel and bend it slightly near the end, with the cutting edge upward, by means of a pair of plyers or a hammer. The amount of bending will be indicated when the wire is pushed in the bore, and should be just enough to press the chisel edge in close contact with the barrel.

The proper shape is shown in the diagram. Figure B shows the rod or wire sharpened and bent into shape, while A shows it inside the bore, with its cutting edge in proper position.

The cutting edge may be filed with a projecting lip of the same width as the grooves, and so clear them out at the bottom, while the round edge will clear the lands.

The rod should be pushed through from one end only, not drawn back and forth, but returned and put through from the breech. This procedure will cause the edge to follow the twist and do no harm to the lands, by scraping across them, which might be the case if crawn back and forth.

Such a tool, if made ot common iron wire, is not hard enough to cut or mar the barrel, but will clear it perfectly of lead or other obstructions.

For polishing the barrel, I use a hickory wiping rod with its business end shaped like the figure C, in connection with cross shaped pieces of leather like figure D. These may be cut out of an old kid or buckskin glove and softened with oil. I place the rod in the center of the leather and push it in the bore, when the cross arms of leather will fold down against the rod to a close fit and cling there while the swabbing is going on. A little fine emery on the leather gives a good polish and the bore may be made a smooth as new.

Thos. C. Harris, Baltimore, Md.

BUZZACOTT'S MISTAKE.

Will you kindly give Buzzacott a talking to on the way he commends the automatic shot gun. No true sportsman would want such a book. I tore mine up and threw it away.

Kindly tell me what you think of the Colton double hammerless blued steel shot gun. R. C. K., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWER.

Buzzacott is out of business. Any man who, in this age, endorses the automatic gun may reasonably expect to lose his trade, if he has any, and go into bankruptcy sooner or later. The best any advocate of that weapon can hope for is that he may enjoy the trade and the good will of the game hogs and the market hunters.

This reminds me of a story. Some years ago certain politicians in New Jersey persuaded old John I. Blair, a wealthy railway magnate, to accept the nomination for the governorship. He was snowed under at the polls and after the returns came in, a number of his political backers called to console him. When they had told him how sorry they were, he said:

"In my boyhood I knew an old farmer who lived in the Western part of the State. He drove his fat hogs to the New York market and sold them on foot. This was before the railways were so numerous and so accommodating as they are now. On one occasion the old man drove 20 head of hogs to market and when he arrived the dealers told him the market was glutted and the price of pork was way down. The old man put the hogs in the corral and kept them there 2 or 3 days waiting for a decent offer on them. None came that he was willing to consider; so he finally turned his hogs out and drove them home again, the entire trip occupying a week or 10 days. When he returned home some of his neighbors called to express their sympathy at his hard luck. He heard them thoughtfully and then said,

"'Well I had the company of the hogs anyway.'

"And," added Mr. Blair, "I have had the company of the hogs in this campaign."

So it will be with the men who make or sell automatic guns. They will have the company of the hogs any way.

A REMINGTON-LEE WILL

In December's RECREATION, C. L. Adair of Cleburne, Tex., says, "The 7 mm. Spanish Mauser is a cartridge generally liked, but no American gun is made to use it." Evidently Mr. Adair has never heard of the Remington.

I own a Remington-Lee 7 mm., also a Mauser. The Remington outpoints the Mauser in shooting qualities. A Remington is also made for the 7.65 mm., which is slightly the stronger cartridge.

By all means put the automatic shot gun down and out. For chuck shooting I find the 32-20 just the thing.

Benson Bell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. L. Adair is mistaken in saying that no American gun will shoot the 7 mm. Mauser shell. I have a Remington-Lee that uses that cartridge. It is all right save that it is too powerful for such game as we have here. The bullet is small, but has great smashing power. I shot 4 deer with my gun and not one moved after being struck. Will RECREATION readers please tell me their experience with the 32 special Winchester on game larger than deer?

Edward J. Marcotte, South Lake Linden, Mich.

I see Mr. Adair, of Texas, makes some startling suggestions and calls the Winchester Co. down because they told him the 30-40 was big enough for him. It is the first time I've heard the Winchester product called antique.

For woodchucks I've tried 3 different guns; 32-20, 25 Stevens, R. F. and 25-25 Stevens, C. F. I found the 25-25 the cleanest and the hardest shooter. The 38-72 is a good deer gun.

Ira Ramons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK WANTS GUNS.

The City of New York is spending millions of dollars on scientific and artistic institutions that are free as air to all America. It is building a Zoological Park that is really a national institution; but neither the nation nor the State of New York contributes one penny of the cost.

There are times when individuals, and even municipalities outside of New York, have opportunities to contribute something, and take advantage of them. We admit that it takes a great many people, as well as a great many animals, to make a really big Zoological Park.

At this time we need 3 or 4 breechloading shot guns 10 or 12 gauge. We need them for purposes that are perfectly legitimate, but not for killing game of any kind, anywhere. It has occurred to me that among the readers of RECREATION there must be many good guns that have been laid aside forever, as far as their owners are concerned. If this is true, some of those guns would come handy to us, for several purposes, all legitimate; and we would be glad of a few gifts of guns.

As is always the case in zoological gardens and parks, the food for the animals attracts rats. Minks and weasels are also far too numerous.

We need 3 or 4 small caliber rifles, 22 and 30-30. If there are any such that are threatened with rust because of disuse, we would appreciate them, mightily. Of course, we will pay express charges.

For any gifts of guns we will give you our grateful thanks and appreciation, and go on doing our best to build up a Zoological Park of which all Americans may be proud.

W. T. Hornaday, Director.

ANSWERING ALBERT GLENN.

In April RECREATION Mr. Glenn asks which is the best all around shot gun. Strictly speaking, there is no best all around gun, but let me recommend one that will nearly fill the bill.

Try a 7 pound 12 gauge with 28 inch barrels, the right a modified choke, the left full choke. If a beginner, have one barrel cylinder and one modified choke. In the hands of the average man this will be the best gun of all for chickens. Barring about one shot in 20 it is as good as any for ducks and geese. For quail and smaller game, load some shells with the same charges that are used in a 16 or a 20 gauge; try them at a target and see if you have anything to complain of. As to the weight of the gun, any man of average strength can handle a 7 pound gun as quickly and accurately as one of less weight. If that is too heavy, dispense with a pound or 2 of the useless duffle that outfitters sell for green sportsmen to carry. Get a light convenient gun and stick to it, for a change often produces bad aiming. Remember that almost any gun well loaded and well aimed is a good gun.

Backwoodsman, Eau Claire, Wis.

Albert Glenn asks for information regarding the Colt single action revolver using the 32 cartridge. If the Colt people would adopt the 25-20 cartridge, model '92, it would be a more desirable shell than the 32-20. The 25-20 has a higher velocity and more penetration. Many sportsmen who use rifles chambered for the 25-20 would be glad to have a revolver of the same caliber.

F. B. Maus, Mausdale, Pa.

ITHACA AND LEFEVER.

Answering Small Game would say that of the guns he mentioned, Parker, Ithaca, Remington Baker and Lefever my preference would be the Ithaca. I have used the Parker and the Remington, but the Ithaca seems to me more elegant in lines and general workmanship and makeup.

The Ithaca people are making a 12 gauge as light as 6 to 6¾ pounds, 28 inch barrel, with breech as heavy as is usually found on a 7 pound gun, yet preserving a perfect balance. A person desiring a gun at a moderate price could select their No. 1 special, with ejector, at a cost of about $32. Ithacas are all taper choke, and deliver the shot charge with wonderful regularity. I have not much faith in shot spreaders, having always found them disappointing, and greatly prefer to have one barrel cylinder and the other full choke for long range shooting. I do not think the use of shot spreaders would wear away the choke. For general work I prefer 6¾ pound, 28 inch barrel, bored as indicated above.

James M. Martin, Macon, Ga.

I would say to Small Game, Lebanon, N. H., that for any kind of shooting I have ever done I prefer a 16 gauge Lefever gun. Have never used dogs in hunting game other than rabbits. For that purpose I consider a 15 inch beagle the best. It can cover more ground with less exertion, especially in snow, than a shorter legged dog can.

R. B. Edmiston, Milan, Pa.

ADVICE TO THE TEXAN.

The Winchester company is foolish not to advertise in Recreation, for it counts with sportsmen.

If our friend from Texas would look well into the merits of the special Remington-Lee he would probably find in it his ideal gun. It is a remarkably good gun for big game. It is made in almost every caliber, its balance and finish are excellent, while its shooting qualities and action are all one can wish for. Remington guns are honest goods and I have yet to see a poor one. On a recent trip in Canada I used a special Remington-Lee and killed a large moose with it. Its shocking powers are tremendous.

The Savage is a good, handy gun, but not large enough for moose or grizzlies. My hunting companion had a matted rib and low sights fitted on his Savage, and it is about as neat a gun to handle as any I ever saw.

I think some of the large bore advocates would find their ideals in Jeffery's Cordite, 600-120-900, or in the Paradox. This last is a great gun and is much used in India. It has 12 gauge 30 inch barrels, with rifle grooves beginning about 3 inches from the muzzle. It shoots a heavy charge and drives conical bullets with the accuracy of an express rifle. It shoots shot with the pattern and penetration of a first rate 12 bore shot gun. I saw a large grizzly put out of business with one shot from a Paradox at about 60 yards.

Dr. J. B., Johnstown, Pa.

SMALL SHOT.

Will you kindly decide the following bet in your valued magazine?

A bets that on a clear day a ball can be seen leaving the muzzle of a rifle, and B says that it can not be seen.

James Turner, Barryville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

An easy way to decide your bet would be for one man to fire a rifle and let the other man, who thinks he can see the bullet, get a number of his friends to watch for it.

It is not possible for the human eye to see a bullet leaving the muzzle of a rifle in front of a full charge of powder. If you should place only 2 or 3 grains of powder behind it you probably could see it.

It is claimed that photographs have been made showing bullets in their flight through the air at a distance of some hundreds of yards from the muzzle of the rifle, but I doubt even this. At least I have never seen such a photograph.—Editor.

If Dr. G. E. Cecil, who says he is looking for an ideal gun, will buy a 12 gauge Ithaca he will have just what he wants. Grade for grade, the Ithaca is the best, handsomest and cheapest gun on the market. An Ithaca $25 hammerless is good enough for any one; but those who want more style will find as much as they care to pay for in the higher grades. I speak from experience, owning 2 Ithacas, a 10 and a 12 bore. Both have had hard use with heavy loads and both are practically good as new, while for penetration and pattern I have never seen them beaten.

E. G. Van Alstine, Rockford, Ill.

Will some one who has used the Winchester 25 caliber, single shot, please tell about its shooting and wearing qualities? Is the 22 caliber greaseless bullet more likely to wear the rifling of a barrel than the 22 lubricated? Is there any difference in shooting quality between the Stevens Gould, 10 inch, 22 pistol and the Remington target pistol of same length and caliber?

A. H. Daniels, Chicago, Ill.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

CORVUS AMERICANUS.

The American crow has some good traits, but many that are to be strongly condemned. In the Northern portion of North Dakota where wild ducks, geese and other waterfowl breed abundantly, crows are also numerous in the timbered districts, and their principal food, during the spring and early summer, is the eggs of these waterfowl and other game birds, such as the sharp tailed grouse. During a half dozen years spent in studying the birds of this locality I have found hundreds of nests of the many species of wild ducks which breed here; and fully ½ of the incomplete sets found had been eaten by crows. I have had many rare and valuable specimens destroyed in this manner, and have found scores of other nests in which the broken egg shells and disordered condition told of a similar fate.

A flock of 12 to 20 crows may be seen to leave the patches of timber where they nest and generally roost. The flock scatters as it reaches the fields and meadows where the ducks and grouse rest, each crow intently scanning the ground beneath. Suddenly a crow wheels right about face and retraces its course some distance, often to alight and pounce on a nest, which though it may have been well hidden, has not escaped the keen vision of this vandal. It greedily devours the eggs, sometimes before any others of the flock can reach the spot. The hunt for more nests is then continued. Thus have I seen half a dozen nests destroyed by a single scouting party, as I have watched them through my field glass.

The destruction of bird life occasioned in this manner during a single season is almost incalculable. Second sets are, no doubt, often pilfered, and thus many pairs of birds are prevented from raising broods.

Those ducks which nest over the water escape these depredations. The species which suffer most are the mallard, gadwall, blue wing teal, shoveller, pintail and lesser scaup. The eggs of the grouse are also eagerly sought; but of all the prairie nesting birds, the ducks suffer by far the greater loss.

Nothing could be of more benefit to the sporting fraternity and those interested in the protection of our game birds, than the rigid enforcement of the game laws of our State, especially in regard to those birds which breed with us. A substantial bounty per head on all crows killed during the nesting season would do much toward the preservation of our fast disappearing hordes of waterfowl.

Chas. W. Bowman, Devil's Lake, N. D.

THE SORA.—*PORZANA CAROLINA.*

This toothsome little bird, known also by the names of Carolina rail, ortolan, rice bird and soree in various localities, is comparatively little known among the hunters North of Mason and Dixon's line.

On the Atlantic coast, however, in Virginia and the Carolinas, this bird is regarded favorably by epicures and sportsmen. It comes early in the season and in fact is the first game bird to make its appearance at the opening of the fall shooting term. It is welcomed by the true sportsman as offering a break in the long close season. The sora is 8 to 9 inches long, is olive brown, variegated with black and gray, the breast being spotted with white.

The sora feeds in the marshes of the Southern States where wild rice grows in great abundance. Were it not for the noise these birds make in feeding, it would be hardly possible to realize that hundreds of them are sometimes concealed within the range of one's gun. They are able to worm their way in and out among the stalks of wild rice and grass without moving the stocks and are therefore very difficult to find.

They usually appear on the Virginia coast about the 1st to 15th of September, and remain in one locality until the first frost comes. Then they disappear as if by magic. Like many other migratory birds, their coming and going are mysterious and bewildering; so much so, that many superstitions exist among the negroes concerning them. One of these is that the sora buries itself in the mud of the marshes and is turned into a frog.

The hunting is done by having a man, usually a negro, pole the boat over the marsh at high tide. The birds are flushed, and, as their flight is slow and short, they are easily killed. Some alleged sportsmen kill 100 to 200 birds on a single tide, but this is simply slaughter and should be so regarded by all decent men. No sportsman should ever kill more than 25 of these, or any other birds, in a day.

The sora is a most delicious table bird, especially in September and October, when it takes on its golden fat, which seems almost to envelop the whole bird.

A. C. F., Norfolk, Va.

I have been a reader of your magazine for some time, and have been interested in the accounts of animals meeting their death by being caught in natural traps. About 10 years ago I lived 5 miles out of Newark, in a large country house, where many swallows nested in the chimney. One evening when the swallows were circling around and darting in and out of the chimney, one struck the lightning rod. He struggled to free himself and the other swallows tried to help him, but in vain. The poor little chap died there, and his body remained impaled on the rod.

I am living in a busy part of Newark, and this year a pair of blackbirds built their nest in the overhanging eves of the house. As I write this letter I hear them scrapping with the sparrows for the right of way.

I am much interested in animals. I get up at 4 o'clock mornings, and take walks to study animals. Last summer I went out on our flat roof one morning, and on the chimney, near the cupola, there was a bird something like a great sucker. It was gray, with a short beak and large eyes. It seemed to be dazed and allowed me to go up to it. Was it a whippoorwill?

Howard R. Snelling, Newark, N. J.

AN EXOTIC SONGSTER.

The European wood lark, *Alanda arborea*, though an interesting songster is not considered quite equal to the skylark, *Alanda arvensis,* in volume of song. As its name implies, the wood lark frequents the timber more than does the skylark, and sings sometimes on the ground, sometimes in a tree.

Owing to the liberality of a few residents of Portland, Oregon, this bird was introduced in that State in 1889, and is now rapidly spreading all over the coast country. I have never heard anything against him, either here or in Europe.

Counting by generations in America he is an older American than are the descendants of the Pilgrims.

Who will earn lasting fame by introducing the wood lark on the table lands of Mexico, from whence he would spread all over Eastern North America?

E. K. C., Kerrville, Tex.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Please tell me the name of a large bird of prey that I shall try to describe. Its back and wing coverts are a rich chocolate color, wing linings, breast and under parts pure white, head and nape of neck ashen grey. It has a long tail, edged with a broad black bar, as are also its wing feathers. Its eyes and feet are yellow, bill and claws black. It has powerful claws and feet. It measures about 26 inches in length and has a 5-foot spread of wings. It preys on rabbits, gophers, etc. It resembles the osprey somewhat.

I am familiar with most birds of prey, but I never before saw anything like this one. I have books on birds but they give no account of anything like this.

R. G. P., Fountain, Minn.

If the bird is not the American osprey, I do not know what it is.—Editor.

A short time ago my attention was attracted by the discordant cries and chatter of various kinds of birds in a pine thicket about 100 yards from my door. Suspecting that a hawk was disturbing the robins, I took my rifle and went to investigate. The mischief maker proved to be a crow trying to despoil a robin's nest. A pair of bee birds, a pair of blue jays and more chipping birds and robins than I could count had joined forces to repel the attack of their common enemy. I never before suspected that birds of different species resort to such a measure for mutual preservation. Is this the secret of their ability to exist, in undiminished numbers, among so many enemies?

E. D. Ladd, Oleona, Pa.

About a month ago I killed and have mounted an entirely white English sparrow, a true albino, having pink eyes. Is this not a rare specimen?

W. E. Barnard, Middletown, Del.

It has been estimated by scientific investigators of agricultural conditions that because of the increase of insect pests, the loss to cultivators of the soil in North America the year before last was more than $400,000,000.—Our Animal Friends.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

Gardener—This is a tobacco plant in full flower.

Lady—How very interesting! How long will it be before the cigars are ripe?
—New Yorker.

New Arrival (to clerk)—Are there many young ladies here?

Clerk—Plenty. You'll be loved to death inside of 24 hours.—Exchange.

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DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.

REPORT OF THE UTAH DIVISION.

Some good work was accomplished last year in the way of legislation limiting the kill on all kinds of game and prohibiting the sale of same at any time, excepting water fowl. We now have a continuous close season on elk, antelope and bighorn. Limit kill on deer, with horns, 2 in open season no sale. Grouse of any kind, bag limit, 12 birds in one day no sale at any time. Imported game birds of any kind, and quail, continuous close season until otherwise provided by Legislature. I regret to report that a provision was enacted, against my strongest protests, for a month's spring shooting of ducks, February 15th to March 15th. This is unfortunate, although, being so early, it is not so bad as it would be a month later. Still it grieved me greatly after having worked so hard to have spring shooting abolished, and thinking it was abolished for good; but such is life in the far West. I hope to be able to knock this barbarous practice out again, and to prohibit the commercial traffic in ducks as in the other game of this State but it will be a hard fight.

At present I am engaged in distributing quail from this, Salt Lake, county to a number of other counties in the State. The birds, California valley quail, are numerous here in a few of the central counties and I am anxious to get them distributed all over the State.

The law on fish has been put in fairly good shape. How long it will be permitted to remain so is a question. The commercial traffic in all kinds of trout, taken from the public waters of the State, is prohibited and provision made for the sale of trout from actual private ponds at any time. The limit on the catch of trout in any one day, for private domestic use, was placed at 20 pounds, which is too much for any one but a hog. Our State hatchery has done good work, approximately 2,000,000 trout fry having been propagated and distributed throughout the State during the year. The varieties are Eastern brook, native mountain, steelhead trout and grayling. I hope to do better the present year. The prospects for the angling interests seem bright in the State, but the game outlook, especially for big game and grouse, is uncertain. The sheep ranging almost everywhere, are driving the deer from their accustomed haunts, and trampling the grouse nests to destruction, both on mountain and plain. Where formerly there were thousands of sharptailed grouse in certain sections of the State, there are now only a few stragglers to be found. The same holds good of the sage hen and the blue grouse, but not to such an alarming extent. The ruffed grouse were never plentiful and they seem to hold about the same as in the past.

The fish and game law has been vigorously enforced as far as possible with the funds at command but you know the difficulty of watching poachers over such a large extent of country, with plenty of cover. I have more trouble, however, with fish poachers and dynamite fiends than with game poachers, because the opportunities are better and they are more difficult to detect. I do not know just how many convictions have been had for violations of the law, but not many for game violations.

John Sharp, Chief Warden

IOWA LAWS.

The Iowa Legislature is now in session and bills are in the Committee's hand, making several changes for the betterment of our laws, as follows:

Providing for hunting licenses for residents as well as non-residents, with fee for game protection.

To prevent the slaughter of ducks, classing them as game birds, limiting the number to be killed in any one day and preventing sale or shipment.

To shorten the open season on quail, closing same December 15th.

To make a close season on prairie chickens for 3 years from July 1st, 1904.

To prohibit live bird shooting at tournaments.

To allow exchange of game birds for propagation with other States, also allowing the collection of eggs, nests, birds or animals for scientific purposes.

The question of prohibiting spring duck shooting has been canvassed thoroughly in this State and a bill was introduced but has been withdrawn, as the general opinion is that at this time it is not possible to pass such a bill. The State of Iowa is the center of a group of States consisting of Minnesota, Wisconsin. Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, which have an open season on ducks from September 1st to April 15th and May 1st, except Minnesota, which closes the season January 1st; and our sportsmen insist it would not be fair to prohibit it in this State while our sister States have the right to kill and it would entail on them a heavy expense to go to these other States to hunt.

Ducks have been killed in large numbers and the fall flight was the largest known for years. Prairie chickens, owing to the heavy rains of the last 2 years, have been drowned out and are scarce, hence the necessity of the law now before the Legislature. Quails are numerous, but reports are now coming in that the heavy sleet storms which have prevailed in our State the past 3 weeks, have killed a great many and in some places whole covies are found frozen to death.

Our State is still under the fee system for payment of deputy wardens, but I hope if the resident license law passes that there will be funds for the payment of deputies and the better protection of the birds of our State. My fund for protection was small during the past 2 years, as the previous Legislature failed to make any appropriation for the work. Our efforts have resulted in 124 prosecutions, and 85 convictions, with fines and costs of $4,311.41. The State lost 18 cases. Jail sentences were imposed on 21 persons. Nets, seines, etc were seized and destroyed, valued at $700.

The sentiment of the people of this State in reference to protection is growing every day, for which I have to thank the press and many members of the L. A. S. and local sportsmen's clubs.

Geo. A. Lincoln,
State Fish and Game Warden.

The above was written in January last. —Editor.

Prof. D. Lange, of St. Paul, who has served 4 years as Chief Warden of the Minnesota division of the League, and who has done such splendid work during that period, naturally feels that he has served his time and has therefore resigned. While we all regret to lose him from this place, it will be good news to the friends of game protection that the old war horse, Sam Fullerton, State Game Warden of Minnesota, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Lange. Mr. Fullerton will take hold of the League work with the same energy and determination with which he has always discharged his official duties, and I bespeak for him the hearty co-operation and support of all friends of game protection, not only in Minnesota but throughout the Northwest.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

EDITED BY J. A. KINGMAN.

BY WAY OF PREFACE.

With this issue of Recreation an automobile department is established and an effort will be made to include as much interesting matter as possible in the space assigned. The use of the automobile has become so general and its value as a means of recreation is so great, that all lovers of outdoors should be in sympathy with this new and useful form of sport, and should find some interest in these notes about automobiles. In company with the editor of Recreation, I have a strong feeling against those who abuse any sport or act generally in such a manner as to bring discredit on it. For instance, automobiling has been seriously hurt by certain road hogs who have little respect for the feelings of other people. There is a road hog as well as a game hog, but the road hog is not always the automobilist. Joseph Pennell, the well known artist, says in a recent letter to an English newspaper, that if automobilists were half as careless with their machines as the average driver is with his horse and vehicle, accidents would be almost innumerable. However that may be, the automobilist is almost daily abused for disregarding the rights of others, and there is something to be said on both sides.

A resumé of automobile news will be a chief feature of the automobile department, and the matter of utility will not be lost sight ot. Communications from readers of Recreation on automobile subjects will be welcome, and will receive prompt attention. Illustrative matter will also be acceptable.

THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE.

In this country there has been little automobile racing except speed contests on horse tracks. There have been hill climbing contests, one of the most successful of these being the recent competition at Mt. Washington; but we have had no such sporting events as those long distance road races held on the beautiful roads of England, France and Germany. Since 1895 these road races have been popular in Europe, and they are growing in importance. At first these events were not limited as to entry, and the race consisted of a headlong flight of automobiles, large and small, motor tricycles, motor bicycles and the like from some one large city to another far distant. Paris-Bordeaux, Paris-Vienna, Paris-Madrid, were some of the big races. Some of these picturesque and thrilling contests have been of great value to the foreign builders, not only as advertisements but as a test of machines.

This year Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has given a cup for a yearly contest similar to the now famous Gordon-Bennet contest which was held in Ireland last year and this year in Germany. The first race for the Vanderbilt Cup will be held in this country October 8th, probably over the roads of Long Island. Next year the race also must be held in America, but thereafter in any country whose representative may succeed in winning the event. The distance is to be not less than 250 miles nor more than 300 miles on some regularly used highway. This contest will be watched with the greatest interest by automobilists, as it is expected that a number of foreign cars will be entered in addition to a large number of American built racers. It will be the most important automobile event in America this year.

MAXIMUM SPEEDS DIFFER.

The following paragraph from an automobile journal hits the nail squarely on the head: It is obvious that what might be a safe speed for a train would be dangerous for a horse and carriage. Similarly, as there are all kinds of automobiles they can not all be run fast with equal safety. Every type of motor car has its particular critical speed. It is erroneous to suppose that every motor car is capable of withstanding all the speeds that special circumstances may communicate to it, such as those that result from the effect of down grades and wind in the rear, added to that of the motor. One car may be perfectly stable at 50 miles an hour, while another may vacillate; that is to say, will have exceeded its critical speed at 30. The result is that if the particular critical speed of a carriage is exceeded the least disturbance that occurs in the already disordered running of the vehicle, such as that caused by a small dog, a stone, or even a hen, will bring about a catastrophe. With still greater reason may the bursting of a tire, which may cause no damage to a carriage running at 60 miles an hour, but keeping within its critical speed, prove disastrous to one running at 30 but exceeding such critical speed. These facts are taught by the experience of the road, and lead to the following recommendation: If you have not sufficient experience to perceive it for yourself in driving learn from your manufacturer the maximum speed that your car is capable of taking, and never exceed it under any pretext.

The much discussed St. Louis tour has come to an end. It was a long trip for private owners to make, and this explains why only 16 cars left New York for St. Louis when many hundred had been advertised, if not altogether expected.

The run would have been better attended had there been a return trip. As it was, the tourists, once arrived at the finish, had to send their cars back by train to New York or Boston, or Buffalo or whatever city it was where they joined the phalanx. A goodly number of cars arrived at St. Louis and the run must be termed a success. Another time it is hoped there will be less rivalry among owners of fast cars, for the racing indulged in by some of the tourists had no good effect on the farmers. This run was to help good roads and generally to further automobiling, but the promiscuous racing and efforts to get there ahead of the other fellow did not tend to accomplish the desired results.

The recent trip made by F. A. La Roche in an attempt to break the record for a non-stop run was successful. The record had been held by D. M. Weigel, of England, who had covered 2,013 miles without stopping the motor. Taking the roads as they came, through rain and mud and over mountains, Mr. La Roche finished his trip from New York to St. Louis and back, covering a total distance of about 3,400 miles without having the engine of the car stop once. It was not the distance, however, that was the most remarkable part of the feat. It was the rough travel encountered and the time taken for it. Two days were spent at St. Louis, and long stops were made at various other places. and the trip was a leisurely one, so that the total time during which the engine was kept running was 15 days and 2 hours. This performance is a good concrete example of the usefulness of the modern touring car.

An American, Heath by name, won the *Circuit D'Ardennes*, one of the long distance road races of the year. The course was in Belgium, and the distance covered was 600 kilometers, or 350 miles, which were made in 6 hours, 30 minutes, and 49 seconds. Mr. Heath was an amateur and drove a motor racing car of 100 horse power. The fact that an amateur could win this important race in a field of professionals is significant and may have some influence on the present rule which permits professional drivers to compete in the Gordon-Bennett cup race.

Some motorists overwork their brakes. Apart from the danger which lies in not slowing the car until the last moment, and then suddenly applying the brakes, to say nothing of the evil effects of this practice on the tires, the probable result of such excessive wear should be considered. The brakes might be used excessively and without sufficient cause over a certain period, and then give way, with disastrous results, on being seriously needed, simply because they had been prematurely worn out through frequent needless use.—Automobile Topics.

If you get a slight bend in the axle, have it straightened without delay, for a wheel that runs out of true will absorb a lot of power, cause rapid wear of its bearings and, what is probably the worst feature, play havoc with the tire. If you run over a large obstruction, or accidentally run one wheel up on the curb, take a look at your axle and learn whether it is straight. If not, have it attended to—The Automobile.

An automobile driver while waiting for his employer in Hoboken, N. J., was accosted by a doctor and a priest, who wanted to reach a man who had been struck by a train 8 miles away. The driver rushed them to the scene. The last rites of the church were administered to the man before he died, yet this is the modern vehicle in which mossbacks can see no virtue.

E. S. Smith, an English authority on automobiles, has compiled an interesting table showing the numbers of automobiles and motor bicycles in use in Great Britain. The summary shows 45,987 in England; 1,460 in Wales; 3,636 in Scotland, and 2,086 in Ireland; total. 58,000. This is more than we have in the United States.

L. L. Whitman, who was a pilot of one of the 3 automobiles which crossed the continent last summer. is at it again. He left San Francisco August 1st in a 4 cylinder air cooled gasolene car.

"Hello, Slouchy, in any regular business now?"

"Yep. I'm gittin' knocked over by automobiles and collectin' damages. Best graft I ever had."—Detroit Free Press.

She: Shall we go to church in the auto, dear?

He: By all means. It's bound to break down before we get there.—Life.

Chauffeur—"A man who is smart enough to operate an automobile, but clever enough not to own one," says the Foolish Dictionary.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

NEW FOREST RESERVES.

Four new forest reserves have recently been created by proclamation of President Roosevelt. The entire area represents an acreage of 245,920 in Utah and South Dakota. March 5th 2 reserves were set aside in Butte county, South Dak., designated respectively the Cave Hill Forest Reserve and the Slim Buttes Forest Reserve. Captain Seth Bullock, superintendent of the Black Hills Forest Reserve, has been placed in charge. May 7th the Grantsville Forest Reserve, in Utah, was established, with an area of 68,960 acres, and May 26th an area of 95,440 acres in the same State was reserved under the name of the Salt Lake Forest Reserves. In addition to these changes in the area of the government's forest reserves, several reductions and additions have been made to existing reserves. The most important of these have been: the Fish Lake Forest Reserve, Utah, addition of 131,200 acres, making the present area 199,040 acres; Yellowstone Forest Reserve, Wyoming and Montana, reduction of 518,600 acres, making 7,810,600 acres; Battlement Mesa Reserve, Colorado, reduction, 45,440 acres, leaving the present area 807,560 acres; White River Forest Reserve, Colo., reduction of 259,040 acres, leaving present area 970,880 acres. The total combined area of the forest reserves is at present about 62,700,000 acres.

Mr. Charles McNaughton has re-entered the Forest Service as a ranger on the Gila River Forest Reserve.

Head Ranger Charles H. Shinn has been promoted to forest supervisor and placed in immediate charge of the field work of the Northern division of the Sierra Forest Reserve.

Forest Ranger Roger S. Baldwin, who has been attending the Yale Forest School, has resumed his duties on the Eastern division of the Santa Barbara Forest Reserve.

James H. Clarke, of Denver, Colorado, has been appointed forest supervisor of the Pike's Peak group of forest reserves of Colorado, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of former Supervisor Michelsen.

James G. Thain, of Montana, has been appointed forest supervisor of the Highwood Mountains Forest Reserve, Montana, with headquarters at Highwood, Montana.

Mr. A. M. Bliss, of Montana, has been appointed forest supervisor of the Southern division of the Lewis and Clarke Forest Reserve.

Mr. Adolph Aschoff, who has been serving as first class ranger on the Northern division of the Cascade Range Forest Reserve, has been promoted to forest supervisor of this division, to take effect June 1.

Milton J. Anderson, of the same reserve, has been promoted to first class ranger.

Mr. Charles A. Ballinger has been appointed forest ranger, to serve on the Cave Hills Forest Reserve in South Dakota, under Supt. Seth Bullock.

Forest Ranger L. T. Mazzanovich has been transferred from the Yellowstone Reserve, Wyoming, to the High River Forest Reserve in Montana.

Special Forest Supervisor A. A. Anderson, who is in charge of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, has returned to Wyoming to engage in active field duties.

Forest Ranger G. B. Coleman, who has been acting as officer in charge of the Western division of the Washington Forest Reserve, has been promoted to forest supervisor of this division, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. R. S. Lambert.

Forest Ranger George W. Millham, who has been employed as forest ranger on the Eastern division of the Washington Forest Reserve for the past 4 years and recently acting as officer in charge thereof, has been promoted to forest supervisor, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Forest Supervisor P. H. Farley.

Mr. H. D. Langille has been reinstated forest inspector, and is now in the field.

Mr. George H. Barney has been appointed forest superintendent of the recently created Aquaris Forest Reserve of Utah, with headquarters at Escalante.

Samuel S. Terrel has been appointed forest supervisor of the Baker City Forest Reserve in Oregon.

NEW COURSE IN YALE.

This fall there is inaugurated at Yale a new branch of instruction, which is the first course of its kind ever given in an American university. It consists chiefly of practical instruction in economical transportation of outfits and supplies on streams, woods and mountains, including the composition and packing of outfits for large forestry parties. Every student will be given instruction and practice in the handling of canoes in all sorts of conditions, particularly in poling and suggling and running rough water.

Last spring the school was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Henry Daly, chief packmaster of the United States

Army, to instruct the seniors in mule packing on their spring field work. Mr. Daly has been in the pack transportation service of the army 39 years, and knows more about the business than any other man living. He has organized and made the United States pack service the finest in the world, and has been responsible for most of the ingenious pack equipment now in use. Mr. Daly will come to New Haven and start the instruction, which will be continued throughout the year. The diamond hitch, the squaw hitch and the stirrup hitch will all be taught the men. The school will be equipped with the common sawbuck pack saddles and with the more elaborate and useful *aparejo,* the pack saddle used exclusively in the army.

A good packer is not an easy man to secure at a moment's notice, and as the success of a long cruise depends almost entirely on the packer, it will be of the greatest advantage for the students to learn the trick themselves. A stationary, kickless mule has been built of oak, in the basement of the main building, on which the boys can practice throwing the diamond to their hearts' content all winter. Mr. Daly has set them a record, which some of the boys are ambitious to equal. With an assistant, Daly put on the *aparejo* complete and the pack and threw the diamond hitch in one minute. He was, however, thoroughly used to his off-packer, which made the trick much easier.

STUDY OF THE RED GUM.

Recent investigations of the Bureau of Forestry indicate an important addition to the present timber resources of the country through the better utilization of the red gum. This timber tree is the predominant species on the hardwood bottomlands of all the Southeastern States. In spite of its abundance, it has been slow to reach commercial importance because of the extent to which it warps and stains in seasoning. While hickory, oak, ash, and yellow poplar were cheaply obtainable, red gum received little attention. The increasing scarcity and rising price of more adaptable trees have forced the gum into a market place of late, and have caused lumbermen to seek, with partial success, such methods of handling it as would obviate the difficulties which have stood in the way of a larger use of the wood.

In common with all the hardwood bottomland species—ash, cottonwood, and oak—its growth is rapid. It reaches a maximum height of 140 feet and is commonly 30 to 40 inches in diameter, while trees of 5 feet in diameter are not infrequently found. Little red gum has been cut in the past, and at present it hardly pays to cut below 18 to 20 inches in diameter; so that this species furnishes a magnificent supply of full grown timber in regions where culling has removed most of the larger trees of other kinds. The wood of the red gum is comparatively straight grained, free from knots and blemishes, and, because of its abundance, cheap. It is now used extensively for building timbers, flooring, boxes and barrels, and for numerous purposes where narrow boards can be used. It has been found that wide boards are liable to warp.

Red gum forests are now beginning to be lumbered extensively. The lands which they occupy are usually swampy alluvial bottoms. While often fertile they are subject to floods, and the cost of drainage is high. Whether they will pay better if kept in timber or whether they should be sold for farming is a difficult question. One great advantage for forest management which they have over pine lands, for example, is their comparative immunity from fire. The owner of a good forest of red gum is not in danger of seeing his whole investment go up in smoke. The red gum is a swamp species, and its rapid growth points to the conclusion, at least in certain sections, that the land can be profitably held for a second crop.—Forestry and Irrigation.

TO KUROKI.

As, old and weary, Hamilcar dying lay, he bound
Young Hannibal, his only son, by solemn oath
That, manhood reached, no thought could e'er be rightly his
Save this, "Avenge the wrongs of Carthage!"—and anon
All Roman mothers paled and trembled at the name
Of Hannibal, who fiercely threatened Roman hearths.
So in these later days, Polish Kurowski fled,
Self exiled, to Japan, and on his deathbed there,
Amid the flowers of his kindly foster land,
Had thoughts of far off Poland, crushed 'neath Russia's heel,
Its piteous soil all vainly drenched with patriot blood—
Dying, he cried, "Dear son, serve true thy mother's liege,
But bide the time when Poland's wrongs may be avenged—
Be thou Fate's instrument to hasten cruel Russia's doom."

L'ENVOIE.

Lead on, Kuroki, worthy son of patriot sire!
The bird of victory seems flutt'ring o'er thy hosts.
Lead on, brave soul, the world will give thee glad acclaim,
When friendly Mars subdues the Russian to thy spear.

—Edith Pattou in N. Y. Times.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

Old Grimm: Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.

Young Sprawler—Oh, I know that. I'm waiting for the elevator now.—Exchange.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

APPLES IN COLD STORAGE.

G. H. Powell and S. H. Fulton, of the United States Department of Agriculture, have drawn some interesting deductions from a study of the problem of the cold storage of apples.

An apple usually should be fully grown and highly colored when picked, to give it the best keeping and commercial qualities. When harvested in that condition it is of better quality, more attractive in appearance, and worth more money than when it is picked in less mature condition.

Uniform color in the fruit may be secured by pruning to let the sunlight into the tree, by cultural conditions that check the growth of the tree early in the fall, and by picking several times, taking the apples in each picking that have attained the desired degree of color and size.

Apples should be stored as quickly as possible after gathering. The fruit ripens rapidly after it is picked, especially if the weather is hot, and the ripening which takes place between the time of picking and storage shortens the life of the fruit in the storage house. The fruit rots; that is, the micro organisms causing decay, multiply rapidly if storage is delayed and the fruit becomes heated. If the weather is cool enough to prevent afterripening, a delay in the storage of the fruit may not be injurious to its keeping quality.

A temperature of 31 to 32 degrees Fahrenheit retards the ripening processes more than a higher temperature. This temperature favors the fruit in other respects.

A fruit wrapper retards the ripening of the fruit; it preserves the bright color, checks transpiration, lessens wilting, protects the apple from bruising, and prevents the spread of fungus spores from decayed to perfect fruit.

Apples that are to be stored for any length of time should be placed in closed packages. The fruit cools more rapidly in small packages.

Apples should be in a firm condition when taken from storage, and kept at a low temperature after removal, since a high temperature hastens decomposition and develops scald, a brown discoloration on the surface of the fruit, probably caused by a ferment or enzyme. Fruit picked before it is mature is more susceptible to scald than highly colored, well developed fruit.

The best fruit keeps best in storage. When the crop is light it may pay to store fruit of inferior grade, but in that case the grades should be established when the fruit is picked. The bruising of the fruit leads to premature decay. A variety of apples may differ in its keeping quality when grown in different parts of the country, and when grown in the same locality under different cultural conditions. The character of the soil, the age of the trees, the care of the orchard, the character of the season, all may affect the keeping quality of the fruit.

PEPPER GROWING.

Singapore is perhaps the greatest pepper market in the East, the largest proportion being shipped thence to Great Britain. Pepper, according to a recent journal devoted to the spice industry, "is obtained from the dry unripe fruit of the *Piper nigrum,* a climbing plant of the simplest culture, being multiplied with facility by cuttings or suckers. The ripe fruit, when deprived of its outer fleshy covering by washing, forms the white pepper of commerce. The pepper vine rises about 2 feet in the first year of its growth, and attains to nearly 6 feet in the second, at which time, it vigorous and healthy, the petals begin to form into a corolla, or blossom. All suckers and side shoots are carefully removed, and the vines are thinned and pruned if they become bushy at the top. The vine will climb, if permitted, 20 feet, but bears best when kept down to the height of 10 or 12 feet. It produces 2 crops in a year. The fruit grows abundantly from all the branches, and in small clusters of 20 to 50 grains. When ripe it is bright red. After being gathered it is spread on mats in the sun and dried, when it becomes black and shriveled. The grains are separated from the stalks by hand rubbing.

"A pepper plantation never survives its 13th year except in extremely rich soil, and then it is unproductive; nor will the young vine thrive on an old, worn out pepper land, a peculiarity which is noticeable in the coffee tree. The chief crop lasts from August to February. Four pounds of dry produce for 10 of green is considered a fair estimate, and great care is required in the management of the vine, especially in training and tying it on the props. The pepper plant is subject to injury by the attacks of a small insect. Green pepper dries in 2 or 3 days, and if it is intended that it shall be black it is pulled before it is quite ripe. Pepper, unlike many articles for Far Eastern produce, will keep a long time without discoverable deterioration if not handled much. The United States pro rata of population as compared with countries in Europe consumes more spices, pepper, nutmegs, and mace, especially, than any of them, and large quantities of pepper are used in curing meats on an extensive scale in meat packing establishments, and on the farms in our Western States, in addition to household consumption."

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS FOR FOOD IN EARLY TIMES.

"While there is only too much cause for regretting the wholesale destruction of many species of wild birds, there is reason for thankfulness that the 'slaughter of the innocents' is not now carried on to such an extent as it used to be in order to furnish dishes for the table," writes W. A. Dutt in an English journal. "In glancing over ancient bills of fare, we can not help noticing how many birds which were formerly served at the table no one now ever thinks of eating. Sir Thomas Browne, who lives in the 17th century, speaks of young herons being esteemed a festival dish, and much desired by some palates; and, according to Mr. Harting, herons were served at a dinner given in Stationers' Hall as late as 1812. In the Northumberland Household Book we read that it was thought good 'that seagulls be had for my lord's own mess, and none other; so they be good and in season'; and we know that formerly large numbers of black headed gulls were sent every year from the gulleries to the London market. Even magpies, cormorants, rooks and jackdaws were not despised as articles of diet; a fact perhaps rather more surprising than the serving of thrushes, starlings, linnets, blackbirds, and sparrows. 'Godwits,' says Sir Thomas Browne, were 'accounted the daintiest dish in England, and I think for the bigness, of the biggest price.' Bustards and dotterel, too, were considered 'dayntie dysshes'; and one even reads of auks, petrels, and puffins being in request. King Charles I. was fond of cormorants. It was from a colony of these birds at Reedham, in Norfolk, he 'was wont to be supplied.' Redshanks were 'of common food, but no dainty dish.'"

QUEENSLAND BUTTER IN ENGLAND.

Butter from the United States and Canada is exported to England, but butter from the Continent is a more important article of commerce there. The war between Russia and Japan will have some disturbing influences on Great Britain's supplies of butter from the Continent, and imports of dairy produce from British Colonies will be of still greater importance to consumers in 1904 than heretofore.

It is satisfactory, therefore, for the British public to note that owing to the splendid seasons now being enjoyed in Australia and New Zealand, the production of butter is on such a large scale that a considerable surplus is available for export to England. Since July, 1903, the opening of the butter shipping season, Australasia has sent to Great Britain no less than 300,000 hundredweight; and this quantity, coming into consumption freely, has materially aided the maintenance of moderate prices. Butter from Australia and New Zealand is made after the prime Dorset style, and the higher grades of it are fully equal to that well known article.

Until lately Queensland has not been able to make direct shipments of frozen produce to British markets, owing to lack of direct service of vessels possessing refrigerating appliances; but now steamers sail regularly between London and Brisbane, and by these vessels Queensland is sending to London large quantities of butter made in the dairies on Darling Downs.

THE INELASTIC DOLLAR.

Tenn sense fore lemmenade fore shee ann i.
tenn sense fore peenutts wich ile haffto bi.
tenn sense apeace for sidesho ann thatt maiks
Allmoast a haffa dollur thatt itt taiks
before we gett in the big tent a tall.
a sirkus maiks a dollar offle smal.
Ann wenn u pay anuther fifty sense
too gett us boath inside uv thee bigg tents
thatt leevs tenn sense ann iff she wants too stay
Too sea thee consurt part wot wil i say.

weel haffto have thee lemmenade ino
becuz thee day i ast hur iff sheed go
shee sedd shee alwuz liked too go ann bi
redd lemmenade wenn she is hott ann dri.
Uv kors u koodunt watch thee ellyfunts
ann nott hav peanutts, too sax fore tenn sense.
I guess ive gott itt figgered down uz lo
uz possibul ann taik in the hoal sho
exsept thee consurt. iff shee wants too stay
fore thatt i wunder wot on urth ile say.

ive gott too taik hur cuz ive ast her too.
i wisht too goodness i noo wot too do
Too kepe her frum thee consurt ann nott no
ime tenn sense short uv haven enuf doe.
butt like uz not sheel stay rite thare ann i
wil haffto start too go ann tel hur wi.
Wot wil shee think uv me. i alwus thott
a dollur wuz an offle offle lott
Uv munney butt itt seams so turble smal
on sirkus day itts hardly nunn a tall.

J. W. Foley, in Life.

"American Birds," designed by Charles D. Chichester, is a novelty in the world of bird books. The lover of nature is here provided with a notebook for the first record of observations and a series of descriptive sheets, one to be used for each of the 153 species of birds included in the fairly comprehensive list furnished.

The text of the book contains interesting and accurate descriptions of the more prominent families of birds represented in Middle and Eastern North America, but the owner is expected in addition to his own experience to gather from every reliable source of information facts which are to be finally recorded on the descriptive sheets, each of which is numbered for appropriate collation and easy reference.

A few crayons are provided for finishing any sketches made.

If these simple instructions are followed, the owner will finally possess a permanent record, in book form, of many delightful out-of-door hours and much exact information, upon a most fascinating subject.

The mechanical execution and typography of this book is of great beauty and it has many unique and unexpected features.

All Teachers of Nature Study will find the practical features of this new system of great value, in arousing and holding the interest of those classes, elementary as well as advanced, pursuing the study of birds. The price of the book is $2 net. Published by Henry Malkan, No. 1 William Street, New York City.

Prof. M. J. Elrod, of Missoula, Mont., has issued a pamphlet entitled "Birds in their Relation to Agriculture," which is a most interesting and valuable addition to the bird literature of the West. As the title indicates, it treats of the value of certain species of birds to the agricultural interests of the country because of their destroying noxious insects. The work relates especially to the birds in Montana, but most of these also range farther East and West, so that this pamphlet will be found of value to farmers and bird students everywhere.

It is printed for free distribution and any one desiring a copy of it can get it by addressing Professor Elrod as above.

"Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada" is the title of a book written by David T. Hanbury and published by Macmillan & Co. The book is a narrative of a 20 months' journey through the Northland and deals with hunting, fishing, and nature study, and the author recounts many interesting adventures and episodes in which he figured. He gives a great deal of interesting information about the Esquimos, who dress in deer skins and who live almost entirely on meat and fish.

The book is liberally illustrated with excellent photographs by the author, and with drawings by E. Colwell. It sells at $4.50 net.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has issued its report on the work of the Biological Survey for 1903, which deals largely with the subject of game and song bird protection. This bulletin contains a great deal that is of interest to the friends of this cause, and every such man and woman should have a copy of it. These can be had by addressing Dr. T. S. Palmer, Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., and mentioning RECREATION.

"Little Mitchell," the story of a squirrel, by Margaret W. Morley, is another contribution to the children's library. It is a record of facts, lovingly told, and no child could read it without wishing to own one of these most attractive pets. A photographic portrait of Mitchell is the frontispiece but the other illustrations are pen and ink drawings.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Penobscot Man," by Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstrom, is a collection of short stories taken from the lives of the hardy, adventurous rivermen of the Maine woods. The characteristic traits of these men and their dramatic experiences are skilfully shown, and the flavor of the stories is thoroughly American.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; price $1.25.

"Points on Buying a Horse" is the name of a little book written and published by Stephen Van Rensselaer, of West Orange, New Jersey. This book contains many hints, facts and suggestions which must prove of great value, not only to prospective buyers but to persons owning and driving horses. The book is published by the author, whose address is given above.

Editor—We will pay you either at the rate of $1 a word or $5,000 an idea, as you elect.

Distinguished Author—The former is—er—the better way, I think.—Puck.

PARKER SCORES.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., Mr. Felger, shooting the Old Reliable Parker gun, landed high amateur average.

At the same shoot Ben Scott, of Grass Lake, Mich., won the expert medal of amateurs with 25 straight, shooting the Parker.

At Brantford, Ont., H. D. Bates, shooting the Parker gun, won high amateur general average for 3 days' shooting, putting out a field of about 80 shooters.

Fred Gilbert made a lucky run at Spirit Lake recently of 392 straight. Gilbert always uses the Parker gun.

T. M. Craig, at the Brantford, Ont., shoot, won high average on 2 days. Mr. Craig shoots the Parker.

August 18th Mr. G. L. Bruffey, of University of Virginia, shooting the Parker gun, in the race for the championship cup, made 25 straight.

At the recent shoot of the Denver Trap Club, Denver, Col., Mr. Fred Gilbert, with the Parker gun, established another world's record from the 22 yard mark, breaking 83 straight without missing. Mr. Gilbert also won high average for the entire shoot of 4 days.

Mr. W. A. Waddington, shooting the Parker, tied for high average the first day in the amateur class with 190 out of a possible 200.

Frank J. Morse, an architect, of Boston, Mass., also an amateur shooter, at the Watertown Gun Club grounds on the 14th of May, made a score of 50 straight. Mr. Morse speaks in the highest terms of the performance of the Parker gun, and this record is one to be proud of.

May 17, at Vicksburg, Mr. Fletcher, of Vicksburg, won the championship cup with a score of 49 out of 50. Mr. Fletcher shoots the Parker gun.

CADILLAC SHOWING EXCELLENT.

St. Louis, August 10.

W. B. Hurlburt, driving a Cadillac, was officially the first to arrive at St. Louis, finishing the long run from New York yesterday afternoon. The Cadillac was preceded by a 24 horse power Pope Toledo, which, however, unfortunately started before midnight and was consequently disqualified. The last day's run was the hardest of the trip. Rain in Southern Illinois means almost bottomless mud roads, but even with this unenviable prospect, Hurlburt started from Springfield early in the morning determined to reach St. Louis first of the party which had day after day been encountering all sorts of tough propositions in their cross country run. Although bad roads were in prospect the actual conditions were much worse than could be imagined. The roads were a sea of mud and 31 miles had to be driven on the low speed, while the driving wheels had to be equipped with chains to provide traction.

The Cadillac and the drivers were so covered with mud that they were hardly recognizable, but the car came through in fine condition, and while battered and scarred the motor was running as beautifully as when the start was made from New York nearly 3 weeks ago. On a greater part of the trip the Cadillac carried 3 passengers and has made as good or better showing than the high power cars. Many compliments have been paid to Hurlburt for the manner in which he brought his car through.

NEW MULLINS' MODELS.

W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, has put on the market 2 new boats. These are known as the Buckeye hunting and fishing boat and the Canvas Back metal ducking boat. They are described on pages 13 and 25 respectively in Mr. Mullins' new catalogue. The Buckeye is 15 feet long, 44 inch beam, weighs 140 pounds, and is admirably adapted to both ducking and fishing. Furthermore, it is a comfortable and convenient pleasure boat, furnishing ample seating room for 3 people. It has a smooth, moulded bottom and is fitted with a small keel which makes it steady and enables the oarsman to guide it with greater ease than a flat bottom boat can be guided. It has the patent air chambers, so it can not sink.

The Canvas Back is a modification of the Get There and the Bustle ducking boats, having all the good qualities of both and some marked improvements on them. It is well adapted for either marsh or deep water shooting. The Canvas Back is 15 feet long and 32 inches wide. The boat has a wooden frame so that it is practically noiseless, is of light draft and fitted with air chambers.

One of the best qualities of all Mullins' boats is that they do not shrink and leak, as a wooden boat does when not in actual use.

Every man who lives near a lake or a river should have a Mullins' metal boat. In writing for catalogues please say where you saw these boats mentioned.

PASSENGERS AS ACCOMPLICES.

The St. Louis World's Fair proves, as everybody knew it would, an inviting field for the ticket scalper, whose sphere of operations has been for the last few years growing small by degrees and beautifully less. The railroad managers, forewarned, have been forearmed, and the courts of St. Louis appear to have no doubt either of the law or their duty in the case. Fines of $250 and $300, accompanied with 10 to 60 days in jail, are handed out with neatness and dispatch, and the nefarious business is evidently to be broken up from its foundations. Patrons of ticket scalpers, however, have received an additional warning in the fact that while they not only stand to lose their money, they are also likely to be involved as accomplices or detained as witnesses for the prosecution. In any way it is looked at, the less the honest traveler has to do with the scalper the better, for the apparent saving in the transaction is likely ot prove in the end the most dearly bought experience.

COMFORTABLE CAMPING.

"Hints About Camping," is the title of an excellent little pamphlet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is small and handy, full of information. It tells the novice what to take with him when he starts for the woods and how to prepare for his expedition. Practical experience dictates the advice given.

There is given a careful list of stores to be taken, a number of simple recipes for the cooking of birds and fish in the woods, and a few directions for the preservation of skins and heads until a taxidermist can be reached. Careful study of the "Hints" will save many annoying mistakes, and that there may be no excuse for neglecting the advice, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company distributes the book free through its agents or on application to its Advertising Agent, Windsor Station, Montreal.

Please mention RECREATION when you write.

E. V. Skinner, A. T. M.,
458 Broadway, New York.

John B. Rogers & Co., of Binghamton, N. Y., are making a line of cigars which they are putting out through the mails and which are advertised in RECREATION, at intervals. This is a thoroughly reliable house and the goods are put up in convenient packages with special reference to the wants of sportsmen. Nearly every camper supplies himself when starting out, with a liberal allowance of the weed and it is easy to understand that a large saving in cost may be made by buying direct from a manufacturer. If you buy from a retail dealer you must, of course, pay him his profit and in this case you can buy from the maker at the same price as the dealer would have to pay.

It would be well for every smoker who is planning a trip to the woods to write Rogers & Co. for a catalogue and prices. In doing so please mention RECREATION.

Blauvelt Knitting Co., Newark, N. J.:

Dear Sirs: I have just received the knit hunting jacket, and am much pleased with it. I enclose you money order to pay for it, and shall send you another order soon for some more knit goods.

My wife is much pleased with the jacket, and is thinking of having you get up something for her. I recommend the jacket highly, and you will probably hear from some of my friends as soon as they get a sight of my jacket. You may use any part of this letter you choose, over my signature.

Thanking you for your promptness, etc., I am, yours truly,

E. G. Webb, Fulton, N. Y.

As the game season is again at hand, the true sportsmen will make efforts to add their best specimens to their collections. The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebraska, is teaching thousands to do their own taxidermy. This school will send a copy of its new catalogue to all readers of RECREATION asking for one.

RECREATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is again approaching, and generous, thoughtful people are making up lists of presents for their friends. All such good people should remember that no more interesting, valuable or appropriate present for a man or a boy can be found than a yearly subscription to RECREATION. There are many such people who have sent in a number of subscriptions at the end of each year, for their friends, and who have announced their intention of continuing this custom as long as they live. RECREATION is a great educator; it is a moulder of good, sound sentiment with regard to outdoor sports and the preservation of wild animals, birds, fishes and forests. It stands pre-eminently for clean sport and manly manhood. It should, therefore, be in the hands of every man and boy in the land. Do not forget to include it in your list.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

RECREATION IS TEN YEARS OLD.

This is the 10th anniversary number of RECREATION, and as many people who are now readers of this magazine have not always been, it seems proper to state a few facts here, for their information.

The first number of RECREATION was issued in October, 1894, and contained 60 pages. There were 41 pages of reading matter and 18 pages of advertisements, including cover.

During the first year RECREATION was printed at 216 William street, and I had a small desk in one corner of the printing loft, among the presses and type cases. I had one stenographer, and not even an office boy. I ran all my own errands, wrote the wrappers, put up my own packages of sample copies and subscription copies, carried them to the post office and, in fact, did all the work except the letter writing and bookkeeping.

At the end of the first year I moved up town, had my printing done at 126 West 24th street, and located my desk in the printing office there. Six months later I opened an office of my own at 19 West 24th street, where I lived and worked about 4 years. Then I moved into my present quarters.

The first edition of RECREATION was 5,000 copies, the American News Company taking 2,000 of these. The greater part of their supply was, of course, returned at the end of the first month, and these copies were sent out again in the course of my promotion work. The news stand sales and the subscription lists grew rapidly, and the output gradually increased from month to month, until it reached the present standard of 65,000 copies a month. My subscription books today contain about 32,000 names, and the American News Company handles, during each of the winter months, 30,000 to 32,000 copies.

In keeping with the growth of circulation I increased the size of the magazine, until to-day I am printing 70 pages of reading matter and 74 pages of advertisements, a total of 144 pages.

I now employ during the summer months 15 to 17 people, and during the winter months, 18 to 22.

It is not my fault that RECREATION has proved a phenomenal success. It largely is due to the faithful service rendered by all my employes, several of whom have been with me 5 to 8 years. Another large share of the credit is due to the thousands of good sportsmen who have stood by me through thick and thin and who still keep their shoulder to the wheel.

RECREATION has never been conducted as a money making venture. It was established for another and broader purpose, that of preserving the game, the game fishes, the song birds and the forests. No one outside of this office can possibly know the good this magazine has accomplished along these lines. This magazine created the League of American Sportsmen, which was organized in 1898, and has built it without a particle of assistance from any other sportsmen's journal, until to-day it has a membership of over 10,000, with working divisions in all the States of the Union except one, and in 2 of the Provinces of Canada.

This League, with the assistance and influence of its official organ, secured the passage of the Lacey law, the greatest bird-protective measure ever enacted in any country. These combined forces have also secured the enactment of laws in a majority of the States for the better protection of game and of song birds and fishes, and have created and built up a public sentiment that renders it possible to enforce such laws in nearly all parts of the country, whereas 10 years ago it was almost impossible to get a jury to convict a man of a violation of a game or fish law anywhere in the rural districts.

I have received many thousands of letters from men who frankly admit that they had for years made a practice of killing all the game they could find, in season and out of season, and that they never stopped to think whether or not they were doing wrong until they began to read RECREATION; that since imbibing the wholesome ideas put forth by this magazine they have reformed; that they now quit when they get enough, and insist on their friends and neighbors doing likewise.

On account of the fearless and aggressive manner in which I have always assailed game and fish destroyers I have made thousands of enemies. I have on file the names of over 50,000 men who have at one time or another been subscribers to RECREATION and who have dropped it because I have rebuked them for slaughtering game. These men have not only quit reading RECREATION themselves, but they have caused thousands of others to ignore it.

I am entirely conservative, therefore, in saying that if I had adopted a quiet, inoffensive course in this matter I could to-day have had a circulation of 200,000 copies instead of 65,000. Of course, many men who have been my enemies at one time or another have since learned that they were in the wrong, and that I was in the right, and they have come back into the fold.

On the other hand, I have made thousands of warm friends among the better class of sportsmen and nature lovers because of my policy; and the fact that RECREATION is to-day read by 330,000 people, estimating that each copy reaches 5 people, means that it is wielding a greater influence for good along its chosen lines than any other journal of its class has ever done. My object has been, and still is, to reform the game butchers, and as long as I am accomplishing that I am content, whether I get their money or not. The time will yet come when more of these ex-game butchers will admit their errors and will come my way.

There are many thousands of good people who are not yet acquainted with RECREATION. Millions of tons of reading matter are put on the market each month, and it takes a long time for 76,000,000 people to learn the good qualities of any magazine.

Friends of RECREATION, and this means friends of the birds, the wild animals and the forests, can greatly aid in the preservation of these objects by extending the circulation of this magazine. If you believe in what I am doing you should improve every opportunity of saying so to your friends and of placing sample copies of this magazine in their hands. One man can not reform the world. He must have help, and every one of my thousands of readers can render invaluable aid in this direction if he will. Send me the names and addresses of your friends, and I will do the rest.

ANOTHER SHY AT THE FIGURES.

I buy RECREATION every month and like it. The gun and ammunition, and the photo departments are especially good. Your stories and editorials are also interesting, as well as the poundings you give the game and fish butchers.

There is one feature of RECREATION, however, which I think offsets all the good points. Let me quote a passage from this month's issue, to show you what I mean.

"The animal is about 11 or 12 inches long. It has 4 teeth, 2 above and 2 below, the upper ones having a ridge in them, making them look like 4 teeth."

Don't you think the appearance and value of the magazine would be increased if you would use a little more space and print "eleven," "twelve," "four," "two," etc., and save the figures to number the game hogs with?

Clarence W. Carroll, Rochester, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I thoroughly appreciate your friendly criticism and regret I can not agree with you as to the propriety of spelling out numerals. I notice your letter is dated

"Aug. 8, 1904." Do you not think the appearance of your letter would have been improved by writing "August eighth, one thousand nine hundred and four"? If not, they why would the appearance of the printed page in RECREATION be improved by spelling out such words? If, in the interest of brevity, terseness and the saving of time and space, it is proper to put the date of your letter in the shortest possible space, then why is it not equally proper, rational and practical to boil down the reading matter in RECREATION, in the same way?

If you will justify your action in this matter, I will offer a further justification of my method.

I may add here that you can read the figures 12 quicker and with less tax on your eyes than you can read the word twelve, and in these days, when thousands of tons of good printed matter are put on the market every day, and when no man can get time to read half the good stuff he would like to read, it is certainly a kindness to every reader to give him the greatest amount of information in the smallest possible space and with the smallest possible tax on his time and eyesight.—EDITOR.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

The drawings reproduced on page 220 of this issue of RECREATION were made by Miss Eileen Hood, 12 years old, a daughter of Arthur Hood, Esq., of Kenley, Surrey, England.

The drawings, which are in water color, direct with the brush, were dashed off one morning from memory of various attitudes assumed by the dogs as Eileen had watched them at play about her father's grounds.

Miss Eileen is already well known in England among people interested in art. When she was but 9 years old she won the Princess Louise gold medal, for a snap shot drawing of a group of horses; the next year the Sir John Tenniel gold medal was awarded her, also for a drawing of horses; and at the age of 11 she won the Watts prize, with a spirited drawing of a bucking broncho, which she drew from a verbal description only. All these prizes were won at exhibitions of the Royal Drawing Society. Her best known drawing is a portrait of Tess, a beautiful collie of which the little girl was extremely fond and which was killed by a motor car. The portrait was painted from memory, after the collie's death, and has been exhibited in England, France and Switzerland.

To a great extent Eileen is unconscious of the reputation she is achieving. Her drawing is the natural, spontaneous expression of her own impressions, and her interest centers largely in animals, chiefly dogs. A strong feature of her work is that her dogs are dogs, her horses, horses. She does not attempt to humanize them, the fatal error of so many painters of animals who thus become mere caricaturists.

COLD STORAGE CHICKENS POISON.

A summer hotel in this State, at which a number of my friends have spent their vacations for years past, recently served cold storage roast chicken at dinner, and as a result 23 of the guests were made seriously ill from ptomaine poison. Several of them came near dying and it was only due to the most diligent efforts on the part of 4 physicians that the lives of these people were saved.

I have printed several articles in RECREATION, written by prominent physicians, commenting on the risk which people always incur in eating cold storage birds, either wild or domestic. As is well known, game birds and poultry that are placed in cold storage houses are stored with the entrails in, and it is supposed that the contamination of the flesh results from this cause.

The sooner people learn that cold storage birds are wholly and totally unfit to eat, the better it will be for all concerned. All States should enact laws prohibiting the keeping of game birds and poultry in close season. Birds that can not be eaten within a few hours after killing, especially in warm weather, should not be killed. It is far better that the trade of a few game dealers should be curtailed than that the health of thousands of people should be jeopardized.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

Will G. H. Blodgett, who wrote the article entitled Canoeing in Georgian Bay, which was printed in August RECREATION, please send me his address?

When the war is over I shall ask Admiral Togo to write me an article on "Hunting the Russian Bear on the Japan Sea."

The orchard is the place for fruit,
But when in search of peaches,
The wise man dons a bathing suit
And hies him to the beaches.
—Town Topics.

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A DEER HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

C. W. CLEAVER.

Plumb, Elmer Walter Howard and I set out, September 3, 1900, by wagon from Colorado Springs, on a 150 mile drive for Rio Blanco and Routt counties. Our first stop was in Ute Pass, where we dined hastily on bacon, coffee and eggs.

I was armed with a Savage rifle, and, being anxious to test it on something, I took advantage of a chance at one of a colony of badgers. The animal's head was literally pulverized.

A ranchman, near the foot of Western pass, complained of the destruction of his cattle by bears. Three cinnamon hides in his possession showed that his herds were not unavenged. The bears had been caught in traps. The ranchmen seem afraid to hunt them, and they are increasing alarmingly.

At McCoy's ranch, on Grand river, we had our first taste of fresh meat, trout, and grouse, after 15 days of salt side. There Elmer Howard, who had not been well at starting, grew worse and reluctantly took the stage for home.

Reaching the big game country, we camped on the main fork of Williams river, 6 miles East of Pagoda peak. Plumb declared at once that we must have fresh meat, so, oiling up my 30-30, I prepared to kill my first deer. Our camp was already made. A Denver party had just left it. Tables were made on stumps. Nails, on which to hang our fixings, protruded everywhere. Above and around us stood pines and aspens, sheltering us alike from sun and wind, and from the wary eye of game. A mountain stream of pure, cold water, abounding in trout, ran singing by, only 20 feet from our tent.

Early next morning Plumb and I started out, leaving Howard to watch camp, catch trout, and kill grouse. The woods were undergrown with grass one to 2 feet high, affording good cover for game. Slowly I climbed the mountain side, speculating as to whether my first sight of deer would precipitate an attack of buck fever. As I paused to scan the cliff in front of me, 2 deer suddenly came into sight on the top, 50 feet above me. Clearly outlined against the sky, they stood and gazed. It was a pretty picture.

They were too distant for a shot, so I could only wait and look. Presently they started down into the gulch, and I began to climb to the top, hoping to get a nearer sight and a shot. When I reached the summit they had disappeared. However, there was plenty of sign, so I kept my finger on the trigger and my eyes sticking out, so as to see behind me.

Less than a mile from camp a buck broke cover from an aspen thicket, at 40 yards. He was badly frightened, rose noisily, and sprang rapidly away, but after 3 or 4 leaps stopped to investigate. Instantly I placed a 30-30 bullet in his neck, just behind the jaws, severing his windpipe and tearing the throat to shreds. He fell, and I stood over my first deer. Only those can appreciate my emotions who have shared my experience. To get him to camp over the rough ground and fallen trees was a big job, but I accomplished it. At noon Plumb returned to camp, having also killed a buck.

We then had plenty of meat, and settled down to enjoy ourselves. Next day we started early, expecting to find deer in the open. In crossing a big burn we found numerous tracks where deer had played in the night, but we saw no deer. Late in the evening, while returning through a piece of heavy timber on whose needle carpeted floor I trod noiselessly, I came on a buck rubbing the velvet from his antlers. I could see the tips of his shoulders and, fancying I could get him, I fired. He ran, and as it was nearly dark I did not follow.

Next day, as we were coming in empty handed, a buck sprang from the grass, ran to the top of a hill 200 yards distant, and stopped to look. He fell, with a ball in the neck.

The fellows whose place we had taken in camp had left the fore quarters of 5 or 6 deer in the brush, taking home only the hams and saddles. They had also caught and thrown away about 200 trout. Not wishing to pattern after them, we closed our hunt, and broke camp.

On our homeward journey we camped once more on Grand river, and were told by a ranchman that at a neighboring water hole deer were accustomed to drink early in the morning. We rose early next morning, and sought the water hole, but failed to find game. On our return to camp Walter, who had not gone out, told us of seeing 2 deer a few minutes before. We at once separated and hunted some time, without discovering sign. All at once 5 deer, winding Plumb, came toward me, but as all were does I did not molest them. Whistling Plumb to me, I told him the woods were full of deer. We started for a piece of heavy timber, and crept softly through it, with the wind in our faces. Presently, while we were resting, a big buck stepped out, followed by a doe. When the firing ceased, the buck was down and the doe going at a 2 minute gait. We killed 2 or 3 grouse on our way to camp, also a snowshoe rabbit, making a variety as well as a sufficiency of game.

We note that the handsome young woman wears many military buttons, badges and other mementoes.

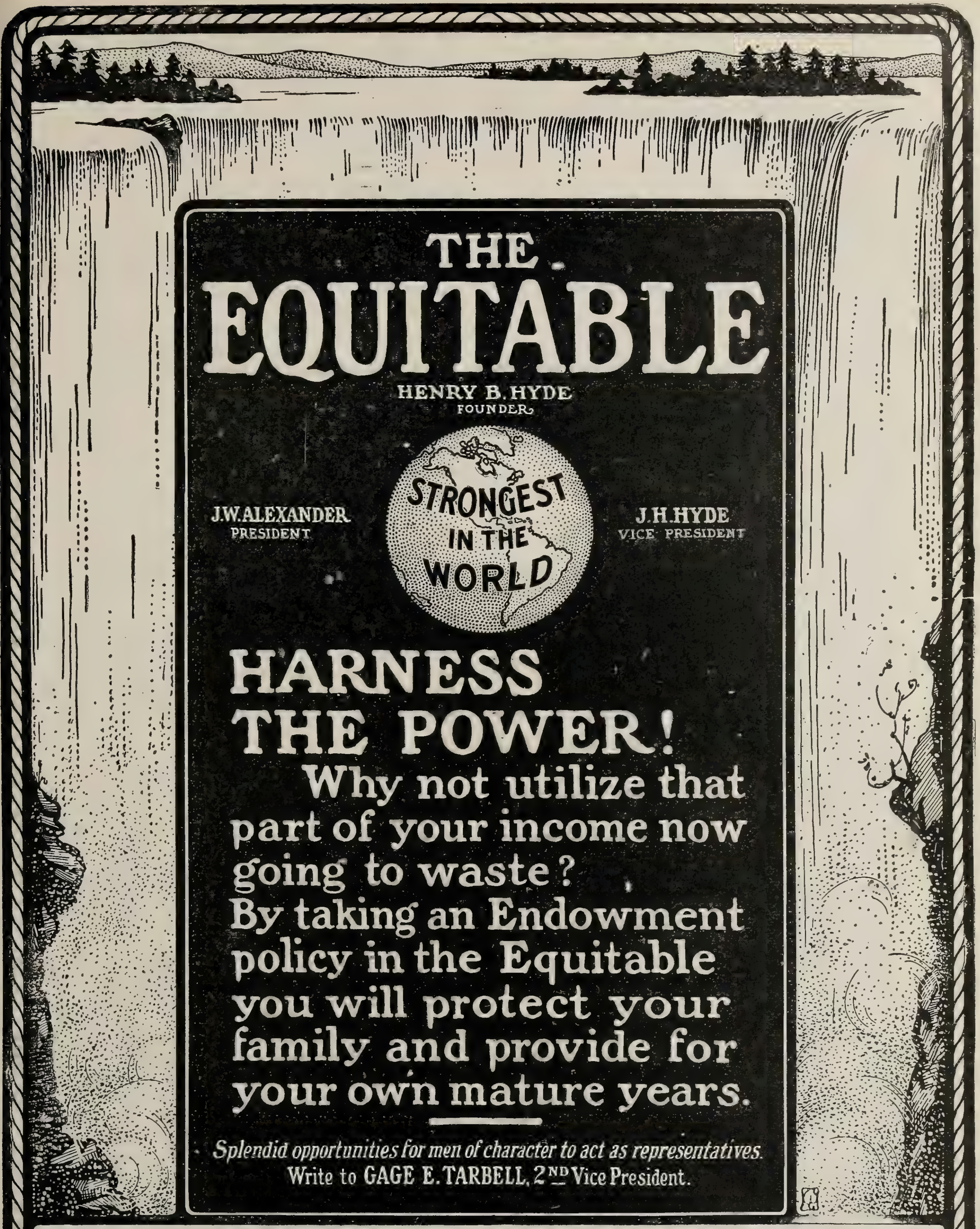
"Are you the daughter of the regiment?" we ask.

"Oh, no, sir," responds the gentle thing; "but I have promised to be a sister to all the officers."

At this juncture we might have made a witty remark about a call to arms and the penalty for disregarding it, but because of her blushes we refrained.—Judge.

"Pa, what is repartee?"

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress suit on, my son."—Puck.



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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

RECREATION has conducted 8 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 9th opens April 1st, 1904, and will close November 30th, 1904.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A 4 x 5 Petite Century Camera, with Goerz Anastigmat Lens and Century Shutter, listed at $73.

Third prize: A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Lens Co., Rochester, N. Y.; listed at $36.

Fourth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, and listed at $32.

Fifth prize: An Al-Vista Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $30.

Sixth prize: A No. 3 Focusing Weno Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27.50.

Seventh prize: A 12 x 12 Waterproof Wall Tent, listed at $16.30.

Eighth prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Ninth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $8.

Tenth prize: A pair of High Grade Skates, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a pair of chrome tanned leather driving or hunting gloves made by the Luther Glove Co., and listed at $1.50.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $1.

A special prize: A Goerz Binocular Field Glass, listed at $74.25, will be given for the best picture of a live wild animal.

All pictures used will be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

G. T. Harris, in Western Camera Notes.

Lantern slides without clouds are now as rarely seen as prints without them. The orthochromatic plate and the light filter make the retention of clouds in landscape negatives easy; and even when these appliances are not used shutter exposures show clouds.

The lantern slide worker should make a special effort to obtain his negatives with clouds in them, for by so doing he will save subsequent work. Perhaps in his landscape negatives, clouds already exist, but owing to their greater opacity they do not show well in the print. In such a case the sky portion should be carefully reduced with ferricyanide or persulphate until the clouds assume an opacity of equal printing value with the landscape portion. In some cases the sky portion of the negative exceeds in density the landscape portion only a little, and it is not desirable to interfere with the opacity. Where this is the case, the landscape portion should be screened during exposure, when making the slide, so that the dense portion may have a few seconds additional exposure.

There will, however, always be a certain proportion of slides which necessitate the introduction of clouds from other negatives, so it is essential for the slide maker to be proficient in the methods whereby clouds are introduced into slides that show no trace of them.

Two methods are generally available. The clouds may be printed on a separate lantern plate from a specially made cloud negative, and this cloud slide used as a cover glass; or they may be printed on the same plate as the landscape portion in the camera by double printing.

It is essential that the slide maker who has the prospect of much landscape work before him, should be well stocked with cloud negatives of every description, specially taken and developed, so that he can at any time select a suitable cloud effect for any particular landscape. Prints from these cloud negatives should be mounted in a rough album, and the time of the day when the negative was taken, with the compass direction of lighting, should be written underneath. There will then be no danger of bizarre and contradictory cloud effects being shown on the screen. In these cloud negatives no portion of the landscape should show. If it is impossible to avoid obtaining some portion when taking the negatives, the landscape should be blocked out by gumming some non-actinic paper on the reverse side of the negative.

The separate plate method is as follows: Having obtained a lantern slide of the landscape portion see that the sky part of the slide is represented by absolutely bare glass. If the negative has its sky portion blocked out this will secure perfectly pure glass in the lantern slide, but should any deposit be apparent in the slide it must be cleared away by the application of the ferricyanide reducer applied with a small tuft of cotton wool. Wash the slide and dry it in the usual manner.

To make the cloud portion, take another lantern plate, and having selected a suitable cloud negative make a lantern slide of it. Adjust the cloud negative in the camera so it will show a portion of the landscape. All that is necessary is to hold the landscape slide over the image of the cloud negative shown on the focusing screen, when it will be seen at once if the 2 correspond. Expose and develop, taking care to work under the same conditions as when making the landscape, so that the colors of both may be the same.

On removing the plate from the fixing bath and comparing it with the landscape portion it will at once be seen how nearly they correspond with each other. Perhaps the sky slide requires intensification to bring it up to the landscape portion, or it may be denser and require a brief application of ferricyanide reducer.

Having made the 2 slides of equal opacity, place them back to back, with the edges of the slides even. It will at once be apparent whether the 2 dovetail into each other, or whether the sky slide overlaps the landscape slide and gives a bad effect. Should the sky slide encroach on the landscape anywhere, take a tuft of cotton wool, dip it in the ferricyanide reducer, and, still holding the slides back to back, carefully remove the portion of the sky slide that overlaps the landscape. Do not use the reducer too strong, and see that none of the reducer reaches the landscape by capillary attraction.

When the slides are dry and bound film to film the sky and landscape portions should fit and form a perfect slide. This is the best method of obtaining clouds in lantern slides; but it has one drawback. When developing for warm colors it is not always easy to match the 2 slides. For this reason it is best, whenever possible, to expose the sky and landscape plates one after the other and develop them together. Another means of ameliorating the difficulty is to prepare a stock of sky slides during leisure moments, so that some variety may enable the slide maker to effect a match.

The method of printing the clouds on the same plate as the landscape, is not so certain as the foregoing method. Having selected the cloud negative it is desired to incorporate with the landscape, a mask must be prepared with which to screen the landscape portion during the exposure of the cloud negative. To prepare this mask, take a piece of non-actinic paper, lay it over the landscape negative, and, holding the negative up to a strong light, roughly trace with a pencil on the paper the outline of the landscape where it comes against the sky. Cut out the landscape portion along this line so that 2 masks result, one for the sky and the other for the landscape. For convenience the landscape mask may be gummed on a piece of cardboard, leaving the outline of the landscape projecting beyond the stiff edge of the cardboard. The stiffening is an advantage, as it enables the mask to be held more securely.

Place the landscape negative in the comera and expose on the lantern plate in the usual manner. Then remove the landscape negative and insert the cloud negative, taking care that it is placed in the same relative position that the landscape negative occupied. Hold the cardboard mask in front of the cloud negative so it will cover that portion of the negative corresponding to the landscape negative. The mask requires holding about an inch away from the negative. and should be kept moving slightly above and below what would be considered the line of injunction of the landscape and sky portions. It will thus be seen that the sky negative is vignetted into the landscape portion in the camera, so that both are obtained on the one lantern plate. A little practice enables this to be done neatly but this method is probably not so easy for the beginner as the one previously described.

The same necessity exists in this second method for obtaining the landscape portion with the sky showing as clear glass. Otherwise on removing the landscape negative and inserting the cloud negative a brilliant result will not be obtainable. If the sky portion of the landscape negative is not sufficiently dense to give freedom from deposit in the slide, that portion of the paper mask covering the sky should be roughly placed in position during the exposure of the landscape negative to ensure this end.

(To be continued.)

SNAP SHOTS.

I am a constant reader of your magazine and find in it much information, both in the sporting and the photographic line. I discovered a fact recently that may in turn be of benefit to my fellow readers.

By mistake I tried to develop 2 unexposed plates. After leaving them a reasonable time in metal hydro developer without apparent change, I decided that they were unexposed, and thought of a method by which I might save the plates. I removed them from the developer and washed them 2 or 3 minutes in running water, then put them away separately in some empty plate boxes to dry. When dry I exposed them and another fresh plate on the same object, getting, when developed, better negatives from the 2 plates than from the one I had not developed.

The developer was fresh and full strength. I used it to develop some exposed plates immediately after I tried to develop the unexposed plates.

F. J. Park, Schenectady, N. Y.

Please give me a formula for intensifying negatives with potassium iodide and bichlorate of mercury.

J. H. Bartley, Zillah, Wash.

ANSWER.

A.—Saturated solution of bichloride of mercury.

B.—Potassium iodide..........1¼ ounces.
Water ....6 ounces.

Pour A into B, stirring constantly until the red precipitate just stops dissolving. The solution should be slightly turbid. Then add hyposulphite of soda, one ounce. When that is dissolved add water up to 20 ounces. For use take one part of this solution and 3 parts of water.—Editor.

Some negatives made in the Philippines are turning yellow. They give good prints, hard, but slow in printing. Can the yellowness be removed without destroying the negative? Please give recipe in both metric and apothecaries' weights.

S. M. T.

Try immersion in the following clearing bath 10 to 15 minutes:

Sulphate of iron,	150 grammes.	3 ounces.
Alum	50 grammes.	1 ounce.
Citric Acid.......	50 grammes.	1 ounce.
Water...1,000 cubic centimeters.		16 ounces

Then wash in clean water.—The Camera.

I have seen in Recreation from time to time complaints of a showing of hypo on negatives, but no remedy except to wash in running water. I use a saturated solution of sugar of lead, in soft water, as a stock solution. After 2 changes of water on the negative several negatives may be eliminated of hypo by adding one ½ ounce of this stock solution to a pint of water. Care must be used to avoid stock solution coming in contact with negative, as it will cause a rainbow hued spot difficult to get rid of. This may be avoided by preparing before solution.

M. F. Ensminger, Marion, Ohio.

I notice that Arthur Roth asks in Recreation for a recipe for glue like that on the back of postage stamps and labels, for mounting prints. The following is a recipe for such glue:

Dextrine 1	ounce
Acetic acid .... ¼	ounce
Alcohol .... ¼	ounce
Water 1¼	ounce

Mix the dextrine, acid and water thoroughly, then add the alcohol.

Recreation is the best magazine published.

M. H. Murray, West Duluth, Minn.

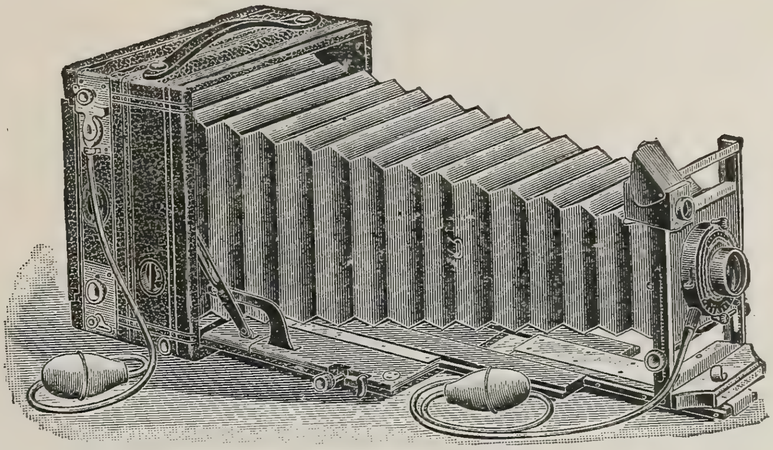
I receive more information in the line of photography through Recreation than from the several photographic magazines I subscribe for.

Albert Haanstad, Eau Claire, Wis.

Can any of your readers inform me where I can get a good 4 x 5 blue print paper? I want this for a particular purpose and want the best I can get.

L. R. Anderson, Oxford, Iowa.

Recreation's 9th Annual Photo Competition closes November 30th, and amateur photographers intending to enter pictures should be on the alert every day for good subjects. Please read carefully the list of prizes and the conditions of entry, in the Photo Department of Recreation. Keep your eyes wide open in your travels and always have your camera at hand. A prize winning subject may come within your reach when least expected.



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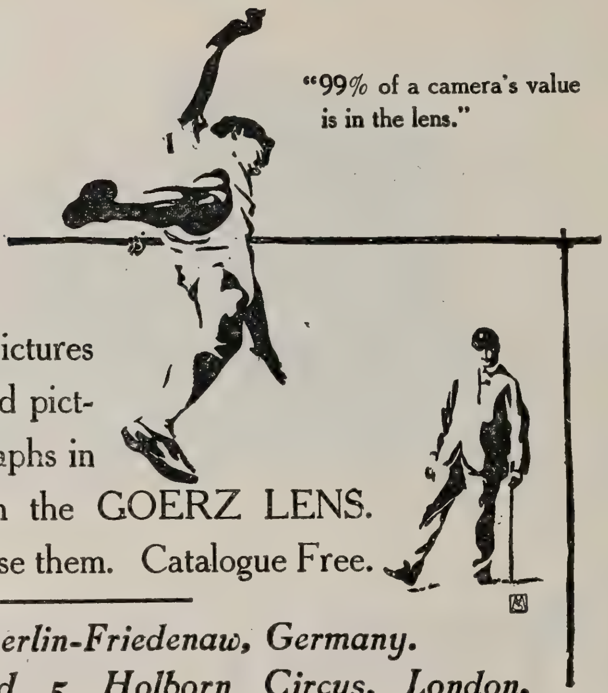
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DON'T FORGET

Recreation's

Photo Contest

THIS is the time of year to secure photos of **Live Wild Birds** and **Game**, of **Camping Scenes** or **other Outdoor Sports.** One such picture may win for you a valuable

CAMERA,
LENS, TENT,
FISHING ROD,
FIELD GLASS,
SKATES, GLOVES,
FOUNTAIN PEN

or other prize.

See announcement of contest in RECREATION, department of Amateur Photography

Counsel for the contestants in a will case was trying to show that the testator was of unsound mind. One of the dead man's intimate friends was summoned to testify for the plaintiff.

"Did not the old man talk to himself when he was alone?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not know," replied the witness.

"What!" exclaimed the attorney, "you do not know, and yet you claim to have been an intimate friend of his! How can you explain your ignorance of the fact that the deceased talked to himself when he alone?"

"Because," replied the man, undisturbed, "I was never with him when he was alone."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

I congratulate you on your attitude toward pump gun abominations and I wish you continued prosperity with your great magazine.

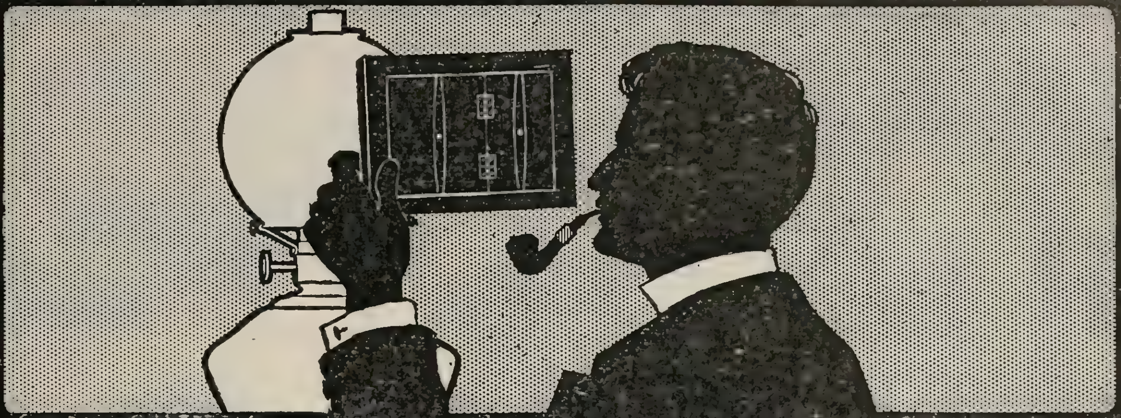
T. F. Watson, Milwaukee, Wis.

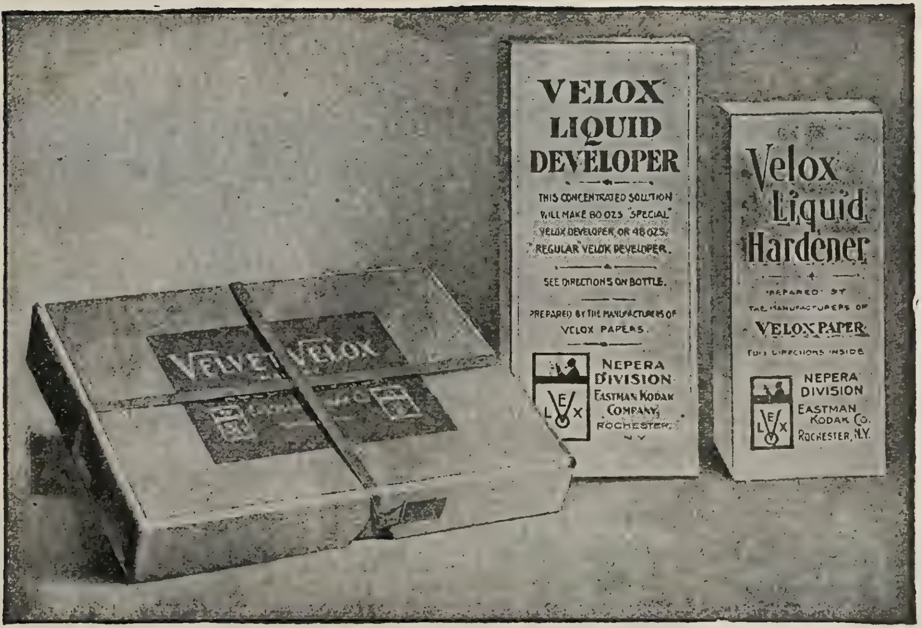
I received the premium Bristol steel fishing rod from Horton Co. to-day and am well pleased with it. Accept my sincere thanks.

Wayne G. Wright, Columbus, Ohio.

He—At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?

She—Just before she is married.—Yonkers Statesman.

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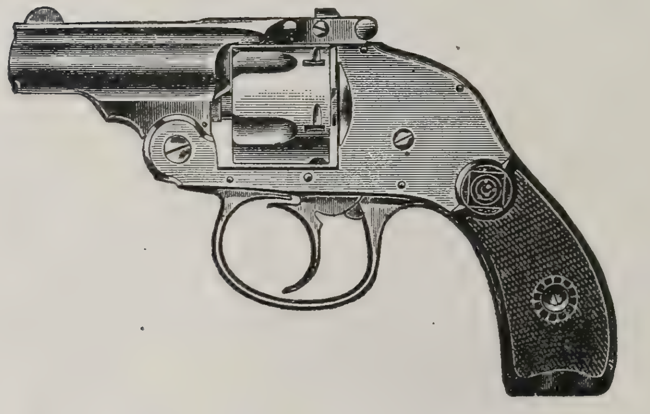

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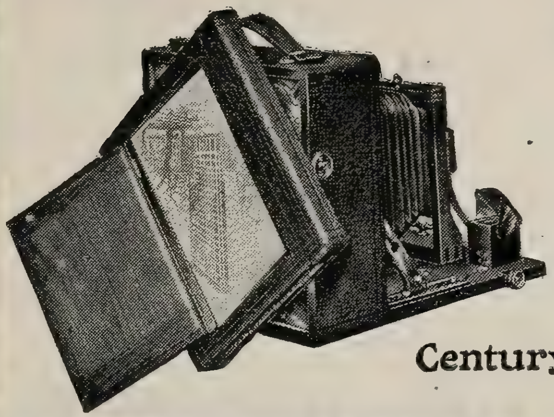

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The president took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it, and handed it to him.

"Give that to your boy," he said, "and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great, but that the fact must be kept a secret between him and me."—Boston Christian Register.

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Canvas, 6x8 or 8x10 inches,	$10
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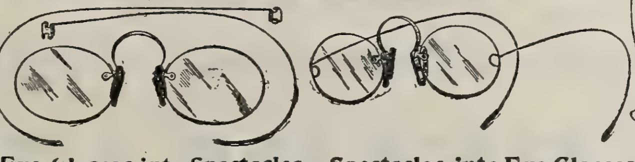

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A lawyer tells this story of one of his experiences in cross examination. The witness seemed disposed to dodge his questions.

"Sir," said the lawyer, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" or "no" out of the witness. Presently the lawyer said:

"You say you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the North of him?"

"No."

"To the South?"

"No."

"Well, to the West, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer, sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the East of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him; yet he lives neither to the North, South, East nor West of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness, calmly; "but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."—Pittsburg Gazette.

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would make it worth while even if it didn't make better pictures than the dark-room way—but it does.

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FALL STYLES IN PEOPLE.

"The styles in people for the fall
Will be both trim and neat,
With no important change at all
In hands or eyes or feet.
There'll be a smaller size in brains,
So's not to discommode
In dodging autos, trucks and trains,"
Says Madame de la Mode.

"Though morals are in vogue this year,
They'll wear them rather low,
And many scandals will appear
In swell whole cloth, you know.
New fads in fashionable disease
Will soon come in, no doubt,
For vermiform appendices
Have gone entirely out.

"Some Russian princes home from war
Have set the styles just now
And caused a perfect furore for
The new 'retreating brow.'
For Presidential goods the type
Will make the chappie glad—
The very quiet Parker stripe
Or the noisy Roosevelt plaid.

"Stripes will be worn by boodlers who
Last year were fond of checks;
Reformers will be proper, too,
With somewhat stiffer necks;
Brides will be trimmed with dollar signs,
The kind that won't corrode.
Thus all will fall in graceful lines,"
Says Madame de la Mode.

Wallace Irwin, in Life.

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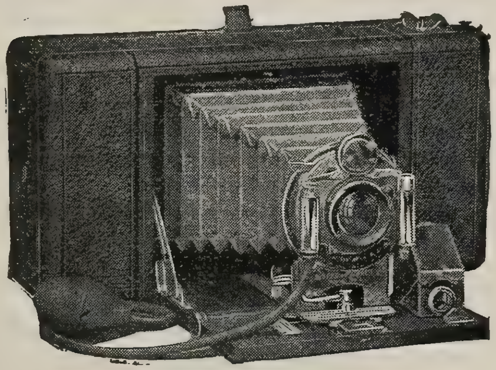

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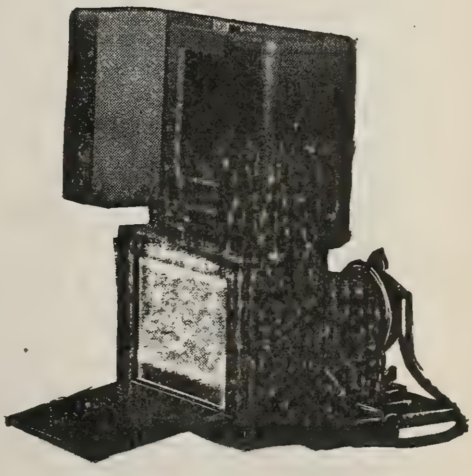


THE OLD BIRCH TREE.

C. E. GREENE.

After the weary routine of the hot summer months I concluded I was too far from Nature, and, taking the advice of my friends Farwell and Badger, I went to Brown's camp in Maine.

Boarding a B. & M. train in Boston, at 9 a. m., I breakfasted the next morning in Bangor, and at 7.30 left for Katahdin Iron Works, which we reached 50 minutes late. As we started late, and the conductor had stopped the train once to shoot at a fox, and once to recover a passenger's hat, which had been blown off, I thought we did mighty well.

By jumper from Katahdin we proceeded to the Mecca of our journey, a cabin in a small clearing which nestles at the foot of Chainback mountain, beside Pleasant river.

In the edge of the clearing stands a venerable birch tree, which towers slim and tall above its forest companions, its trunk lichen covered, its branches lightning shivered, but still erect and dominant, a conspicuous landmark for the weary hunter in his quest for camp. Seated on a pine box before the cabin, I gazed on the varying tints of the forest just changing for the autumn, drew in deep breaths of balsam laden air, and realized that I, too, was a part of Nature's household, albeit but a poor relation.

The country, with its solitude, is no place for secrets. The valleys whisper to the hills, the hills murmur to the mountains, the mountains repeat it to the sea. The earth is tumultuous with voices. What hunter but knows them? As I squat on one foot at the root of some forest giant, comes to me the querulous challenge of a red squirrel that resents my presence in his domain. His remarks may be a warning to his mate, or they may be reflections on my ancestry, but they advertise my presence to every denizen of the woods.

Above my head a noisy woodpecker hammers busily, pretending to look for a worm, but constantly keeping his weather eye on me. It is the drum beat of warning to the inhabitants of the wilderness. A blue jay, too, detects my presence, and instantly his raucous cry fills a cubic mile of space with the notice that a devil is in the woods with a gun. To follow him is idle. He is always beyond range, and the farther I follow the farther he spreads his abominable tidings. Presently the squirrel, emboldened by my peaceful manner, comes down to the ground and daringly ventures close to me. Sitting erect, intently watching me, he emits from time to time his saucy bark, accompanying each ejaculation with a jerk of his tail. I don't known what the tail has to do with the barks, but the 2 are simultaneous. I move, and the little rascal rushes madly for his tree, kicking up a cyclone of dry leaves in his flight.

From high overhead, among the floating clouds, comes the shrill cry of a hawk, circling there, with keen eye scanning the earth for his prey.

All day I had hunted and hoped for grouse. I had abandoned hope, and started for some other nook. Whir-r-r! buz-z-z, came a sound that froze my blood and blurred my eyes. A grouse, sure, but I forgot that I had a gun. Marking where he alighted, I cocked my gun and started after him. With ready weapon and finger on trigger I tramped over and over the ground where he should have been, then concluded I had been mistaken and let the hammers down. Almost from beneath my very feet burst on the air that frightened roar again. And again I forgot to shoot.

With the slanting sun admonishing me to turn toward camp, I set out. My judgment dictated one direction; my compass said the opposite, and with Farwell's instructions borne on my mind I followed the compass, sure that it was guiding me farther and farther away from camp.

The chair, with its colossal seat and mighty back, stood plainly in sight, but while my compass placed it in the Southeast, I was sure it was in the North. Nearly opposite the chair, I knew, was the camp, but I could mark out no familiar object. I walked over an hour, as fast as I could, in one direction, through briar patches and tangled thickets, till my trousers looked like the frazzle of forlorn hope. I fell in jumping across a stream, jammed enough mud into the muzzle of my gun to build a chimney, and at last concluded to turn down the compass and trust to my own judgment. As I struck out on that tack I heard the harsh, shrill cry of a bobcat. He doubtless had taken alarm at my presence in his haunts. It grew dark, and the shivers crept up my back as I realized that I was lost. As another curdling shriek shattered the night air, I turned and beheld the sentinel birch! In a few minutes I was standing beside my cabin door.

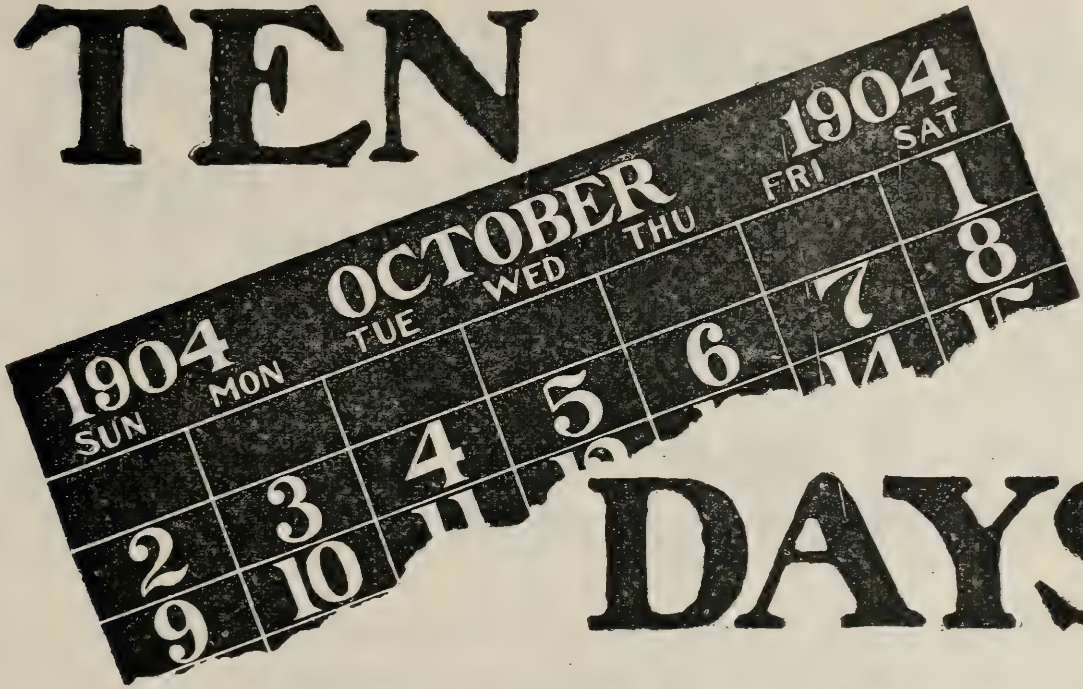
Rest, supper, the pipe, and slumber.

It has often been shown that the schoolmaster is needed among British officers. Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders. A certain major ordained not long ago that: "Reveille will be at 3.30 a. m. The brigade will parade at 4.00 a. m. The brigade will move at 4.15 a. m. The sun will rise at 5 a. m."

During the guerilla war of 1901-'2, after building the blockhouses, it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A staff officer thereupon issued the following order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses except the sentries."

Thirdly, though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not: "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky line."—Argonaut.

TEN



DAYS

The Art of Being Certain

The successful man don't guess—he KNOWS because he takes the trouble to FIND OUT.

When he is a bit "out of fix" he says "Something is wrong with my food."

Then he proceeds to KNOW by leaving off greasy meats, pasty sticky and starchy half cooked wheat and oats, white bread and pastry, and adopting a plain, nourishing diet.

Many men who really KNOW use a little cooked fruit, a dish of ready cooked, pre-digested GRAPE-NUTS and cream, two soft eggs and a cup of hot POSTUM FOOD COFFEE, nothing more. The result is CERTAIN in quick relief from trouble and a return to health.

"There's a reason."

Get the wonderful little book "The Road to Wellville" in each package of

Grape-Nuts

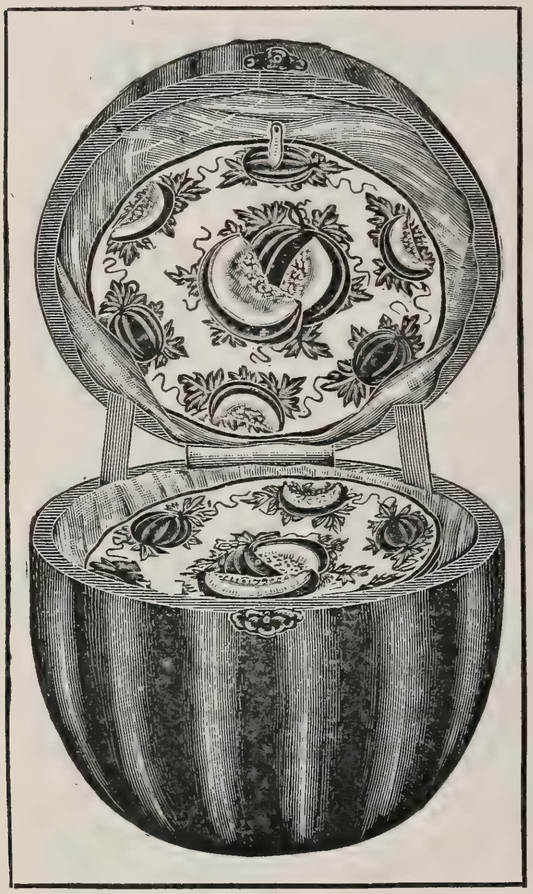
A VALUABLE PRESENT

For Your Wife, Your Mother, Your Sister or Your Best Girl

For **25** Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation, I will send you a set of

1 DISH AND 12 TOMATO PLATES

made by Higgins & Seiter, 50 West 22d Street, N. Y. Listed at $19.50.



And, for **20** Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation, I will send you a set of

12 WATERMELON PLATES

listed at $16.50. (See illustration)

THESE are fine, thin, white china plates, beautifully hand painted, with pictures of tomatoes and tomato vines, or watermelons and watermelon vines, in natural colors, and each set of plates is enclosed in a case made in an exact imitation of a large tomato or a watermelon.

No more beautiful or appropriate present could possibly be found for a lady than one of these sets.

You can earn one of them in a few hours, and at the same time earn the everlasting gratitude of the lady to whom you may give it.

SEND FOR PACKAGE OF SAMPLE COPIES FOR USE IN CANVASSING

23
Recreation W. 24th Street, New York

"Out of Whack"

From Pain, Fatigue,
"Blues" Brain Fag,
"Common Ills of Life?"

Orangeine

(POWDERS)

Give Sure and Permanent Benefit

No Alcoholic No Narcotic No Drug Effect.

Full composition of Orangeine published in every package.

Promptly and accurately reach COLDS, HEADACHE, "GRIP," INDIGESTION, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA and "Every Day Ills." Assures your best effort for your duties and engagements.

NOTE—Orangeine is now sold by all progressive druggists in 10c packages (2 powders); 25c (6 powders); 50c (15 powders); "Family Package" $1.00 contains 35 powders—or mailed anywhere by
The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Herewith I send express money order for the best that comes down the pike. This is not hot air. I study RECREATION by the year and about a dozen others occasionally, or as I can find them on the news stands. The news dealers in this town sell RECREATION for about 10 or 15 minutes after their bundle arrives and is opened. After that it is a mighty scarce article until the next edition. I for one want a whole lot of those stories of snow slides in the Canadian Rockies, and so do several other people to whom I have spoken about them.

C. F. Sturdevant, Warren, Pa.

I received the premium skates for subscriptions to RECREATION, also the Ithaca gun, which I found all that could be desired. I used the gun with great satisfaction in the field last fall. The skates are the admiration of all the boys in town.

J. S. Jenner, Essex, Ont.

I received the Poco camera you sent me as a premium and am more than satisfied with it. It is a wonderful camera to give as a premium for so few subscriptions.

Wm. Simonson, Mineola, N. Y.

I find your breezy little journal a joyous diversion from pills and miseries.

Dr. S. H. Rabuck, Bovina Center, N. Y.

GOIN' FISHIN'.

If you're waking in the morning, call me early, mother, dear,
For Peanuts Fink and Spider Brown and Bricktop will be here.
And we know where the fishes swim and where the shade is cool,
And where's a dandy diving place beside the swimming pool.

I've brung the kindlings in, mother, you wanted me to chop;
I've filled the woodbox till the wood is spilling o'er the top;
I've curried all the horses as my father bade me do;
I've milked the cows and slopped the pigs, and fed the chickens, too.

I've weeded out the onion bed and banked the celery,
And I've transplanted cabbage plants and propped the apple tree,
And I have salted all the sheep and fixed the chicken coop,
And run all the errands, mother, till I felt my spirits droop.

So, if you're waking early, call me early, mother, dear,
For I know where the graylings play and when the pools are clear.
And I've dug all the worms I want and cut an alder pole.
And corks will bob to-morrow morn in that old fishin' hole.

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE
INTERNATIONAL
DENTIFRICE
ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

One-Third of a Century

Standard of the World

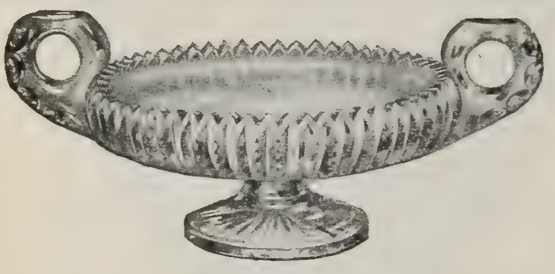
A delicious beautifier, preserver and cleanser of the teeth; makes the breath sweet and the gums less tender. **The metal box** is a handy package for toilet table and traveling; no powder to litter, no liquid to spill or stain.

25 cents, at all druggists.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Props., Chicago, U.S.A.

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA, RICH CUT GLASS



A CUT-GLASS NOVELTY

Bon-bon, Olive, Jelly or Almond Dish, with two handles and foot, 6 inches across. Convenient and attractive on the table. Orders by mail solicited.

$3.75 each

A good article with which to make our acquaintance. Thousands of others in catalogue made up from world's greatest assortment of glass and china. Tinted pictures; 170 pages, free.

All goods average ¼ less than elsewhere

Send for catalogue No. 14-U.

West 21st and 22nd Sts. New York

"Buy China & Glass Right"

The Buffalo Is Well Nigh Extinct

And every nature lover wants a relic of him. Here is a chance to get it;

I have in stock a limited number of buffalo horns, highly polished and fitted with nickel plated flanges at the base, so that they can be screwed on the wall, thus forming

A Novel and Effective Gun Rack

So long as the supply lasts I will give a pair of these horns for

3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request. Address

Recreation, 23 W. 24th St., New York

THE GUIDANCE OF REASON.

The villagers were gathered around the little store, talking about Sam Jones's lost colt. It had strayed out of the pasture lot the day before. Sam was worried about it, the neighbors had been out hunting for it without success, and no one seemed to know where to look for it.

Jim stood there, looking on and listening. He was a tall, lank young fellow, regarded as halfwitted by some persons and as foolish by others.

"I think I could find your h-horse," he said to Sam Jones.

"You? Why, Jim, how do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in town out looking for him?"

"Well,' said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you a dollar."

"All right," said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than half an hour, leading the missing horse by a rope tied around his neck.

"Well, well!" said Jones, as he took the horse and paid Jim the dollar, "how did you find him so quick?"

"Why, I thought," said Jim, "'Now, if I was a horse, where would I go?' And so I went there, and he had."—Exchange.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE NEXT TO NATURE READ RECREATION.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

To the right, stretching far away toward the North, rose a mighty bluff covered with hardwood ridges, rocky ledges, steep cliffs, and sloping walls. An eagle sailed in broad circles near a rocky point, where for years he had successfully reared his brood. To the left towered a lofty mountain, behind it another; homes of many wood-folk, both small and great. The sly mink, slipping noiselessly through the underbrush, the cunning otter, the savage little weasel and his near relative, the pine martin, together with the fox and fisher, all found food and shelter on their sides.

In the foreground lay a series of low hills and a lake on whose placid surface the rays of the setting sun sparkled and danced from ripple to ripple. A trout leaped and swirled in play over a floating leaf. Three tall pines, environs of many a hard fought winter battle, stood like sentinels against the sky, holding their outspread arms as in benediction over a sea of motionless green tree tops.

A night heron started slowly from the marshy bank, and flapped over the lake to his nightly fishing. His broad wings moved deliberately, his long legs were held straight out behind him. Lighting on the little sand beach, he walked with stately tread along the shore, swinging his head from side to side in search of tadpoles, frogs, or fish. Finally he disappeared against the dark green background of the shore.

The sun sank gently below the horizon, leaving a few reflected rays to dance a little longer with the merry ripples. The lapping of the tiny waves against the shore was the only sound to be heard save a murmur in the pine tops or the quick rustle of some late bird on its way to roost. The twilight deepened slowly, throwing into bold relief the blue of the mountains and the old pines, leaving dim and undefined what, a few moments before, appeared distinctly. The gorgeous sun colors faded, and only one bright blade of light remained.

A doe, with spotted fawn, came timidly to the water's edge, to drink and nibble at the lily pads. They walked daintily along the shore, or, venturing into the water, picked out the long, juicy stems and chewed them slowly. How wild, how wavy, how free! Soon they slipped quietly back to the protection of the friendly forest.

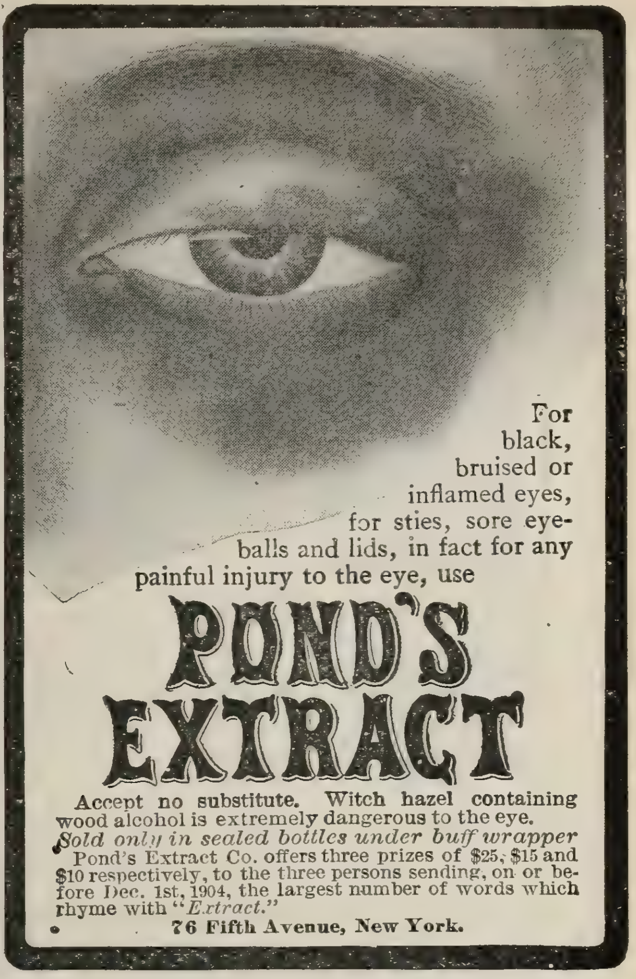
A twilight breeze came down from the hills, whispering softly in the tops of the tallest trees, moved slowly across the lake, fanning its glassy surface again into the tiniest ripples, climbed over the hills beyond and was gone. Then all was still.

The shadows lengthened across the beach. After the twilight came darkness, and brooded the forest, lake and hills.

C. B. Floyd, Brookline, Mass.

"The editor's baby was born on Sunday."

"And he has always been so averse to Sunday supplements."—Life.



For black, bruised or inflamed eyes, for sties, sore eyeballs and lids, in fact for any painful injury to the eye, use

POND'S EXTRACT

Accept no substitute. Witch hazel containing wood alcohol is extremely dangerous to the eye.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Pond's Extract Co. offers three prizes of $25, $15 and $10 respectively, to the three persons sending, on or before Dec. 1st, 1904, the largest number of words which rhyme with "*Extract.*"

76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

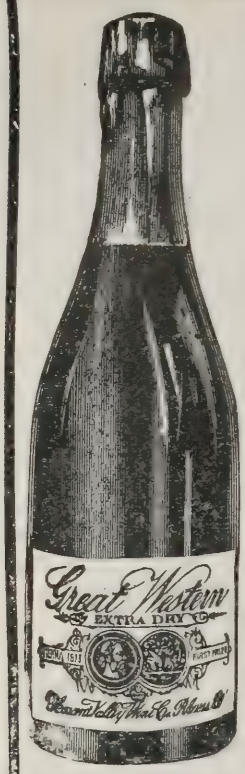
I have long been a constant reader of your valuable magazine, and consider it one of the best publications in the United States. All its features are good, and the subjects discussed are set forth in a clear and entertaining manner. I am particularly fond of reading the Gun and Ammunition department, and am pleased to notice that free discussion is allowed of the various makes of firearms and different brands of ammunition. Such discussion is both instructive and entertaining, and I sincerely hope to see it continued in the future as it has been in the past. I congratulate you on being able to put into the hands of all true lovers of nature and field sports, such a valuable publication.

Frank Blackburn, Azusa, Cal.

Don't fool with your face. Insist on having Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. Free trial sample for 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for booklet, "How to Shave."

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



Purity

We tell you over and over again of the absolute purity of our product—

Great Western Champagne

—the standard of American wines.

It *is* perfectly pure and wholesome, the finest wine possible to obtain at any price.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere

The Governor of a Western State was so annoyed by office seekers that shortly after his inauguration he announced, in the press of the State, that he would be unable to give consideration to all the applications.

A short time after this the Governor received a letter reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. Governor—I see by the papers that you are going to take a month off to destroy the thousands of applications for jobs. Now, my dear sir, if everything else is gone, I should like to be engaged to tear up the letters."—Exchange.

"Was your last mistress satisfied with you?"

Bridget—Well, mum, she said she was well pleased when I left!—Answers.

A Fountain Pen

has become a necessity with every business man. You can get a

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Made by the Laughlin Manufacturing Co. Detroit, Michigan

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

And you can get these 2 subscriptions in 20 minutes, any day.

The Laughlin is one of the best pens in the market, and thousands of them are in daily use.

There is no reason why you should be without one.

Sample Copies of RECREATION for use in Canvassing Furnished on Application

"I like you well enough, Mr. Uxmal," said the perplexed young woman; "or, at least, I'm not sure I like you as well as I do Jack Cawdrey. He says he thinks of me 365 days in the year."

"He wants one day off every 4 years, does he?" exclaimed young Uxmal, with indignant scorn. "That kind of devotion doesn't commend itself to you, does it, Clarice?"

Jack's doom was sealed from that moment.—Exchange.

RECREATION is a welcome guest in our home, as both of us are enthusiastic nature and sport lovers.

Mrs. J. Fred Ebright, Altoona, Pa.

AFTER a morning's shopping nothing will recuperate you so much as one of those delicious **Club Cocktails**. They are the correct thing to offer your friends whenever they call. They are both a tonic and stimulant, and fill a distinct place of their own. Easily served and appreciated by ladies and gentlemen alike. Buy some Manhattan and Martini, and ask your friends which they prefer. Of all dealers.

Specify **CLUB COCKTAILS.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

PRIZES FOR GOOD DRAWINGS.

With a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds and the development of artistic taste, RECREATION now offers a series of prizes as follows:

For the best sketch of a live wild animal in action, $10.

For the best sketch of a live wild bird in flight or other action, $8.

For the best sketch of a live domestic animal in action, $6.

For the best sketch of a live domestic fowl in flight, or other action, $5.

Studies may be made in black and white wash, pen and ink, or pencil, my preference being in the order stated. They must be from life and not from other pictures.

The sketches may be made on any kind of paper or drawing board and of any size desired, though I prefer to have them on paper at least twice as large as a RECREATION page.

All sketches which may be published, and for which prizes may not have been awarded, will be paid for at the rate of $1 each.

Contestants must write on back of picture full name, address, and age.

This competition is limited to persons under 20 years of age, and a letter from one of the parents or from the legal guardian of each contestant must accompany each drawing, certifying that the age of the contestant is as stated thereon.

Competition will close December 31.

Drawings should be packed flat and with a sufficient quantity of straw board to keep them from being damaged in the mails; and on account of the required writing on the backs of the drawings it will be necessary to prepay them at letter postage rates.

Address drawings and correspondence relating thereto, Art Editor RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

Mrs. Casey: Sure, th' goat has ate all av Maggie's piano music.

Mr. Casey: Thank th' Lard; Now, if he'd only ate th' pianny Oi'd pension him for loife.—Puck.

"Did Jones have appendicitis?"

"The doctors disagreed. Some thought he had money and some thought he hadn't."
—Puck.

The Beer
of Quality

The hops that are used in brewing

**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**

Beer are the choicest that can be grown. The malt is the best that's made. Malt is the soul of beer. Therefore the best malt makes the best beer. Every bottle of Pabst Beer is sterilized, and every drop of the beer is cooled with filtered air in hermetically sealed rooms. It is a malty beer, mellowed by age, and possessing an exquisite flavor. It is a pure product, a blending of perfect malt with the highest grade of hops. Ask for

**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**

The Beer
of Quality

HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange mysterious power **which charms and fascinates** men and women, influence their thoughts, controls their desires and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure diseases and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, **increase your income**, gratify your ambitions, drive worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success. **You can hypnotize people instantaneously**,—quick as a flash,—put yourself or anyone else to sleep at any hour of the day or night—banish pain and suffering. **Our free book** tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically endorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our college. Write for it to-day.

American College of Sciences, 104 M, News B'l'd'g, Rochester, N. Y.

RECREATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is again approaching, and generous, thoughtful people are making up lists of presents for their friends. All such good people should remember that no more interesting, valuable or appropriate present for a man or a boy can be found than a yearly subscription to RECREATION. There are many such people who have sent in a number of subscriptions at the end of each year, for their friends, and who have announced their intention of continuing this custom as long as they live. RECREATION is a great educator; it is a moulder of good, sound sentiment with regard to outdoor sports and the preservation of wild animals, birds, fishes and forests. It stands preeminently for clean sport and manly manhood. It should, therefore, be in the hands of every man and boy in the land. Do not forget to include it in your list.

AIR BRUSH FOR ART WORK.

We are making and selling the best Art Tool in use. Applies color by jet of air, enabling the artist to do better work and save time. No studio complete without it. Circulars free. Mention RECREATION. Address

Air Brush Mfg. Co.
126 Nassau St., Rockford, Ill., U.S.A.

Temple-Clasps Never Hurt

IF YOU VALUE YOUR EYES write for our free book "Eye Logic." It tells all about the only glasses that don't pinch the nose, don't pull the ears, don't make your head ache and don't fall off. It also tells how you can really help your sight. It is FREE.

Briggs Optical Co., 104, Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

THREE FRIENDS.

BERT THORNDIKE.

Give me a morning, crisp and clear,
When all nature's at rest and is still.
At earliest dawn I dress and am gone,
For a grouse drums loud on the hill.

Give me the gun I have always loved,
'Tis a gun with a history, too.
Together we've tramped o'er mountain and plain,
Through good luck and bad we've been true.
Give me my setter, Fairy Belle,
And my outfit is quite complete.
Then we'll get game, be it wild or tame.
We're a trio the birds can't beat.

As an English tourist was passing Mark Twain's home near Florence last winter one of the humorist's dogs rushed out of the gate and barked savagely at the stranger. Mr. Clemens called the animal back and was about to apologize for its attack when the Britisher growled: "If I should kick that brute, don't you know, perhaps he'd stop barking at passers by."

"Well, maybe he would," drawled Mr. Clemens. "He never attempts to bark when he has his mouth full of meat."—Springfield Republican.

Mother: What! Fighting again? Such a black eye! If you'd only follow the lead of the minister's little boy——

Tommy: I did try to, but he lead agen wid his right, an' dat's where he biffed me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

I look forward from one month to another for RECREATION. I take a number of sportsmen's periodicals, but RECREATION leads them all.

S. P. H., Wolfville, N. S.

I received the Davenport single gun as a premium for subscriptions and it is the best gun I ever owned.

W. Moore, Coshocton, Ohio.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

Learn to Shoot With a Camera

Our Experts Will Teach You by Mail

The game you kill with a gun is destroyed. That caught with the camera is a source of pleasure and profit forever.

OUR BOOK—sent free—TELLS HOW we qualify men and women to make artistic photographs for recreation, to become prize winning amateurs, or for the following professional positions:

All-around Photographer, Operator, Retoucher, Photo-Printer, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrator, Maker of Advertising Designs with the camera, U. S. Government Photographer or Assistant, Commercial Photographer; Crayon, Pastel, Water Color or Miniature Artist. Leisure time only required.

Students make money while learning by selling their work and introducing our new Premium Offer.

We issue diplomas and help graduates to secure profitable employment.

Our Special Beginner's Course in Photography, which includes Good Camera and Complete Finishing Outfit, costs but $15.00.

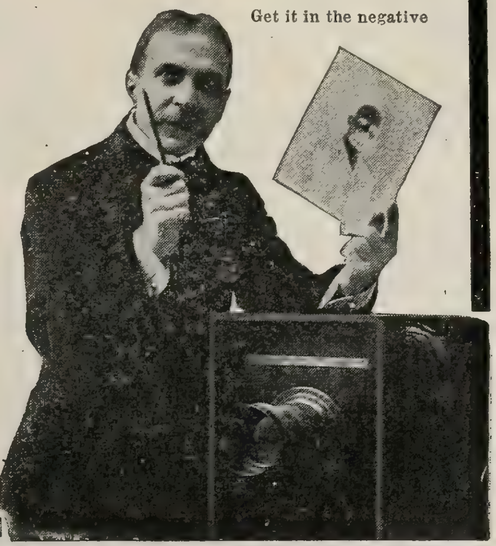
WRITE NOW, stating the department of picture making in which you are interested.

Our Photo and Art Supply Catalogue is also yours, if you ask.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

J. B. Schriever, Prest.

277 Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.



Get it in the negative

A lover of things that come out of the sea sought to indulge his taste in a well known restaurant. He ordered little neck clams, and the colored waiter informed him that they were out of them. The judge thought that, in the absence of clams, a broiled lobster might do; but the lobsters, likewise, were out. Soft shell crabs were next choice, but the waiter regretfully informed him that the crabs were also among the absent. "Then why do you keep these things on the bill? Have you any shellfish at all?" the Judge demanded. "Only eggs, sah," replied the waiter.—Exchange.

Byron was parting from the Maid of Athens.

"Athens," he said soulfully, "is the loveliest spot on earth. I can never efface it from my memory."

"Why don't you try benzine?" queried the lady who had the poet's heart for the nonce.

"Benzine?" asked Byron, thinking he had misunderstood her.

"Yes," she responded. "It will remove Greece spots."

And Byron took the night boat for home.
—Chicago Journal.

"Can you make both ends meet, Pat?"

"Shure and I can't make one end meet."
—Town Topics.

"AMERICAN WOODS"

A publication on the woods of the United States illustrated by actual specimens

Preparations of Woods for Stereopticon and Microscope

Wooden Cross-Section Cards

for all fancy and business purposes

"TREE STUDIES"

A publication enabling you to identify the trees by comparison with the pictures which show habits of growth and characteristic barks, leaves, flowers, fruits and winter buds photographed from nature.

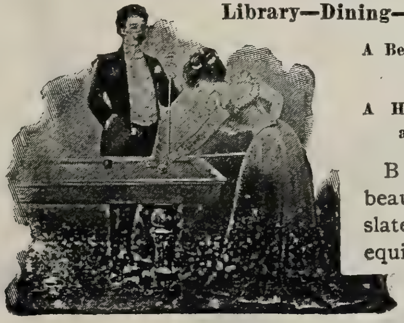
For fuller information call at our exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Forestry Building, Block 34, or address, **ROMEYN B. HOUGH, Publisher,**

Mention Recreation Lowville, N. Y.

Home Billiards and Pool

THE INDIANAPOLIS COMBINATION TABLE

Library—Dining—Billiard—Pool



A Beautiful Library or Dining Table

A High-grade Billiard and Pool Table

Best materials, beautifully finished, slate beds, regularly equipped. Ask for payment plan and catalogue.

Combination Billiard Mfg. Co., 33-48 Ingalls Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

PAROID ROOFING

"IT LASTS"

Contains no tar—wears longer than shingles and is less expensive. Keeps out dampness and heat. You can lay it yourself with tins, nails and cement inside each roll.

F. W. BIRD & SON, Makers
Established 1817
EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO WASHINGTON

A priest who was on his way home from a dying parishioner's bedside one morning found another parishioner lying in the ditch by the roadside.

"Why, Pat, where have you been to get in such a state?" he asked.

"I don't rightly remember, your reverence, whether it was a weddin' or a funeral; but whichever it was, it was a grand success."—Exchange.

A gallant young Indian—a Sioux—
The country was traveling thrioux,
  When an automobile
  Hit him over the heel,
And knocked the poor Indian askioux.—
—Exchange.

Jaeger

For its many thousands of patrons

Jaeger Underwear

needs no recommendation. They *know* its worth because they *enjoy* its benefits. From others we simply invite a trial, confident that they too will promptly acknowledge its merits. No underwear like it for Health and Comfort both.

Special weights for Fall

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AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

A lecturer on "The Decadence of Pure English," gave his address before a woman's club.

At the close of the talk, an overdressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decading awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."—Kansas City Independent.

"Where is the Captain, Miss Bruce?" asked a gentleman passenger of a young lady.

"He went to see——"

"Of course, he did, a captain always goes to sea," he interjected.

"Well, I mean he skipped ashore——"

"Oh, no, a skipper generally skips to sea."

"I mean the captain ran ashore to see——"

He laughed and she sailed away.—Washington Post.

Willie—I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday.

Mother—H'm! What did you say to that?

Willie—I said: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and walked right off and left him.—London Tit-Bits.

"Oh, that my son should wish to marry an actress!" shrieked the proud patrician mother.

"Now, ma, don't take on so," beseeched the undutiful heir, "she ain't really an actress; she only thinks she is."—Pittsburg Post.

RECREATION is indeed a friend. Every number is like a trip to the woods, and I am lost to everything else until I have finished every page.
Chas. Swailes, Kingston, Mich.

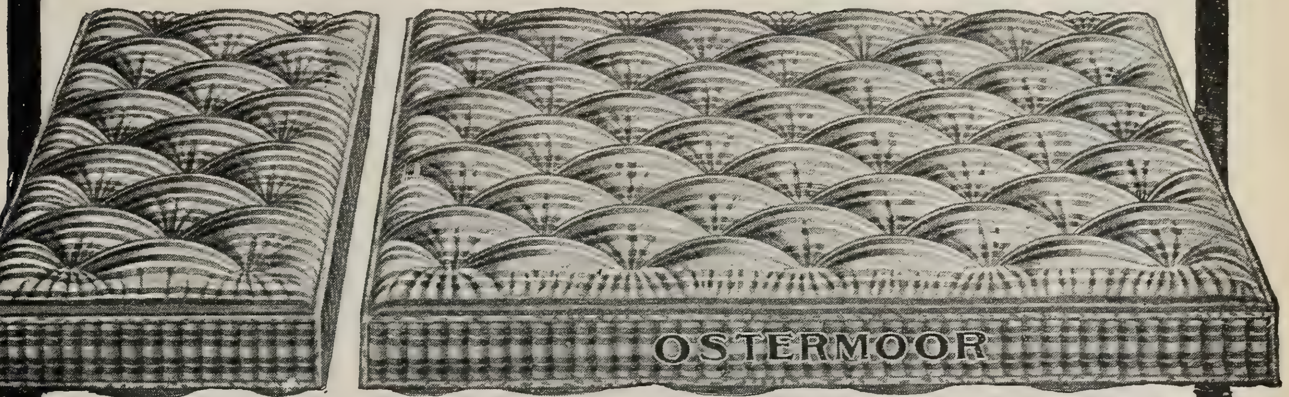
STUFFING HAIR

Which Will YOU Sleep on To-night

—a mattress stuffed with the hair of dead horses or cattle, or the clean and sanitary

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BUILDING OSTERMOOR

Ostermoor Mattress $15.



The Ostermoor Mattress is *built* (not stuffed) with a product of Nature as pure as Nature herself—snow-white cotton, treated and prepared by a mixture of brains and machinery in a way that has made Ostermoor the mattress *par excellence*—moisture-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof, vermin-proof—everlastingly resilient, soft and fresh. Ostermoor, the only mattress that never requires renovating or renewing—an occasional sun bath its only renovator, and under no condition does it sag or become lumpy or uneven. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of the mattress is in the sleeping. We allow you to sleep on it 30 nights free, and refund your money if you are not satisfied *in every way.*

Beautiful 136-Page Book FREE

If you ask, we will send you our handsome, beautifully illustrated book, "The Test of Time"—136 pages of interesting information and valuable suggestions for the sake of comfort, health and success—with over 200 fine illustrations. Write for it now while it is in mind.

PURITY OSTERMOOR

REGULAR SIZES AND PRICES:

2 feet 6 inches wide,	25 lbs..	$ 8.35
3 feet wide	30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide,	35 lbs.,	11.70
4 feet wide,	40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide,	45 lbs.,	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID
In two parts, 50 cents extra
Special sizes at special prices

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just-as-good" kind. Ask to see the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. *"It must be Ostermoor."*

OSTERMOOR & CO.
114 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather
and Down Company, Ltd., Montreal.

UNCLEAN HAIR

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
} FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eye-glass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a pair of chrome-tanned horsehide hunting and driving gloves, listed at $1.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a pair of gauntlets, for hunting and driving, ladies' size, listed at $2.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co., or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6 or less; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4; or a Pocket Poco B 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $9.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10; or a Knit Hunting Coat, made by the Blauvelt Knitting Co., and listed at at $7.

EIGHT new subscriptions at $1 each. A series 1, 4 x 5 Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $12, or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10, or a Cycle Poco No. 3, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Optical Co., listed at $15.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or an Eureka Boat No. 1, Grade A, made by the Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $27; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20; or a Mullins' Bustlé Ducking Boat, listed at $27.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $32.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $38; or a Colt Automatic Pistol, made by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., and listed at $25.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

Address, **Recreation** 23 West 24th St, New York

$1,200 a Year for Life

Secured by Small Monthly Payments

Five shares or acres in the great commercial rubber orchard of the Mutual Rubber Production Company will, at maturity, yield you or your heirs, longer than you can live, a sure and certain income of $1,200 a year. No large cash-down payment is required to secure these shares, as they are paid for in modest monthly installments, just as the work of development progresses. On our splendid domain of 6,175 acres of land in the semi-tropical State of Chiapas, Mexico (the finest rubber land in all the world, and with the finest climate), we are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive method hitherto employed by the natives, to the most scientific and successful plan known to modern forestry, and under Anglo-Saxon supervision.

There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. It can be sold every day in the year, in every market in the world, at a stable price that has been steadily advancing for many years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has always been spoken for months before it has reached a civilized market.

The semi-tropics were stripped years ago of their virgin rubber trees, the natives having ruthlessly "tapped them to death" to get every ounce of the rubber milk from them. To-day, the golden harvest is sought for in the almost inaccessible jungles of the Amazon, and Bolivia and Peru, at an added outlay of time and money. The natives there still pursue their merciless method, and no white man can live in that fever-zone to guide and restrain them. Hence, the price of crude rubber is higher to-day than at any time since Goodyear first made it a commercial possibility. It has doubled in a decade, and the question of the world's supply for the future becomes of vast moment. It is inconceivable that the production of one of the world's greatest necessities shall longer remain in such ignorant hands.

The Mutual Rubber Production Co. was one of the first to enter into this new and immensely profitable field on a large scale. The remarkable opportunity is now open to you to secure shares in our great plantation, each share representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land. Supposing you wish to buy only five such shares, and thus provide a competency for future years for yourself and your family. You pay $20 a month for 12 months, then $15 a month for 12 months, then $10 a month for a limited period, until you have paid the full price of the shares in the present series—$282 each; but during this period you will have received dividends amounting to $210 per share; hence the actual cost of your shares is only $72 each, and from the maturity period onward, longer than you can live, your five shares will yield you or your heirs a yearly income of $1,200. This most conservative estimate is based on Government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable sources of information in the world. Of course, if you buy 10 shares your income would be $2,400 yearly, or better still, 25 shares will yield $6,000 a year.

Five Acres, or Shares, in our Rubber Orchard, planted to 1,000 Rubber trees, will at maturity yield you a sure and certain income of $100 a month for more years than you can possibly live. Your dividends average 25 per cent. during the period of small monthly payments.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co. of Boston holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death or in case of lapse of payment, and we grant you a suspension of payments for 90 days any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

We can prove to you that the five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly installments, will bring you **an average return of twenty-five per cent. on your money during the period of payment**, and will then bring you **$100 a month for more than a lifetime.** This opens the door for yourself, not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years, when perhaps you will not be able to earn it. Payments of $4.00 per month the first year and smaller payments thereafter will secure you one share.

If you will write us at once, full and concise information proving every statement will be promptly furnished at our expense. This information will quickly put you in close touch with every detail of our plan. Your every request will receive immediate attention. Write us now.

Mutual Rubber Production Company
80 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Deafness Can Be Cured

I Have Made the Most Marvelous Discovery for the Positive Cure of Deafness and Head Noises and I Give the Secret Free.

With This Wonderful, Mysterious Power I Have Made People Deaf for Years Hear the Tick of a Watch in a Few Minutes.

Send Me No Money—Simply Write Me About Your Case and I Send You the Secret by Return Mail Absolutely Free.

After years of research along the lines of the deeper scientific mysteries of the occult and invisible of Nature-forces I have found the cause and cure of deafness and head noises, and I have been enabled by this same mysterious knowledge and power to give to many unfortunate and suffering persons perfect hearing again; and I say to those who have thrown away their money on cheap apparatus, salves, air-pumps, washes, douches and the list of innumerable trash that is offered the public through flaming advertisements, I can and will cure you and cure you to stay cured. I ask no money. My treatment method is one that is so simple it can be used in your own home. You can investigate fully, absolutely free, and you pay for it only after you are thoroughly convinced that it will cure you, as it has thousands of others. It seems to make no difference with this marvelous new method how long you have been deaf nor what caused your deafness, this new treatment will restore your hearing quickly and permanently. No matter how many remedies have failed you—no matter how many doctors have pronounced your case hopeless, this new magic method of treatment will cure you. I prove this to your entire satisfaction before you pay a cent for it. Write today and I will send you full information absolutely free by return mail. Address Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 925 Auditorium Building, Peoria, Ill. **Remember, send no money—simply your name and address. You will receive an immediate answer and full information by return mail.**

I Have Demonstrated That Deafness Can Be Cured—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

DO YOU WISH

TO IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING?

THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

I will send you a

J. C. HAND TRAP

for 2 yearly subscriptions to

Recreation

Send in your club now and improve your shooting

RECREATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is again approaching, and generous, thoughtful people are making up lists of presents for their friends. All such good people should remember that no more interesting, valuable or appropriate present can be found for a man or a boy, than a yearly subscription to RECREATION. There are many such people who have sent in a number of subscriptions at the end of each year, for their friends, and who have announced their intention of continuing this custom as long as they live. RECREATION is a great educator; it is a moulder of good, sound sentiment with regard to outdoor sports and the preservation of wild animals, birds, fishes and forests. It stands pre-eminently for clean sport and manly manhood. It should, therefore, be in the hands of every man and boy in the land. Do not forget to include it in your list.

IF IT IS THE INTENTION OF ANY OF OUR CUSTOMERS OR FRIENDS TO VISIT THE

World's Fair

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO MAIL THEM A COLORED, OFFICIAL

MAP

SHOWING THE EXACT LOCATION OF ALL THE BUILDINGS, LAGOONS STREETS, AND GIVING THE INTRAMURAL RAILWAY WITH ALL ITS STATIONS. AND WE INVITE ALL TO VISIT OUR EXHIBIT

THIS MAP WILL BE MAILED ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL CARD FREE OF ANY EXPENSE WITH COMPLIMENTS OF

Spratt's Patent

(AM.) LTD.

450 Market St. Newark, N. J.
714 S. 4th St. St. Louis, Mo.
1324 Valencia St. San Francisco, Cal.

FOR HER ANSWER.

He pressed her for her answer,
  She, sighing, looked away
Across the fields of clover;
  'Twas at the close of day.
Beneath the leaves the crickets
  In eager tones and shrill
Called: "Give it, give it, give it!"
  She hesitated still.

The streaks of red were fading
  Far in the Western sky;
They stood beneath the maple,
  She heard the crickets cry:
"Oh, give it, give it, give it!"
  Her cheek fell on his breast;
He pressed her for her answer,
  And he pressed and pressed and pressed.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Something Special. A Fine Casting Minnow Free: To each person sending me $1 for one new yearly subscription to RECREATION, or sending it direct to be placed to my credit, I will forward, all charges prepaid, a finely finished wooden casting minnow. This minnow has the latest improved spinner which will not catch upon the weeds; is finished with silver belly and green back, has three treble hooks, is weighted so it will not twist the line, always keeps right side up when in the water, and is just the right weight for casting. Lloyd J. Tooley, 141 Burr Oak Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE
is a Pure and Delicious
OLD ENGLISH CANDY

And I want to say to the readers of RECREATION that it's just the candy for the whole family, and the children in particular. There is nothing "just as good," or "just like it." Your dealer can supply you. If not, write me, and send me his name, and I will talk with him.

Trial package sent for 10c. in stamps; or 4-lb. Family Tin sent for $1.60 and I pay the express charges

JOHN MACKINTOSH
Dept 29 78 Hudson St., New York

GOING AWAY?
Want to escape the cold and snow?
WHY NOT
Go to the land where snow is unknown; where the average temperature is 73 degrees! Where "Every day is a May day!" In the northland
WINTER
means discomfort, but in Mid-Pacific's "Summer Islands" it is the most delightful time of the year, Sea bathing, Golf, Automobiling, Driving, Shooting, Fishing
IN
fact every recreation and every day will appeal to you with new beauties in this "Paradise of the Pacific." Home seekers should learn of the fertile lands of
HAWAII
"WHERE EVERY DAY IS A MAY DAY"
Fine new large ships, excellent hotels, every convenience for the visitor. Full particulars of all railroads; or write for beautiful souvenir book of photographs and full particulars. Address
HAWAII PROMOTION COMMITTEE
HONOLULU, T. H.
REPRESENTING
Territory of Hawaii, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Association

GOING into CAMP?

If so, you will need

A TENT

You can get one big enough for 4 men and their camp outfit, by sending me

8 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

at $1 each. You can get another tent big enough for 6 men by sending me

10 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

at $1 each.

Why pay out money for a tent when you can make your friends pay for it?

Sail in and fit yourself for your summer vacation.

This is a great opportunity, and will hold good for only a few weeks.

Sample copies of Recreation **for use in canvassing furnished on application.**

Folding Canvas Boats

were not satisfactory until the

KING

was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof*, wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

11-foot Special

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention RECREATION. **KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A**

THE SUBMERGED SEVENTH

Just after the convention of the new House of Representatives there was a member from the West who was boasting of the enormous majority given him by the voters of his district.

"Why," the new member exclaimed, "do you know I was elected by the suffrages of 7 different nationalities?"

One day some one asked him to name the nationalities. He gave them: "Irish, German, Polish, Bohemian, Swedish and Greek."

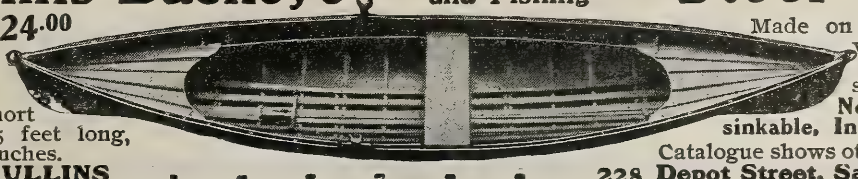
"But you have named only 6 nationalities," said the seeker after knowledge. "What was the 7th one?"

The new member again ran over his little list, but could not remember the 7th nationality. At that juncture some facetious bystander remarked: "Maybe there were some Americans in the bunch."

"Good for you!" shouted the new Representative, lustily, slapping his thigh. "It was funny I should forget them, don't you think?"—Exchange.

Free:—Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions or a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions. For 5 new yearly subscriptions I will give a pair of tame young Raccoons. Safe delivery of animals guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

My Ninth Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all my friends who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.



Mullins Buckeye New Model Hunting and Fishing **Steel Boat**

Price $24.00 with 1 pair of oars, 1 long or short paddle, 15 feet long, beam 44 inches.

Made on oak frame with best galvanized sheet shell. **Noiseless, Unsinkable, Indestructible.** Catalogue shows other designs.

W. H. MULLINS **228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio**

Do You Want a Good, Reliable, Substantial, Well Made

Single Barrel
SHOT GUN

If so, send me

5 Yearly Subscriptions

and I will send you an Acme
listed at $8, as a premium

It is made by the *DAVENPORT ARMS CO.*, and this means it is made of good material and that only good workmanship is put on it.

This is one of the many remarkable opportunities *RECREATION* is offering to men and boys to fit themselves out completely for shooting and fishing.

Sample Copies for Use in Canvassing
Furnished on Application

Address RECREATION
23 W. 24th St. New York City

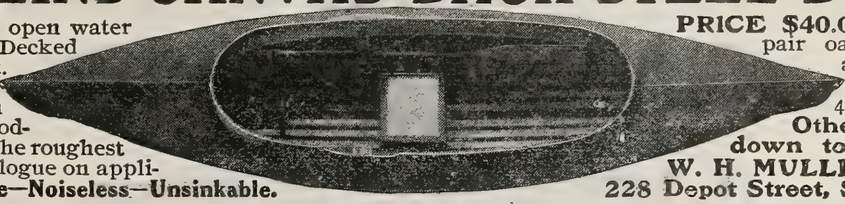
The Latest, Safest and

Best Canvas Boat

Is what we offer you. A Boat built on modern lines that will prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected materials used throughout, and it comes to you **guaranteed** the best. A handy and safe boat for fishing and shooting. Puncture proof. Tempered steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds most compact of any boat made. Latest patent and improved Canvas Folding Boat on the market. Write for descriptive circular and catalogue. Enclose 4c for postage. Mention RECREATION.

Life Saving Folding Canvas Boat Co.
757 Portage St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

MULLINS CANVAS BACK STEEL BOAT



For deep or open water shooting. Decked fore and aft. Large cock pit. High gunwale. Modeled to ride the roughest water. Catalogue on application. **Safe—Noiseless—Unsinkable.**

PRICE $40.00 with 1 pair oars, paddle and seat 15 ft. long, 44 in. beam. **Other models down to $20.00.**

W. H. MULLINS
228 Depot Street, Salem, O.

A newspaper writer who wrote articles at a set rate a column was once commissioned to do a serial story for a Chicago paper. The story contained many passages like the following:

"Did you hear him?"

"I did."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"Where?"

"By the well."

"When?"

"To-day."

"Then he lives?"

"He does."

"Ah."

The editor, sending for the man, said:

"Hereafter we will pay you by the letters in your serial. We will pay you so much a thousand letters."

The young man, looking crestfallen, went away, but the next installment of his story contained many passages like this:

"B-b-b-b-believe me, s-s-s-sir, I am n-n-not g-g-g-guilty. M-m-m-my m-m-m-mother c-c-committed this c-c-crime."—New York Tribune.

Seashells Free! I have a good collection of saltwater shells that I would give in exchange for 4 yearly subscriptions for RECREATION, or would sell for $5.
Harry Flipping, 130 W. Ohio Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

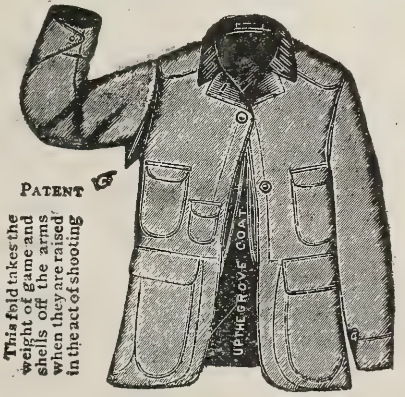
"Is he every way eligible?"

"Almost. All he needs is a divorce from his present wife."—Exchange.

THE BEST MADE

The UPTHEGROVE

English Corduroy, English Moleskin, Rainproof and Duck Clothing Made to Your Measure


PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
UPTHEGROVE COAT

For Sportsmen Civil Engineers Stockmen Business Men Freight Conductors Mining Prospectors Etc.

THE UPTHEGROVE SPORTING GOODS CO.
Makers of High Grade Clothing
VALPARAISO. IND

Ask your dealer or send for free illustrated Catalogue showing samples of clothes, descriptions, prices, etc. Mention RECREATION.

The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Co.
MAKERS
Dept. C, Post Office Place, Valparaiso, Ind.

Are You an
Amateur
Photographer?

If so would you like a Camera
that will photograph

A whole range of mountains
A whole sweep of river
A whole army
A whole fleet of ships
A whole city

Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT

The Al Vista

is the thing. It lists at $30

One of the greatest inventions of the age.
Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

For particulars address

RECREATION

23 West 24th Street NEW YORK CITY

Matthews Torpedo Launches

BUILT TO PLEASE THE SAILOR

Sizes 16 ft. to 70 ft.—any power installed. Price includes full equipment except engine. Matthews Motto Safety, comfort, speed. Cabin cruising launches a specialty. Finest catalogue issued to-day, 10c; send for it and frame the cover.

Agencies in all cities—Chicago office, 1409 Michigan Avenue.

MATTHEWS BOAT CO.,
P. O. Box 303 **Bascom, Ohio**

EDUCATION

"J'know John Dorrington?" asked Judge Bradshaw, as he sampled a martini. "You ought to know him. He is a newspaper proprietor hisself. He is owner and publisher and managing editor of the Arizona Weekly Sidewinder. Whenever he writes an editorial they take it to the cold storage room to keep the office from catching fire. His words is like a branding iron. He is long loined, long gaited, and he has a long, honest face, like a horse's.

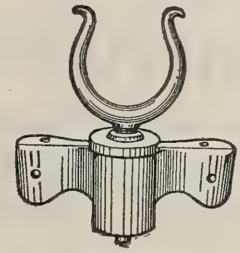
"I visited him about a month ago. 'Judge,' says he, 'has you seen my new dog? Come along and take a look at him.'

"He takes me out to the barn, which is built on stilts, and commences to claw on a long chain. Pretty soon evolves a yellow cur, with his hind feet stuck back like a fighting mule's. John holds him up by the chain for about a minute and kicks him frequent in the side. He was about the mangiest Indian cur I ever see. Finally John lets him go and the dog runs under the barn to the length of his chain. 'Stay there, you brute,' shouts John under the barn.

"'What d'ye think of my dog?' he asks me.

"'Finest dog I ever saw,' says I.

"'Now, you won't believe me, Judge,' says he, 'when I first got that dog he didn't know a d—n thing.'"—San Francisco Call.



The Ball-Bearing Oarlock

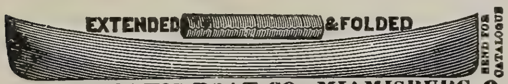
A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN, N. Y.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send ten cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. Clarke, Agent, Le Roy, N.Y., Dept. 3.

Chickens Free: Will give a pair of early hatched, thoroughbred buff Plymouth Rocks for 4 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, or a trio for 6. Ira D. Goodhue, Norwalk, Ohio.

American society continues to amuse itself with a reckless abandon which, while it electrifies the more sober Briton, arouses his envy. Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt is giving a ball at which all the male guests are obliged to wear straw hats. This intensely humorous notion has kept New York laughing for days. It is "so dashing."—London Globe.



ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

A Sportman's Boat **MULLINS "Get There" Steel Duck Boat**

Price $20—Crated on cars Salem

Endorsed by Thousands of Sportsmen. Air Chamber each end. Always ready. No repairs. Send for handsome free book.

14 ft. long, 36-inch beam.

W. H. MULLINS
228 Depot Street, • • • Salem, Ohio

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

is absolutely essential to the pleasure and profit of every camping trip. Here is a way to make this easy

For 4 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I will send you a FOLDING CANVAS COT that weighs only about 10 pounds and which you can roll up with your blankets without adding materially to the bulk.

You can sleep as comfortably on one of these cots in camp, as you can at home on a brass bedstead, with woven spring and hair mattress.

I have but a few of these cots in hand and when this supply is exhausted this offer will be withdrawn.

Send for package of Sample Copies for use in canvassing

Recreation 23 West 24th St., **New York**

TOMMY'S SUSPICIONS.

My daddy says that when he was
  A boy, he never cried
Ner run away from school to go
  A-swimmin'; never tried
To cut a lickin'; never failed
  To do as he was bid.
Well, maybe daddy didn't, then;
  But gran-ma says he did!

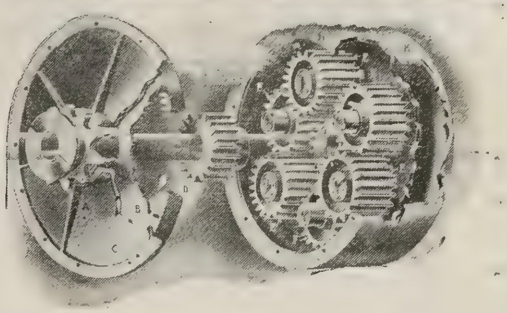
My daddy brags a lot about
  The way boys acted when
He was a boy. Gee! but they must
  'A' been 'most angels then!
He says he never dared to peep
  Beneath the cakebox lid;
Well, maybe not; but, anyway,
  My gran'ma says he did.

"I never tied a tin can to
  A dog's tail in my life!"
Says daddy. "An' I never carved
  My 'nitials with a knife
In great big glarin' capitals
  On the piano lid";
That's what he told me sollumly,
  But gran-ma says he did!

"I never cared for circuses
  An' brass bands an' such things"
(Say—honest! that's just what he said!),
  "An' tops an' devil slings.
I never waited after school
  To lick some other kid."
He says he never done these things,
  But gran'ma says he did.

Say! but my gran'ma's mighty wise;
  She knowed my daddy when
He was a little runt, an' says
  He was a terror then!
He says he never cut up none
  The times he was a kid;
I know I ought to b'lieve him, but
  My gran'ma says he did!
    L. O. Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.

Don't gamble on the price of meat unless you are in a position to hold the steaks.—Philadelphia Record.



This transmission is one of the reasons why a stock Cadillac with an 8¼ horse-power motor made 144 miles over rough and hilly roads in 5:38—the power is *all* used in driving the car.

The Cadillac transmission embodies strength with simplicity; long service without noise—and is only one of the elements that go to make up Cadillac thoroughness in design and workmanship. Let us send you booklet K, and give you the name of the nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, $750 to $900.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

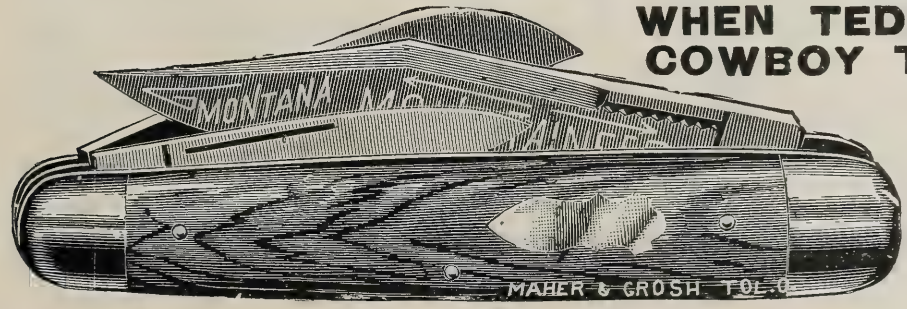
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 16, 1904.
The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Co.,
  Valparaiso, Ind.
Dear Sirs:

I am well satisfied with the several orders you have filled for me. The goods and workmanship, in all cases, show that careful attention is given to orders.

Respectfully,
E. E. Rogers.

The Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich., is making a jointed rifle rod, in various calibers, on an entirely new and original plan. It is briefly described in Marble's ad in this issue of Recreation and all riflemen should read the ad carefully.



WHEN TEDDY WAS A COWBOY THIS WAS HIS CAMP KNIFE

No "fly-open" machinery to get out of order at the vital moment; just a strong, well-made knife, blades hand-forged from razor steel, file tested and warranted; large blade is very strong; medium blade is thin. It is **made on honor** in every detail, and 27 years experience is back of every one sent out. Looks rather heavy but weighs only 3 ozs. **Price, $1.00, postpaid**

OUR FINEST PEN-KNIFE we call CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S PET

and it is as superior among cutlery as he is among men; finest quality, highest possible finish, 3 blades (one is a file), elegant pearl handle, nickel silver back and ends; **price,** in chamois case, **$1.50**

Sent for inspection if you desire. These are but 2 out of 300 patterns. Send for free 80-page List and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO., 74 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio

Here Is Another !

If you will send me 15 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

I will send you a high-grade, powerful

Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. City**

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Absolutely waterproof in rain; light and cool in pleasant weather. Coat, trousers and hat made of fine soft duck, treated by a patent process that resists a dreary drizzle or driving storm. Lined with same material and double stitched throughout. Always easy and pliable in rain or shine. No rubber—no rustle. Perfect ventilation at all times.

Coat has reinforced gun cap at shoulder; patent ventilated gusset under arm. Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

In ordering, give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Give waist and leg for trousers. Light tan or dead grass color. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Price, coat, $5.00; trousers, $3.00; hat, $1.00. Express prepaid. Sample of material and booklet free.

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N.Y.

"Good heavens, Washington, how does your master live in such a mosquitoey hole as this?"

"Well, sah, the fact am, at night Mars George am so intoxified he don't give a cuss for no skeeters, and in de mornin' de skeeters am so intoxified dey don't give a cuss for Mars George."—Exchange.

"Sonny," said the good old man, "I'm surprised that you should tease the cat in that way."

"Why," replied the boy, pausing in his inhuman work, "do yer know any better way?"—Philadelphia Press.

An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one was occupied by 2 people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?"

"It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer.

"Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.—Argonaut.

Attention, Hunters

Make your own smokeless powder for shot gun or rifle at small cost. For $2 we will send you practical working formula for the best smokeless powder used. Chemicals can be obtained from any chemical house. Made with safety at your own home. Pound cost 30c. or less; makes 200 charges. Will send sample shell and powder by express at your expense; also testimonials and references. Or for $1 we will send one pound of the powder. Address

Blatchley & Campbell
Mfg. Chemists WELLSBORO, PA.
Mention RECREATION.

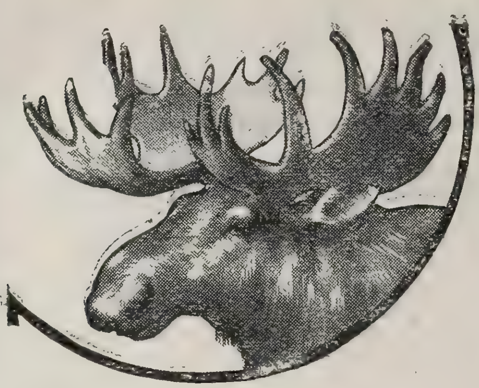
3 IN 1 FOR GUNS

THE ONLY GUN OIL

3 in One lubricates the mechanism, prevents rust on the metal parts and cleans and polishes the stock. For cleaning out the residue of burnt powder, especially smokeless powder, it is unequaled.

Write for free sample and booklet.
G. W. Cole Co., 122 Washington Life Bld., N. Y. City
3
BICYCLES.
GUNS.

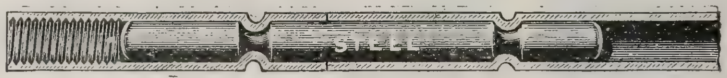
So Many Hunters Asked Mr. Marble



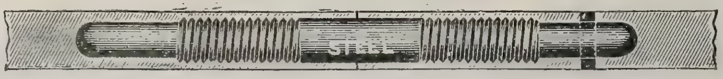
to make a jointed rifle rod—and to make it better than any on the market—that he has invented, and we are making a three-section brass rod with two steel joints, a steel swivel at end of rod, and a cocobola handle. The .22 caliber rods are made as large as possible and are very strong. For calibers above .25 the rods are one-quarter inch in diameter.

They are made with solid brass sections for **$1.00**, or with seamless brass tube sections for **$1.25**. Choice of jagged or slotted detachable ends. Sold by dealers or direct, prepaid.

Send for free catalog describing 87 specialties for Sportsmen



Showing swivel connecting tip and brass tube section. (Patent Pending)



Showing steel joint connecting solid brass sections. (Patent Pending)

See our exhibit in Fish and Game Building, World's Fair

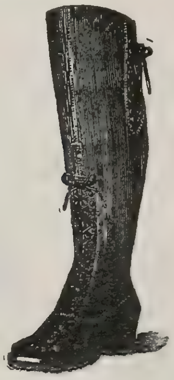
MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO. Dept. A, GLADSTONE, MICH.

FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest



Get a pair of

Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE
240 Halsey St. NEWARK, N. J.

Take good care of your hands

You may need them next year

Send me
2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation
and I will send you
a pair of Leather Hunting Gloves
made to your measure, by the
Luther Glove Company
Berlin, Wisconsin

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

EMERGENCY MEDICAL CABINET

For Hunters, Trappers, Campers and Anglers

Always Ready *Easily Carried* *Instant Relief*

For
WOUNDS
FEVER
TOOTHACHE
DIARRHŒA
COUGH
SPRAINS
BURNS
FROST BITES

Twelve
Separate and Specific
Remedies.

You will say they are worth their weight in gold if on a trip you meet with an accident or suffer from any of these complaints or their complications.

For
SNAKE BITES
CHAPPED SKIN
SUN BURN
SORE FEET
LA GRIPPE
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
CONSTIPATION

Pure *Harmless* *Certain*

Prepared from formulas used for years by the proprietor in his hunting expeditions from Southern Florida to Labrador. No trip complete without them. Remedies for every accident and disease likely to occur on a hunting, trapping, camping or fishing expedition. Sent, postpaid, with full directions, to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico on receipt of price, $2.00.

BOTANICAL DRUG COMPANY
791 Ocean Avenue - - Jersey City, N. J.

Koenig's

"SHED-RAIN" HUNTING COAT

$3 PREPAID TO ANY POINT IN THE U. S.

Made from genuine Government Tan Khaki. Lined throughout with a light weight canvas. Wide pockets with flaps. Entrance to game pockets three inches from front edge and back seam. Opened under the arms to take the weight off while raising gun. Corduroy collar and corduroy lined cuffs. Open sleeves to button from edge. Double stitched pockets with leather bound flaps and edge. Olive green leather shoulder patches. Samples of material free on request.

HUNTING PANTS, of same goods, $2.00

prepaid anywhere in U. S.

In ordering Coat send snug breast measurement, close up under the arms, and for Pants send waist and inseam measurement.

Send for Complete Catalogue of Sporting Goods.

E. G. KOENIG, South Broad Street Newark, N. J.

"NEW JERSEY'S OLDEST GUN HOUSE."

Mention RECREATION.

Wellsboro, Pa., Aug 30, 1904.

To Whom It May Concern.

I have used the smokeless powder manufactured by Messrs. Blatchley & Campbell for the last three years and find it one of the strongest and having the least recoil of any powder I have ever used. I also find it very clean and in rapid shooting at the trap it does not heat the barrels so that a guard is necessary. In fact I prefer it to any powder on the market.

Yours truly,
C. L. Babcock.

"Is a cord of wood much, Pop?"

"Well, my son, it depends on whether you are burning it or chopping it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher was explaining the meaning of the word recuperate. "Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day, he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't he?"

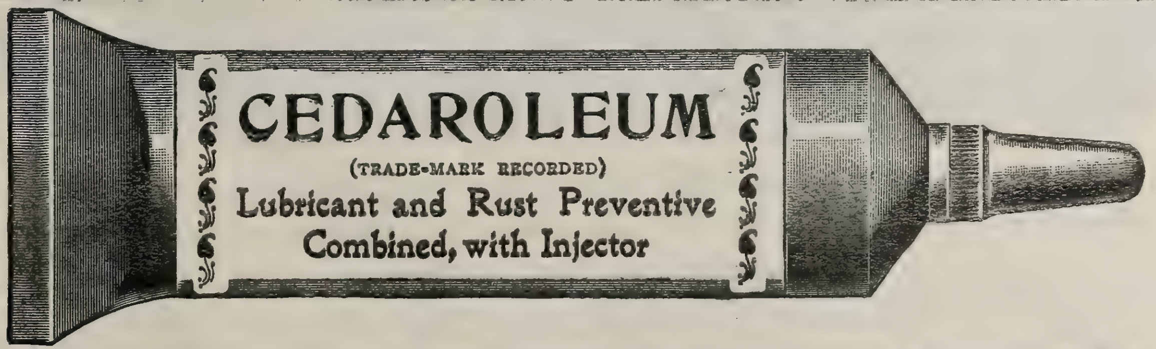
"Yes'm."

"Then when night comes, and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hans Christian Andersen was asked how he came to write his wonderful fairy stories.

"It was the result of practice," he modestly explained. "I always had to tell my wife where I had been when I came home late."—Exchange.



Sportsmen do not fail to put a tube of **Cedaroleum** in your Gun Case when starting on your vacation It is impervious to atmosphere and salt water. It will not evaporate nor grow rancid. It is the most up-to-date rust preventive and gun-lubricant on the market. **One ounce tube, 15c; two ounce tubes, 25c.** Both sizes having injecting point If your dealer does not carry this in stock, send stamps for sample tube. Special prices given to clubs and dealers upon application Mention RECREATION.

SUPERIOR TAP CO., SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Shooting Jacket

$3.00

GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all out-door purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in two colors—dead grass and Oxford gray.

Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogs

The H. H. KIFFE CO., 523 Broadway, N. Y.

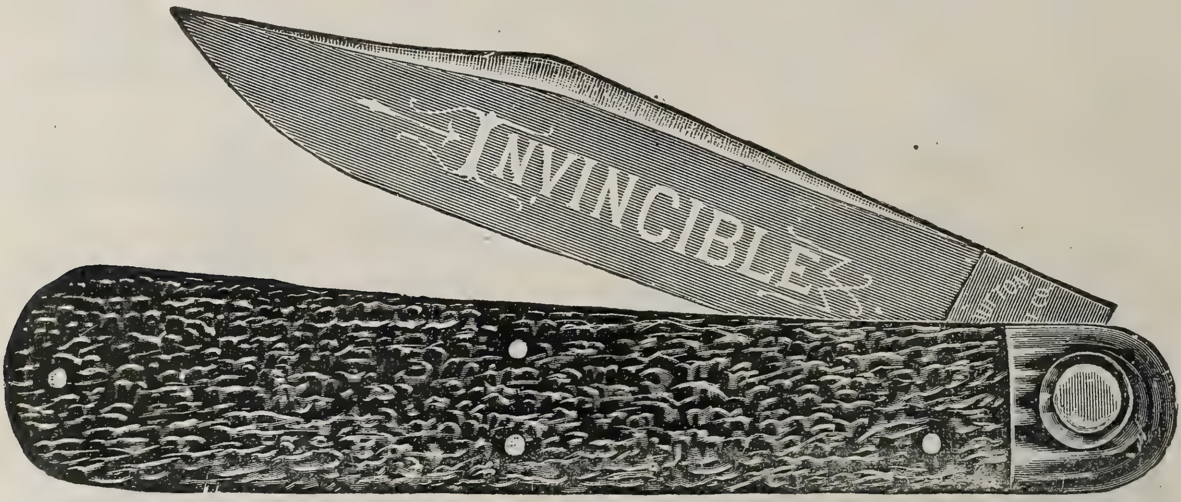
.Free:—To any person sending a new yearly subscription to RECREATION through me I will send a fine Nickel Folding Drinking Cup and Dog Whistle, listed at 60 cents, or a hard rubber, water proof Match Safe, listed at 50 cents, or a Canvas Belt with loops, listed at 60 cents, or a Revolver Leather Holster Belt, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Horn Whistle or Star Vest Pocket Whistle, or a Duck, Snipe, Turkey or Echo Call, each listed at 50 cents, or a Rifle Cleaning Rod, 22 or 32, with scratch and bristol brush, listed at 50 cents, or a choice of a Dandy, Star or Perfect Oiler, very fine and handy, and each guaranteed not to leak, listed at 50 cents each, or a Powder or Shot Measure, listed at 35 cents, or a coin Money Purse, genuine soft kid, three compartments, listed at 50 cents, or a Money Pouch, made of fine sheep skin, with draw string, very fine, listed at 75 cents, or a self-closing rubber Tobacco Pouch, listed at 50 cents, or a high grade French Brier Pipe, listed at 75 cents, or a Fountain Pen, listed at 75 cents, or a lightning Fish Scaler, or a spring lock Hook Shield, or a Spring Gun Cleaner, or a Rubber Hook Shield, or a Little Giant Small bore Rifle Cleaner.

Edward Jacobs, 227 Mulberry St., Coshocton, O.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

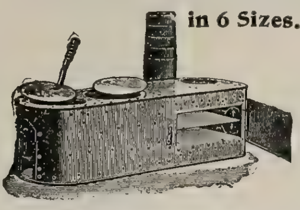
YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

3 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

Sample Copies furnished on request.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York

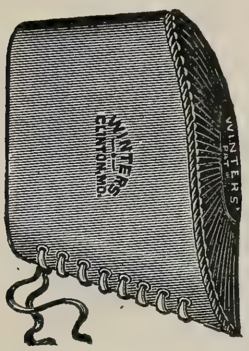


Practical Common Sense CAMP STOVE in 6 Sizes.

Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.



THE 1904 Model

LEATHER-COVERED Pneumatic Recoil Pad is now perfect. No pump, no valve, no recoil, no flinch, no headache, no bruised shoulders, no money if not satisfactory and returned at once.

PRICE, $1.50

J. R. WINTERS
Clinton, Mo.

Douglas H. Shepherd
Manufacturer of Artificial
GLASS EYES
for birds, animals, fish, etc.,
Dealer in Taxidermists' Supplies
DOUGLAS H. SHEPHERD
Box 106, Taunton, Mass.
Stamp for Catalogue

A visitor to the St. Louis Exposition was congratulating Joseph W. Folk, the District Attorney of the city, on the speed with which he had brought the boodle Aldermen to trial.

"Speed," said Mr. Folk, smiling, "is an excellent thing and will achieve wonders. I heard the other day, though, of an Irishman who expected too much of speed. He was a painter. Usually being paid by the hour, he worked slowly, but a friend one day found him painting away like a steam engine. The friend paused to investigate so strange a matter.

"'What's come over ye, McGuire?" he said. 'It ain't like ye to work that fast.'

"'Whist,' said McGuire. 'Stand oot o' the way and don't sthop me. Oi'm shtrivin' to get through before me paint gives out.'"—San Antonio Express.

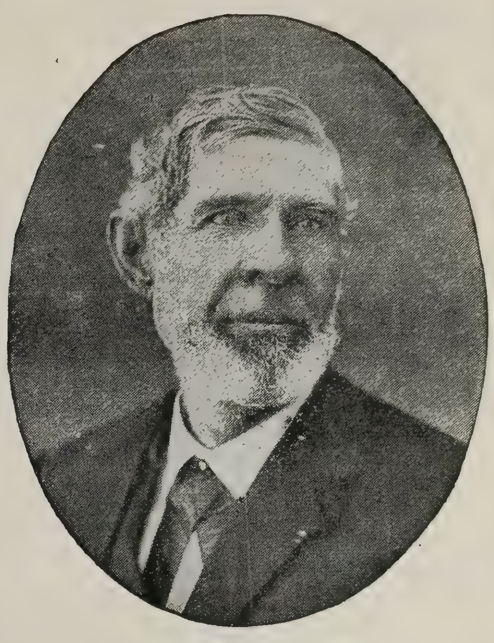
Three things there are in summertime
  That makes one fret and stew;
A smart mosquito bite is one,
  Tight shoes the other two.
        —The Buffalo Express.

Patience—I hear she has been engaged 11 times.

Patrice—I hate to see a girl get in a rut like that!—Yonkers Statesman.

NEWHOUSE STEEL TRAPS

Made since 1848 by ONEIDA COMMUNITY



S. NEWHOUSE
(The Old Trapper and Trapmaker)

Fifty years ago this famous old Trapmaker of the Oneida Community would not let a trap leave his hand till he KNEW that it would hold any animal that got into its jaws. Even greater pains are taken now than then in selecting the finest steel and rigidly testing every part.

This is why all experienced Trappers insist on having the

"NEWHOUSE"

"I have seen an Indian trade his pony for one dozen Newhouse Traps."—*Popular Magazine Writer.*

Eleven Sizes for Catching Every Fur Bearing Animal

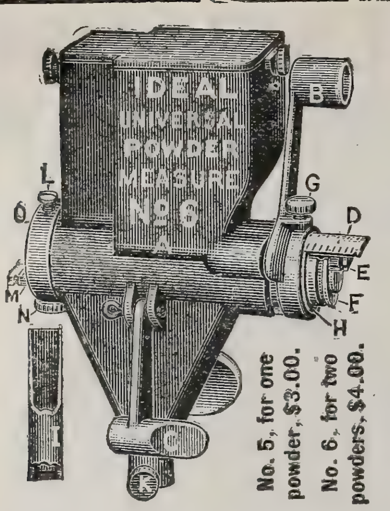
Every Trap Guaranteed

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed

☞Send twenty-five cents for "The Trapper's Guide," by S. Newhouse, telling all about fur bearing animals and how to trap them, together with interesting narratives and practical directions for life in the woods.

Mention RECREATION.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY
ONEIDA NEW YORK



No. 5, for one powder, $3.00. No. 6, for two powders, $4.00.

POWDER! POWDER!

All kinds of powder for ***Rifles, Pistols*** and ***Shot Guns, measured accurately*** from 1 to 145 grains. 4 different measures in 1. The latest and best tool. Ask your dealer for it.

Every shooter should have 1. Send 3 stamps for ***Ideal Hand Book,*** 146 pages of information to shooters.

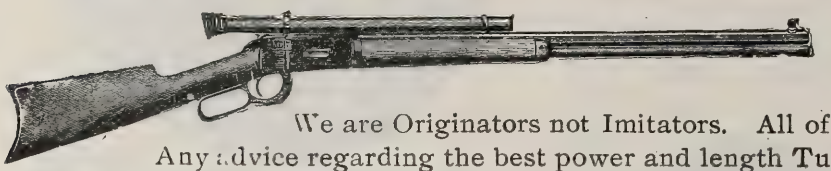
IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The **PHIL B. BEKEART CO., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast**

When you write kindly mention RECREATION

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST PLACED ON THE MARKET



We are Originators not Imitators. All of our Outfits are first class Any advice regarding the best power and length Tube for Hunting or Target purposes given when requested. *SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE.*

Mention RECREATION.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO.

F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.

Established 1857 SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

"Another chap killed by an auto."

"A pedestrian—or was it an accident?"—Exchange.

Mounting a Wild-Cat.
We can teach you how.

LEARN TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

SPORTSMEN, Save Your Fine Trophies. We can teach you to mount Birds, Animals, Heads, etc., true to life, in your own home, during your spare time. Easily and quickly learned. More fascinating than the camera, more profitable than any other recreation. The **Shooting Season is Now Open.** You will secure some fine specimens. Why not give them a place in your home, den or office? Why not make your gun pay its own expense, and more? **Be Your Own Taxidermist.** Here is an opportunity you have long waited for. Join our **School for Sportsmen, by Sportsmen,** and double your interest in sports. Endorsed by all leading magazines and sportsmen. Thousands of delighted students. Expert instructors, standard methods, reasonable tuition. Our new illustrated catalog now ready. It will interest you. Sent **Free** on request, ask **to-day.**

THE N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Inc.
Suite A, Com. National Bank - Omaha, Neb.

We mount specimens *right* at *right* prices. Mention RECREATION

REUNITED.

They kissed, and then they kissed again;
And then they kissed again; and then
They cried: "Why, Lou! It's you!"
"Why, Jen!
It's you!" And then they kissed again.

And then—well, then they kissed again,
And Jen kissed Lou, and Lou kissed Jen;
Each screamed a little scream—and then,
Well, then I think they kissed again.

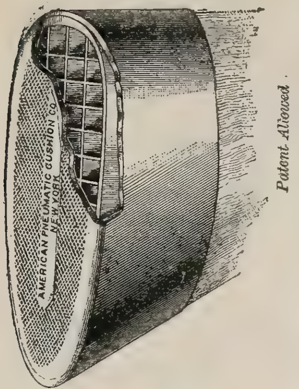
'Twas on the street. I stopped. And when
I did, well, then they kissed again;
Stood off, approached, embraced, and then,
Well, then I think they kissed again.

Oh, they were such good friends! And when
I left, I saw them kiss again.
And as I went I heard them say
They had not met since—yesterday.

J. W. Foley in Life.

Ikey—"Fadder, I haf made a mistake in gifing de schange to dot last gustomer, I gafe him dwendy-fife cendts too little."

His father—"Vell, Ikey, some vise man has said dot ve should try to brofit by our mistakes. —Exchange.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Patent Allowed

BENTON
PNEUMATIC RECOIL GUN PAD
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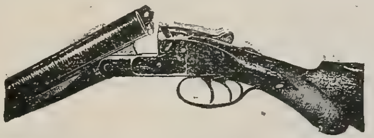

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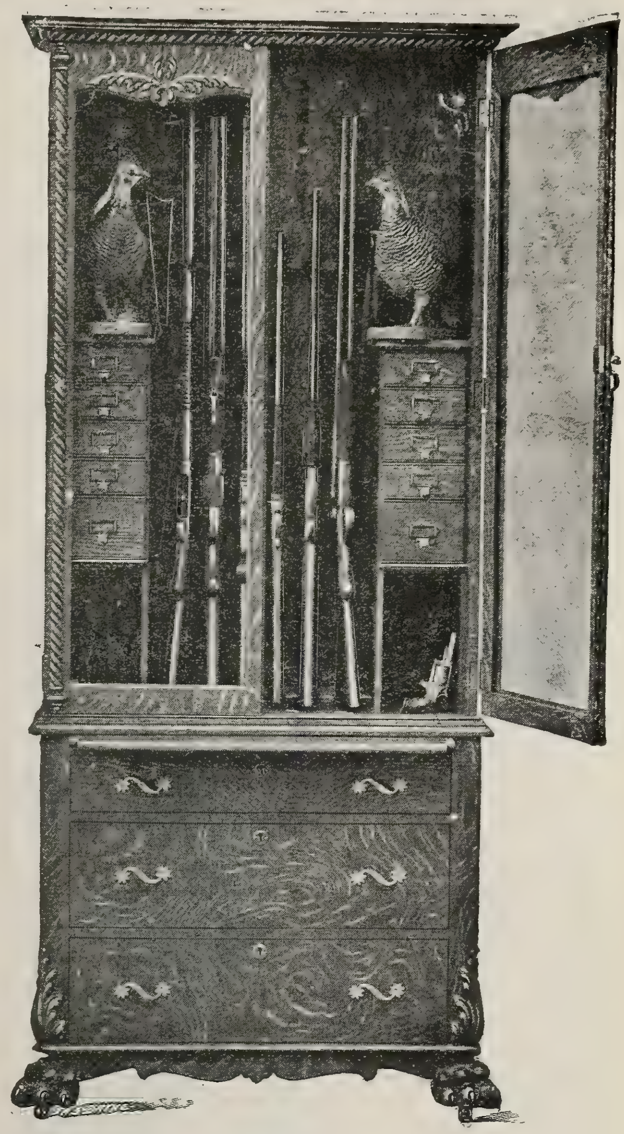

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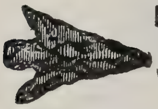

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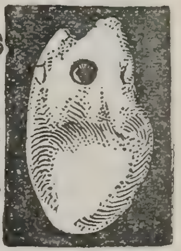

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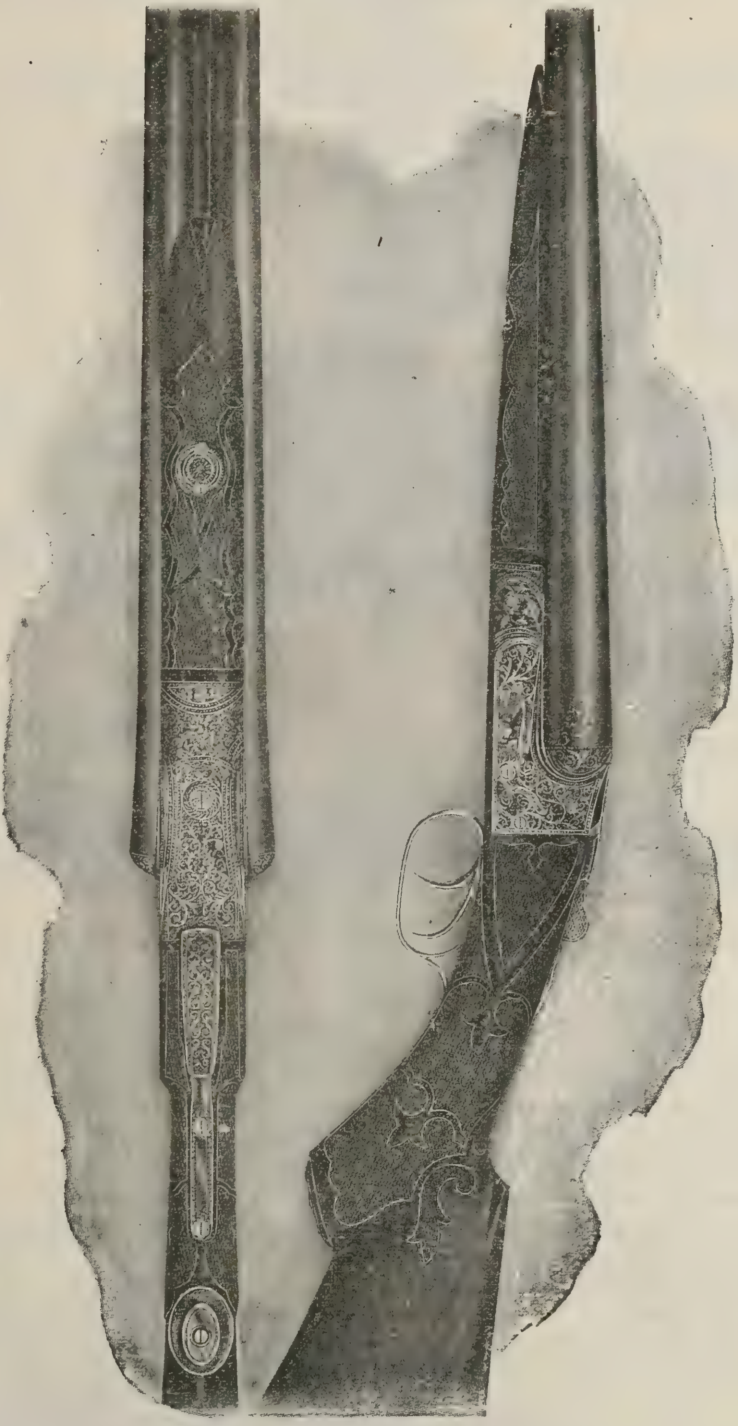

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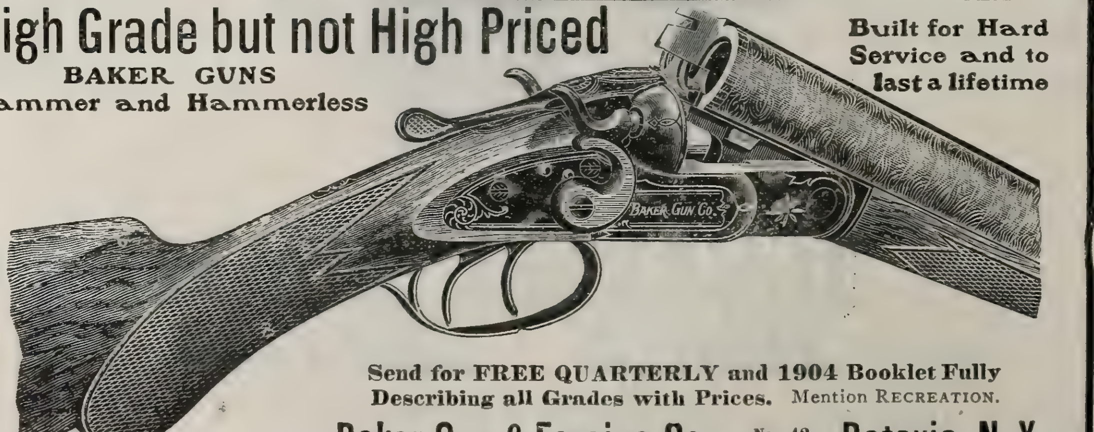
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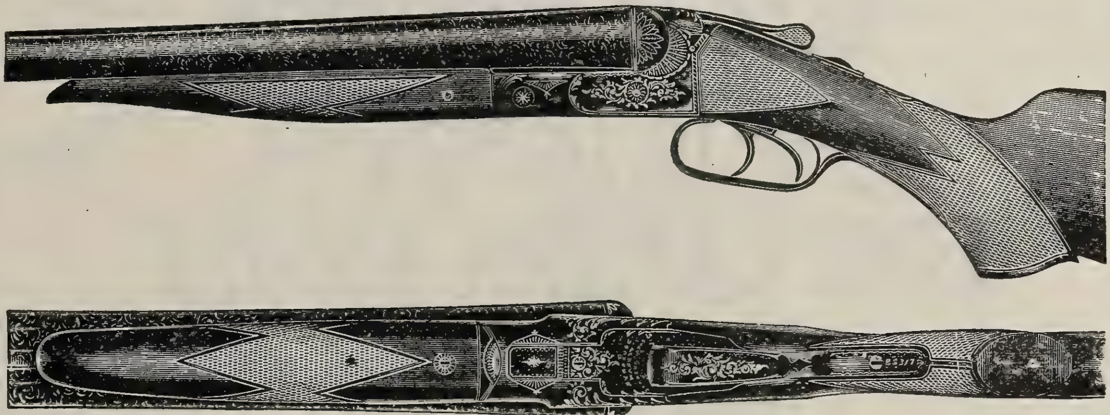

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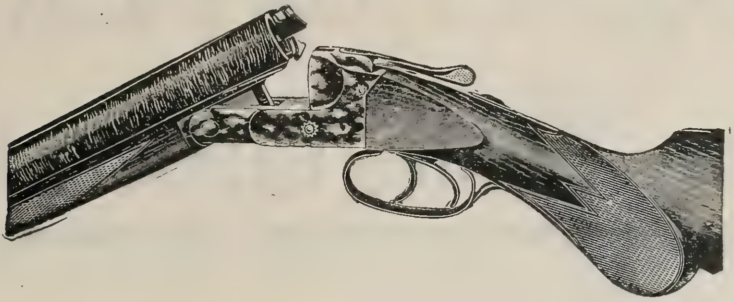

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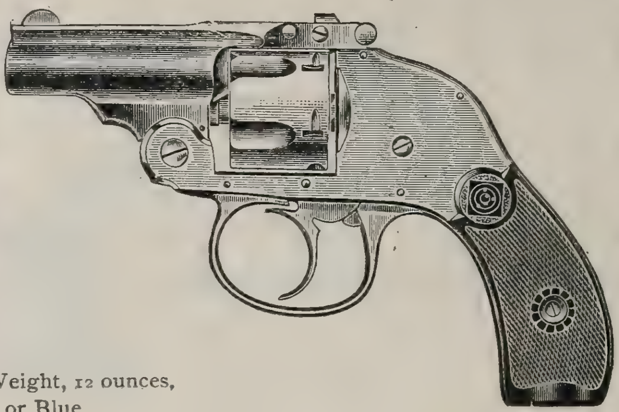

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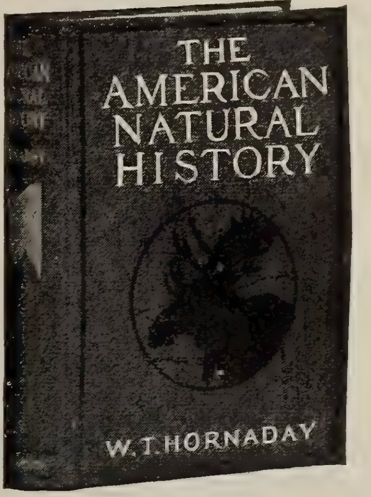

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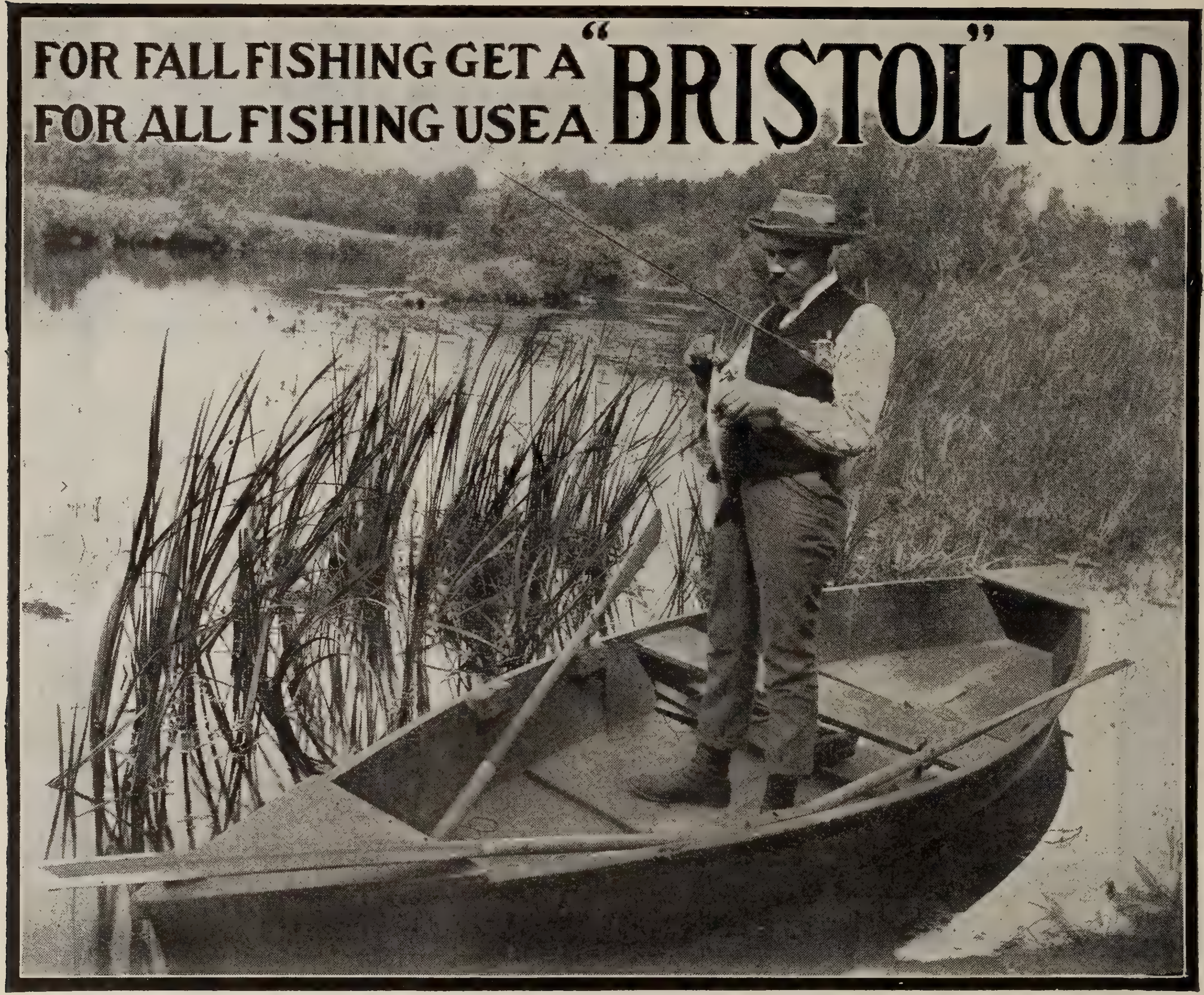
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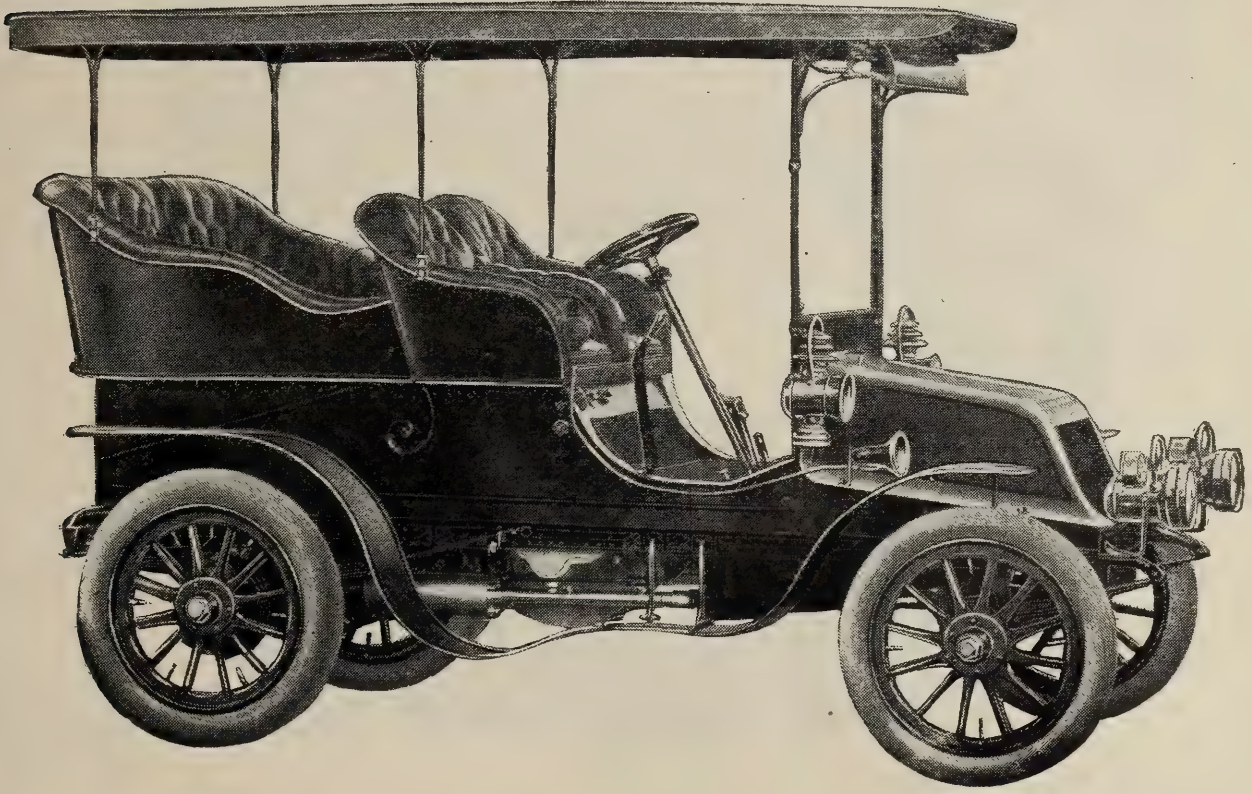

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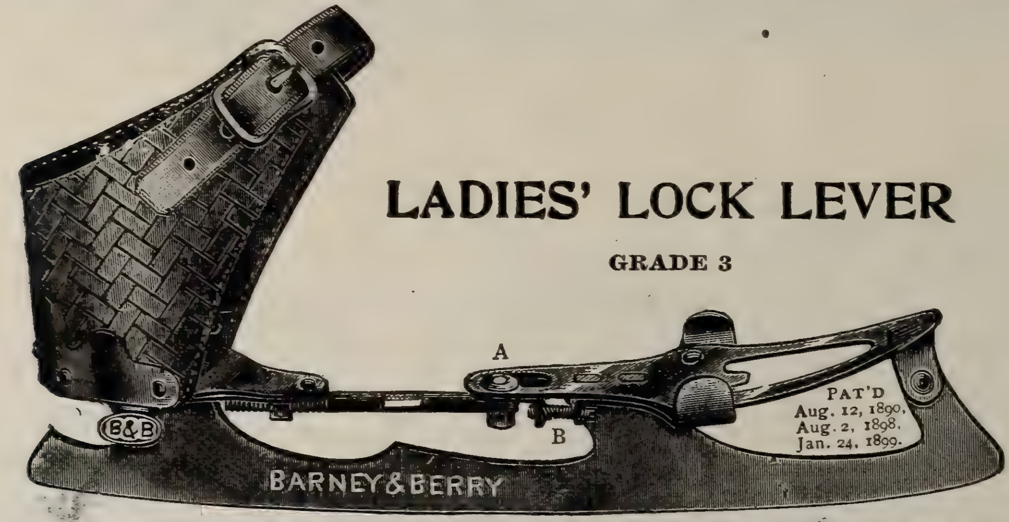
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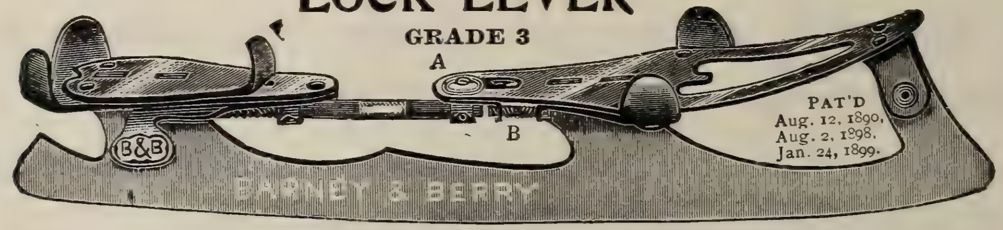
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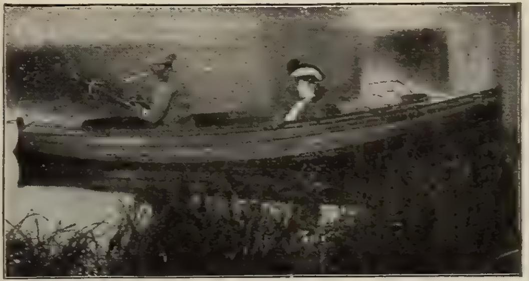

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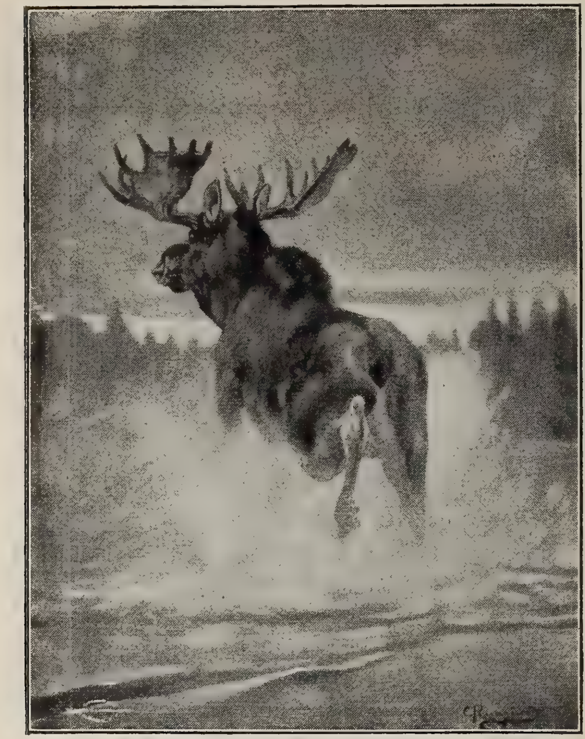

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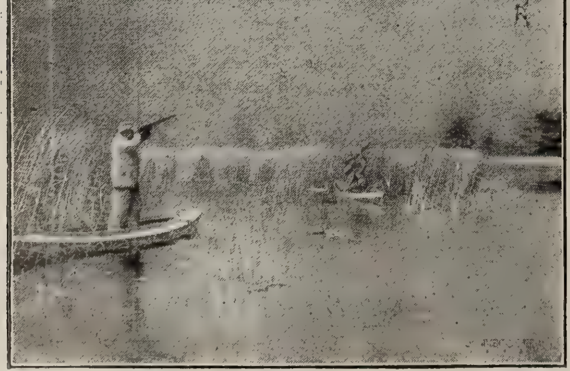

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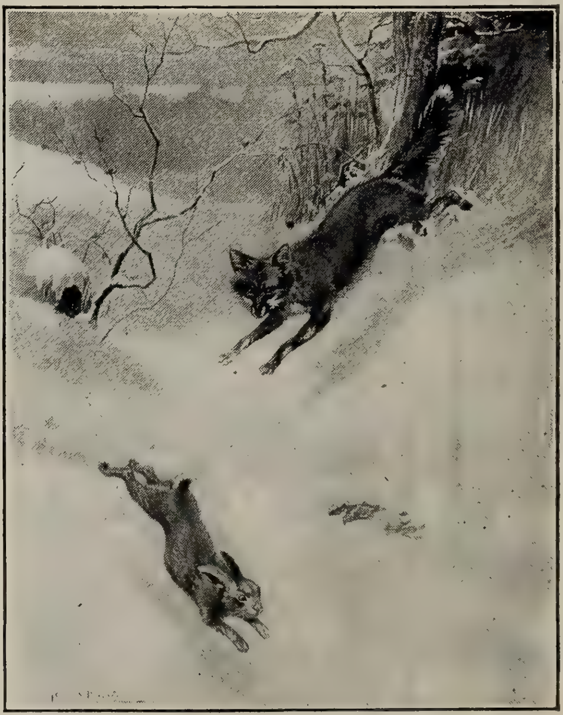

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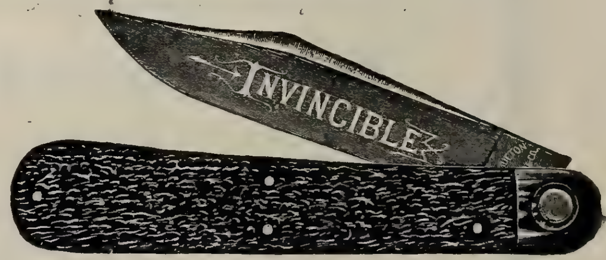

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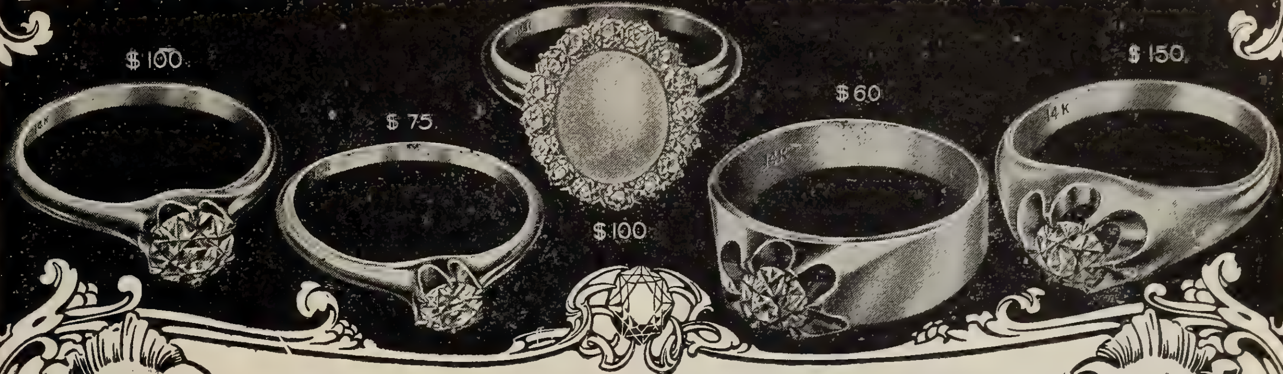

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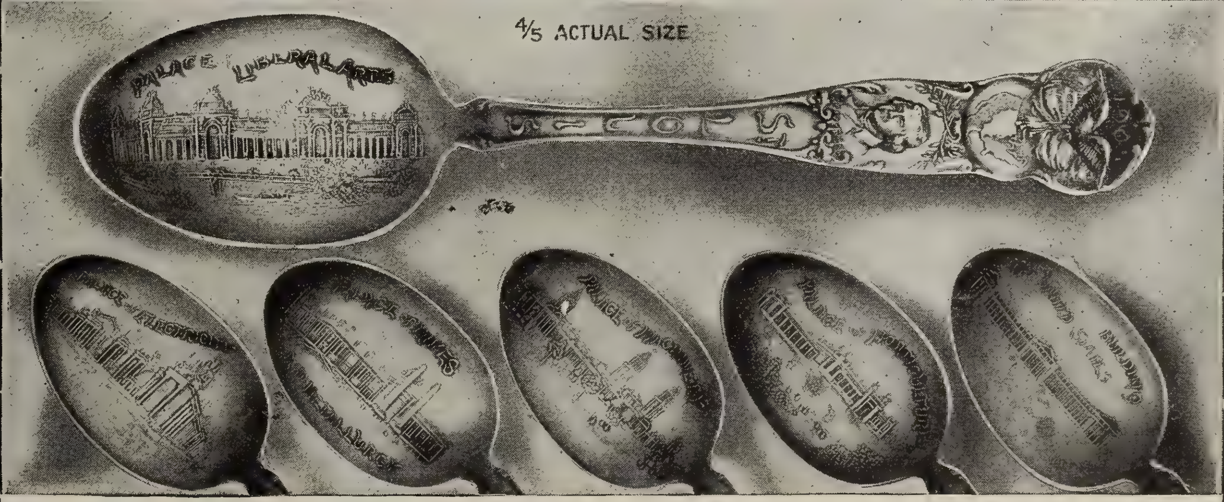

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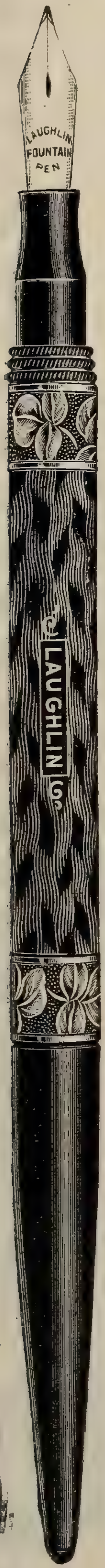

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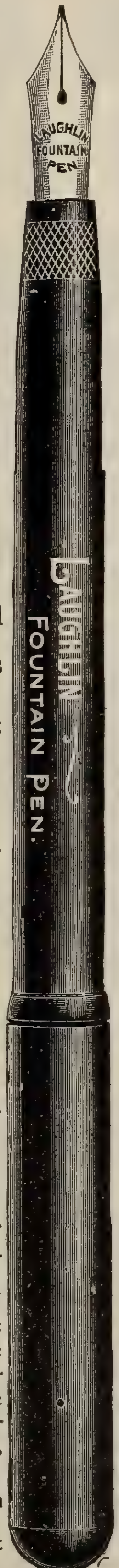

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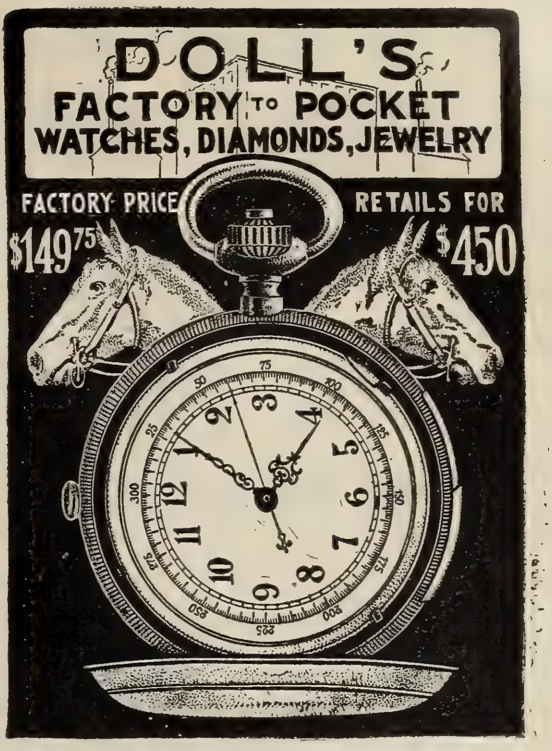

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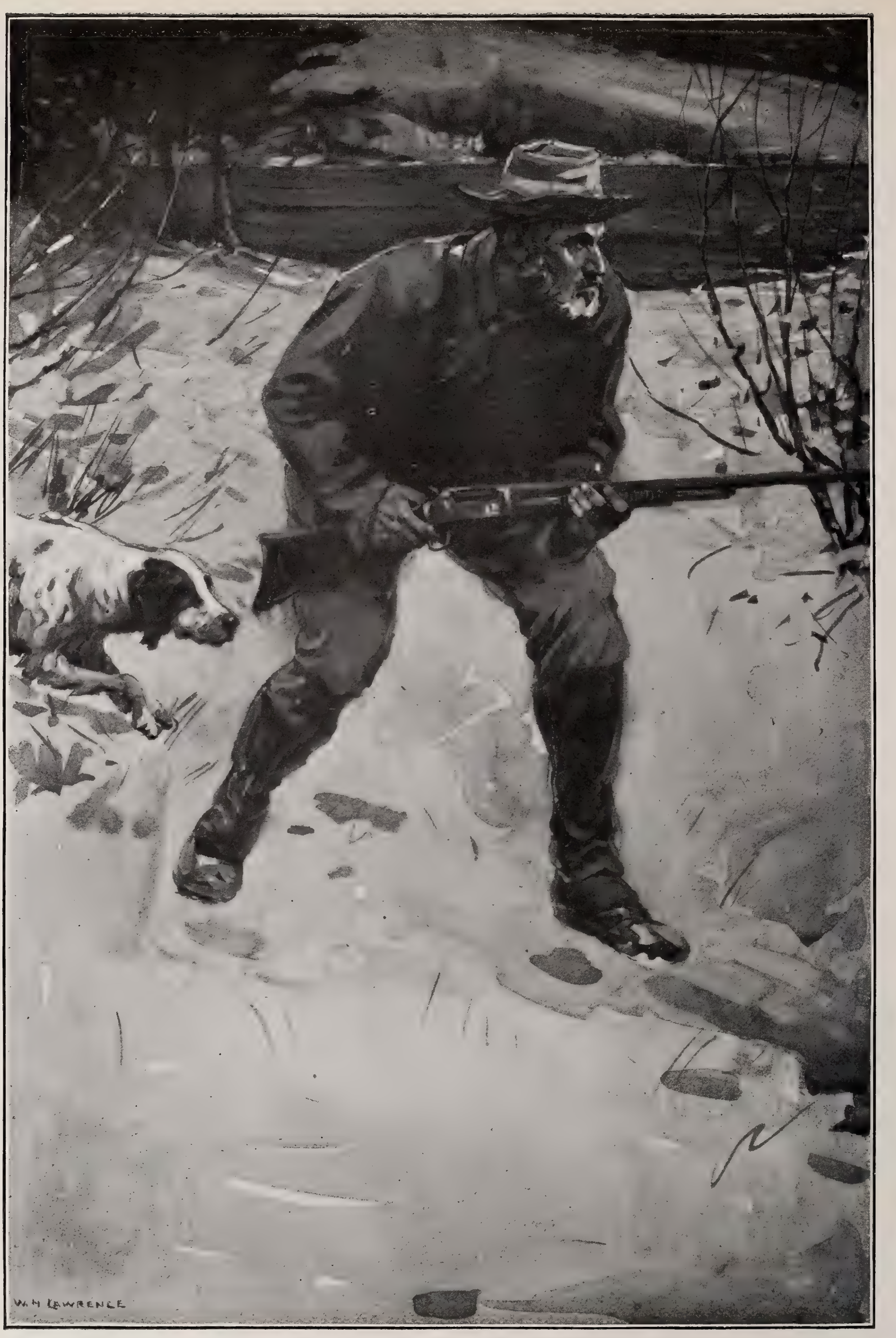

W. H. LAWRENCE

THEN WE STARTED TO SNEAK UP ON THEM.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. NOVEMBER, 1904 Number 5

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

LIVING IT OVER.

J. F. SALTZ.

An old man sat in his room with no other companion than Ben, his setter, stretched at full length before the fire. Presently, a twitching toe on one of Ben's feet attracted the old man's attention. This twitching was followed by the working of the whole foot, backward and forward, accompanied by a whine or yelp from the fast moving jaws, which joined in the general disturbance, for in a moment every muscle, from nose to tail, was working as if strained to its utmost.

"Ben! Ben! What's the matter?" The only answer was a whack, whack, whack, of Ben's tail on the floor.

"I know what you have been dreaming of, old fellow. That trip up to Goose lake, that cold, stormy day. Cold; yes, but we don't mind that! These cold fresh air baths are what have kept your old master strong and healthy.

"Do you remember how those big mallards came sailing along? How still we stood! We were in full view of them. We watched every turn they made; and they finally settled down into the lake. Then we started to sneak up on them! I can see you now as you crawled along behind me, for you always crawl when you see me sneak.

"We backed away from the first place where we stopped, and went into the rushes in order to get a better chance at them. We were going to murder the whole flock! That was before we had become educated by reading RECREATION, and we thought the more we killed the more sport we were having. Finally we stuck our heads up a little too far and they began to get out of range. It was not your fault, old fellow!

"Accidentally we knocked one mallard down, even at that distance. You thought, and so did I, that you were going to get him; but he was not hit hard enough. Too bad, Ben! You had that long swim in the cold water for nothing. He got up and flew when we were just going to bring him into camp. It was not your fault, it was mine; but you did not tell me I was 'no good'; no, Ben, you are a true sport! You don't complain if things don't go just right. We take the bad luck with the good. It is all sport now, since we have learned what real sport is.

"Do you remember how we started for the other lake, along through the snow? We saw flocks of ducks in every direction, and we could tell by their peculiar flight that they were looking for a place to alight.

"When we got to Goose lake and saw those ducks out by that rat house, I told you if we could get out there without their seeing us we would have another pot shot; but you were not looking for pot shots. You saw those 4 mallards coming from the other way. You knew that I had not seen them and you wanted me to have that chance. The 2 that went to the South of us had the wind in their favor, but the 2 that tried to go North of us made a mistake.

"Pretty high, did you say? Yes; but those shells fit perfectly and no duck can get away from me when I have the present combination. Two greenheads! It was late in the season and they were big, old, fellows. The cold made our teeth chatter, but it made us feel good to have those 2 old fellows in our coat. All the ducks got out of the lake when they heard us shoot.

"Those 2 fellows who came in from the other side of the lake were perched on top of a rat house. Every time they saw a duck coming their way they crouched down, and when they moved the ducks saw them. They strained their guns on 6 mallards and drove them over our heads. Those ducks were high. We could just see their red feet, but when we can see their feet they tumble!

"Did you hear what those 2 fellows said, Ben? Perhaps not. You were busy getting that duck which the wind carried up into the timber; but I heard, and it made me feel well paid for standing there facing that Northwest wind. One said, 'Must have a good gun'! The other said, 'His dog is a peach, too'!

"I know you were glad to get under the lap robe in the hay. We got thawed out long before we reached home.

"Remember how good those bones tasted the next day for dinner! Of course you remember it all; but you are too contented to move except to whack, whack, your tail on the floor.

"Don't be surprised, old dog, if you hear me say 'Fetch' after I get to sleep, for I have dreams, too, and may imagine I am living it over."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. M. BECK.

DASH POINTING QUAIL.

ACROSS THE SIERRA MADRES.

J. S. BRAITHWAITE.

Photos by the Author.

The route chosen by our party followed closely the line of the proposed Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railway from Miñaca, in the heart of Mexico, to Topolobampo bay, on the Pacific. This route is, as far as I could ascertain, the only one through this gigantic range of mountains; and the scenery along it is of unsurpassed grandeur. The small Mexican towns and Indian villages on the route afford opportunities for observing the quaint customs of a people who as yet are ignorant of the outside world and unspoiled by the tourist.

MULES WATERING AT A SPRING ON THE TRAIL.

The American, or, as he is known in Mexico, the "Gringo," has an important part to play in that remarkable country, and I was greatly impressed with the admirable tact and patience which characterize his dealings with the Mexicans. Americans now have a reputation for fair dealing with the natives.

The Mexican people are genial, kindly, courteous, and free from impertinent curiosity.

For a trip through the Sierra Madres some knowledge of Spanish is imperative.

We outfitted for our trip at Chihuahua, on the Mexican Central railway, and March 16 we took the train to Miñaca, about 180 kilometers West of Chihuahua. There were 3 in our party, and our outfit, which was provisioned for a month, consisted of 10 mules, of which 6 were pack mules, each carrying a load of about 200 pounds. In attendance on the mules were 3 Mexican *mozos*. These are wonderful fellows. They never tire, and are always cheerful and contented. As long as they are provided with sufficient dried beef, beans, coffee and sugar they give no trouble. They pad along behind the mules for any distance, whistling and singing, and around the camp fire at night they sing weird, plaintive choruses. I do not know the record on the road for these tough, wiry chaps. Our longest continuous performance was 45 miles, at the rate of 5 or 6 miles an hour. We only had one *mozo* with us on that occasion, but he seemed perfectly fresh on arrival, and started on the return journey the same evening. They wear sandals to protect the soles of their feet, but their heels get horny and cracked.

The 4 saddle mules were for ourselves and the Chinese cook, a boy, who proved hopelessly incapable. His preposterous attempts at bread making, and the confusion to which he reduced our provision boxes were exasperating.

We each carried blankets in canvas bags. and an ordinary tent fly in case we should need shelter. The latter we used little.

During the winter the weather in the mountains is generally good, though sometimes extremely cold. From February to the end of April perfect conditions prevail, there being no extreme heat or cold, no rain, and generally an invigorating breeze. The nights, though sometimes cold in the higher altitudes, are cloudless and dry, without dew. From April to June it is excessively hot in the sun, and traveling during the day would be attended with considerable discomfort.

About mid June the rainy season commences, and there is a daily downpour for 3 months. In October cool, dry weather reappears, and probably that would be the best month to make this trip, both for scenery and hunting.

Our chief difficulty was lack of water. Owing to an exceptionally dry winter many of the mountain streams and springs were dried up. In some of those left, water was discolored and unpalatable, though seemingly harmless.

Curiously, there is no available fish life in these mountains, and it is useless to take fishing tackle. Some of the rivers contain fish 2 to 3 inches in length, and the Indians catch them by beating with a board on the water. The concussion stuns the little fishes and turns them belly upward, when the Indians collect and cook them.

We made our first camp on the Guerrero river, a short distance from Miñaca. We had heard that great numbers of ducks were usually to be seen there, and we were anxious to shoot a few, but the migration Northward had evidently been going on some time and ducks were scarce. By arduous stalking, there being little cover on the banks, we secured one or 2 stragglers.

The next day, after a ride over a hot and dusty prairie, we arrived about noon at the foot of the mountains. The altitude of Miñaca is 6,600 feet, and the maximum height attained in crossing the range is 8,300 feet. The trail for some distance keeps in close touch with the grading of the new railroad, then parts from it and finally picks it up again.

The forests of the Sierra Madre mountains are of great value, but are often seriously damaged by fire. This waste should be stopped.

At sunset we camped on a small river in a deep canyon.

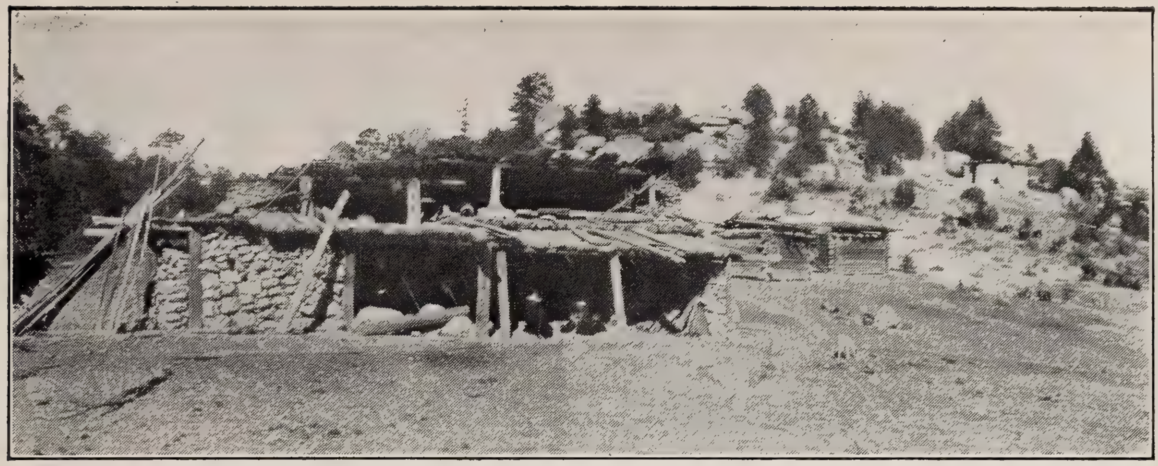
In the earlier stages of the journey we hobbled the mules before turning them loose at night, as they would otherwise return home. After some days this precaution becomes no longer necessary and they are allowed to wander at will, in search of food.

It takes some time to get the packs tied on the mules, in spite of the dexterity and activity of the mozos. The mules have to be blindfolded. No one who has not striven with a hired mule can form the least idea of the extraordinary patience requisite to get the proper amount of work out of the beast. A mule does things his own way. Often he will apparently pay no attention to his persecutors, but when the opportunity comes he will be even with them. Each of our party suffered at the feet of his mule, one member being knocked down and badly trampled. The mountain mules are marvelously sure footed, and though heavily loaded will scramble safely over most perilous places. I heard of a traveler through these mountains whose mule, in turning a sharp corner on a steep trail, had his balance upset by the load striking an overhanging rock. The mule started to roll down the ravine and, as he gathered speed, the pack, bumping against projecting rocks, caused him to rebound like a rubber ball. The traveler watched him until the mule was out of sight, and then started down the mountain, with heavy heart, to recover his packs. He had not proceeded far when to his astonishment he saw his mule, pack and all, apparently uninjured, slowly working his way up a deer trail. The mule continued the ascent until he finally rejoined the pack train as if nothing had happened.

There are different grades of mules. A good one is usually worth 100 Mexican dollars, up. Mules can be bought as low as $40, but to travel this trail on a $40 mule would be to take unnecessary risks.

Bacoyña is about 100 kilometers from Miñaca, and the trail is easy and well defined, there being considerable traffic between the 2 places. Bacoyña is a desolate little place with a few hundred inhabitants, situated in a dusty plain, hollowed out in the mountain range.

Our first camp after passing Bacoyña was at Rochibo (goat ranch), at an altitude of 8,100 feet. There, for the first time, we saw some Indian habitations. These Indians are known as the Taharumari, and are extremely retiring and inoffensive. Their appearance is remarkable, but their faces show their extraordinary timidity and gentleness. Their complexion is chocolate in color; their hair long and unkempt. The garments they wear resemble pajamas of white cotton and are generally very clean. When traveling on the trail with heavy loads on their backs, these Indians go practically naked and carry rude bows and arrows, with which they shoot squirrels. The Taharumaris generally go out of their way to avoid the white man, and will hide if they have time before he comes up to them. They dislike manual labor and will often rather starve than work, though they do not seem to mind traveling great distances on foot and heavily laden. They are extremely superstitious and their superstition centers around what knowledge they have of the life of Christ as given to them by the traveling priests. A number of mysterious signs may be ob-



TAHARUMARI INDIAN'S HOUSE.

served along the trail, and on the highest point of each divide there is always a rude cross surmounting a small heap of stones.

At Easter an extraordinary ceremony takes place at the principal Indian towns. On Good Friday a species of Passion play is given, in which the scene of the crucifixion is supposed to be reenacted. The leading parts are taken by dummies, and Judas has an extremely rough time of it. The next day the Indians commence to repent of their sins and lash one another.

In the meantime all the old hags for miles around have been busy preparing in enormous cauldrons a succulent broth. Many steers have been killed, and the young girls have been working 16 hours at a time making tortillas. There is merit in proportion to the endurance displayed over this.

Then comes the *fiesta,* food being free to all. The native intoxicant, mescal, of course figures largely, and the revelry is kept up until all are drunk or worn out.

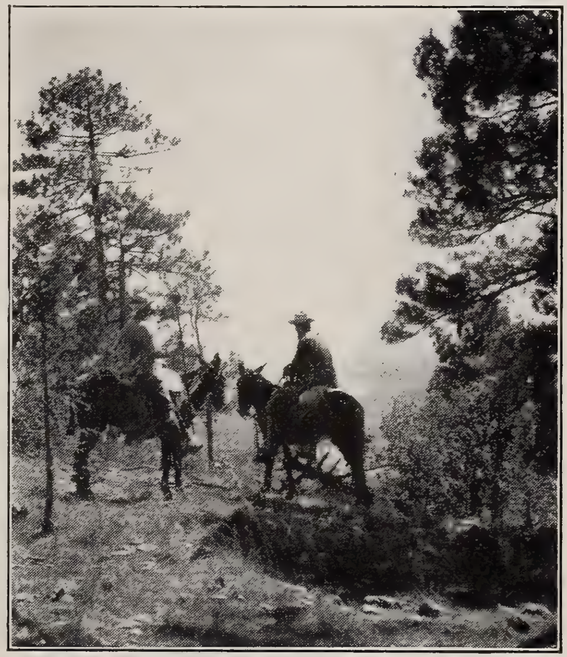
The Mexican priests do not take part in this affair, but presumably they countenance it, and it is horrible to think that these wild debaucheries are conducted in the name of Christianity.

Further evidence of Indian superstition may be gathered from the following:

An Indian came to one of the engineers working for the railway, carrying one of his fingers, which, owing to some accident, had become severed from his hand. The engineer explained that he could not reattach the finger, and bound up the wounded hand. The Indian, however, would not allow him to throw away the severed finger, but carefully wrapped it up and ran with it 50 miles to the "Campo Santo" of his own tribe. There he buried the finger in his own lot, returned the same distance in the night, and resumed work the next morning.

Leaving Rochibo the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful, and through the pine trees one gets distant views of the country ahead, range on range of mountains as far as the eyes can see. Most of these mountains are pine clad, but one remarkable range, known as the Barranca de Cobre, which stands out pre-eminently, has no vegetation and presents a grim and rugged aspect. The altitude at that point is 8,000 feet, and there are evidences of game. Several times we saw whitetail deer from the trail, but were not fortunate enough to get a shot.

On one occasion one of our party saw a bunch of turkeys cross the trail in front of him. He at once dismounted and ran with his rifle in the direction in which they had disappeared. Later he understood better the extraordinary rapidity with which these birds cover the ground, and learned that it is useless to pursue them. On that occasion, however, he ran himself to a standstill without catching a second glimpse of them, and then started to retrace his steps. He crossed the trail without realizing that he had done so, and he soon began to realize that he had lost his way. He was not badly lost, however, and a shot in answer to his own helped him back to the trail. I men-



VIEW AFTER LEAVING ROCHIBO.

tion this incident to show how extremely easy it is to lose one's way in these mountains; and each of us, in turn, though adopting every possible precaution, went through the unpleasant experience more than once. A trail or a canyon with which one is perfectly familiar from one point of view may look entirely different from another, causing one to think himself mistaken and turn back. The hotels at Chihuahua and Miñaca still hold in safe keeping the effects of white men who have started gaily into these mountains. Those grips and valises will never be claimed. We did not secure a turkey, and although in certain districts there are known to be large bunches of them, they are rarely seen, or, if seen, successfully hunted.

I had one good opportunity to shoot a turkey. I was resting on the ground while other members of the party were looking for a wounded deer, when suddenly one of these huge birds sailed past me and alighted a short distance away, evidently scared by one of the other hunters into flight, a means of progression which turkeys are at all times loth to adopt. Astonished at the opportunity, I jumped to my feet and scrambled in the direction of the gobbler. After a fall of about 30 feet, I came in full view of him, close to me. Taking careful aim, I pulled the trigger, but in my hurry I had forgotten to load my rifle. As I lowered it to throw in a shell my turkey, which had become thoroughly alarmed, spread his huge wings and once more got under way. I sent a bullet after him which knocked out a bunch of feathers, but seemed to do him no further harm.

Two days of easy riding took us to a spot known as Buena Vista, and it is indeed well named. The view baffles description. The pine-laden cliff rises above a gigantic cañon, said to be a mile in depth. The mountains on each side form a steep wall of rock for some depth, then break into wooded ridges, sloping down to a silver river. Many of these ridges dovetail into those projecting from the opposite side and constitute a seemingly inextricable maze, in which one who did not know the country would be quickly lost.

As the eyes become accustomed to this amazing picture, small dots of light color appear in the landscape, and an inspection through field glasses shows them to be cultivated clearings made by the Indians. Gradually one is able to discern little Indian huts, dotted about wherever these clearings are seen. The caves and holes in the rocks are also used as dwellings. Finally the trails on the mountain sides and the cattle and goats grazing can be distinguished. The effect is stupendous. It is as if the lid had been lifted from a gigantic box and a new country displayed in miniature.

It is evident that many Indians live in this unapproachable region. Probably the majority of them have never been out of the cañon. The climate below is different from that on the cliff. I understand that the Indians cultivate oranges and that semi-tropical vegetation abounds down there. I do not believe that view can be surpassed in the world. I am told that the new railroad is to have a station at that spot. If so, many people will undertake the journey to get that view alone, and the company will be well advised to make special provision there for the tourist.

We were then past the highest point in that mighty divide, and although the stiffest part of the journey was still ahead, we were well started on the Pacific slope. Two days' riding took us to the village of Cuitaco, 5,750 feet up, after a steep and difficult drop of 2,000 feet. The spot is worthy of mention, because it serves as an illustration of what the country can produce when farmed by an industrious and intelligent man. In these mountain villages one man usually claims the whole place as his. In all probability the title would not bear close scrutiny, but apparently no one questions it. He is the only employer of labor, and the people depend on him for their subsistence. If he is a wise man he becomes their judge, as well as their counsellor; he probably runs the only store, and what he says goes.

At Cuitaco are evidences of an enlightened owner, the place being beautifully irrigated. Ample crops and fruitful orchards result. There is also a tannery, which turns out excellent leather.

To these little kings, of whom there are a number, varying in importance, is due the principal credit for the extraordinary immunity from molestation of any kind which the travelers in this wild country enjoy. In no other country in the world can one travel under similar conditions in such perfect safety.

The descent is marked by a warmer climate and a change in both the vegetation and the plumage of the birds. Maidenhair fern grows luxuriantly in the cañons near the water. The pine tree is replaced by a strange variety of oak and numerous unfamiliar trees.

We camped several nights at an altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. A long descent one day was followed by an equally steep ascent on the following day, but the country never ceases to interest and is always beautiful.

The mules began to show signs of the long journey. They developed ugly raw places on their backs and shoulders, and became emaciated. We were therefore glad to learn that 2 more days on the trail would take us to the camp of a railway engineer, where we could obtain ample corn for our mules and would have excellent opportunities of hunting deer. The hunting which we had been able to do from our camps had not proved successful. That we attributed in the main to our ignorance of the habits of the deer in that country; also to the fact that in the higher altitudes deer are not abundant, and we could not expect good results when we had only a few hours of the day to hunt in.

The remaining 2 days proved by far the hardest of the trip. The trail is steep, narrow, ill defined, and dangerous. Traveling is necessarily slow, and there were times when we wondered whether the mules would hold out. When a mule lies down with his pack on it is uncertain if he will ever get up again. He can not rise with his pack on, and to unpack in the places where he elects to lie down is attended with danger.

When we reached the camp of Mr. Nelson, the engineer, after a steep descent, our mules were nearly "all in," as our Americans put it. We were glad to meet and talk with white men, and, at their cordial invitation, to take our places at their cheery, well provided board. Fresh meat and vegetables seemed good to us after our long subsistence on canned foods. Mr. Nelson told us that the country through which we had traveled is the hardest that the railroad constructors will have to face, but that it presents no insuperable difficulties.

We stayed at the camp 4 days, which proved most enjoyable. The altitude is about 3,700 feet and the character of the country is different from that through which we had passed. The pine tree no longer figures in the landscape, the hill tops being either bare or covered with stunted oak trees, dotted here and there. In the valleys are sycamore, walnut, alder and bamboo trees. There, too, for the first time we saw orange trees. Instead of mighty canyons and rugged peaks, there are prettily wooded *arroyos* with a thick undergrowth of thorn bush. Parrots scream and chatter in the tree tops, and many birds of beautiful plumage are to be seen.

We had excellent deer hunting there, for the whitetail deer is abundant. The camp has been for the past 2 years so plentifully supplied with venison that they almost regarded it with disgust at the time of our visit. The mating season in these mountains is at an exceptional time, commencing early in February, and our hunting was at the end of it. The bucks do not shed their horns until May, and the new ones are free from velvet about October. A large head has 4 points on each antler. Occasionally one may have 5, but it would be the exception.

INQUIRING THE WAY AT A NATIVE RANCH.

Two days we hunted on mule back, Don Rafael Becerra, one of the largest landed proprietors in Northern Mexico, having arrived, by Nelson's invitation, with his 2 hounds. The method is to ride along the ridge of the small, thickly overgrown *arroyos,* and roll down large boulders. The deer, startled in that manner, run up the opposite ridge, giving a good chance for a shot. The hounds are only used in the case of a wounded deer, which they will not cease to hunt when once laid on the trail. It is thus of great advantage to have dogs, for without them the wounded deer will often escape.

I was much impressed by the appearance of the cattle in that district. Although there had been practically no rain for more than 6 months, so that the grazing had the usual bleached and dried appearance, the cattle at that altitude were remarkably sleek and looked well fed. Cattle raising there must be extremely profitable.

We left the camp with regret and resumed our journey to the Pacific coast. The trail became much easier and we were able to travel greater distances in a day, but we soon learned that owing to the intense heat of the day we could travel with far greater comfort at night. We accordingly decided to do this, and, breaking camp soon after 3 o'clock the next morning, we rode by moonlight down the last stretch of the Reforma cañon, reaching the Fuerte river about 9 a. m. The last 20 miles through which we passed gave evidences of large mineral deposits. Only one mine, reputed to be fabulously rich, is at present operated, but thousands are located and their opening only awaits the advent of the railroad. Without transportation facilities, low grade propositions, the most satisfactory class of mine, can not be worked to pay. The railroad, however, is built and being operated to Fuerte, a point 100 kilometers inland from the coast, and about 50 kilometers more will take the road to the mouth of the Reforma cañon on the Fuerte river. With its arrival at that point the district will be galvanized into activity.

We crossed the Fuerte river without difficulty, the river being low, owing to the exceptionally dry season. From thence we were in the hot country, and the trail became easy, but inches deep in dust. At that time of year there was little vegetation excepting the pitahaya cactus and the mesquite. This cactus soon becomes a familiar object and no uncultivated land is innocent of it. It grows tall, and in the summer bears a luscious fruit. Every Indian carries a long spear as a means of detaching the fruit. The prickly husks of the fruit are used by the Indian women as hair combs.

The first village where water can be obtained is Mesquitécaido, a picturesque spot. There we camped under a gigantic mesquite tree in the middle of the village. We amused ourselves in the afternoon by watching the villagers play a species of hockey, which they carried on with great zest. The club used was spoonlike in appearance; there were, as far as one could judge, no sides and no goals, and the scene of action was wherever the ball happened to be have been sent by the last striker. The game was played with all seriousness, young and old alike taking part, in the hottest part of the day.

The moon was up at 2 o'clock, so we rolled up our beds, made some coffee and in a short time were under way. The cool morning air, the stillness, broken only by the peculiar wailing cry of the *mozos*, intended to encourage the mules to higher speed, the deep shadows cast by the moonlight, all combined to render these early morning rides most enjoyable.

Whenever we reached a village a tremendous barking and howling of dogs commenced, every Indian and every Mexican being possessed of one or 2 mongrels.

Seven hours' riding took us to Choix (pronounced choice), a baked looking spot, whose only recommendation was that it had a store, of important aspect, where we could hire fresh mules to take us to Fuerte. Our own mules were by that time in a sorry condition. Of course we had to wait till *manana* before the fresh mules could be ready for us. This gave the entomologist of our party a chance to catch some iguanas, of which we had seen numbers along the last mile of the route. He secured 2 excellent specimens of this remarkable lizard, which is extremely difficult to catch. The natives cook and eat them, and they are said to have a flavor superior to that of frogs.

At Choix there were a number of Gringoes, whose business was chiefly with mines, prospecting and management. From all accounts the mineral wealth is prodigious, copper especially being found in remarkable quantities. All are impatient for the advent of the railway.

We left Choix at 6 in the evening, with the intention of accomplishing the 45 mile ride to Fuerte during the night. We had a break of 2 hours about half way, in which to rest the mules and take a lunch; and then we pushed on. The sensation of riding a fresh mule after the weary old animals we had just discarded was refreshing, and although we occasionally felt sleepy during the long night ride, none of us were tired when we reached Fuerte, about 9 o'clock the next morning.

In Fuerte we renewed our acquaintance with the sight, familiar in Mexico, of prisoners working in the streets and the little plaza gardens, under the supervision of soldiers. Fuerte has a band and a band stand. When a man is up or down on his luck he hires that band to attend on him at the various saloons until he is no longer in a position to listen to their sweet strains. This may last an hour or 2 or go on for several days. The sound of the music from the little saloon, wafted across the hot afternoon air, and the knowledge of what it is the accompaniment to, produce an indescribable effect on the listener.

Game is plentiful around Fuerte, but we were not there in the right season for hunting it. The mountain lion, the tiger and numerous species of wildcat, the peccary, or wild pig, and deer are, comparatively speaking, abundant. Wild ducks, quail and *cuitchee* constitute the winged game. The latter bird is used by the Mexicans to cross

OX WAGON LOADED WITH SUGAR CANE AT MOCHIS.

with the rooster, because he is such a game fighter. In the stricter cock fights the *cuitchee* strain is barred.

At Fuerte we took the train, a proceeding which, on that occasion, was far more interesting to us than mounting a mule. The new track, which is not at present laid beyond Fuerte, makes a straight line for the Pacific coast. The management is running a train every other day, just for construction purposes, but they found it necessary to put on an extra passenger car the day we traveled to the coast, and they had the 2 box cars well loaded with freight.

We pulled into Topolobampo in the dark, but by the courtesy of the railway officials accommodations had been provided us at the company's office. After supper we rolled out our beds on the verandah, and, with the waters of the Pacific in full view, to the music of a distant Mexican chorus and the occasional splash of leaping fish, we heaved a sigh of deep content, not untempered with regret, at the conclusion of so delightful a trip.

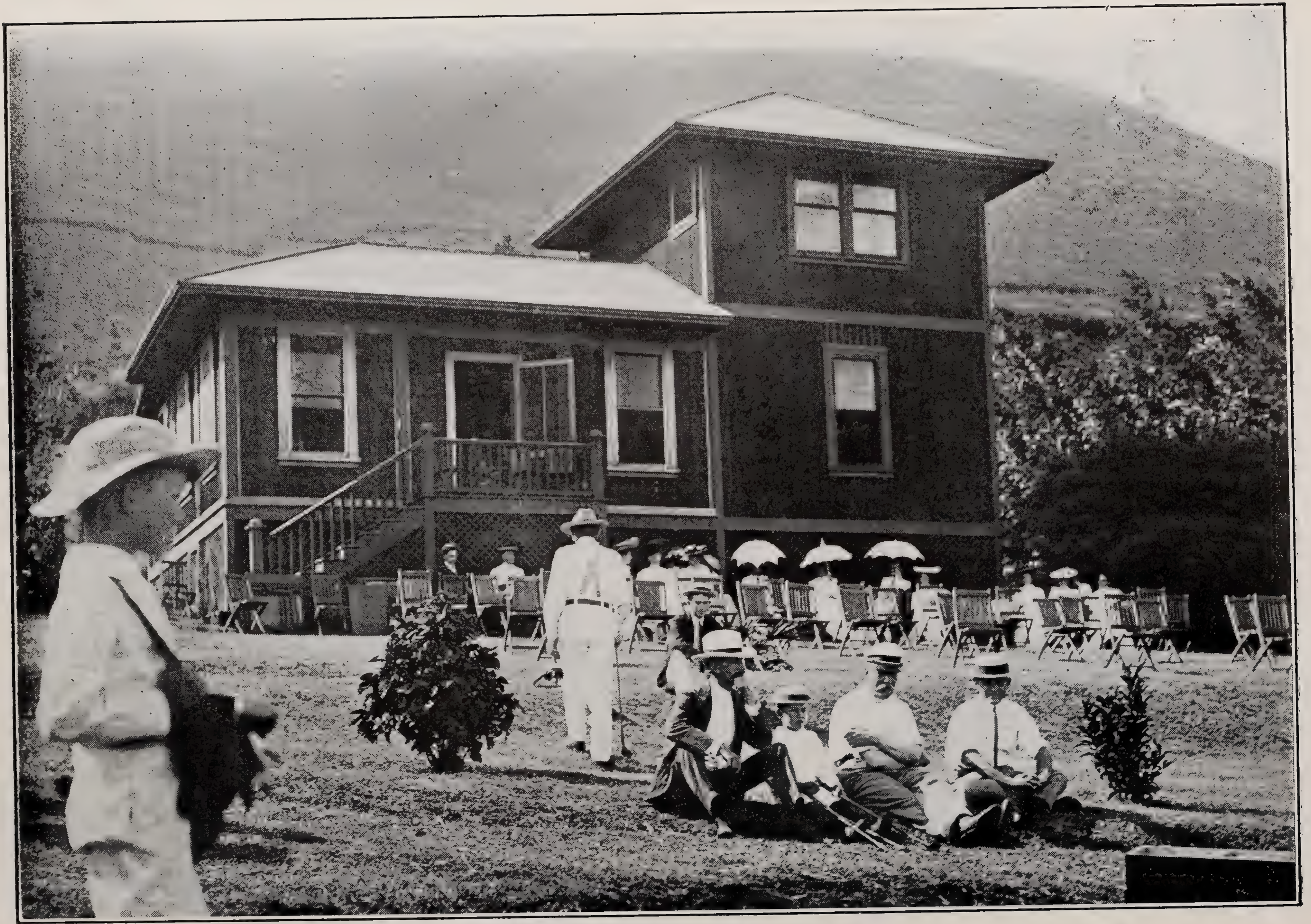
Topolobampo is a beautiful harbor, completely landlocked. Fish of enormous size abound in its waters, and it is not unusual to see a turtle paddling along the surface. Every conceivable kind of wild fowl, including pelican and ibis, is to be seen. Among others we secured a specimen of the frigate bird with a spread of 7 feet from tip to tip of the wings.

We were fortunate enough to obtain passage in the brigantine Consuelo, bound for Guaymas with a cargo of sugar, and after 3 days' delightful cruise up the gulf of California, during which the captain and his crew, all Mexicans, treated us with the greatest possible kindness, we reached our journey's end.

AUTUMN IS DEAD.

STACY E. BAKER.

Autumn is dead! I watched her die; I heard
Her cry a last farewell. The sad old trees
Sobbed at the parting, and a tearful breeze
Sighed sadly o'er the frost-bright meadows; stirred
Each withered flower with some pleading word
Of remonstrance; the broken symphonies
Of birds afar; the droning of the bees,
Near by, prayed that her parting be deferred.
Down in the wold the rill runs solemn, and
Carols the mockingbird in the dale no more.
Grim Silence, like a sullen cloud o'erhead,
Broods somber. All the legions in command
Of Boreas are marshalling, and o'er
The leas comes Winter's slogan—"Autumn's dead!"



CLUB HOUSE, MANOA GOLF CLUB.

GOLFING IN HONOLULU.

E. M. B.

Photos by the Author.

While the golf courses of the temperate zone are covered with snow and the player finds it impossible to get his needed exercise on his home links, devotees of the game turn their eyes toward lower latitudes. In this respect Hawaii for the first time enters the field of sport, offering resorts with 3 excellent courses, full of sport and open to the visitor who enjoys following the little white ball.

SECOND GREEN, AN OILED SURFACE AND 7TH TEE MANOA COURSE.

Golf has been played in Hawaii many years. No better tribute to the quality of climate may be given than that furnished by the record of the sporting proclivities of the young men. Denizens of the blizzard-swept North who applaud the exertion of their athletes on the football field often think of Hawaii as a land where the heat is too great to permit severe exertion, vet each fall a football league of never less than 3 teams competes for a championship trophy. So it is with golf. There are few days in Hawaii

LOOKING SOUTH FROM 7TH HOLE, MANOA LINKS.

FROM 1ST TEE, HALEIWA LINKS.

when one may not complete his round of 18 holes without feeling unduly fatigued, if in anything like condition.

The golf play as a rule is fair. Several of the players in Hawaii are men who learned their game in Scotland, or on the older links in the East, and their form has been copied largely by the younger men, who are getting into the game with much enthusiasm. The most recently formed club, the Manoa, has a membership of 100, with a small club house and a 9 hole course laid out in the beautiful valley of Manoa, 20 minutes' car ride from the business centre of the city. The oldest club is the Honolulu Golf Club, which plays over the Moanalua course, furnished by the Honorable S. M. Damon on his own estate. This course covers a portion of one valley and the adjacent foothill plateau, over which the grass is kept conveniently short, and the greens clipped to a nicety. The greens there are of regulation size and are kept as carefully as a dooryard. It would be hard to find more alluring tropical beauty than that on which Moanalua golfers rest their eyes at every turn. With Honolulu and the bay lying to the East, the magnificent stretches of Pearl harbor, surrounded by luxuriant cane fields toward the West, where the purple Waianae mountains furnish the background for the picture, pleasing vistas are viewed at every turn. The Honolulu Club plays a series of tournaments each year, concluding in the fall with a foursome contest which attracts seldom less than a score of players.

FROM 2ND TEE, HALEIWA LINKS.

Adjoining the beautiful resort hotel of Haleiwa, situated 56 miles from Honolulu on the line of the Oahu railway, are the Haleiwa links. These are the nearest approach to the highest class Scottish links that can be imagined. The soil is sandy, covered by short, springy turf, and the course lies on the seacoast. This combination of advantages gives the sportiest links possible. There is a splendid bunker in the shape of a sand pit, the effect of which is demoralizing; and there are a number of hazards through the green. The 9 holes have been made in 35 by Downey, who was so pleased with this course that he spent a month enjoying the North shore resort.

LOOKING DOWN "HELLS HALF ACRE," HALEIWA COURSE.

DRIVING OVER THE SANDPIT, HALEIWA COURSE.

Occasionally a brisk wind comes in from the Northeast, and likewise occasionally a small shower drifts down from the mountains; but neither disturbs the players much. For the Fourth of July tournament at Haleiwa there were more than 30 entries, the cup being won by 89 for 18 holes.

The Manoa links lack only a sand bunker to make them one of the best playing courses that could be imagined. The ground is gently rolling and the course is very clean, with the exception of some rocks at various points. Along one side there are natural hazards, hillsides to climb and a stone wall of 8 or 10 feet which calls for some good golf to override. The first tee is on the lawn of the club house and the course runs down into the valley, which is traversed by an electric railway. This has done much to popularize the sport, in that it has become quite the thing to make the afternoon airing include a visit to the club.

Many visitors to Hawaii, the land of perpetual May time, have asked in advance whether or not they could find golf, and coming with their clubs have found good sport and formed friendships which have been exceedingly enjoyable. The clubs are planning especial regulations to encourage visitors to join with local players, and some good sport is expected the coming winter.

The open season for shooting ducks, quails, pheasants, plover, doves, etc., covers the late fall months and early winter, so that the sportsman may here find recreation and enjoyment for his talent with gun, rod or club every day in the year, for no one pays any attention to a tropical shower, but goes on with his sport or business in the open air just the same.

MY FIRST BUCK.

N. R. PARK.

Within selected silent spot,
Secure from view,
Expectant there did I await
Some hours through.
Oft from a distant, swaying tree
A nut would fall;
My gun I'd grasp, the trees would laugh,
But I enjoyed it all.

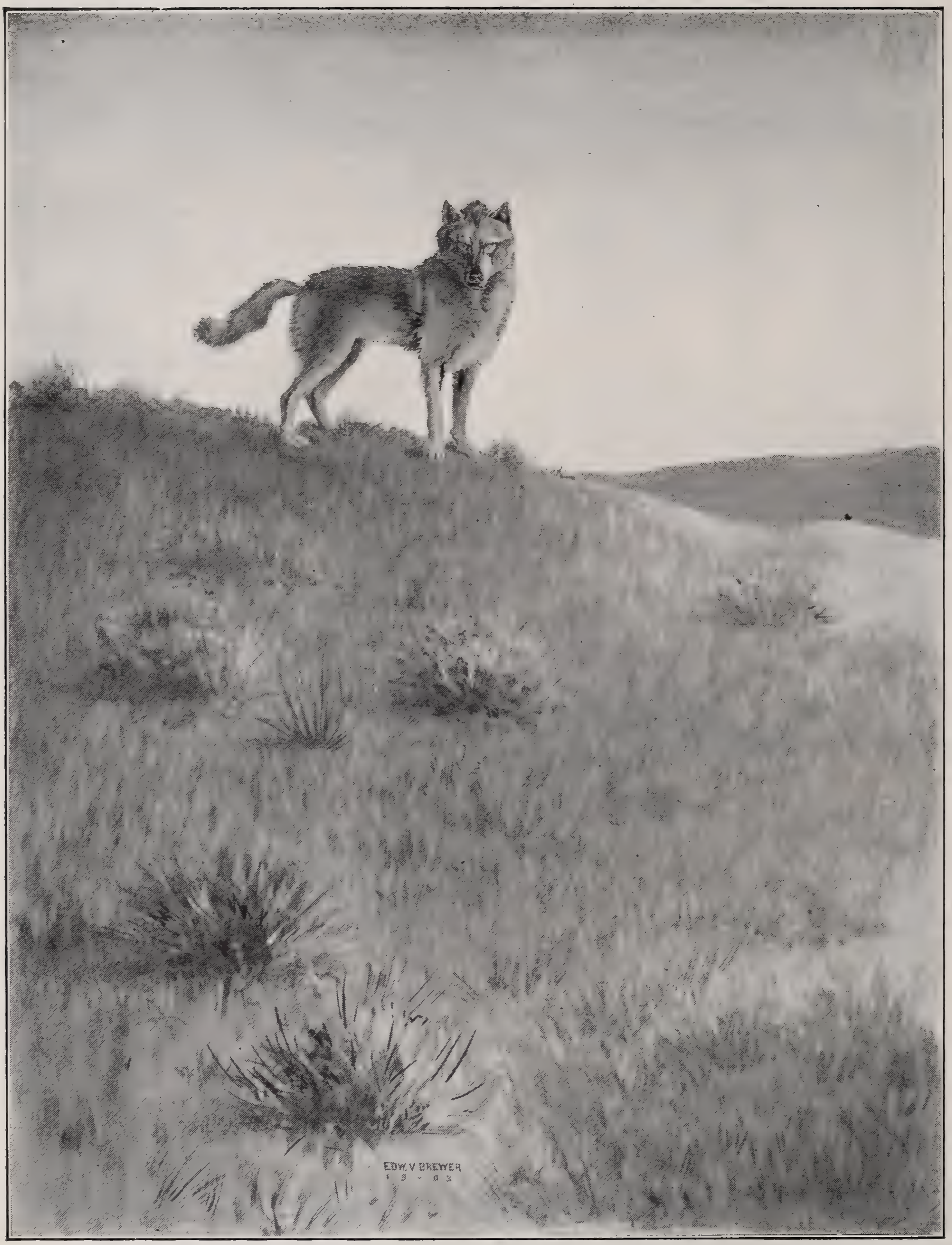
The tree then silently would nod
Its sleepy head,
And squirrels steal up near my seat,
With silent tread.
They, at their play, would stir my blood
By noises small;
My gun I'd grasp, the trees would laugh.
But I enjoyed it all.

The birds would join in chorus loud,
Up in the trees.
When one would whir so near my place
I'd feel the breeze,
My high-strung nerves would make goose flesh
Upon me crawl;
My gun I'd grasp, the trees would laugh,
But I enjoyed it all.

The turkey gobbler vain—to me
A doe's young calf—
Would gobble, gobble, gobble—'twas
His way to laugh.
When hope he'd raise to fever heat
By sudden call,
My gun I'd grasp, the trees would laugh,
But I enjoyed it all.

A gallop sounded from the wood,
Distinct and clear;
The snap of reeds by running buck
Was plain to hear.
But trembling arm would not be still;
The buck was tall!
My gun I grasped, the trees all laughed,
But I enjoyed it all.

Another quickly followed it;
I was undone,
And loudly called for it to stop
Its headlong run.
The startled creature did obey.
That buck did fall!
My gun I grasped, and loudly laughed,
For I enjoyed it all.


EDW. V BREWER
1903

A GAUNT FIGURE, LOOKING HUGE IN THE HALF LIGHT.

THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOLF.

B. M. WADDELL.

All about me to the sky line stretched the solidified waves of land; the undulations, covered with the buffalo grass that the sheep love, breaking against the blue line of the horizon that nowhere seems so much the edge of the world as on the Colorado plains. I knew that in the dip a mile ahead on the left was the home ranch, where supper awaited me; but I dawdled on, allowing my broncho to nibble the rank weeds at the side of the trail, or stand and gaze when a bunch of horses came into sight over a hill. Who could hurry on an evening like this? The first fall of snow powdered the ground meagerly, for Nature, feeling with how much else she has endowed this favored country, bestows moisture with a niggard hand. Then, too, I was a tenderfoot; so much so that I still wore an arsenal about my waist and expected an adventure at every turn of the road. So far, rattlers were the only game I had met, and I had been reduced on occasion to ending their career with a stick, when the gun failed of its mission in my inexperienced hands. Lately, however, a wolf had been playing havoc with the sheep. Each morning when the Mexican herders, with the aid of the dogs, started out to the range, the wolf would appear and hover all day on the flank of the herd, occasionally charging down on a wandering lamb, and killing it out of hand. The wolf seemed a solitary beast, astray from his usual haunts far off to the North, and his loneliness had impressed my imagination, so I went about with my eyes open, hoping for an opportunity to prove my markmanship on Mr. Wolf.

If only that dare-devil cowboy, whom I had often met on the trail, could get a line on *Lupus* the story would be a short one. When Dick's gun spoke it usually meant meat; but mine only meant smoke. Revolver shooting is either a trade or a gift, I don't know which. Anyway, Dick had it and I had it not.

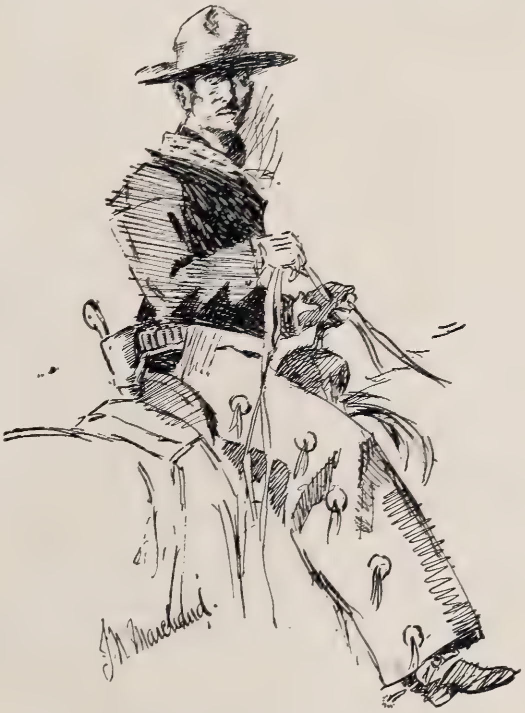
I sat limply in my saddle, watching the evening star grow more intense as the line of light over the mountains deepened to orange, holding in its bosom one faint point of light, clear yet distant, like the very spirit of a star.

Suddenly on a hilltop between me and the sky appeared the silhouette of a gaunt figure looking huge in the half light.

"The wolf," I muttered, straightening in the saddle; and waking Three Bars from his dream of home and supper, I put him up the hill As we topped it we saw the wolf vanishing down the gulch I sent a chance shot after him which seemed to tell, for he fell, then scrambled to his feet and set off again

It was then so dark as to make it foolish to risk my horse's legs in the many prairie-dog holes about, so I regretfully returned to the road, my mind made up that to-morrow should see the finish of B'rer Wolf.

I said nothing to the men about my sight of the enemy, knowing well from past experience that I would feel the rough edge of their humor if I voiced my hopes of ending his career; but prepared my weapons in silence. Early the next morning I cinched up Three Bars and set out for the place of the previous night's encounter.


J. N. Marchand.

THAT DARE-DEVIL COWBOY.

A grand day, cold, with thick ice formed, which already, in places exposed to the sun's rays, was melting, and the air had a keen edge that made Three Bars dance gaily as we rode out of the corral. He soon settled down to work, and in a few minutes we approached the spot where we had last seen our friend the enemy.

No trace of him could we find, so continued down the gulch, thinking, if wounded, he would follow the course that offered the least resistance. On we went a mile or 2. I looked eagerly from side to side, finally riding to the top of a hill for a wider view, and there in the next hollow was the wolf. Rather a pathetic sight, for nothing is more touching than suffering endured in dignified silence, and dignity is one of the strongest characteristics of wild animals; a dignity and stoicism which they share with the Indian, both, no doubt, learning it from Nature herself.

I approached quietly, bound to dispatch the poor brute with all speed, and hoping for a chance to get near for the *coup de grace,* a long shot not being my long suit. In fact, it was one of the jokes of the Circle X outfit that a jack rabbit sat and let me fire 9 shots at him at 20 paces, then, tiring of the sport, loped away unscathed.

I dismounted, dropped the lines over the pony's head, and drew near my quarry, which, no doubt, having scented me afar, rose to his feet. Then I saw that my shot in the dusk had disabled him so he could hardly hobble away on 3 legs. I sent a bullet after him which made him pause irresolutely a moment. Then he turned and made for the middle of a small sheet of ice, where he sank.

"Dead," thought I, feeling like a murderer as I ran over to make sure. I was very green then! I pulled the wolf by his sound hind leg to test him. Instantly the creature turned, snarled and snapped at me, showing every tooth in his head in fierce protest. Couldn't I leave a fellow to die in peace? He dashed with all his remaining strength up the hill, I after him, bound he should not get away this time. Why he did not fly at me on the ice I have never understood, unless it was that his vigor was almost gone and he saved it for one final dash for life and freedom.

He had disappeared by the time I reached the top of the rise, so I went back and got the pony and rode after him, to find him crouching sadly by a sage bush, his tongue lolling out, the life almost gone, only the pathetic eyes looking at me, watching every movement as I flung myself from my horse and approached him, dreading to complete my work, yet realizing that it was kinder to end his life.

Will I ever forget the last look he gave me as I raised my gun to shoot? I dropped it unsteadily, he turned his head slowly away and his gaze seemed to travel to the splendid freedom and loneliness of the horizon. I felt truly in the presence of Death, standing motionless as his fine spirit passed to the heaven of the animals—not far from the heaven of mortals, I hope. He rolled over with one short yap, and after a few convulsive kicks, lay still.

I stood over the body, admiring the strength and suppleness of the legs, the breadth of chest, showing that wonderful endurance he had displayed.

At last I coaxed my broncho near, and with a good deal of difficulty and my lariat, which was my inseparable, though so far useless companion, I raised the wolf across the saddle. Then, walking, I led the pony, who objected strongly to his new burden, reaching the ranch by noon. There my trophy excited much admiration, which was salve to my oft-wounded vanity, for the frontiersman's wit is not of the gentlest, and the most recent tenderfoot is a fair mark for gibes and sarcasms.

The skin, as you see, came out well. Fine head isn't it? But I had it mounted with the eyes closed, for I could never face him with the memory of that look between us.

THE REGATTA.

IVAN SWIFT.

We have heard the roll of the signal gun!
Our fleet is off in the race for a run
With the gulls and the wind and the wave!
The surf nymphs rave
At the prow and beckon us on!
On to the sea and the echoing buoy!
No landsman's coward "Ahoy"
We'll heed! We're off, and the mate is
Joy!

The halyards hiss and the sheets
Outflate. The straining spar competes
With the helmsman's ardor lent
To the tug of the gale unspent!
The deck is a desert, fore and aft,
And the sailor's will is the will of the
craft!
Lie low! Sweep on, while high is the sun!
We've heard our signal gun!

The poetess of passion, having cornered the editor, started to read the "little thing" which she had brought for his consideration.

"I am aflame," she began, "aflame with the
fire of love.
In my bosom, tumultuous, seething
there——"

"Just a moment, please," he interrupted, "till I give the signal for our fire drill."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MOUNTAIN TOP GROUSE HUNT.

REV. J. E. APPLEY.

The last day of October I met the Doctor at the Weehawken terminal of the Ontario & Western railroad. Our route lay along the Hudson, over the Shawongunk range and through the beautiful Neversink valley. Had we not had a definite destination before us we might have been enticed from the train, to begin operations with dog and gun at any one of many places passed; but we sat on the safety valve of our enthusiasm and pushed forward. Late in the day we reached our goal, one of those little hamlets nestling among the mountains along the Delaware river, a trading outlet for a vast area of almost unbroken forest lands, where deer roam, bear occasionally prowl, and wildcats, foxes, coons, hares, rabbits and grouse abound.

The evening was spent in a walk and an hour's chat, for we were guests. At an unusually early hour the next morning I was brought to a sitting posture in bed by the report of a shot gun. As soon as I could command my thoughts I remembered that Doctor had a new gun, and had had but little chance to try it. Sure enough, when I went down stairs, there was my medical friend, togged in boots, leggins, pants, coat and cap, fondly contemplating his new weapon. I was hardly able to keep him still long enough to eat breakfast.

Both being green, we determined to take it easy the first day, so we started out with an old hound, to get some rabbits; reserving the mountain climb for the second day. We had gone but a few steps from the house when a rabbit popped out from a bed of ferns. He was taken back to the house, and a new start was made. As we began the ascent of the hill the dog started another rabbit. I turned to look for Doctor, who had lagged behind, and just then a grouse burst from the cover behind me. He was an instant too slow in starting, and I dropped him before he could get out of range. A few rods farther on I saw a second bird on the ground. It rose as it caught my eye, but did not get higher than a man's head. This was all accidental and unplanned, for we were after rabbits. However, no other birds interrupted our hunt that day.

The day for the hunt on the mountain dawned, crisp and beautiful. We took, as companion and helper, Ben, a red and white setter, true as steel, keen as a briar and steady as a clock.

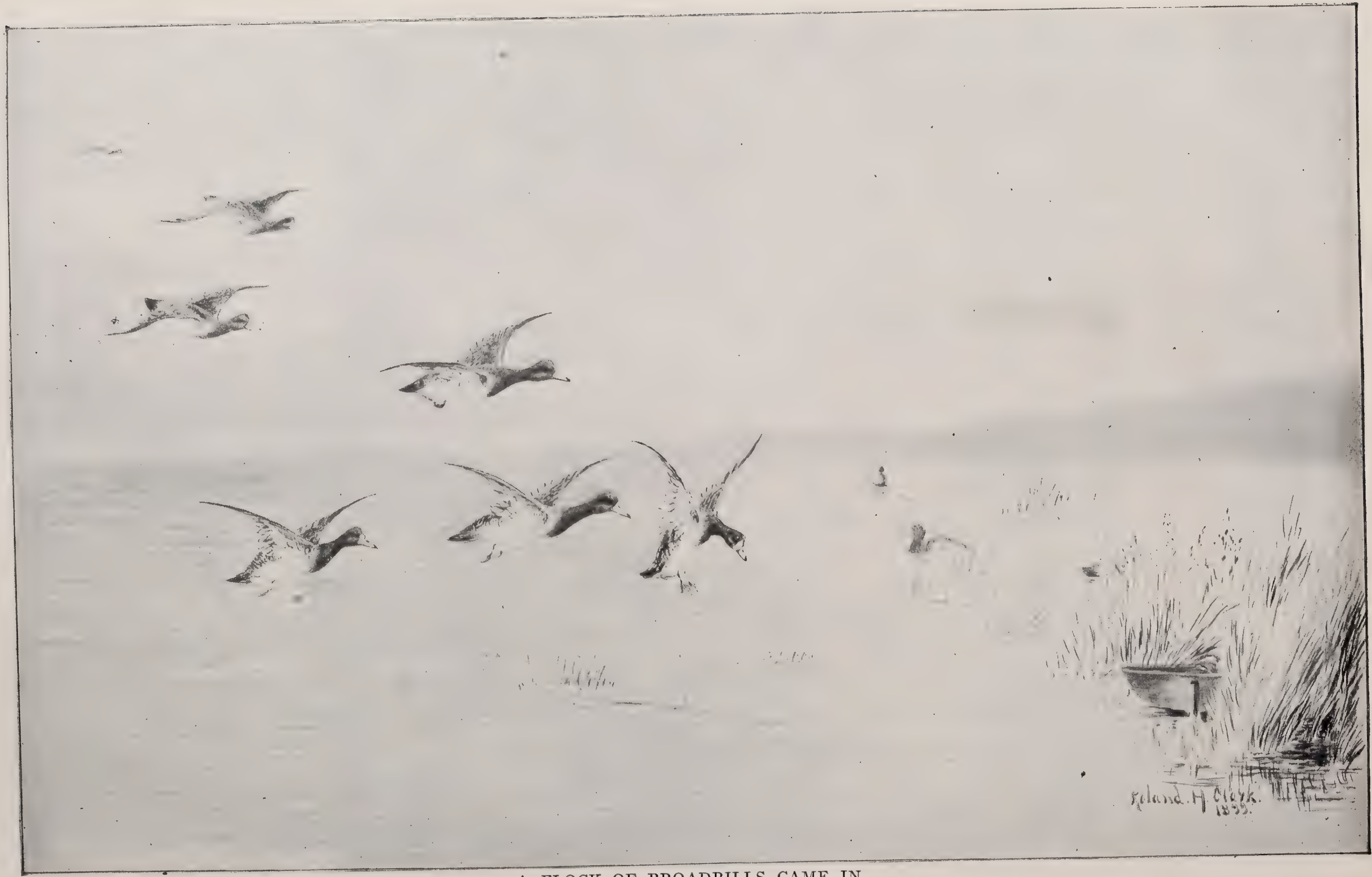
Directly back of the house, where we were stopping, and not more than 20 rods from it, rises a mile-high mountain. What used to be a runway for logs is still an open path to the top. One mighty ledge of rocks overlies another, with narrow strips of brush and small trees between, until one ledge, receding more than its fellows, allows a heavily wooded plateau to break the Western slope of the summit.

Near the middle of the plateau Ben came to a stand by the side of a large rock, at the edge of a thicket. As we approached, a grouse flushed and flew straight up the mountain, through the tangle. We emptied our guns on general principles, but without effect. Fnding no other birds on that level, we determined to follow the one flushed. We clambered over fallen trees and over, under and around rocks. Just as we were raising ourselves to the next bench the bird flew, still straight up the mountain. Another hard climb resulted in an ineffectual snap shot, and we saw the bird alight 4 ledges higher, so we let him go. At last, with Ben at heel, we set out to find a spring that I knew existed just beneath the lower end of the ledge. There we slaked our thirst and sat beside the spring until I happened to see Ben pointing staunchly within 35 feet of us. We jumped up and presented arms, just as the bird broke cover. Doctor knocked a few feathers from him, and that was all. That time the grouse flew so far that pursuit was impossible.

It was after 11 o'clock, and still we had no birds. Ben worked as faithfully as if we had killed at every rise. Soon he found a trail and followed it half a mile. It was rough traveling and we found it difficult to keep up with the dog. Doctor was insisting that Ben was fooling us or being fooled, when the old dog crouched and looked knowingly over his shoulder at us. We moved up a bit, and off went 7 grouse in as many directions. Two charges of shot hurtled fruitlessly into space, and 2 disgusted men and a dog in similar mood looked at one another.

Ben was off at the word, and we soon found and bagged one of the flock. Doctor, who was some rods ahead, put up another bird that flew back and fell to my gun. A few minutes later, my companion succeeded in getting his first bird. We were on the point of abandoning search for the remainder of the bevy when, by a beautiful point, Ben gave me an excellent opportunity and the bag became heavier by another bird.

No more birds were found that day, and the trip down the mountain was not so exciting as the climb in the morning. Nevertheless, when we reached the house and exhibited 4 beautiful grouse we were content, and even glad we had been no luckier.



A FLOCK OF BROADBILLS CAME IN.

THANKSGIVING AT OLD BILL'S.

B. F. COGSWELL, JR.

One November afternoon Andy, Doc and I boarded a Long Island train, intending to spend Thanksgiving Day with old Bill at his place on Great South bay, our favorite duck shooting ground. Lighting our pipes, we settled down in the smoking car and gave Doc advice on the art of duck shooting, for he was a tenderfoot. We laid great stress on attending at once to cripples, in order to cause as little suffering as possible. We told him to let the flock go and use his second barrel on any cripple he might have down, rather than cripple another and leave them both to suffer while he reloaded. The man who tries to hog everything in sight can not shoot with Andy and me.

Then we were at the station and saw Bill awaiting us on the platform. Stowing our duds, we cast off our bow line and under a gentle breeze made fair progress, arriving at Bill's shanty hungry as wolves.

The next day was promising for black ducks, for the wind had been gradually increasing all night. Hiding the boat to our satisfaction, we arranged ourselves just in time to hear Honk! Honk! An old Canada goose was visible off to the East. Honk! Honk! came from Bill's point. Andy and I quietly changed our 4's for shells loaded for larger game and waited. The Canadian came within range, and 4 barrels bored as many holes in the air, but not a feather was disarranged. We stared at the rapidly vanishing goose, then at each other, then made a few remarks.

The black ducks came in. As they dropped their feet to alight, we turned loose, but only one fell, and he would have got away had not Doc attended to him in a businesslike way.

Our shooting that morning was the source of much amusement, and that to nobody more than Andy and me. Bill had seen us shoot before and kept saying: "What's the' matter, byes?" What's the matter?"

However, it is not all the pleasure of duck shooting to fill a boat with birds. To me waiting for daylight is one charm; to hear the water sifting through the dry grass, the voices of the marsh, the distant quack of some duck disturbed from his bed, and later to see the indistinct line of 5 black ducks go by, well up, bound for the ocean. Off to the left some crows have come to life and waken the echoes with their hoarse caw! caw! caw!

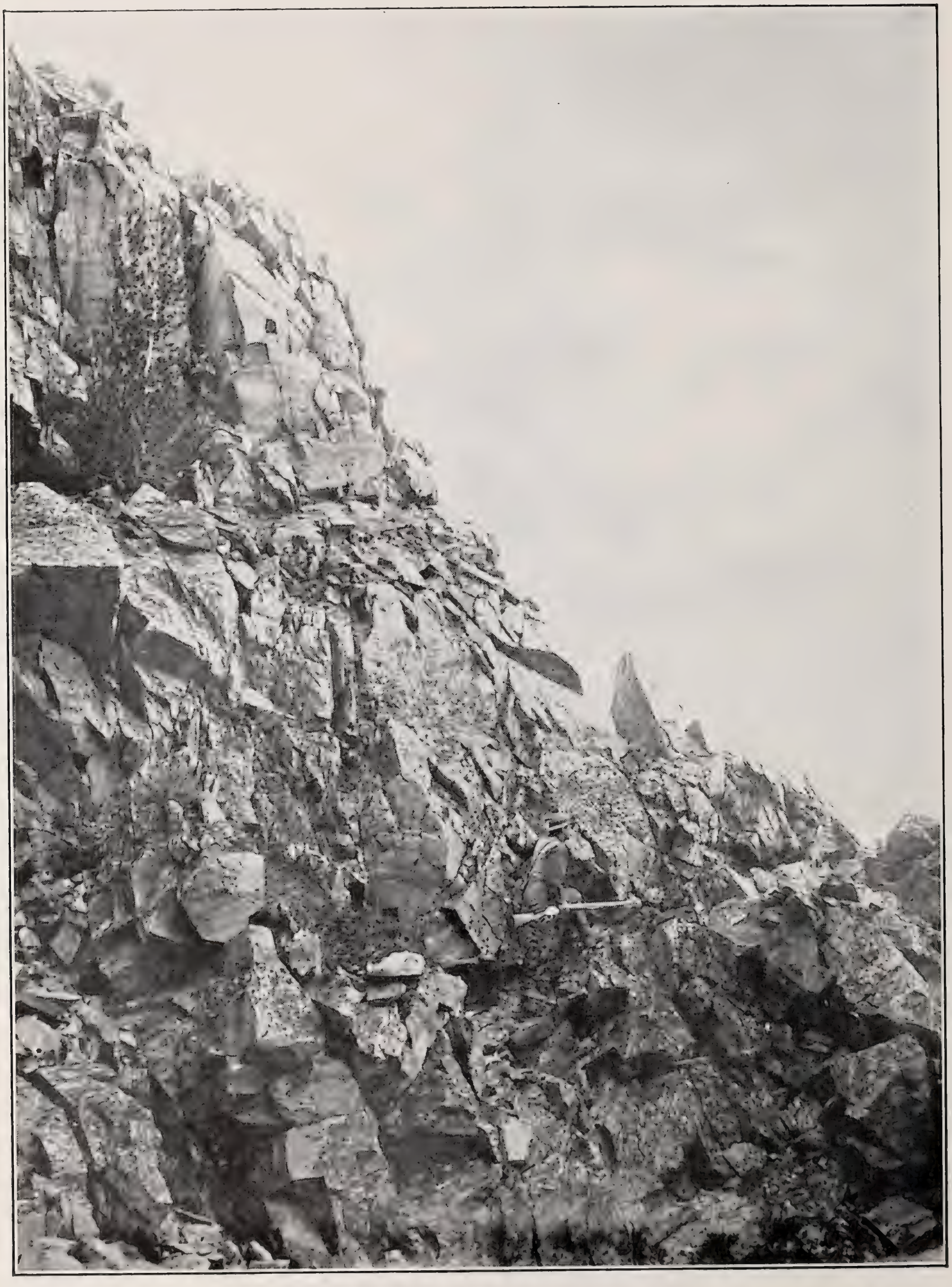
A flock of broadbills came in. The old story was repeated. Our hoped for heavy day was a dead loss. We watched small flocks of ducks go over, bound outside. Here comes a large flock of blacks! How pretty they look, in the straight line, like "an arrow in the sky." There's no stop in that flock for many a mile. This "Black Express" has filled our doll with sawdust, so we take up our stool.

"I guess it is just as well," said Andy, "for Cogsie and I could not hit a duck today at 20 yards;" and he was right.

Stopping at the shanty for a bite, we sailed back through the "aisles of creeks" and boarded the train for the city. Only 4 birds, but bushels of fun.

A Chinaman had 3 dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped the dogs and drove them forth.

The next night when the man came home the dogs were lying on the floor, but he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore he whipped the dogs again. The third night, returning home a little earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch blowing on it to cool it!—London World.



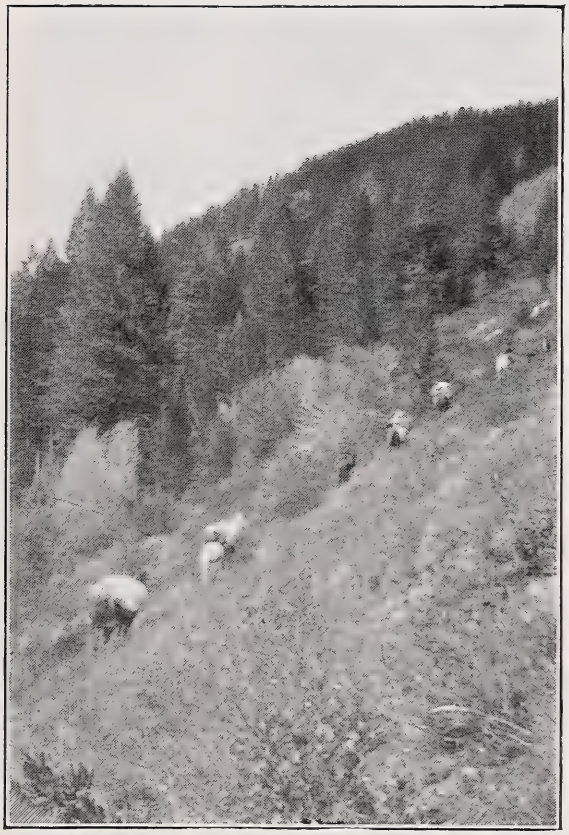
A CLIFF IN THE BIG HOLE MOUNTAINS.

WITH A CAMERA IN THE CLEARWATER COUNTRY.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

Photos by the Author.

Last October I took a 5 weeks' trip into the Clearwater and Salmon river country. My supplies were secured at Darby, Montana. With a guide and a cook I left Darby September 9, going into the Clearwater country by the Southern Nez Perces trail. We found many Indians encamped along the trail, hunting deer and elk for the winter's supply of meat. They told us their hunting was successful and that they averaged one deer a day. The Indians hunt on horseback exclusively. They camp near the trails, and travel back and forth on them, looking for fresh tracks. Occasionally, if the country is not too rough, they will ride along the ridges also. I asked one Indian, who spoke English fairly well, why he did not hunt with his dogs. Much to my surprise, he replied, "It's against the law." Every Indian camp had plenty of dogs, but during the 20 days we were out we did not hear any dogs chasing game.



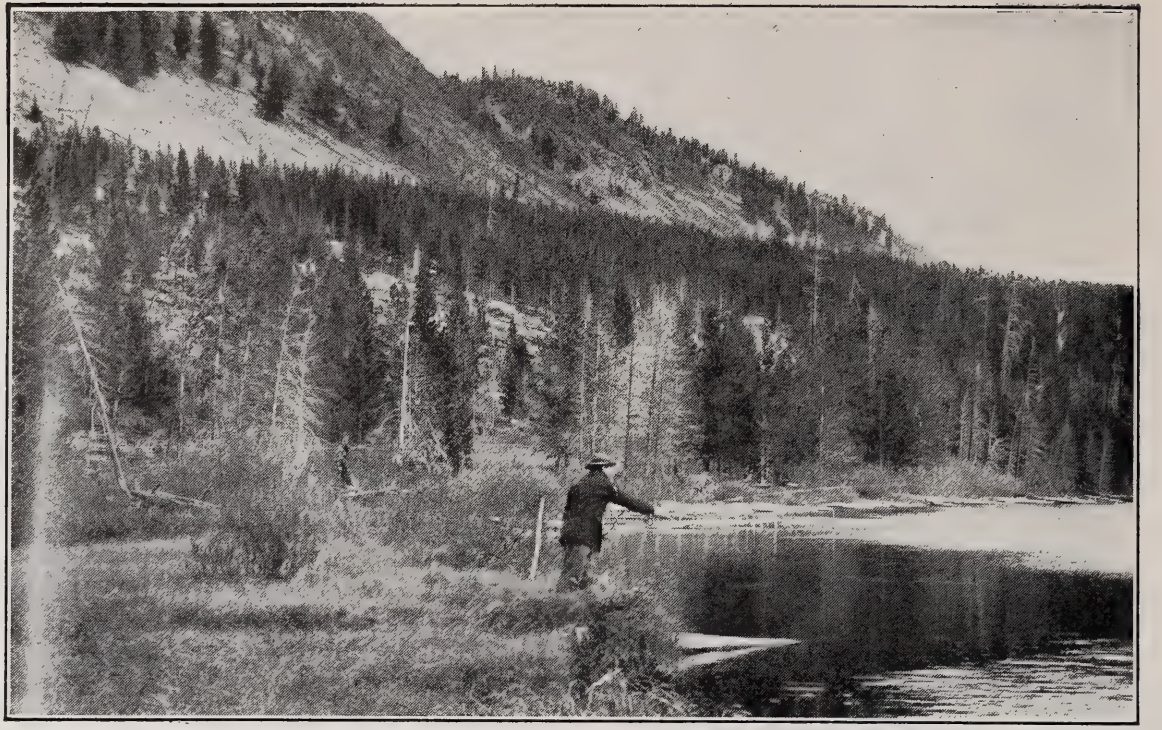
OUR PACK TRAIN IN IDAHO, NEAR SALMON RIVER.

We followed the Nez Perces trail 3 days from the West fork of Bitter Root river across the divide into Idaho, crossing the South fork of Clearwater and passing over McGruder mountain to the tributaries of the Little Clearwater. Leaving the trail at that point, we followed the crest of a ridge due South until we struck Salmon River trail, leading from Shoup to Elk City, and followed that Eastward to Salmon mountain. We camped on the West side of the mountain 4 days, during which I climbed to the top of the peak and took a number of photographs. Six little lakes are nestled in the small basins or pockets on the East and South sides of this peak. We found there the first goat and sheep sign, but the beds and tracks were at least 10 days or 2 weeks old.

EFFECTS OF AN AVALANCHE.

September 18 we went Eastward about 18 miles, and camped at the head of a meadow sloping toward Salmon river. One mile Northeast of our camp the mountain dropped off perpendicularly from 500 to 1,500 feet, forming cliffs and large areas of slide rock. We soon found fresh sheep tracks, and the second day we saw, through my glass, a ram standing on a flat rock at the foot of a slide on the other side of a deep canyon, almost 2 miles distant.

DWARF PINES, BIG HOLE MOUNTAINS, MONT. Elevation 8,500 Feet.



CASTING FOR TROUT, TWIN LAKES, BIG HOLE MOUNTAINS.

Waugh and I tried to approach him, but he gave us the slip. Next day we followed the crest of the ridge above where we had seen the ram, and found the tracks of a band of 6 sheep, but did not get sight of any of them.

Needing fresh meat in camp, we were obliged to spend 2 days hunting deer before we succeeded in getting one. Eight inches of snow fell during the night of September 20. The fresh tracks in the snow the next few days proved deer to be plentiful. One day we found a fresh bear track just at sundown, and had followed it only a short distance when I caught sight of a bear jumping off a log in a patch of timber. I ran up, but did not see him again. Waugh went to camp and got the dog, but when he returned it was fast getting dark and we decided to wait until the following morning before resuming the hunt. Unfortunately, it snowed in the night, so we could not follow the tracks the next day. Two days it snowed and stormed. The conditions being unfavorable for climbing, we utilized the time in tramping over easy ground to the East and South of camp. Marten tracks were plentiful; also fox tracks. Waugh shot a red fox near camp one afternoon. We saw no fresh elk or moose tracks at any time in that locality, nor any signs of cougar or coyote. Blue grouse were plentiful on the high ridges and fool hens in the lower timbered regions. We had no difficulty in securing all the birds we wanted and usually shot them with a 22 pistol.

The snow being over a foot deep at camp, and the weather continuing stormy, we decided to move across the divide. We followed the Salmon River trail toward Shoup 2 days, and struck across the mountain, by way of Mineral Hill to Alta, Idaho; thence up Hughes creek, across the divide, and down to the North fork of Salmon, where we struck a wagon road, which we followed to Gibbonsville. From there we went by wagon road to the edge of Big Hole Basin, where we turned South and went to Moose or Swamp creek to near its head and camped. Goats were plentiful there, but we saw no fresh sheep sign. After climbing about the cliffs and photographing for 3 or 4 days, Waugh and I decided to make a side trip to Ridge mountain, the highest peak on the West side of the Big Hole. Leaving the main camp October 5, we crossed the ridge South of camp and passed along the edge of Big Hole prairie, crossing Rock creek and ascending Lake creek to Twin lakes. We made our camp at the upper end of the lakes and spent 4 days climbing the peaks and ridges and photographing.

The day we climbed Ridge mountain it was so stormy and cold that it was almost impossible to make photographs from the summit. Eleven sharp snow-covered peaks are not far distant to the South, and we could count 10 lakes within a radius of 5 miles. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, I attempted to take some photographs. Waugh sat on the focusing cloth when not in use, and held down the camera with both hands. Large fragments of snow and ice were blown off the rocks on the windward side of the peak, which sometimes almost knocked us down. Just as I got ready to expose the film a snow squall passed over the tops of the peaks, which

BIG HOLE BATTLEFIELD FROM PRAIRIE, LOOKING WEST.

partly obscured them; but our hands were numb from the cold, and we could not wait for better conditions.

We returned to the main camp on Moose creek October 10. The following day we pulled up stakes and traveled to Big Hole battlefield, about 16 miles distant, arriving there at 4.30 p. m. I took a number of photographs at this interesting place before night. The next morning Waugh and I started, with all my duffle, at 3.30 a. m. for Wisdom, 15 miles distant, where I made the 7 o'clock stage, and at 5.15 that afternoon I reached Divide, a small station on the O. R. & N. R. R., 65 miles from Wisdom.

In the 35 days from the time I left Hamilton, Montana, until I reached Divide I traveled 125 miles by stage, 330 miles on horseback and about 130 miles on foot. We had no mishap of any kind. The horses came out of the woods in better condition than when they started.

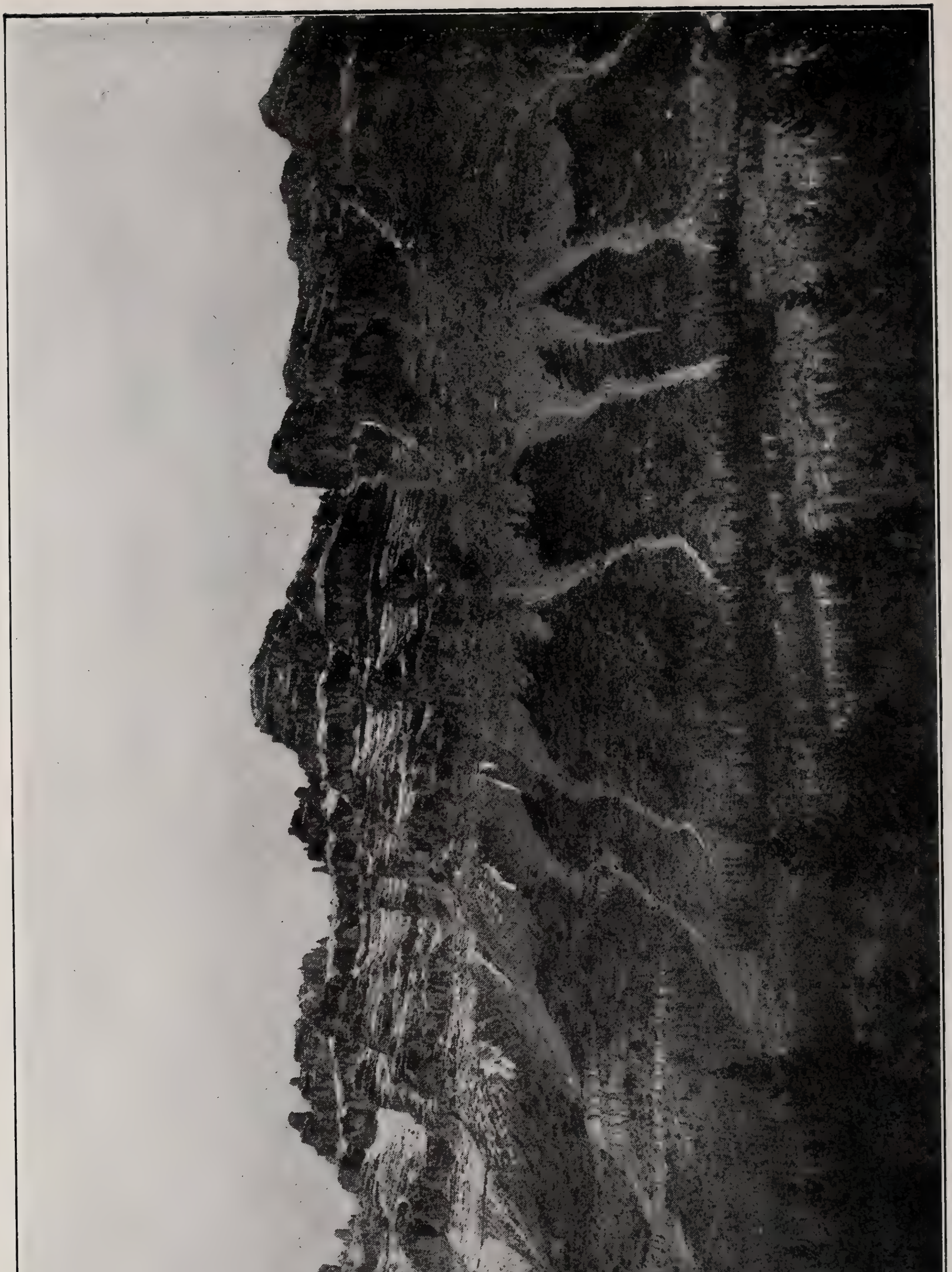
I exposed about 100 films, most of them 5x7.

ON ANCHOR BAY, LAKE ST. CLAIR.

H. W. BRADLEY.

A still, warm autumn day. No ducks flying, but half a million in sight, strung out in a windrow a mile long. My friend Buck and I sitting on a log on a point jutting into Anchor bay. Two other friends in an old duck hide. Along comes a little old fellow in a punt. He says:

'Oo'll gif you hadmission for shoot hon mah groun'?
Bill Kirchner? But Ah don't see heem aroun'.
'E's go hup Swan crick, eh? Well, dat's hit, you see.
'E see mah duck boat; 'e hant wait for see me.
Den Bill Kirchner can pay for hit, or youp feller can.
Ah kip dis for mah frien'; Ah'm dat kin' 'o man.
Ah got frien' hon Detroit sent hup letter to me,
Say he'll come for shoot duck. Dhere draw hoff, see?
You see sign hon de point? Say, "No trespass here."
You hant see hit? Ah know dat; he's blaw down las' year.
Ah don't care for dat. De lawyer man say
Hit do jus' de same hif hit's dhere one day.
'Ow many you shoot? Not henny? **Well,** den
Ah shant charge you much. Will ah smoke? Ah been
Smoke good many lak dat hout hon de bay.
Ees dose feller your frien'? Dat's good plas to stay.
Will Ah took leetle drink? Ah don't refuse of 'en.
Dat's pretty good stuff. *Bon saute,* mah good frien'.
You got some decoy? No? You go hon dat hide.
Dat's mine. Ah'll set 8 or 10 decoy houtside.
You feller, an' frien' hout dhere hon de bay,
You stay here jus' long as you ant, anyway.
Hif hainy man hask 'oo hinvite you, you'll say
You was hinvite by de howner—me, Gabriel Sharkay!



THE PINCUSHION

NAMING MOUNTAINS, GLACIERS AND LAKES.

G. O. SHIELDS.

Photos by the Author.

In my travels along the Continental Divide, in British Columbia and Alberta, last summer, I found several important mountain peaks and glaciers that are not shown on the maps and that had not been named. Many of them are well worthy of being properly designated and located on the maps, so I took the liberty of naming some of them, and have requested the Alberta Government to have the names recorded on future issues of the official maps of that country.

MT. SHRADY, LOOKING ACROSS THE SASKATCHEWAN.

RECREATION RANGE, LOOKING SOUTH.

LAKE JULESTER.

One of these peaks stands at the left of Bear creek, near its junction with the upper Saskatchewan river. It is a prominent snow covered dome rising to an altitude of about 11,000 feet, and is a distinguished landmark of the country. As is the custom, I blazed a tree at a camp site, near the mouth of Bear creek, and placed on it this inscription:

"Mount Shrady is 2 miles West of this camp and across Bear creek. Named July 27, 1903, in honor of H. M. Shrady, of New York, one of America's greatest sculptors." This I deem a fitting honor to both the man and the mountain.

Between the middle fork and the North fork of the Saskatchewan there is a range of mountains, some 20 miles long, which includes half a dozen prominent peaks, none of which had, up to that time, been named; so I blazed another tree and wrote on it this legend:

"RECREATION range, extending from the middle fork to the West branch of the North fork of the Saskatchewan river. RECREATION peak at the North end of the range and next to the West branch."

RECREATION peak is a grand and imposing mountain with a flat top, probably a quarter of a mile wide and a mile long, and is covered with solid ice to an apparent depth of 50 feet. This ice is gradually moving down through various gulches, leading from the summit in various directions.

Immediately South of and adjacent to Old Silver Horn, a conspicuous peak on the left side of Bear creek, is another lofty and beautiful mountain that had not been

THE GREAT HORNADAY GLACIER.

LAKE HELEN.

named, and this I called Lacey's peak, in honor of Major John F. Lacey, Member of Congress from Iowa and author of the Lacey bird law.

Near the base of this mountain lies a beautiful, clear, green mountain lake about a mile long and with an average width of half a mile, which I named Lake Julester, in honor of the little daughter of Mr. H. M. Shrady.

Near a high summit, which I have described in another place, is one of the most important and picturesque glaciers in that country. This I named the Great Hornaday Glacier, in honor of William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological society, and one of America's foremost naturalists. This glacier covers probably 5,000 acres of land. On the summit the ice varies in depth from 50 feet to 300 feet, and flows out to both the East and West. The Eastern tongue is about 600 yards wide and flows into the Sun Wapta river, which in turn flows into the Athabasca river, and eventually into the Mackenzie. The high peak on the left of this tongue I designated as Hornaday's peak.

There is one branch of this glacier which has been crowded off at almost a right angle with the main outflow, and which is about 200 feet wide by 30 to 50 feet in depth. The ice in this branch is split up into needles and pinnacles of the most weird, picturesque and beautiful shapes. The crevices between the various bodies are numerous and many of them wide enough for a man to walk through. Within these crevices the ice is of a brilliant, translucent blue that can not be described in words.

Half way down Bear creek lies another of the beautiful mountain lakes for which that region is noted, and which I named Lake Helen, in honor of Miss Helen Hornaday, daughter of Mr. W. T. Hornaday. Lake Helen is about 2 miles long by one mile wide and is clear, deep, cold and as green as the ocean.

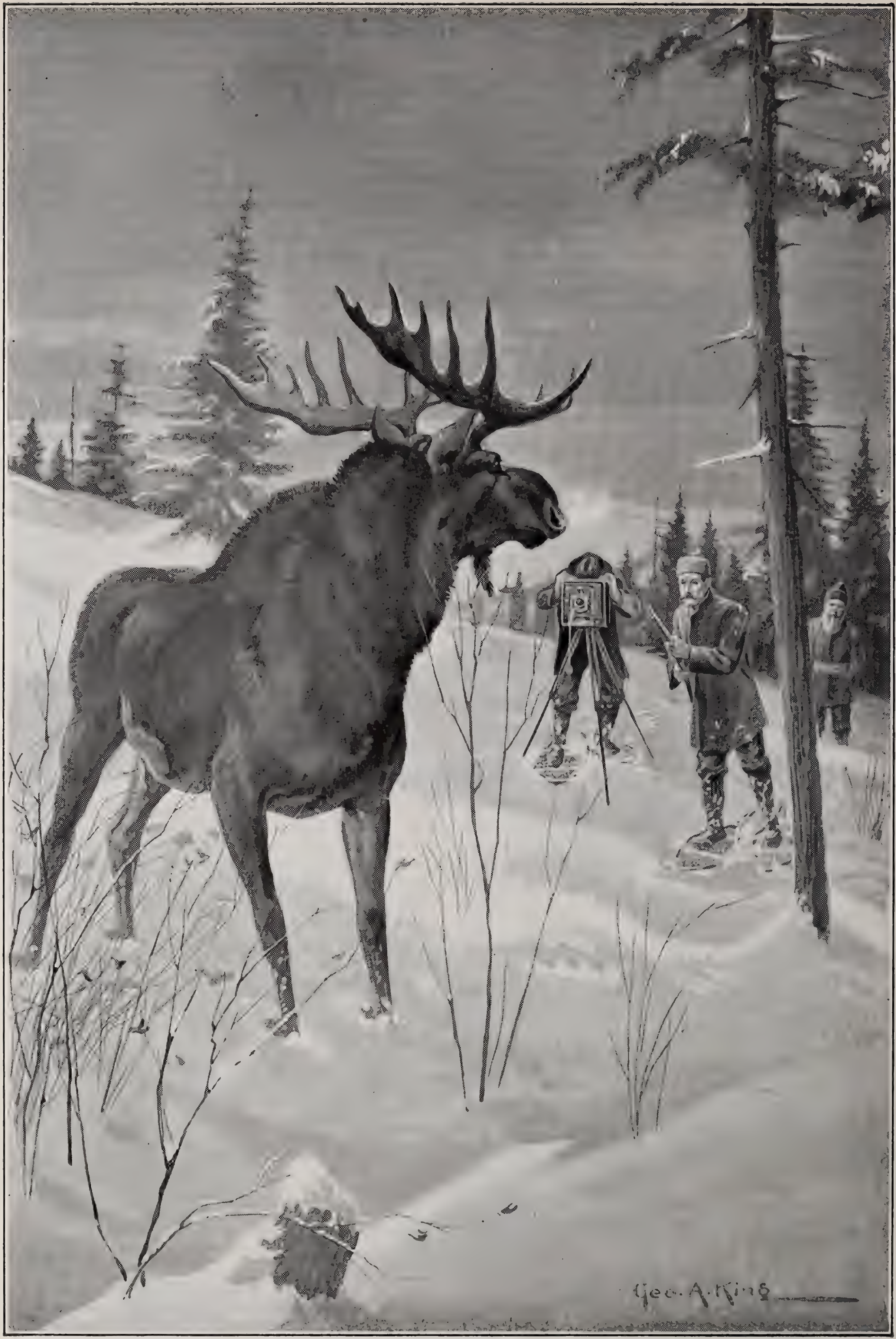
The terminal moraine is a marvelous piece of work. One section of it, which extends below the flow of ice, has an average depth of about 70 feet, a width of 400 to 500 feet and a length of nearly half a mile. On the South side this embankment is nearly perpendicular, and the base of the wall extends close to a spur of the mountain on which grow a few scrubby spruces and cedars.

The Hornaday glacier is one of the few in that country of many glaciers which is not receding. It has flowed millions of years and still continues to flow clear down into the Sun Wapta river. In fact, streams flowing out from under the various branches of the Hornaday glacier make the Sun Wapta.

We camped about 2 miles South of the glacier and from that point we could literally look down on it. There, spread out in the river valley below us, surrounded by green meadows, whole gardens of wild flowers and groves of spruce timber, was the vast bed of ice, gleaming in the summer sun with a brilliancy that almost dazzled us.

Lacey's peak, Mount Shrady, and the Hornaday glacier are conspicuous landmarks of the Athabasca trail and are already known by their names to all the hunters, trappers, prospectors, guides and other pioneers in that country.

Upon her face observe the freckles,
A wealth of funny, dark brown speckles!
Tho' she's not fair,
She should not care,
Because her pa has lots of shekels.
—Cleveland Leader.



I KNEW THIS PROCESS WAS HARMLESS.

BUD MOOSE POSES.

H. B. BROWN.

It was a cold, bleak day late in November, and a gale swept across the Northern slope of Spotted Spruce mountain. Except for the noise made by the wind, the occasional tap of a woodpecker, the lonesome "yank, yank," of an industrious nuthatch, or the discordant call of some Canada jay, silence lay unbroken over the vast forest.

High up the mountain, exposed to the chilling blasts, a lone bull moose was peeling the bark from saplings, pausing at times to listen, or to gaze at the surroundings, thus repeatedly convincing himself that nothing threatened his safety. He moved slowly and cautiously along paths well beaten in the snow, making no noise, and it was apparent that he was familiar with the range.

Suddenly both large ears were cocked back, his jaws ceased munching and he listened intently. Then he swung his huge head around, trained his ears in the new direction, and stood as if carved from granite. His nostrils quivered as he inhaled the air, seeking in it the taint of approaching danger; his small, dark eyes eagerly scanned the downward slope and searched among the trees for signs of the author of the sound which had reached him; his ears showed by their rigidity how intently they listened, and his whole bearing was of wary alertness. Then he turned and with noiseless tread retreated until sheltered behind a mass of tree tops felled by some bygone storm. There he waited, watching and listening. A dark form could soon be seen laboring up the slope, and he who was hidden by the blowdown, recognizing another of his kind, advanced to greet him.

"Hello, Bud," the newcomer saluted in moose language, "I got to thinking about you and this old time resort, so I came up to see you. Alone, aren't you? I thought so by the sign I noticed when I first struck your feeding trails. Nice lonesome place up here, isn't it? Pretty hard to beat this locality! Perhaps you think it strange I should seek you out after the drubbing you gave me early in the fall, but I've forgiven you. It was either you or I, and the abler won. There's more snow in the air and I shouldn't be surprised if a big storm were brewing. If it should be, and the snow should get deep, you'll see that old fellow who has been loafing around the swamp down by Spectacle pond getting up here as soon as his weak legs will let him."

"You're mistaken there," replied Bud, "you'll never lay eyes on him again."

"Why not?" the other asked. "Has he left this part of the country?"

"Yes," continued Bud; "he has departed by the 30-30 route, and his troubles are over. I saw the old chap when I was on my way up here several weeks ago and urged him to join me, but he would not heed my arguments and advice. I had been up in sight of the Kibby camps and had seen smoke arising from them. By that I knew a party of hunters was expected there, and told the old fellow that if they came he would surely be found, with results probably fatal to him. This year his antlers grew in freak style. One was small and the other looked more like a cow's crumpled horn than the headpiece of a veteran bull moose. He was sensitive about it and afraid the others would impose on him. He had fared badly during the mating season, and the many defeats he received then had taken away his courage. He insisted on staying by himself, and paid for his folly with his life."

"You were captured," inquired the newcomer, "weren't you, when you were a youngster? Got stuck in the mud and were dragged out by men?"

"Yes; I was a prisoner many days, and learned much about our enemy which has been of value to me since. They make, with considerable ceremony, rules to govern their conduct toward us at certain seasons, and then some of them deliberately violate those rules. They call the rules 'laws' and impose severe penalties for their infringement. When I was in captivity I heard it said that there was always close time on cow and calf moose, yet when I had been released and was searching for my mother, whom I didn't find for several days, I came across evidence of how the lust for blood in some men's breasts overcomes their respect for all laws.

"I had searched for Mother in the direction she was going when I had last seen her, and my hunt had carried me to Dead river. I went down the bank looking for some place where others had crossed, for I had learned to keep out of water where there was no sign that other animals had entered it. While going down the river I came to the body of a cow moose, lying at the edge of the water where it fell. She had evidently been drinking when shot either from a canoe or the opposite bank. Just conceive, if you can, what instincts the man who did that must have! He had been afraid even to approach close to his victim, as the wet sand around the body held no footprints other than hers, and of course he had taken away none of the meat. She had been sacrificed just to appease the fiend's desire to see something die. I noticed she was a mother, and I prayed that her young one was old enough to care for himself. Her executioner had not respected the law enough to refrain from shooting, yet he had been too cowardly to profit by his atrocious act. How contemptible such a man must be!

"Men are much dependent on fire, and it is no wonder they smell so smoky. They have fires on all occasions it seems. Nearly all the food they eat is prepared over a fire, and they keep fires burning in their houses just for the sake of the heat produced. Remember, my comrade, that where you see a blaze or smoke, or scent the latter, there you are nearly sure to find man. If you are pursued by men and can elude them until darkness falls, a sharp lookout for the blaze they are almost sure to make where they pass the night may enable you to circle them and be well out of harm's way 'ere another sun rises."

"Yes, Bud, that's sound advice," said the other. "A good moose motto would be: 'Beware of Smoke.' To change the subject, how extensive a yard have you laid out here?"

"Not unusually large," replied Bud. "Moose are lazy unless there is a reason for activity, and I'm no exception. I've planned my feeding ground so as to get just enough exercise to keep me feeling well and no more. If many join us we can enlarge it, and we'll probably have to shift it some under any circumstances. I sleep ordinarily back there under those spruces. and a short distance below is an excellent place to lie during the day. The sun shines in warmly and I can easily see what's going on. It's too bad our old friend who tarried at Spectacle pond isn't here to enjoy the coming winter with us.

"Speaking of his freak antlers reminds me of the set I grew 2 seasons ago. They were long and round, rather than flat, and, although of equal length, they were the cheapest appearing headdress I've had since I got my growth. For business, however, they were all right, and in a fight were big medicine. I was mixed up in an affair near Felker pond with a bull much older than I, but came out winner. We met at the top of the horseback and I told him he was not wanted. He snorted at me, and asked what I thought I could do with those light antlers. He had a magnificent head, broad, solid and heavy and I could see that in a clinch mine would stand no show. I was the heavier otherwise and considered myself more active. Instead of opening the combat, I taunted him until his blood fairly boiled. He lowered his head and came at me on the jump. That was the chance I was awaiting. I let him almost reach me, then jumped to one side, avoided his rush, threw down my own head, and was back with my antlers in his ribs before he knew what had happened. His impetus was so great and my impact so solid, that we both went down, over the side of the horseback toward the pond. I was up first and was waiting when he again charged. The same trick was again effective, but that time I kept my feet, and when he started to rise I gave it to him hard. He showed no sign of owning defeat, so I continued my advantage, ramming him nearly to the water's edge. No, I don't know how badly he was injured, nor what became of him. He needed taking down a bit, and his opinion of himself was undoubtedly lessened when I finished with him.

"The following winter my antlers were unusually slow in coming off, perhaps because they were distasteful to me. In March, I was still wearing them. They were not secure and I knew that before many days I should be rid of them. Had the growth of trees been thicker up here I should have probably lost them sooner. There had been many and heavy storms, and the snow was about 5 feet deep in the woods. Not long previous there had been a rain, followed by a freeze. That had formed a hard, thick crust, strong enough to hold me when motionless, but through which, unless I stepped carefully, I would break. On top of the crust was another layer of snow about ankle deep. In those conditions I was startled by hearing men. They came carelessly toward me and, of course, I was warned of their approach long before they appeared. I dreaded going forth from the well made trails which I had traveled when feeding, but the men came steadily nearer and no alternative was left. They had climbed the mountain at another point and were coming around on a course which could not fail to reveal to them my presence. It did, however, allow me to work down to the extent of my trails and to shape my course toward the valley without having first to ascend the ridge. That was a great help, and, notwithstanding the deep snow, I made fair progress. It was laborious traveling, nevertheless, and after going a short distance I waited, trusting the men would pass and allow me to return. It was warm for the season and the violent exercise caused the steam to rise in a perfect cloud from my body.

"I listened to the men and could soon distinguish the sound made in the snow by the contrivances woven from caribou hide and stretched in ash bows, which they wore on their feet. They followed my feeding trails in and out, and searched carefully. It seemed impossible they should be so dense as to expect to find me there after the commotion they had made in coming. Suddenly it occurred to me that they expected to find me gone, and were looking for sign in the snow to determine at what point I had left the yard. I dreaded to move lest the breaking crust should warn them of my whereabouts, which might possibly otherwise remain hidden from them. I knew that should they happen on the point where I had started into the snow, there would be no mistaking so plain a trail, and as they seemed to hunt carefully I decided it was time to move.

"I went as fast as possible, yet making no more noise than necessary. That my judgment was good in leaving when I did was soon confirmed by a victorious shout, as one who had chanced on my trail summoned the others to his side. I heard their answering cries, and knew that all would soon be hot on my track. Ceasing all attempts to go quietly, I put my whole energy into speed. It was late, and if I could escape them until dark, I might give them the slip altogether. My course still was downward, although the slope was less steep, but at every jump I went in clear to my belly, and the loose snow under foot was but a poor foundation from which to make the succeeding spring. My progress had been so noisy that I had heard nothing of my pursuers, and after getting well down into the valley I paused to rest. My muscles were not so hard as they had been earlier in the season and I was trembling with fatigue. I had been at rest but a few minutes when I heard the men approaching and learned with consternation that those from whom I had often easily run away were now fleeter than I. Near at hand was a dense cedar thicket; into that I went; turned at bay, and awaited what the future held in store for me.

"The men soon came up, and I learned that there were 3. Each wore a bag pack on his back; one carried an axe; while another had one of those death-dealing metal tubes in his hand. They could see me, but as the man with the tube made no attempt to point it at me, I concluded, and rightly, too, as it proved, that my life was not the object of their search. They tried in a number of ways to make me leave the shelter of the cedars and go into more open woods. If there had been some decent footing, I should have gone out, and in a way the man with the tube wouldn't have appreciated unless he had got his work in quickly. I recognized him as Andrew Douglass, whom I had seen when I was a captive. He was the Nestor of the woodsmen in that section and the supreme authority on game. He suggested, to one whom he called Joe, to go in near me, and pointed out a tree which could be felled to hit me and force me to move. Joe replied that he didn't want any bull moose dancing on his snow shoes, and refused. Andrew sneered with disgust and said that were he 10 years younger he would do it without fear. They didn't attempt the tree method, but threw snowballs and pieces of limbs at me. I was in a rage, but refused to be drawn into a charge. They continued to harass me until sunset, when they departed, going hurriedly down the valley, much to my relief.

"That night a misty drizzle set in and I started carefully back toward the mountain. I went slowly, not having recovered from the day's unwonted worry, and had accomplished only a small part of the distance when day broke. My first daylight meal was not complete when my tormentors were heard again coming on my trail. I realized that with the crust still weaker than on the previous day it would be impossible to escape them and no thicket being at hand in which to hide I resolved to allow them to do their worst. Only the man called Joe came near, although I pretended to be undisturbed and continued browsing. He had one of those leather covered black boxes such as was once before aimed at me, only his was on 3 legs and stood by itself. I knew this process was harmless and continued eating. Joe covered his head with his coat, stuck his face into the back of the box a minute, put something thin in that part of the contrivance, and then clicked it at me.

"Having done this he called the others and when they had come up he directed Andrew to get in front of me and be included in the performance. This Andrew did, but when he raised that tube until I was looking right into the black hole in the center, my mane raised and I was seriously tempted to jump for him. Joe put his head in the box and directed Andrew to get up closer to me. This he accomplished slowly and without lowering his weapon.

"'Don't you come for me, you old cuss,' he said, 'or I'll put a pill in you that will not digest well. How's this, Joe, am I nigh enough?'

"'No,' Joe replied. 'Get up nearer, Andrew; he's tame, and if he does come you can dodge.'

"'Consarn him! I don't like being too sociable with him. He might get on my corns.'

"They finished their business with the box, but seemed anxious lest the light rain which was falling should interfere with the success of their venture. Before going, Andrew pleaded to be allowed just to nick one of my ears with a bullet so he would know me if we should ever meet again, but the third man, who seemed the leader, although saying and doing little, objected strenuously to this. He said:

"'No Andrew, I know you too well. You would be likely to shoot too low, and do something you would always regret. You know that at King and Bartlett we have prided ourselves on upholding the game laws, and to-day is no time to begin doing differently. Perhaps it will clear by to-morrow, and if it should we will return and give Mr. Moose another sitting.'

"They soon went away, but so did the snow. That thaw was the beginning of the breaking up of winter. The next day the crust was soft and mushy, soon all the lowlands were afloat, and it was many weeks before I was again disturbed by man.

"What do you say to our having a lunch and then taking a nap? There's some excellent tender moosewood over this way, let's go and strip a little."

OLD ROVE.

IDA A. GRAVES.

They were seated round the fireplace, on a rainy afternoon,
Talking of the hunting season that was coming very soon,

When the door was opened softly, and a well known form appeared,
'Twas the Captain, so they called him; one that all of them revered.

He was given warmest greeting, for they loved this hunter well
For his quiet, kindly manner and the stories he could tell;

But this evening he was silent when they pressed him for a tale,
And the more observing 'mong them noticed that his face was pale.

Then one ventured the suggestion that "Perhaps his traps was stole,"
And another, "Had some loafer swiped his new cane fishing pole?"

Or had some one "'bused his Rover, run him off to hunt awhile?"
Thus the jokes and lively banter, but the hunter did not smile.

They regretted soon their jesting, for he raised his head and spoke;
And they saw 'twas with an effort, for his voice was strained, and broke.

"Boys," he sadly said, "I've shot him! Shot my good, old, faithful Rove!"
Now his tears were softly falling, though to check them hard he strove.

"And I tell you, boys, I shook so I could hardly hold my gun,
For to shoot my faithful Rover was the hardest work I've done.

"I have had Rove since a puppy, and I knew what he would do;
He has been my stanch companion, ever trusty, fond and true.

"In the stormiest winter weather, though he might be tired and lame,
He has never once deserted; he was always just the same.

"Never in the years I've had him has he left and gone home first;
Often have we lunched together, at the same stream quenched our thirst.

"But at last age crept upon him, and he grew dull, stiff, and lame;
And though I still took him hunting, he could scarcely see the game;

"So I thought 'twere surely better that his sufferings should cease,
And that from his growing weakness he should find a quick release.

"Tears? Ah, yes! I couldn't stay them, for I felt a crushing grief;
Though when he was dead—poor Rover—I could only feel relief.

"And I wonder when the angels come, my spirit home to send,
If they'll find me as my dog was, faithful even to the end?"

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

A WELL MERITED, REBUKE.

On page 168 of September RECREATION you print an article entitled "God's Creatures," which is so personal in its attack on me that I am sure you will permit me to rebuke it in your magazine.

The questions discussed in RECREATION should be approached in a spirit of broad minded fairness, such as is characteristic of sportsmen. Let us examine the style of argument used in the above mentioned article. Here is the opening paragraph:

"RECREATION prints 'A Plea for the Bird Dog,' based on the assertion that the dog is one of God's creatures. Doubtless he is, but have we any reason to suppose that birds, rabbits and deer are creatures of the devil?"

No. We have no reason to suppose such a thing, and I never knew any one but Mr. Ladd, the author of the article in question, to suggest it.

Again: "There is as much sportsmanship in shooting a deer driven past a stand, or a calf tied to a post, as there is in using a shot gun, charged with hundreds of miniature projectiles, over a trained pointer."

This paragraph indicates profound ignorance of shooting at moving game. Most men think they could hit a deer driven past a stand, or a bird flushed over a dog, until they have tried it. The best rifle shots generally miss a running deer, and the best shot gun shots rarely average more than one Bob White to 2 shots. After displaying some more amazing ignorance of field shooting, as illustrated bv his characterization of shooting over a dog as "merely pressing the button, while the dog does the rest," Mr. Ladd goes on to enumerate the damage done by stray dogs and curs, and then demands a bounty on all dogs as a remedy.

He also says: "More human beings have died of rabies than ever fell victims to carnivorous beasts." He is evidently unaware that tigers in India kill annually hundreds of human beings, and that rabies is so rare a disease that its very existence was stoutly denied only 2 or 3 years ago by many physicians. Many articles on the subject appeared in the daily papers, and the number of authentic cases reported was about as great as the number of authentic deaths from shark bite.

Mr. Ladd calls a dog a "vicious, unnatural brute." Thus he displays his hatred of God's creatures. No true man ever knew a good dog without feeling for him a deep respect and love. I fear Mr. Ladd's views of dogs are derived from contact with curs, for his remarks apply only to such.

He claims that the ownership of a dog and a gun proves that the owner is after game. The rest of this letter will disprove that. He includes a ferret in his remarks, thus disingenuously trying to make my plea for the noble bird dog apply to an animal that no sportsman ever uses. This is only a step farther than his effort to make the plea extend to curs. He thus closes:

"Let the gunner be thrown wholly on his own resources; let him pay for his education as we still hunters have paid, with many a long, hard tramp that brought no return other than the pleasure of hunting, a task so menial that Mr. Raymond delegates it to his dog, while he finds pleasure in gathering the spoils, and accounts them honorable."

It is this personal and direct slur aimed at me by name that I wish to rebuke. What can one think of the sportsmanship of a man who could write and publish such a paragraph about another man whom he does not know? Let us look at the facts. I own 2 bird dogs and an excellent gun. Therefore, according to Mr. Ladd, I hunt only for game. My dogs are kept in a poultry wire pen. They never run at large. They seldom kill human beings, or even sheep. In fact, they harm no one and nothing. Nearly every day, winter and summer, they accompany me on a tramp of one to 4 hours. In the past 19 months I have shot one Bob White, to oblige a young lady who wished to see some field shooting and to taste quail. That is all I have shot, or shot at. What is my number in your pen, please?

For 5 months I kept records of all the birds I saw on my tramps and identified about 100 varieties, noting their seasons. The army target season was the sole cause of my discontinuing this study. I visited many birds at their homes and photographed a few. Thus I found "pleasure in gathering the spoils." Of course, I delegated to my dogs the menial task of finding the birds in the tree tops.

I am only an average type of the man who owns a dog and a gun. There are others here whose slaughter is almost as sanguinary as my own. I have hunted with many gentlemen with trained dogs, and I have invariably found them true sportsmen. They take infinitely more pains, and exercise infinitely more intelligence, woodcraft and knowledge of the habits of the game, in training their dogs and handling them in the field, than the still hunter ever does in tramping for game.

The still hunter has the pleasure of his tramp and his search for game, which he rarely gets. The man who hunts with a good bird dog gets all this and, in addition, has the pleasure of handling the dog, a task which, to be properly performed, requires a high order of skill. He also has a reasonable chance to carry home game, which can not be utilized as "a valuable food supply," to quote Mr. Ladd again, unless it be carried home.

There is more sport with dog and camera, or with dog alone, in the field, than there is with gun and no dog; but the king's own sport is with dog and gun.

R. R. Raymond,
Captain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., L. A. S., 10,177, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

WANTS A LONGER SEASON.

As a sportsman and an ardent reader of RECREATION I take the liberty of writing you concerning a matter which has caused great dissatisfaction among the sportsmen of this city.

As you are undoubtedly aware, the Legislature of New York recently passed a law changing the close season for wild fowl to January 1 to September 16; formerly it was May 1 to September 1.

I do not approve of spring shooting, hence, when I heard that it was abolished by law, I was greatly rejoiced, and felt proud to be a citizen of the 11th State of the 47 to take such action for the preservation of the finest of our American game birds. But the Legislature in abolishing spring shooting has made close season of the only 2 months, January and February, in which good shooting may be enjoyed in this locality.

Little has been written about the wild fowl shooting on the St. Lawrence river. This is because the whistler, or the golden-eye, the only duck that visits us in numbers, is elsewhere not considered desirable game. It is all we have, however, and although poor in its edible qualities, it affords excellent sport and a fine test of marksmanship to the sportsmen along the St. Lawrence. The fact that this duck remains on its Northern feeding grounds until frozen out is a sufficient reason why it does not arrive on the St. Lawrence until late in December, especially if that month be milder than usual. January 1st always finds the golden eye abundant on this river. In the early part of May, or sometimes late in March, it returns North.

During the latter part of March and in May, I have noticed that the whistlers fly in pairs. The time for mating has come, and the hunter who has the greatest number of females among his flock of decoys will obtain the best shooting. Then all the ducks gather in an immense flock for the flight North. This is generally in May, or if spring be early, in the latter part of March and April.

I have tried to lay before you the habits of our species of wild fowl in order to ask your opinion as to what should be done to bring back to us at least one month of our favorite sport. If the close season could be made here as an exception, say March 1 to September 16, or even February 1 to September 16, it would give us a chance to use our guns. We would greatly prize the opinion of the President of the League of American Sportsmen on this subject of so much interest to the sportsmen of the St. Lawrence river.

Ashley D. Conger, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

I can not advise the enactment of a special law to cover your section of country. There are too many exceptions to the general game law of this State already, and as a consequence it is difficult to enforce the laws. It frequently happens that where 2 adjoining counties have different laws a man who is arrested in one county for violating a law claims that the game was killed across the line in the other county. Furthermore, county lines are not prominently marked anywhere, and it is often difficult for even an honest man to know whether he is hunting in St. Lawrence county or Franklin county, for instance. The laws should be uniform throughout this State and all other States. Such laws may sometimes work a hardship on some people, but it often happens that the will of a few men must bend to serve the best interests of the majority.—EDITOR.

IN MICHIGAN WOODS.

On a cold day in the latter part of October a party of 6 was speeding Northward over the rails. We were going hunting, and, having heard deer were abundant, we doubted not that we should get our share.

Leaving the railroad, a tiresome drive of 30 miles over sandy ridges and corduroy roads took us to our hunting grounds. Finding no householder willing to take us all in, we separated, 3 of us going to board at one house and 3 at another. The division in which I was included was billeted on an old Scotchman, who lived alone in a log cabin, a mile back from the road. We slept in the garret of the cabin on blankets spread on the floor.

The first morning of our stay we were up with the sun. Choosing each our own course we struck into the woods. My first shot was at a fawn just out of the spotted coat, which I jumped from under a fallen tree top. The perverse thing ran zigzag, dodging first one way then another. Catching him through the sights, I fired, but when the bullet got there the fawn was somewhere else. I started several more deer that day, but all at a distance. The ground was bare and the leaves dry and crisp with frost, so my progress was unavoidably noisy. Comparing notes with the rest of the party that evening, I found they had had about the same experience.

A few days later I wounded a deer near the river, and it escaped by swimming. One of the boys, the youngest of us all, shot a bear just at sundown and followed its trail by the blood as long as he could see. Then he quit, intending to take it up again in the morning; but it rained hard that night, and the next day, though we all tried, we could make nothing out of the trail.

The day following 2 of us ran across 2 cubs in nearly the same locality. We killed one of them, a big, fat black fellow weighing 26 pounds. The other hid in the tangle of ground hemlock and could not be found.

In a day or 2 more it began to snow. While it was still snowing, I borrowed an old white linen duster from my landlord, put it on over my hunting suit, and went out. After wandering about a while I struck a fresh sign and followed it into a clearing. All about the edge of the clearing the brush grew thickly. As I drew near one side I saw the bushes move and out jumped a fat doe. As she did so I snapped the shot barrel of my gun at her. but it missed fire. The doe ran along the side of the open, stopped and looked back. That was my chance. I cut loose with the rifle barrel, shooting her through the lungs. She ran nearly a half mile, and I found her dead on the snow.

We hunted until the close of the season, getting 6 deer, besides the little bear. The most experienced hunter in the party did not get a shot; the greenhorns killed all the game.

Few deer were killed in Northern Michigan last fall, there being but little tracking snow. There should be good hunting next year. The State permits deer shooting only during November, and the law is strictly enforced.

F. W. Sebring, Detroit, Mich.

EAGLE LAKE.

It was a crisp October afternoon when we rolled out of M——. Our horse was in fine fettle, and we had a delightful drive through wooded hills and grass-grown dales, with the added charm of a probable acquaintance with the feathered tribe on the morrow.

We reached our hotel at dusk, and after supper discussed prospects with the proprietor and another member of our craft who had but recently arrived.

Long before light the next morning we were swallowing red hot coffee in our overeagerness to reach the chosen points in the marsh. Our new acquaintance joined us, and all embarked in the same boat. By sunrise we were well advanced on our water journey. Just before our landing was reached a pair of black ducks rose with an awful tumult. Quick work brought both down, and filled us with anticipation of a successful day.

For an hour the ducks were here, there, everywhere, but we succeeded in stopping only 4 birds. We had no decoys, no guide; simply taking chance shots from the marshy points reaching into the lake.

But why dwell on the size of the bag? That is but an incident to the true sportsman. We had enough shooting. The waters of the lake lay placidly at our feet and stretched far past the marsh lands until flanked by towering hardwood forests. It was the wilderness as made by God and untouched by man. The blue sky overhead was untainted by the smoke of cities. We drank the pure ozone, and buried the past in the supreme delight of the present.

We saw wild birds and heard the roar of hundreds of wings. We caused our guns to boom and smelled the burning powder until the very air about us was laden with its incense. What cared we if the feathered denizens of this wilderness escaped our aim? Not a whit, but rather were we glad when, in after hours, it was thought over. All real sportsmen know that killing is not all of hunting. Successful shots give us food for thousands of reveries in years to come; the unsuccessful ones comfort us with the thought that our brothers will reap benefit from our failures.

After the flight was over we roamed the forest in quest of woodcock or grouse, but no sharp whistle or boom of wings caused pressure of the trigger. In the deep silence we were so near the heart of nature as to be affected by her mood, and swayed by her influence. The desire to kill became less than a memory, and the true joyousness of relief from the city's strife possessed us.

It was with deep regret that we began our return journey, gazing back over the lake and recalling every incident of the morning. The homeward drive was one long delight. When the lights of the city appeared in the distance and life's turmoil was again thrust upon us, how unreal and unsatisfying it seemed after our experience of the morning!

E. H. Goodnough, New York City.

A TURKEY HUNT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

After riding some distance, perhaps half a mile, we emerged from a pine forest into a rice field and had only proceeded a few yards when my companion suddenly drew in his horse and directed my attention to a flock of wild turkeys running single file through the field toward the woods from which we had just come. They were not within gunshot, so we had to content ourselves with noting the point at which they entered the forest, resolving to go after them early next morning. Meantime, we continued our ride to Kawkaw swamp, where we secured 3 or 4 fat mallards.

True to our plans, we were up before light next morning. Turkey hunting was a new experience with me, and the thought of securing one of these magnificent birds produced sensations decidedly pleasant. We rode to the point in the forest in the vicinity of which we believed the turkeys were roosting. Having hitched our horses, we walked some little distance in different directions and posted ourselves so that when daylight should arrive we should be, as we hoped, within gunshot of the game. I took my position near a tall pine and waited. A weird uncanniness seemed to pervade the atmosphere. It was the hour that just precedes the dawn, when the stillness is intense, and all nature seems to be at rest. Altogether it was a situation calculated to quicken the imagination and cause one to see and hear things that exist only in the realm of fantasy. Presently I heard the startling whoop of a great owl—"whoo-whoo-whoop-aw." Great Scott! What a fearful sound! Day was breaking; nature was astir, and ere long "the heavenly harnessed team" would begin "his golden progress in the East." As the shadows lightened and objects became more discernible, I eagerly peered into the branches of the trees. Eureka! There, on the limb of a tall pine, but within good range, perched a splendid gobbler. So still had I remained that he was unconscious of danger. I cautiously crept a few feet nearer, using an intervening pine as a shield to hide me from his keen eye. At the crack of the gun he came down with a crash. A little later my companion made a skilful shot at another young gobbler on the wing and bagged him. As we had meat enough and fun enough for one day, we abandoned further efforts and returned home.

E. S. King, Washington, D. C.

MY COON HUNT.

Our corn had been disappearing rapidly for some time and the field was strewn with half eaten ears. I surmised that coons were doing this mischief, and on investigation found their unmistakable tracks, much like the print of a baby's foot. Something had to be done if we were to save our corn, so I decided to have a coon hunt.

I got Sam Jackson, a neighbor, to go with me. He had a miserable looking mongrel with one ear partially chewed off, but Tige, as he was called, was a good coon dog. We started about 8 o'clock that night, taking with us my father's old muzzle-loader and about 5 rounds of powder and shot, and walked over to the cornfield. I staid along the edge of the woods which skirted the cornfield, and started Sam, with Tige, into the field. In a few minutes I heard the dog bark furiously, so I prepared for business. The coons headed off to the left of me and went into the woods. I ran as fast as I could to where I heard them go in where I found the dog at the foot of a sapling in the crotch of which sat a coon. I drew a bead on him and down he came. I thought he was the only one. Tige evidently did not. He started for a large tree near the edge of the woods, and began barking and jumping up against the trunk. Sam went up the tree and I handed the gun up to him. He soon spotted a coon and fired at him. Either the moonlight was not bright enough for Sam to see well or one load of shot was not enough for the coon, for he still sat perched out on the branch. I loaded the gun again for Sam and that time the coon came down. He was the largest one I ever saw.

Sam found 2 more coons in the tree and shot them both out. He was coming down when I saw another coon out on the end of a limb, but how to get him was a question, for our gun was useless, as we had no more powder. I told Sam to break off a stick and knock the coon out with that. Sam started out on the limb, creeping carefully until he was near enough to hit the coon. Then taking aim Sam was about to swat him, when down came limb, coon and Sam! Tige jumped at them and finally succeeded in dragging out the coon. After a fierce fight Tige killed him. Two of these coons were exceptionally large, but the others were of ordinary size.

W. K. McMullen, Schenectady, N. Y.

A NEW WAY TO TRAP WILDCATS.

I must tell you something. I have been considerate and forgiving as long as I can. Dad bing his skin! It ought to be told on him. I've been out with all kinds of sportsmen, but I never went with a man before who would offer to guide the game to his traps.

Will Heckert, of this place, loves to hunt, but is too blooming considerate to suit my taste, and I will never go with him again.

A party of us started for the Florida capes on a 22 foot catboat. Incidentally we were going to catch a few 6-foot tarpon and kill a wildcat or 2. This was Heckertt's part of the contract to make sure of winning the apple pie. He bought a chicken for which the woman charged him $1.50 when she found he wanted it for bait. He made a little coop and put it aboard the boat. We shifted that chicken from place to place, whither we went, 75 miles and half way back before we found a likely place for wildcats. Now mind you, the ornary cuss wouldn't feed that poor chicken a thing, excusing himself by saying: "What's the use? The wildcat will get it anyway."

Of course we fed the hen regularly.

Finally Heckert smelt wildcat, so we hove to: he with his chicken, trap, axe and lantern went ashore in the rowboat. After prospecting in the scrub and sawgrass until it got dark he set his trap, drove a stake, tied the chicken to it by one leg, hung the lantern on the stake and came aboard again. When we asked him if he hadn't forgotten the lantern he looked at us pityingly and asked:

"How the devil is the wildcat going to see the chicken unless I leave the light?"

Would you or would you not cut such a hunter's acquaintance. Is he or is he not a cracker?

Dr. J. E. Miller, West Palm Beach, Fla.

CONFESSION OR DREAM?

In December RECREATION is an article by A. C. Todd, entitled "A White Rabbit Hunt." After carefully reading it I am unable to decide whether it is an account of an actual hunting trip, or only a story written to amuse the readers of RECREATION. If the latter, it accomplishes its object, for it is sufficiently entertaining; if the former, the author is certainly inexcusable; and I am surprised that he would venture to place in the hands of an editor who so fearlessly and unmercifully roasts game hogs, an article in which he frankly confesses himself a violator of the game laws of Pennsylvania.

It is generally admitted that Christmas comes on December 25th, even in Pennsylvania, where the season for killing game closes December 15th. Yet Mr. Todd tells us that 2 years ago last Christmas he and his companion started on a hunting trip to Pike county, Pa., and that the next day they killed 6 rabbits, and on the 27th 8 rabbits. Also, that after lunch, they "penetrated deeper into the swamp in the hope of meeting larger game." What kind of larger game he does not say, but I infer that had they found deer, turkey, grouse or quail, these would have met the fate of the white rabbits.

Had these hunters been detected by Dr. Joseph Kalbfus or some active game warden $140 fine and the costs of prosecution would have been the penalty for this delightful week spent in Pike county, Pa.

W. H. Butler, Marietta, Pa.

I trust Dr. Kalbfus may yet look into the Todd case and if Todd violated the law, as appears, he should be punished for it, even after this lapse of time. With Mr. Todd's confession on record it should be an easy matter to convict him, if guilty.—EDITOR.

CAMPING IN WASHINGTON.

A trip to Mt. Stewart, in Washington, had been planned long before September 7, '02, when H. C. Ackley, Geo. F. Davis, W. F. Luff, W. M. Pearson, T. J. Collier and W. J. Moore left Ellensburg equipped for a week's stay in the mountains. We had a jolly time. If grouse were scarce, plenty of trout made up the deficiency. During the week we killed only 4 grouse. Did not see a track of a deer and saw but one bear track. Some of the trout were 2 feet long and ready to eat all the grasshoppers in the country. I broke my bamboo rod on one big fellow, so borrowed Davis' Bristol. From that day I made up my mind that I would own a steel rod before the next season. Tuesday we climbed the mountain 14 miles for bear and huckleberries and were rewarded by getting one quart of the latter, just enough to make one lonesome pie. I happen to be an expert cook, and the boys pronounced that pie the best ever. Wednesday, mountain fires drove us down the Tearaway river to safer grounds. A long hunt and no game was our day's work. The summer game hogs had killed everything, so the lumbermen said, but a better looking game country never grew out of doors. The last day we camped on First creek in the swamp country, when we all took a stroll of 12 miles and got 2 grouse. Radical measures must be taken or in less than 5 years there will not be a grouse left in Kittitas county. When we broke camp we made a direct shot for home, disgusted with our hunt, but more than pleased with our fish and our good time.

W. J. Moore, Ellensburg, Wash.

GAME NOTES.

There are a lot of skunks here who have no regard for the law. Game is being slaughtered daily and nightly. There have been 3 nights in 2 weeks, that I know of, in which some of these beasts have been in my own pasture and woods. I should not have known it but for the shots. Last evening I took my 44 revolver and searched the side hill thoroughly, where I judged the shots were fired, but found nothing. The reprobates either made exceedingly quick tracks or kept wisely quiet. What would have transpired had I found them I did not stop to consider. I would at least have booted them off my premises. I know of places where bums, and even supposedly respectable neighbors, lie in wait at night and slaughter deer when they come out to feed; but being only a private citizen and a neighbor I am almost powerless to do anything unless I catch these lawbreakers on my own premises.

There were a number of deer on my own place a short time ago and I did the best I could to leave them undisturbed. They fed at night in my back fields, drank and waded in the little lake in my pasture and slept and rested in a thick second growth patch adjoining my wood lot; but these hogs found my little herd of deer and have killed or frightened them away. I hear shooting every night in some one of the feeding places which are all within half a mile or so of my house.

S. C., Brighton, Me.

I have just returned from a 10 days' hunt in this State and I find grouse have changed their habits entirely since my boyhood days. Then they could be found anywhere, while now they are found only in swamps and thick pine woods. There is no danger of grouse becoming extinct from any but natural causes in this section, for the pines and brambles are so thick it is difficult to see the birds when they flush, and impossible to kill them, except by a chance shot. A hunter can easily start 10 to 30 in a day's hunt; he will be lucky if he sees 5 or 6 of them, and more lucky still if he gets any at all. They are little hunted, and but for the fact that foxes are as thick as house cats in a city, grouse would be exceedingly plentiful. We found a few late fall woodcock, but they are abundant in spring, summer and early fall. Wild turkeys are fairly plentiful, while deer in some counties are a nuisance. They increase rapidly, as the swamps and marshes make it next to impossible to hunt them except with dogs. E. C. Payne, Richmond, Va.

November 3, 1903, J. C. Kilborn and P. T. Kilborn, of Ralston, Pa., and J. S. Sible and I, of Harrisburg, moved our portable house from Ralston to the head waters of Hagerman's run, where we camped 2 weeks. The house is built of half inch basswood, matched lumber, 8x13 feet and 6 feet to the eaves, with floor of rough boards. It is in sections and is held together by hooks and eyes. We found it a convenient and warm habitation, and, when not in use, easily stored. Our larder was well filled with good things, and our latchstring hung out for all visitors. Four bucks were shot by the party, 2 falling to me. It was my first deer hunt in 23 years, and those 2 were all I saw.

Deer are on the increase in Lycoming county; the vigilance of true sportsmen in their protection and the dense second growth of the country favor them. A large black bear was wounded by F. P. Keys, but got away. Bear are plentiful in that section and several were seen.

J. W. Kilborn, Harrisburg, Pa.

I have been a constant reader of your magazine the last 2 years, and can hardly wait until the next copy of Recreation comes around. Your manly stand in regard to game protection is what I most admire; also your condemnation of the game hog. There are a few of those animals here on the Pacific slope, but not so many as formerly. I think if you could send each hog a copy of Recreation he would swear off and be a man; at least no one with any manhood left would slaughter game after reading a few copies of Recreation. I was re-elected shooting master for 1904 of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of San Francisco. I did intend to buy an automatic shot gun, but after reading your editorial in November issue will get a double barrel. If you ever come to our side of the continent I shall deem it a great honor to help entertain the champion of our fast disappearing game.

Frank Knostman, San Francisco, Cal.

With my father and a cousin I camped 2 days last winter at Grassy lake, 10 miles South of here. From one o'clock until dark ducks came in great flocks to rest on the lake. We procured boats and went after them. Before night I had 9 birds and had dropped as many more in thick brush, where I could not find them. Father killed 6, and my cousin, 11. They also lost a number of ducks in the brush. The following morning we secured a few more birds, and then set out for home. Just before we left the bottom a big drove of turkeys crossed the road ahead of us. Father and I hid among the trees, while my cousin drove on, intending to circle the birds and force them toward us. As it happened, they came in my direction and father did not get a shot. I killed one big gobbler on the ground and another on the wing.

J. H. Brannon, Conway, Ark.

Nature is always worth studying, especially near our own homes. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to put my camera in one pocket, my lunch in another, and stroll forth to study my wild neighbors. The camera hunter is fast taking the place of the gun hunter. It is far more interesting and instructive to study nature with a camera than with a gun. The day is not far away when laws will be passed forbidding the killing of any wild animal or game bird. The repeating rifle and shot gun are fast exterminating our forest friends.

There is a miniature forest near my home in which I spend many enjoyable hours. I have found no better place to study nature than there.

Matthew J. Harkins, Brookline, Mass.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish mackerel—Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, Calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide. Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and Tide: Day and night flood.

Croker—July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead—June to October Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime; not affected by tides.

CAN A FISH LINE THINK?

C. C. HASKINS.

Jacques Nadeau was the best of company, and the best guide and boatman it was ever my good fortune to employ. Rain or shine, hot or cold, in good or poor luck, Jock was always good natured, jovial, hard working, ready and willing, regardless of the task or the hour. In short, if there is any especially laudable quality which the reader remembers as peculiarly the virtue of some one guide he has known, I doubt if Jock would not equal, if not surpass, him in that particular; and, for that reason, in all my summer vacations I invariably secured Jock's prospective services before buying my transportation for the trip.

The lake where for years I cast my lines each summer, lies back from the railroad some 15 miles and was comparatively little fished, up to 3 or 4 years ago. Jock always met me at the flag station, with a buckboard of his own contriving, and we arrived at the lake in time for a substantial meal. cooked by Mrs. Nadeau. Usually we had the lake to ourselves, during my stay.

Jock was not without some school education. He had attended a parochial institution in his native town, but he did not like the restrictions of civilization. Moreover, he had fallen in love with his Julie, thereby angering the parents of both. By the aid of the good father in the church, Julie and Jock were married, and set up for themselves, where I found them with a nest of little ones, all as good natured as their father, black eyed, and wild as young partridges, until acquainted.

Jock and I had had a hard, irritating day's work; poor luck, a rain storm, a broken oar 10 miles from home, all conspired to desperation. A muskalonge had tipped over our luncheon basket, in his muscular protests, before a severe concussion of the brain quieted him, and the water in the boat materially injured our edibles, so that not until late at night did we get either luncheon, dinner or supper.

Jock was a philosopher, and our misfortunes never ruffled a hair. He paddled the boat home as good naturedly as if he had been a tow behind an electric launch.

During the day I had made an unfortunate cast, and my line overran badly on the reel. While recovering my line, a large fish took the bait, and called for line. He was too strong to refuse, and the consequences were obvious. When the fish had claimed all the line down to what Jock called the "slob," the tension on the line drew it down into the under turns of the spool, rendering the reel useless, temporarily. In the meantime, the fish made a final surge, broke the line, and got away.

"Au revoir," said Jock, and quietly proceeded to affix a second reel to the rod. As he put away the disabled spool he broke out into,

"Malbrook he vent down to Nia-ga-ry, to drive de French avay," and added:

"Apres diner—ve fix dem slob."

Fifty yards of No. 5 silk line make a tangled slob when a heavy fish helps. While Jock was patiently unsnarling the tangle, he suddenly aired what was to me a new theory, thus:

"Missieu Askin, I believe me, dat string she got brain like a hog, all time contrary."

I said,

"How can you think that, Jock? You're crazy."

"No! What is made of—dat line? Silk, ain't it? Yes. *Bien oui.* Silk is made by a worm; de worm have life, *certainment.* Where goes dat life, when dat worm she die? Into de silk, to be sure, *n'est ce pas?* Now dat silk she's twist an' turn an' 'bused like ole *diable*, and her temper she's ruin *pour toujours*—always. She's mad when somebody make fishline, and she swear revenge. Look dat slob!"

"But," I said, "Jock, the line was not to blame for that tangle. I made a poor cast, and the fish did the rest. A fishline can't think. It has no brain."

"Ah! *mon ami, ecoutez,*" he retorted. "Ze tree, ze corn, have mind. How de tree know when is de spring come, to put out leaf? How de corn know when you have drop in de groun', which way to sen' de root, which way sen' de top? She make no mistake. De root go *en bas* ev'ry *temps*, sure! De silk line, she's *en colere, irite,* mad, and she make troub' when she get some chance. Yes, sir-r-e. 'S'pose you have big fish on your line. Maybe he run in de weed. Dat line help tangle in de weed, in de dead branch; get on sharp stone, saw in two, de fish get away. De line say, *'revanche*—revenge, and de fish—gone! 'S'pose you keep him out de weed, den he'll run under de boat. What de line do? Scrape along de bottom of dat boat, huntin' for sliver. Maybe she find one. De line squeeze into dat sliver, and laugh loud—you hear it dis time—squeal kin' o' laugh, an' snap go you line. Fifteen, maybe 30 poun' good fish meat gone, and you' No. 10 skinner spoon—'nother dollar gon', too!

"De silk line hunt up more place for get hitch an' tangle you never see. Nail head in de run' board, row lock; sliver in de oar; handle of de minnow bucket; tackle box cover or some odder t'ing what lies on the thwart. She like best w'en she can get into a tree top an' twis' roun' some lim', too high too reach wid paddle, too old to climb, an' too big to break. Den dat line she's happy."

The sermon was supplemented by Jock's usual hymn, "Malbrook," etc.

DEAD FISH IN WHITE RIVER.

One day in the summer of 1903 a telephone message came to the Indiana State Board of Health office, telling of tons of dead fish in the old bed of the river near Waverly, a village on White river, about 18 miles below Indianapolis. A deputy State health officer and I were soon on the spot, and beheld a sight and smelled a smell the like of which we had never before known. A little wet weather creek ended at the old bed of the river, a new bed having been cut through the neck of a great U bend. The old bed was open to the river at its lower arm, and water backed into it when the river was high, making a bayou.

The wet weather creek was dry, and on its bottom, laid in regular order, like the bricks of a paved street, were thousands of fish. They were mostly carp, all of good size, with some suckers and a few bass and sunfish. In the old river bed were great numbers of dead fish, bloated and stinking, floating on the stagnant water.

"What killed them?" was asked by every one. One farmer said it was refuse from the strawboard mills. This theory was untenable, because the nearest mill was 65 miles up the river, and there were no dead fish between. If strawboard mill refuse had caused the slaughter, the fishes up the river above Indianapolis would have suffered. Among the farmers standing near was one who said he had noticed for 10 years that whenever there was a slight rise in the river the fish ran up the creeks and stuck their noses above the water to get air. Many dead fish were always found after a slight rise.

"There was a rise of about 18 inches day before yesterday," said the farmer. "I saw fish below here run up a creek, and I saw some with their noses above the water."

By questioning, we learned that dead fish in considerable numbers were in the river below where we were, and that in time of high floods the fish were not killed. It was evident that some poison had come from up the river, being pushed onward by the rise above. It was almost certain that the poison contained no air, and for this reason the fish pushed their noses above the surface. Gradually working up the river, which is a succession of pools and shallows of varying lengths and depths, we observed that the water smelled worse as we approached Indianapolis. This smell was plainly due to sewage. When we finally entered, with our boat, the third pool below the outlet of the Indianapolis sewer, the offense was almost too great to bear. Plainly, this pool and the 2 above, contained thousands of barrels of sour, rotting sewage. This contained great quantities of poison, and the gases from the fermentation had driven out the air. This condition, with the facts noticed by the farmer, furnished a tenable explanation of the wholesale destruction of fish life. The rise of the water pushed the poisonous and airless sewage down the stream and drove the fish before it. The fish, rushing before the flood of sewage, went into the old channel and followed up the creek, then full of flood water. The fish went as far as there was water to carry them and those behind followed, arranging themselves side by side in regular order. The short piece of old channel must also have been filled with fish, which prevented those in the creek from retiring when the water rapidly went down. Of course, the fish in the old channel would not go back into the main stream. It probably would not take 2 hours for the creek to run out, and when this happened the fish were left. Septic sewage had killed those tons of fish, and the fact illustrates the importance of all cities making proper sanitary disposal of their sewage, instead of befouling streams with it.

Dr. J. N. Hurty, Indianapolis, Ind.

MR. STOVER'S GOOD WORK.

A party from Spokane, Wash., went through here for Priest lake and as they had given game warden Stover trouble last season, he was suspicious of them. He therefore went to the lake the next day, caught one of the party fishing without a license and took him before a justice of the peace. The culprit was fined only $12, which he promptly paid.

This small fine did not discourage Mr. Stover. He went to the lake the next day after another party who were giving him trouble and who also gave him trouble last year. They were Mose Fish, of Farmington, Wash., and his brother Dan Fish, of Oaksdale, Wash. Mose Fish had a resident license, but Mr. Stover proved him a non-resident, and Dan Fish had no license. They were fined $50 each, which they paid. They asked the game warden and the justice of the peace not to make it known, so roast them as they deserve. I am in such a position that I can not sign my name, but if you want any more news concerning this or other similar cases, Mr. W. A. Stover can tell you all the particulars.

A Subscriber, Priest River, Idaho.

I referred this letter to Mr. Stover, and he replied as follows:

The letter you sent me is correct. The persons who gave me trouble last season were Harry Bears and friends, from Spokane. They went through here without license, and I had to follow them to Priest lake. There were 5 in the party, and only 3 had licenses. They said the other 2 were not going to fish. Bears came this season with a party of 7 and got 3 licenses. I followed these men again and caught one of them fishing without a license. I took him before a justice of the peace, who fined him $12. Bears is supposed to be one of Spokane's best sportsmen, as he is owner or manager of the Couer d'Alene Theatre and saloon.

I am doing all I can to protect the game and fish, but it is not much, as I can only get pay for 90 days. I have made 14 arrests in the past year and got conviction in all cases but one.

W. A. Stover, Priest River, Idaho.

FISH PLANTING.

The Ontario Government, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk railway, has inaugurated a vigorous policy of restocking with fish many of the lakes in Northern Ontario, where there was any chance of a depletion, and the success which has attended their efforts has been marked. During the summer season this year no less than 5,305 parent bass were captured and transported from Lake Erie to the several districts that are visited by the angler and the summer tourist. A special fish car was built by the Grand Trunk 3 years ago expressly for the transportation of live fishes for this purpose and it has been used each summer in the propagation of this good work. This year 3 carloads of bass, none less than 12 inches in length, and many weighing 2 to 3 pounds, were planted in the Muskoka lakes, 2 carloads in Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, one carload in the Lake of Bays region, one carload in Balsam lake (one of the Kawartha group in Victoria county), and a carload in the lakes along the Canada Atlantic railway in Algonquin Park. These carloads contained in each instance 500 to 700 fish. In addition to the planting of the parent fish, a carload of 5,000 black bass fingerlings was placed in the Lake of Bays region. The results of each shipment have been most gratifying, and the summer tourist and the angler have appreciated the movement and look forward to better sport in these waters in the future.

DID NOT TAKE THE LIMIT.

Billy and I got up early, secured camp supplies and fishing tackle, and started for Martin's run, a long tramp over the hills. We reached the stream all right, and fished it several miles, but had no luck. All the fish we caught were too small to keep. Billy would not give up, and suggested that we go over to Crane run. That was another long tramp, and, to make it worse, I blistered my feet with a new pair of shoes. At Crane run we made camp, and a bed with hemlock boughs. Billy went fishing, and I stayed in camp to get supper. The chief feature of this was 4 large trout which Billy brought in. Supper over, Billy tried it again, getting one 12 inch trout and several smaller ones.

The next morning I went out to try my luck, and my first catch was a 9 inch trout. Later, I caught one 8 inches long and several over 7 inches. We went back to town with 10 fish, 7 to 11½ inches in length. We had a good time, were not ashamed of our catch, and quit with fish in sight. We put back in the stream 30 trout 5 inches or less. The law here allows each man 50 trout a day, which is too many; half or less would be plenty.

I hope you will convince the Winchester people they are wrong in putting an automatic gun on the market for bristlebacks.

J. A. Brown, Tarentum, Pa.

NIBBLES.

There is a stream 12 miles North of Elkhorn which is equally noted for the bigness and the scarcity of its trout. On the 15th day of April I caught 3 that weighed 3½ pounds. This so fired the ambition of my 8-year-old that he wrung a promise from me to let him go on the next trip. Accordingly we made an early start on the morning of the 22d, and in spite of all my boasted prowess and the hardest kind of work I couldn't raise a trout. Meantime the boy landed 2 beautiful trout, the largest one weighing one pound and 13 ounces. It's a question which was the prouder, father or son.

Recreation has converted more than one Walworth county fish and game hog.

G. D. Harrington, Elkhorn, Wis.

Western sportsmen who may be seeking for new fishing grounds would do well to visit Lake Chetek, Wisconsin. It is about 40 miles North of Eau Claire and is reached by the C. & N. W. Ry. The lake is well stocked with black bass, pike, pickerel, crappies, sunfish and perch, and occasionally an angler gets a dogfish by way of variety. These latter are not good to eat but they kick up a big muss for a time.

There are a number of summer cottages and a good hotel on the lake shore and sportsmen visiting there are sure to meet many pleasant people. I spent 4 weeks there during the past summer and had excellent sport almost every day.

D. A. Kneeland, Elroy, Wis.

George L. Brown, of Seaford, Del., and S. P. Shellen, Jr., of Philadelphia, caught 30 pike and 18 yellowheads in 3 hours, near Seaford, September 12th, 1903, with a troll. This is the largest catch of pike ever made in Delaware in that length of time.

If you will print this information you will oblige me, and it will, I think, be of some benefit to you in regard to signers for Recreation.

W. L. Barns, New York.

Brown's number in the fish hog book is 1,049 and Skellen's is 1,050. If this will do you any good in the matter of "signers for Recreation" you are welcome to it.—Editor.

When I was a boy the old men used to fish with cypress poles 2 inches in diameter, big white cotton lines, and the corks used would give you a pain, or any one else who regards angling as an art. The old men used the big flat corks that came in pickle bottles, and when a big bass jerked one under suddenly, it would make a pop like the swan song of a bottle of root beer. In those days the fish were not particular what the bait was attached to, but we have to be more careful now.

Yesterday morning I landed 6 big bass with the Bristol rod you sent me.

C. O. Moseley, Limona, Fla.

I have received a novel and unique message. It is written on a scale of a tarpon. On one side are my name and address, a one cent stamp and the postmark. On the other side is this legend:

Pass Christian, Miss., 9-12-'04.

Dear Sir:

A scale from a big one that did not get away from, Yours truly,

J. E. Hanson.

I congratulate Mr. Hanson on having landed a fish that wore scales big enough to shingle a house, and trust I may some day get a hook into one of the same kind. —Editor.

I have read the article "How to String Fish," by C. C. Haskins, in March Recreation, with much interest. The method described is practiced by the market fishermen on the St. Lawrence river. They string through the lower jaw, but use a short stringer for each fish. This stringer is attached to a heavier cord, the fish being spaced at regular intervals. It is the custom of these men to row slowly when the fish are trailed, in order that the fish may not drown. This is important, since shipment is usually made twice a week and the fish must be fresh killed for shipment.

M. H. Kinsley, Hoboken, N. J.

The lack of rain last summer has made poor salmon fishing, but the river was alive with grilse. These little fellows make good sport on a trout rod, but it is a shame to kill too many of them. They run from 3 to 4 pounds weight in our river, larger in the Restigouche. There is magnificent trout fishing on the Caraguet, Pokemonche, Lacadie and Inbucintae. The large sea trout frequent the last 3 rivers after July 1, and they afford the best trout fishing I know of, except in the lakes and at the head of the Nepisiquit.

Edward Hickson, Bathurst, N. B.

Recreation's 9th Annual Photo Competition closes November 30.. All who have participated in previous competitions should be represented in this one. A number of prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

DEFENDS THE GAME HOG AND THE PUMP GUN.

Printed Verbatim

In your Aug. No. RECREATION I noticed an article regarding a shamefull butchery of a deer by Mr. Chas Ryan of Tonawanda N. Y. Here is my opinion of you, your magazine and Mr. Ryan. I think Mr. Ryan was just and alright in his killing that deer the way he did. Now Mr. Shields, which is the more harmfull to drown a deer or to shoot one say 4 or 5 times with a 44-40 or a 45-70 breaking the poor animal's leg or possibly shooting it through the flank or it might of been hit through the stomach, and then to let the poor thing run away and suffer from the wounds inflicted by the rifle balls passing through its body? Now Mr. Shields you go so far as to give this Mr. Ryan game hog No. 1041 in your game hog book, which I myself think is intirely wrong and unreasonably, Because when he caught the deer by the antlers and held his head under the water till it drowned the poor unfortinate deer did not suffer anything in comparison with the one that was shot 4 or 5 times with a 45-70 or a 44-40 tearing great pieces of flesh and bones from its body and then worst of all to let it get away to suffer 3 or 4 days before it would die or possibly its wounds might of not been severe enough to kill it and it would live and loose one of its legs which I have known to happen and then to go the rest of its life on three legs. Now my dear Mr. Shields which is the more shamefull? Mr. Shields your game hog roasting is alright in its place but in a case of this kind it is all wrong and out of place and it is so in to many cases which you roast the public. Now you are for ever and eternly roasting the pump shot gun men now you are right after me in good shape I have a 16 gauge Winchester shot gun and would not have any thing else, but bare in mind I dont go out hunting and kill every bird that I see or could shoot when I get enough I take what I have killed and go home and leave the rest for some other time. Now last year I went out several times and shot from 4 to 9 birds and then go home with that what I had already killed. Now then Mr. shields if you wish to call me a game hog and give me a No. in your old game hog book because I take Mr. Ames part and use a pump gun you can rest assured that I will not ever look in your game hog magazine again Although I have not missed a copy of it since I first saw a copy of it Now then on the other hand why dont you roast the men who use the repeating rifles such as the Savage or the Winchester Or any repaeting rifle on the market? When a man can shoot in a bunch of elk deer or any kind of anamils I heard of a man last winter that said him self he sjot in a bunch of elk and got one the first time he shot but kept on shooting and killed seven out of the bunch and left six of them on the ground they were shot on. Now what I was going to say was why dint you roast those who use the pump action rifles as well as those that use the pump action shot gun ??????Please explain your self so that it may be more clear to me along this line ?As it is you are always roasting the man who uses the pump shot gun and not the one who uses vhe pump rifle which in my mind is just as bad as the one who uses the pump shot gun And further more Mr. Shilds I think it all depends on the man behind the gun because I have seen men go out and just slaughter the birds with the breech loading double barrel guns. So what is the use to be for ever roasting the man who uses the pump gun. Now as to the automatic shot gun of course they are some what worse but we are living in an age of inventions and improvement and as the automatic shot gun is not like a snare or danamite it can be contoled by man kind. So in my mind let there be more stringent laws be made and seee that they be inforced and not legisate against the improvement of modren guns, because if you were to stop the manufacture of modren and up to date guns, what would the out side world think of this our GREAT UNITED STATES?????? Just look back when people had nothing but the flint locks to hunt with did not the game disapear as well as it does now adays. If every sportsman of today had the old flint locks as they had of old times and the game was not protected any time of the year I tell you Mr. SHIELDS the game would not last very long. My theory is to make more stringent laws and let the gun manufactors go ahead and improe the guns to the best of their ability.

Hoping Mr. Shields that this will not interfear with your business and if you wish to publish this letter so as to see what some of the reatof the sportsman can give their opinion on this matter. you have my good will

I am as ever yours fret.
GILBERT L. MANOR.
POST FALLS,
IDAHO.

I have printed this letter exactly as

writ, for the consolation of Mr. Bennett. He will certainly appreciate having so learned a champion of his "modern" gun.—EDITOR.

TAKE ISSUE WITH MR. MAGEE.

Will J. D. Magee, Templeton, Ore., please answer the following questions in regard to his light Ithaca shot gun that he speaks so highly of in July RECREATION? How long are the barrels? Is it a hammer or a hammerless gun? Were the distances at which the big buck and that large black bear were shot and killed actually measured or did you merely estimate them? What would the penetration be in 7-8 inch pine boards at 20 feet from the muzzle; also at 50 yards with the charge of No. 4 chilled shot used on the buck and the bear? How many pounds does the gun weigh? Were the shot No. 4 bird shot or No. 4 buck shot? How heavy was the charge of shot?

Mr. Magee must have found the ideal gun for all shooting, from the smallest game to the grizzly bear, and I must get a 16 gauge shot gun and dispose of my 2 rifles if I can get one just like his.

I am in sympathy with your stand against the automatic shot gun, but you need not feel alarmed, as all gun manufacturers will be forced out of business except those who make such guns as Mr. Magee's, if the way of boring this particular gun is not one of the lost arts.

I did own a Winchester pump gun, but have discarded the shot gun entirely and am now using a rifle for all my hunting. I should like to see laws passed prohibiting the use of all but single shot in both rifles and shot guns; licensing all guns, and placing a limit on all game bags.

Chas. W. Dake, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In your July number I notice a letter from J. D. Magee, Templeton, Ore., in reference to a 16 bore gun with which he claims to have killed deer at 62 yards with No. 4 chilled shot, putting 17 pellets in the animal's heart; birds in trees 300 feet high; bear at 54 yards with No. 4 chilled shot; and claims that he can kill canvasback ducks at 75 yards. These statements are so absurd that 9 out of 10 sportsmen would consider it an insult to be asked to believe them.

I suggest that you start a register for people who make such statements and call it "The Game Liars' Pen." Give Mr. Magee the honor of being No. 1.

T. J. Tait, Carman, Man.

THE BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT.

I wish to place myself on record as one of the vast army of sportsmen who are opposed to the contemplated Winchester automatic shot gun.

The pump gun is bad enough, Heaven knows. The only one I ever owned I sold before the open season at a far less figure than it cost, rather than make even one more to go afield with such a destructive gun. Some writer says of the Englishman that his motto is, "Let us go out and kill something," but we appear to have thousands here whose creed is, "Let's kill everything."

I suppose we will learn better when it is too late; in the meantime, I am having mounted, every once in a while, a specimen of each kind of game bird I kill, so my boy, a few years hence, can show his children what a woodcock or quail looked like. You deserve great credit for your continued fight for the preservation of our game, but I fear the majority of our hogs are like their 4-footed brethren—they can be driven better than led. While your excellent magazine will set a man thinking and soon convert him if he needs it, it does not reach the boys, because they don't read it.

A. W. Burnham, Somers Point, N. J.

Don't they? I know by my correspondence with them that many thousands of them read it, and I have many thousands of letters on file from them saying in effect, "I shall make it my business to steer clear of your game hog pen."

One of the most interesting features of my work is the fact that I have started all these thousands of boys on the right trail, and that they will never be game destroyers, as so many of them would have been if they had not been educated through this magazine.—EDITOR.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

I have a 16 gauge Elita Davenport gun, full choke, and have been doing some target shooting with it, a report of which may interest some of the readers of RECREATION.

My target was 18 inches square and I fired from a rest, so as to shoot as near the center of the target as possible. I first drew a 14 inch circle as near the center of the shot pattern as I could. Then I drew 8 inch and 4 inch rings inside of that. Next I drew 6 4 inch rings just outside the center 4 inch ring, using the 8 inch ring for a center to draw from.

The first shell I fired was factory loaded with 2 drams smokeless powder and one ounce No. 8 drop shot. This shell made the fairest center shot of any. Number of shot in 18 inch circle, 303; in 14 inch ring, 214; in center 4 inch ring, 9; in 6 outside 4 inch rings, 16 to 27 each. Distance, 75 feet.

The next shell was loaded with 2 1-2 drams powder and one ounce No. 8 chilled shot. Distance, 75 feet. Number of shot in 18 inch target, 294; in 14 inch ring, 296;

in center 4 inch ring, 23; in 6 4 inch rings outside center, 14 to 31 each.

The next shell was loaded with 25 grains same powder, 335 No. 8 chilled shot. Distance, 80 feet. Shot in 18 inch target, 247; in 14 inch ring, 181; center 4 inch ring, 18 shot; in 6 outside 4 inch rings, 13 to 20 shot each.

The next shell was loaded with 2 1-2 drams powder and one ounce No. 8 chilled shot. Distance, 80 feet. Shot in 18 inch target, 269; in 14 inch ring, 202; center 4 inch ring, 28; 6 outside 4 inch rings, 8 to 27 each.

The next shell was loaded with 25 grains powder and 7-8 ounce No. 5 chilled shot. Distance, 80 feet. Shot in 18 inch target, 102; in 14 inch ring, 72; center 4 inch ring, 9; 6 outside 4 inch rings, 4 to 9 each. I loaded all the shells but the first one, using Rival shells, with No. 3 primers.

The No. 3 primer is hardly strong enough, for I find some grains of unburned powder in the gun when I clean it. I shall hereafter get shells that use the No. 4 primer.

I think if you would publish an article on the comparative pattern and penetration of 10, 12 and 16 gauge guns, cylinder and choke bore, and give the number of shot in 30 inch ring at 40 yards, a great many readers of RECREATION would be interested in it.

H. E. Campbell, West Windham, N. H.

You are in error in assuming that the red or brown particles you find in the gun barrel after firing are grains of unburned powder. They are particles of a chemical residuum which adhere to the barrel after the powder burns.

If any reader of RECREATION will kindly make such a series of tests as Mr. Campbell suggests I shall be glad to publish the results.—EDITOR.

CONSIDERS ROBIN HOOD THE BEST.

Having read RECREATION since the beginning, I have always turned first to the pages devoted to guns and ammunition. A friend and I sent the Robin Hood Powder Company an order for 1,000 shells loaded to order with 3 1-2 drams powder and one ounce of chilled shot in different sizes. The California load for ducks and geese is usually one ounce of shot, which does not give the best pattern, but pattern is not penetration, and we get all the smashing power possible.

These shells we tried thoroughly with the best powders to be had on the coast, shooting at heavy papers at 40 yards measured with tape. The best brands sold on the coast gave a penetration of 17 sheets with maximum loads. Robin Hood with No. 6 shot gave a penetration of 27 leaves, and with No. 4 chilled shot 65 leaves.

On the Sacramento river last week I killed 9 geese while walking across the fields and without cover. I would be afraid to say how far away they were, as it would be impossible to tell accurately. I have long wanted a loaded paper shell that would give the same result as brass shells with F. F. G. black powder, in all kinds of weather. Nitrous powder will not do this. We are now arranging to have a local dealer carry a stock of Robin Hood shells and we will in future shoot the best.

W. Coyne, Redding, Cal.

SMALL SHOT.

What do you think of the new 32-40 high power compared with the .303 Savage, when only metal bullets are used? Is it as strong and has it as flat a trajectory as the 303? How does a slow twist rifling work and wear? Is a one in 16 twist as good as a one in 10 for long ranges with high power smokeless and metal bullets? I do not want to use black powder and lead bullets at all. I like the straight shell of the 32-40. Has it any other advantages over the .303?

D. G. Grant, Comox, B. C.

ANSWER.

The 32-40 high power cartridge is not so powerful as the 303 Savage; it has not so high a velocity nor so flat a trajectory. A slow twist rifling wears well, but is not so accurate for as long a range as a twist of one in 10. Bullets begin to keyhole at 500 or 600 yards with a slow twist. The straight shell of the 32-40 is about the only advantage it has over a .303 Savage. —EDITOR.

Experience teaches me that the name Ithaca on a gun may well be accepted as a guarantee of quality and excellence not to be found in any other make of gun, and I cheerfully recommend the Ithaca to the intending buyer of a double gun. I have found the Ithaca Gun Company honest, and their guarantee which goes with every gun is as good as a government bond. I have used a 1 1-2 grade hammerless 2 years in hunting woodchucks, and it is always my fault when one gets away. I have made some remarkable kills and all were cleaner than I could have made with a rifle. For chuck hunting when clover is in blossom the Ithaca is ideal, as the extra heavy breech and great strength of this gun enable the shooter to use heavy loads of nitro powder. I know of no gun that will handle so many different sizes of shot effectively.

Edw. Pfeffer, South Bend, Ind.

If Mr. Vary will try the common long cartridges and split the ends with his knife, or, better yet, quarter them, few chucks will get away from him. I use a Stevens Favorite single shot rifle. My wife and I have lots of sport with it. I want to trade a good 4x5 Cyclone camera for a single barrel repeating shot gun, or will trade my Favorite rifle for one, or for a double barrel 16 grain. I have a fine burnt wood case for my rifle; holds 800 shells, or 16 boxes, jointed ramrod, screw driver, oil can and all complete. I live in Nebraska and all we get are cottontails, jacks, a few quails and the fun of outwitting the muskrats along the creeks. I killed 13 in 3 weeks with my little rifle. It shoots short, long and long rifle cartridges.

W. C. Bonham, Wayne, Neb.

Will some shooter kindly give me the benefit of his experience with Sporting Ballistite powder, as compared with E. C., Infallible and other dense smokeless powders. I wish to know how it compares in cleanliness, penetration and recoil. Has any one made a practice of shooting 26 grains and one ounce of shot in a 12 gauge? For field work, I have used 3 1-2 drams E. C. and one ounce shot. Some claim that I am wasting energy, but I think I can reach birds a great deal farther with that kind of a load.

R. W. Pratt, Parker, S. D.

Please tell me if it would in any way injure a rifle to shoot shot cartridges in it.

F. A. Dorland, Hyde Park, N. Y.

ANSWER.

It will not really injure the barrel of a rifle to shoot shot cartridges in it, but it is likely to lead it badly, and you will then have trouble getting the lead out. You could not make any kind of a killing pattern with shot from a rifle and I therefore advise you not to attempt it.—EDITOR.

Kindly inform me as to the possibilities of the Stevens 22-15-60 cartridge at target and in the field, and whether, in your judgment, a rifle as light as 5 1-2 pounds would do good work with it.

G. C. Webster, Conesus, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I have not used the 22-15-60 myself, but see no reason why it should not do good work. It probably does or it would not be made up and put on the market.—EDITOR.

I noticed some one claimed excellent results with a Marlin 25-36, using the 110 grain lead bullet. I once owned a Marlin 25-36 and a set of reloading tools. Could not get any lead bullet to work except the 80 grain, with small charge of Walsrode powder. I remember trying the 110 bullet, as it was advertised as standard, and under no circumstances would it work. I sold the gun long ago.

Ranger, Fort Grand, Ariz.

Herewith I send you a soft lead patched bullet which I shot out of a 40-70 Ballard rifle, aimed at the brain of a 2,000 pound ox as he licked meal from a small measure. The ox was killed instantly. The bullet fell, kicking up a little furrow of dust, just in front of my feet. I stood 40 feet in front of the ox. I should like to have readers of RECREATION describe the course of that bullet.

Pike, Albany, N. Y.

I notice what Fred Lambert says about a 22 shell that exploded without anything touching it and with the gun at safe. I have had the same thing happen several times in a single shot rifle, but never in the Savage. It occurs, I think, when the rim of shell is a trifle too large for the chamber, the pressure causing the primer to explode.

M. L. Lavey, North Manchester, Ind.

Last season I used a Savage 25-35, and it gave such good satisfaction that I have ordered a larger caliber of the same make. My friend, Al. Kennedy, of Post Falls, Idaho, wrote me some time ago of the man who loaded with 72 grains smokeless. That man should be thankful that he is yet alive.

J. W. Smith, Bonner, Mont.

I consider the Baker gun, '97 model, a first-class weapon and most reasonable in price. Its locking device is particularly good. Dr. Cecil and Small Game will make no mistake if they buy Baker guns.

E. Klingle, Waukon, Ia.

A game hog before vacation.
Bought a copy of RECREATION;
Though he found but little in it to amuse him.
And as he thumbed it o'er,
He was satisfied the more
That COQUINA was determined to abuse him.

With a curse he threw it down,
And as he stamped it in the ground,
He squealed: "Of that blamed rot I've had a plenty,
For the only thing that's in it,
That is worth my time a minute,
Is the ad, 'Four full quarts three-twenty.'"

I. L. P.

Do not forget RECREATION'S 9th Annual Photo Contest. Read announcement in Photo Department and make your entries as soon as possible. The time is short.

The Maid—I can't find your costume for the last act.

The Soubrette—Look in my purse.—Chicago Daily News.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

KILL THE CROWS.

The crow has outlived his usefulness. As a scavenger he is all right when there are but a few of him, but when there are countless thousands of crows and only occasionally a dead critter to be devoured, some crows must go hungry or else steal from the farmer and the State.

Only a few years ago we had plenty of prairie chickens about our city, but to-day they are almost extinct. I have a large acquaintance among the farmers, and they tell me, without a single exception, that there are no chickens this year; that last year there were a few, but the crows killed all the young, and this year there are not even the old birds.

I have at the same time seen the crows of this end of the State multiply tenfold, and in the spring, when there are young birds to be had for the hunting and taking, Mr. and Mrs. Crow subsist on young and tender nestlings and feed their own young with the same delicacies.

One day last spring I saw crows flying over my place to and from a heavy pine grove toward some tall oak timber, half a mile distant. Every crow going toward the oak timber had something in its bill, while no crow going toward the pine trees was carrying anything. To learn positively what was going on I got my gun and dropped 2 crows. They were carrying young blackbirds to the oak timber. I dare say some of these crows were carrying these young blackbirds several miles across country to their own nestlings Many of the young blackbirds were as large as newly hatched chickens.

If any man doubts that the crows of Northern Illinois are to be seen in countless thousands let him come here in the winter, and I can show him a sight such as he never dreamed of. He can shoot his fill with never a fear of being called a game hog. It is almost like shooting into a swarm of mosquitoes. A lot fall, but the gap is closed and there are so many crows to kill that it seems almost impossible to make even an impression on them. The next evening, however, if you go back to the same timber you will see that you have made an impression, but only in this way; instead of coming in to that particular bunch of timber the crows will roost in some second growth half a mile or more away. No danger of exterminating them; they are too foxy for that.

I received a letter some time ago from Mr. Geo. O. Greene, of Princeton, Ill., in which he says similar conditions exist as far south as the Arkansas river and may extend farther, but that he has traveled that far and knows whereof he speaks. He says that a few years ago as he traveled over the Hannibal & St. Jo, and the Santa Fe railroads, it was no uncommon sight to see prairie chickens all along the railroad tracks, but to-day crows are everywhere instead, and one can hardly go a mile without seeing one. Our game birds are gone and the black pirates are left to rob every bird's nest they find.

At the time when the man with the gun is not allowed to hunt, Mr. Crow is getting in his work. He rakes in the eggs of our game and insectivorous birds as they are found, and later takes the young. He has exterminated all these birds in some localities and now is helping himself to the farmer's poultry.

The farmers of this end of the State tried last winter to pass a law giving a bounty of 10 cents on crows' heads, but their advising counsel said it could not be done legally as it must be a State law. This being the case we cannot have such a law until the Legislature sits in December, 1906. It is too bad that we have to wait so long, but in the meantime the crow will go on devastating this beautiful State and will teach the people that something must be done.

I am against the crow, and hope my brother sportsmen will join me in a crusade against him. Even laws, well enforced, will do no good if this black pirate is allowed to go on in his own way. We must attack him from all quarters at once and not let up until he is decidedly fewer in numbers.

The sportsmen of this State paid into the State Treasurer's hands for licenses to hunt game in the State during the year ending June 1, $120,000, and of that amount there was, June 1, $58,000 to the credit of this fund in the treasury. Mr. A. J. Lovejoy, who so ably filled the position of State Game Commissioner, had plans laid to use the money for furthering the interests of the sportsmen of the State. He proposed to have a State reservation for propagating game birds and to place them all over the State wherever they would be properly cared for. Unfortunately Mr. Lovejoy let the politicians know he had a balance to the good and how he wished to use it, and our law makers thought otherwise; at least, he was requested by Governor Yates to hand in his resignation, and now the matter is out of the warden's hands entirely.

I could not agree with Mr. Lovejoy that the best way to propagate game birds was to send them out over the State to persons who would care for them, for in that event they would largely fall into the hands of the owners of private clubs or preserves, and the majority of the people who like to hunt are not members of any club, hence would not derive any benefit. Let us make propagating grounds of the entire State by killing off the crows. This can and must be done before many years if we would preserve the few game birds now remaining.

Mr. Hornaday expresses fear that the crow, too, would be exterminated if we were to wage war against him. There is no bird so wary as the crow, and it would be impossible to exterminate him, for he is not confined to any one region or location. He is not like the bison, that could run no faster than the average horse, nor like the passenger pigeons that at one time flew in such great flocks across the Mississippi valley and nested in groves, or roosted so close together that they would break the branches from the trees. They were easy to exterminate, but Mr. Crow is more cunning.

For a bounty of 10 cents a head the sportsmen of the State will hunt him, and even at that price a man will need to be an excellent shot to earn more than the ammunition he will use.

W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill.

Last spring, in Iroquois county, near Watseka, I noticed the peculiar actions of a crow in a meadow. I tied my horse to a fence and went into the field to investigate. On my approach a prairie chicken sprang at the crow, struck at it with wings and beak and rushed back a short distance. About that time both crow and chicken saw me. The crow left and the chicken disappeared, but by a careful search I discovered 4 dead chicks, probably not over 48 hours old. They had all been mutilated, and I have not doubted an instant that the crow killed them.

Another time I saw a crow destroy a Bob White's nest of eggs.

I only wonder that Bob Whites and prairie chickens can hatch and mature in a place where crows are as numerous as they are in Western Indiana and Eastern Illinois.

If I had but one shell in my gun and should flush a game bird in season and a crow should caw within range, the crow would get my charge.

F. W. Myrick, Chicago, Ill.

A DANGEROUS EXPONENT OF NATURE.

W. T. H., IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

Few men who love the works of Nature are given to criticising others in print; but there are times when the expressing of one's opinion becomes a duty. When men begin to sew broadcast throughout schools, and among young people generally, unlimited quantities of questionable seed, it should be carefully inspected. Messrs. Ginn & Company's elaborate defensive pamphlet of "William J. Long and His Books" is a reminder that Mr. Long is now a public issue, and one not to be ignored by those who care for real natural history.

Mr. Long now has 9 books on the market, 4 of which are published specially for school use, at 50 cents each. Presumably they are already in a great many schools; and yet no other American writer calling himself a naturalist ever has been so universally condemned by real naturalists, both in and out of print, as William J. Long has. Among his defenders and exponents, as far as I know, there is not one naturalist.

To all persons, young and old, who are interested in Nature, who desire to learn only what is true, I express the belief that Mr. Long is the most visionary writer who has ever appeared before the American public in the guise of a naturalist. Any man with unlimited capacity for swallowing, as gospel truth, every silly story that is told him by the wild-animal liars of this world, is to be pitied; but when any man combines with limitless gullibility, a vaulting imagination which places on the acts of wild creatures only the most far fetched and wonderful interpretations, he is to be feared and avoided.

If William J. Long has seen all the wonderful things in wild life that he says he has seen, then has he observed more marvels of Nature than all other American naturalists combined. He writes smooth and pleasing fiction about the wonderful wisdom and superhuman doings of wild creatures, and vows it is all true. Any man who is able to swallow so palpable a hoax as the oriole's nest, illustrated in a recent number of "Science," and describe it as a genuine product of unassisted Nature, is about as wise as a chipmunk; and as a guide to the works of Nature he is about as valuable and safe as a mole.

Mr. Long has a command of language that any revivalist might envy. His marvelous tales of the wonderful things he has seen done by wild creatures gush forth like water from an open hydrant. We have seen that for an hour and a quarter he can hold his hearers spellbound "with a degree of hadmiration hamounting to hawe." To him no phase of Nature is mysterious; and in everything, from telepathy in the moose to the ratiocinations of a kingfisher his cocksureness is sublime.

The objectionable point of all this lies in the fact that Mr. Long continually and persistently conveys to the minds of people who know little of Nature totally false impressions of the mental capacity of wild animals. To those who think this is proper and right, I have nothing to say; but to those who wish to know of animals only the things that are true, I say prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

Let it not be understood, however, that I condemn the fiction stories of animals that openly stand as fiction. On the contrary, such wild animal hero-tales as "Mooswa" and "The Outcasts," by W. W. Fraser, are not only harmless, but healthful and beneficial, especially to the young. It is not claimed that they are true stories, and even the youngest child is not betrayed into false conclusions.

AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

One day in early fall I started off with my rifle, not so much that I intended shooting anything, but merely to have a friend with me. It was one of those beautiful Indian summer days. A cool Norther was blowing, and the sky was clear, except for the haze characteristic of that time of the year, veiling the far distance with its soft color. Those are the days when I feel contented with the world, and love to roam through the woods; when all cares slip from my mind, and I forget I have any mission on earth save to feast my eyes on the beauties of nature. They bring back to mind the days of youth, and my mind refuses to dwell on any thoughts except pleasant ones.

I was following a path through the woods to a spring, when I saw a grey squirrel, not 20 yards ahead of me, and coming my way. Noting that he had not seen me, I decided to see how much curiosity he possessed. I crouched on the ground behind a bush on one side of the path.

As the squirrel came around the bush he saw me. Curiosity got the better of his discretion, and he began to investigate the new object that lay in his way. He came within 6 feet of me, sitting erect, his paws on his breast, and turning his head to one side and to the other. As I did not move, he considered it safe to venture a little nearer. He would smell the ground near me, rear up on his hind legs and look, twitching his ears and cocking his head. Several times he came within arm's reach.

He ventured at last to smell my shoe, but still wasn't satisfied. He jumped on a stump near, as if he wanted a better view of me. He sat on the stump a while, twitching his tail and looking me over from head to foot. First he would sit erect, then drop partly down, then let one fore foot rest on the stump, holding the other against his breast. Still his curiosity seemed to have no bounds. I was getting tired of lying so still, and raised to my knees and holloed. Instantly the little animal bounded to a sapling near the stump, not over 6 feet tall. He was so thoroughly frightened that he took to the first tree. I kept still on my knees a few minutes. Back he came to the same stump, reconnoitered a little, jumped thence to a fence and went his way in the same direction he had been going at first.

MUST THE QUAIL GO TOO?

The question, "What has become of the wild pigeons that used to be here every year by tens of thousands?" is often asked by people who have seen these birds in their flight to and from their feeding grounds and roosts, but who have never actually seen the game hog at his dirty work.

The poor pigeons disappeared about the time of the advent of the breech loading shot gun. Just as surely as the wild pigeon disappeared before the breech-loader in the hands of the game hog, just so surely are our beautiful Bob Whites disappearing before the automatic and pump guns in the hands of the same animal. That the wild pigeon is gone, and that the quail is going, though perhaps not so fast, as he is better protected by nature, almost everyone who knows anything about the subject will admit. The question arises,—What is the remedy and how shall we proceed to protect Bob White before he has become extinct. One way is to prohibit the sale of game. Then the game hog will be done for. The wholesale murder for profit will cease. It is as thoroughly right to legislate against the sale of birds as against any other evil. Would it not have been much better to have saved a few wild pigeons by legislation against their wholesale slaughter than for that bird to have been exterminated? Our game laws are sufficient if properly enforced. What we need is a hustling game warden, who will do his duty without faltering; one who will arrest his best friend if caught breaking the game laws. Every true sportsman should give the game warden his support and influence; and every sportsman should be a warden unto himself and limit his own catch and kill.

Max Pattison, Memphis, Tenn.

RECREATION's 9th Annual Photo Competition closes November 30th, and amateur photographers intending to enter pictures should be on the alert every day for good subjects. Please read carefully the list of prizes and the conditions of entry, in the Photo Department of RECREATION. Keep your eyes wide open in your travels and always have your camera at hand. A prize winning subject may come within your reach when least expected.

Nell—He called me his dear little lamb.

Bell—And then what happened?

Nell—He gathered me into the fold.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Sporting goods.
Redifor Rod and Reel Co., Warren, Ohio.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN L. L. GOODRICH, OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE L. A. S.

Texas is a large State, and is known to be wild and woolly. It is not so wild as it used to be, but it has not yet discarded the wool.

As to the work of the League of American Sportsmen in Texas, it is not what it should have been, though our people are gradually becoming more and more interested, for I hear them cussing Shields on the street corners.

We had a game law previous to the last meeting of the Legislature that amounted to little, and that was not enforced. We have now a law that is about as good as any law in any State. I do not know how we got it. We stamped around and raised a good deal of dust and some smoke, and the law makers evidently thought there was fire somewhere. We wrote letters to the members of the Legislature and told them that something must be done. We got them interested and they passed our bill, which made the wild birds and animals the property of the State, and made it unlawful to kill non-game birds. It is now unlawful to sell or have in possession game birds in close season. The term game birds covers nearly everything but English sparrows and weasels. We are now allowed to shoot weasels instead of birds. We are not allowed to destroy nests or eggs of birds. The penalty for a violation of the game laws in Texas runs from $10 to $100. The old law allowed the shooting of deer to begin the first of September, when it is so warm in this country that unless a man should run all the way home the venison would spoil. Now we have an open season of 2 months, November and December. Each person is allowed to kill 8 bucks, and is not allowed to kill does or spotted fawns. The sale of deer skins is prohibited. We do not allow any netting or trapping. We do not allow the use of any weapon but a shoulder gun. We forbid the use of swivel guns, or headlights in hunting deer, and of dynamite in fishing. It is unlawful to kill mountain sheep or pheasants or antelope for 5 years. After that time we may kill 2 antelope and one sheep, providing we do not meantime have the close season extended. Turkeys may be killed 2 months in the year. There was no close season on doves until last year. Now they may be killed from the first of September; quails from the first of November to the 31st of January. We do not allow express companies to receive game for shipment unless the shipper furnishes a certificate, duly authenticated, and if a hunter wishes to take any birds home he must go on the same train. You are allowed to kill 25 quails and 25 ducks. A person is allowed to take that number of birds from any point in the State. We do not allow game birds to be shipped into or out of the State. A man said to me the other day that there was a lot of good game in Mexico, and it would taste mighty good in this country if it were fat. He wanted to make a dicker with me to ship some in, and I told him he would have to go around the Northern part of Texas. The carrier has a right to examine game offered for shipment.

For many years thousands of deer have been killed for the hides. I have seen in the International Railway station 5,000 hides piled up for shipment, but now all that is prohibited. We allow live game to be taken out for scientific purposes, but you must have a permit to do it.

In short, we have a good law, and it is being enforced. I do not know why. I don't know who is helping to enforce it. We have no game wardens, and we have some other officers in Texas who are not worth killing with a club. I have been an officer in San Antonio 24 years but in our country they do not strike at you with a club. They usually shoot at you or ride over you with a horse.

One gentleman went out dove shooting and when he came home he picked off some of the dove feathers. If he had burned them he would have been all right; but some one came along and collected a few for scientific purposes. The hunter discovered who the man was and made some remarks about it, and then the hunter had business up in El Paso. There was some bother getting him down; and he contributed $50 to the State for scientific purposes. His name is Sullivan, but I don't think he is related to John L. That was more than the quail was actually worth, and maybe more than the man was actually worth.

Texas has all manner of game, except caribou and elk. We have plenty of the cat kind, 2 kinds of deer, and poker. We have as good shooting as a man ever loaded a gun for, and as good fishing on the coast as you ever saw. We have some antelope and a few mountain sheep in the Davis mountains, on the Rio Grande; but the game I delight in has claws on 4 corners and teeth. We have the panther, or mountain lion; we have the ocelot, about the size of the wildcat. We have 3 kinds of bear, silvertip, black and brown, and in the summer a good many of the people get nearly bare. These are half breeds. In Eastern Texas we have numbers of black bear. In Northern Texas we have the prairie chicken. We also have some grouse down our way. We have an abundance of quail. In West Texas we have what we call blue quail; they are not much on the fly, but they are sure runners. They can run 100 to 150 miles in a day. It is hard to follow them. When the hunter gets back he uses lots of witchhazel. In Southwestern Texas everything that grows has thorns on it. This makes hunting interesting. It teaches the hunter to keep his eyes open.

Some Northern men come into North Texas, sidetrack their car, go out with their guns and get prairie chickens. There were 2 cases of this lately, and we made some remarks to the Attorney General. He said the county attorneys would have to attend to that matter; so we have been looking up the case. The cars did not leave any trail, but we may find some of the men. I hope none of them will prove to have been from Columbus, Ohio.

Those 2 cases of Northern men killing prairie chickens, and this man Sullivan, my $50 friend, are the only bad cases I know of.

I heard that down at Rockport they were feeding canvasback ducks to the hogs. I said I would better go down and see if they picked the ducks, for the hogs might choke on the feathers. Nobody knew me down there. I said to a man I met:

"How is game down here?" He said:

"Game is plenty." I said:

"Under this damn game law you can't kill but 25 birds." He said:

"It's rotten."

I talked to one of the game dealers, an Italian. He said, "Dees a dam game law jus a knocka me out $15,000 dees a year." I said:

"Well, I guess I can stand it if you can." I found another class of men down there who objected to our game laws in regard to birds they could kill and the market they could find for them. I met one on the train going down. He said:

"Say, pard; did you hear of this damn game law?" I says:

"What is it?" He says:

"They are only going to let us kill 25 birds."

"Gee whiz," I said; "let's go back. How many do you want to kill?"

He said, "I want to kill about a thousand."

I said, "What for?"

He said, "I want to pay my expenses down here."

I said, "If you haven't any money to spend I don't believe these people want you here."

Then I looked around to find the hog pens where they were feeding canvasback ducks to the hogs. I went back and reported to myself, quietly, that someone had lied.

I do not say we are doing great things down in Texas; but I will say that the laws, as they are on the statute books, will be enforced as far as I can enforce them, unless the men who violate them are too large and carry too many guns. There is a general feeling in favor of protecting the game, and, as I said before, I am surprised at the most excellent law we have, and the way it is being respected.

LEAGUE NOTES.

The League has been a decided benefit to this community. During the season of 1903, there was less illegal hunting here than ever before. The citizens are beginning to see that the L. A. S. means business as a game protector. We offer a bounty of 75 cents for foxes, as an inducement to the people to help us exterminate them. We fed the quails and wild turkeys while the snows were deep. All the members seem to be pleased with the past year's work, and are feeling confident that next year will be better than ever.

I am much in favor of prohibiting hunting with dogs, as dogs are taken into the deer country under the pretense that they are hunting birds. If the bird hunters were treated the same as deer hunters, there would be no legal excuse for roaming the mountains with a pack of dogs. No doubt such a bill would meet strong opposition, but it would settle the dog question.

A. B. Winchester,
Rear Warden McElhattan, Pa., Chapter.

The Blair county, Pa., chapter of the L. A. S. recently prosecuted S. A. Beeghley, J. J. Zimmerman and William Estright, of Coalport; William Smith, of Lloydsville; and Ross Williams and Jackson Feight, of Roaring Spring, for catching and retaining trout under 6 inches in length. Beeghley, Zimmerman, Williams and Feight were fined $10 each and costs, Ebright, $20 and Smith $35.

When these men were arrested Elmer Kuhn, of Coalport, interfered with the officers in the discharge of their duties and was himself arrested and fined $100 and costs, which he paid. Kuhn could probably have made more money by attending to his own business.

The L. A. S. is doing splendid work through some of its members. A short time ago I returned from a 3 months' bear hunting trip in Alaska and even in that far away land, the influence of the L. A. S. and its friends has wrought a wonderful change. Two years ago 1,000 or 1,200 deer skins in one shipment from Juneau to the State was not an unusual sight. Wholesale slaughter of moose, caribou and goats was also going on at the same rate. Fortunately, however, this is all a thing of the past, thanks to the effort of the League in securing a good game law in Alaska.

Gouverneur M. Phelps, New York City.

Game Warden F. B. Shirley, of Ohio, who is also a member of the League, arrested Jacob Maurer and 2 Italians for shooting ducks in violation of law. Maurer was fined $66.50 and the other men $44.84 each. The 3 men killed only one duck. Mighty expensive shooting.

Veto Citelli, Charles Aberzero and Joseph Ronzano were arrested near Pinecroft by special officers Schwenk and Burkholder of the Blair County Branch of the League of American Sportsmen, on the charge of shooting song birds. Arraigned before Justice of the Peace Isenberg of Bellwood, they were fined $25 each and costs which they paid.—Alton (Pa.) Gazette.

THE WASTED CANDY.

Luv is a funy thing fur wenn u gett
Itt in ure sistem ann ure gurl has ett
ure kandy ann sum feller kums aroun
hoose gott moar munny shee wil thro u down.
i thott that bigges burton gurl wuz fine.
Shee wuz thurtene ann i am onley nine
butt iff i luvd a gurl i woodunt kair
Abowt hur aige iff shee hadd luvly hare
ann feechers ann i woodunt stopp becuz
Shee wuz a few yeres difrunt than i wuz.

mi shee wuz luvly. Ann hur hare wuz black
Ann too big brades 'uv it hung down hur back.
i hadd a bag uv kandy thee furst time
i mett hur goin too skool ann i sez ime
A nabur uv ure fokes ann woant u take
this kandy. haf uv it belonged to blake
Butt i foargot abowt his shair ann shee
Sez mi u are too offul good too mee
ann woodunt shee be robin mee ann took
thee sack ann sed yes i mite take hur book.

i luvd hur a hoal weke ann evry day
wenn i hadd kandy i giv itt away
too her butt wenn i ast hur iff sheed go
too henry Beemus party shee sed no
Ann sed bil peerson wuz hur kumpuny
Shee koodunt go with such smal boys uz me.
ann henry bemus hurd hur say mi hand
wuz kuverd with big worts shee koodunt stand,
i no i gott worts butt shee didunt see
Um wenn shee took that kandy awl from me.

—J. W. Foley in Life.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Edited by J. A. Kingman.

SPORT.

The following entries were received for the Vanderbilt Cup Race to which reference was made in the October issue. Since then the 2 entries made by the White company have been withdrawn.

FRANCE.

Entered by H. P. and automobile. Driver.
Panhard & Levassor, 90, Panhard, M. Teste
Panhard & Levassor, 90, Panhard, G. Heath
Panhard & Levassor, 90. Panhard.
Clement-Bayard, 80, Clement, A. Clement
W. G. Brokaw, 90, Renault, M. G. Bernin
R. E. Jarrige, 90, De Dietrich, L. Regan

GERMANY

C. G. Dinsmore, 60, Mercedes.....Wernes
S. B. Stevens, 60, Mercedes........Owner
E. R. Thomas, 60, Mercedes....E. Hawley
George Arents, Jr., 60, Mercedes, C. Mendel
Isadore Wormser, 60, Mercedes.

ITALY.

A. G. Vanderbilt, 90, Fiat.......P. Sartori
William Wallace, 90, Fiat... ......Owner

UNITED STATES.

White S. M. Co., steam, White, R. T. White
White, S. M. Co., steam, White, Webb Jay
Pope Motor Car Co., 60, Pope-Tol, A. C. Webb
Pope Motor Car Co., 80, Pope-tol, H. Lyttle
Packhard M. C. Co., 30, Packard, C. Schmidt
C. A. Duer, 40, Royal......Joseph Tracy
S. & M. Simplex............Frank Croker

The race will have been won long before this issue of RECREATION goes to press, but I predict that this big event will be won by a foreign car. One reason for this is that there are 13 starters in the foreign class and only 5 starters in the American class. A number of the foreign built racers will be driven by professionals who have had long experience in the long distance automobile road races held abroad. This is the first American affair of the kind and our drivers are green at it. That is one reason more American firms have not entered. Some manufacturers who would have liked to enter cars could not do so. Others hesitated at the expense because these big racers cost thousands of dollars and incidental expenses are great.

UTILITY.

A newspaper has this to say about the future of the automobile:

> "In a few years there will not be a street car track in New York.
>
> "Five years ago there were no automobiles. During the last 12 months our automobile output exceeded in value all the locomotives built in America by $20,000,000, and the industry is scarcely out of its infancy. The trolley car and the draught horse will go together; there is no room in the crowded streets of our largest cities for either."

It is rather bold to predict the disappearance of the trolley car from the streets of the large cities in a few years, but that the country trolley is doomed seems less open to argument. A few years is an indefinite time, and as a matter of fact the betterment of the roads makes it so. Trolley cars run on smooth rails and in order to reduce the cost of tires for heavy automobiles, the roads must always be kept smooth and perfect. The idea of automobiles instead of trolleys appeals to one, for the change would mean the abandonment of the unsightly poles and wires, the eliminating of steel rails and the restoration of the highway to its pristine beauty, as it was in the old stage coach days. Power omnibuses have begun to be used in England and with such success as to cause comment at several meetings of steam railroad officials. In this country there is at least one case where the street car rails have been taken up and automobiles employed. The movement has begun.

Joints are numerous, often unnecessarily so, in most modern motor designs, and any improvement which reduces their number or size is to be welcomed, provided it does not involve too complicated castings or costly renewals. Some joints will be inevitable in any design, and the principal materials for making them are soft metals, fusible or infusible, such as lead and copper; asbestos, in the form of soft or hard sheet, string, and sheet of a third variety on a wire gauze base and containing some rubber admixture, which, though used for steam pipe joints, is to be avoided for most motor car purposes; leather, rubber, and finally the old familiar hemp and red lead, mixed with an equal part of white lead and made into a thick paste with linseed oil. This is always useful when making screwed unions in pipes which do not have to be often disunited.

One principle to be borne in mind when making joints is that the thinner the packing is the better, and the thin hard blue asbestos sheet is most satisfactory, especially where a water joint is unavoidable. For this purpose the sheet should be soaked in linseed oil, or smeared with tallow made into a thin cream with a petrol, which ensures its rapidly penetrating the sheet. The sheet may also be blackleaded on each surface to render its removal easier when the joint is to be re-made; but with a difficult joint this is better omitted.—Motor Car Journal.

This season's automobile racing on the tracks of the various large cities has been successful from a financial standpoint, large crowds assembled to see giant racers whirl about the course at more than express train speed. Undoubtedly the element of danger has drawn many and that the danger continues to exist is proven by several severe accidents. Such accidents have resulted from one important reason, namely, the dense clouds of dust raised by the racing cars, which, following close on each other, are sometimes entirely obscured. The sense of direction being lost, a car running at full speed crashes into the fence. The remedy is clear. The tracks should be well sprinkled. Oil can not be used on horse tracks, but water can, and if it had been liberally applied to some of the tracks this summer accidents would have been fewer.

The mile record for circular track was reduced this season to 52 4-5 seconds; this is at the rate of about 100 feet a second or nearly 69 miles an hour. This feat was performed by Earl Kiser, the old bicycle racing man, driving Alexander Winton's Bullet No. 2. The record for the straight away mile made at Ormond Beach by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., remains unbroken, one mile in 39 seconds; over 92 miles an hour.

Skidding is not uncommon with automobiles, and, as a source of possible danger, has received considerable attention from manufacturers, a number of appliances having been devised to render skidding, or side slipping, impossible. In turning the machine into dangerous places on asphalt pavements, the car is apt to slide or strike the edge of the curb unless great care is taken to operate the car slowly and carefully. No anti-skidding trials have been held in America, but a number of them have been promoted abroad, and have been of great value in showing the advantage of some of the details designed to prevent the skidding of an automobile on a greasy road or pavement. The results show that although many of these devices are of great value, they will not be an absolute preventive when the car is being driven by a careless operator. At the automobile show in New York last January there were an unusually large number of automobiles on the streets, moving among crowds of people. It was almost impossible for horse vehicles to proceed at all, whereas the automobiles were entirely at home and little skidding was noticeable. A great deal of sliding is due to a desire to go too fast through city streets.

Some interesting trials of small cars were recently held in Hereford, England, under the supervision and rules of the Automobile Club of Great Britain. This test was confined entirely to cars of light weight and prices under £200, or $1,000. Such cars appeal to the average purchaser as a substitute for the ubiquitous horse and buggy. The summary of the results shows that 38 cars were entered, none having less than 6 horse power or more than 10 horse power. Of these 38 cars, 9 broke down and retired before the conclusion of the trials, which consisted of 12 runs of 50 miles each. Four cars made 12 non-stop runs, 4 cars made 11 non-stop runs, and 5 cars made 10 non-stop runs. In short, the light cars performed with notable regularity and reliability, and demonstrated to many the improvement which has been going on in the light car class.

Charles J. Glidden, of Boston, is running his automobile touring car around the world. He has just arrived at Vancouver, B. C., having left Boston at the start of the St. Louis automobile run. Mr. Glidden made an extraordinary average of 23 miles an hour, but this was accomplished by removing the regular wheels from his car and replacing them with flanged wheels so that the car could be run on rails. In this manner Mr. Gilder drove his car from Minneapolis to Vancouver over the Canadian Pacific tracks, after attaining terrific speed of 60 miles an hour or more and beating the schedule of the fastest trains.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the well known English publisher, is in this country, and was recently interviewed by a New York Herald reporter. Mr. Harmsworth, as one of the most prominent automobilists in England, has had much experience in the sport, and made a somewhat surprising statement that there was no necessity for Americans to go abroad to buy their automobiles. Mr. Harmsworth has made a careful study of some of the later types of American machines, and says that in his opinion they are excellent in every way, thoroughly reliable, and very stylish cars.

Careful drivers are not killed in motor accidents, unless someone else runs into them. If you keep cool and hold the steering wheel firmly a burst tire can not cause any accident, even if running at full speed. If you do not know how to drive, you are sure to cause accidents. Many paid drivers should not be trusted with a car. If you wish a reliable driver address the automobile club in your vicinity, and do not take the first comer just because he wears an auto coat and cap.—Tutomobile Topics.

Russian whiskers don't seem quite equal to Japanese brains. on the field of battle.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

SUMMER FIELD WORK, U. S. BUREAU OF FORESTRY.

The past summer was the most active season in the federal forest service since the organization of the Bureau of Forestry. Organized parties of trained foresters did practical forestry work and conducted forestry investigations in 32 States and Territories. Practically every available man in the service was sent into the field, so that the bureau offices in Washington were deserted by all but the chiefs of the various sections and their clerical force.

California was the seat of the greatest activity, on account of the large amount of work the Bureau is doing in co-operation with the State. The State appropriated $15,000 for 2 years at the last session of the Legislature for an investigation of the forest conditions of the State and for a careful forest map. Thirty professional foresters, besides numerous forestry students and lay assistants, were employed in the California work alone.

Particular mention should be made of the work of the section of Forest Reserve Boundaries. The men in this section are cruising the present unreserved public lands which are forested to ascertain what lands should be permanently reserved from entry and held as forest reserves. They are working chiefly in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Washington, Oregon and California. The men work either alone or in pairs and frequently cover as much as 4 million acres in a season. The work is done on horseback in a country where the roads are frequently mere spotted lines or scars on the rocks, and is the most severe and dangerous work in any branch of the government service.

Following is a brief statement of the kind of work, the locality and the men employed in the field service of the Bureau the past summer:

ALABAMA.

Working plan for tract of Emmet O'Neal in Northern Alabama, in cooperation with the owner—H. W. Chittenden.

ALASKA.

Examination of lands for forest reserves, and additions to existing forest reserves—W. A. Langille, Nome, Alaska.

ARKANSAS.

Experiments in seasoning red and other inferior oaks—M. C. Jensen, Black Rock, Ark.; assistant, Manasseh Smith, Jr.

CALIFORNIA.

Study of forest problems in cooperation with the State—W. C. Hodge, Jr.; headquarters, Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.; assistants, W. F. Hubbard, E. H. Hareford; P. D. Kelleter, C. G. Smith, A. R. Powers, and A. E. Cohoon.

Study of sugar pine and Western yellow pine—A. W. Cooper; assistants, W. J. Wade, R. H. Allen, W. L. Porterfield, G. J. Traugott, B. J. Teasdale, E. R. Secrest, and G. H. Cecil.

Study of tanbark oak of Pacific coast—Professor. W. L. Jepson; permanent address, Berkeley, Cal.

Special studies of California trees, 4 leaf pine, Torrey pine, Bishop pine—Professor W. R. Dudley; permanent address, Stanford University, Cal.

Study of native and exotic acacias—Professor A. V. Stubenrauch; permanent address, Berkeley, Cal.

Cooperative planting plan for Griffith Park—G. B. Lull, Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.; assistants, H. O. Stabler, C. H. Sellers, and T. C. Zschokke.

Work on the Government nursery, San Gabriel Forest Reserve—T. P. Lukens, Pasadena, Cal.; assistants, A. T. Searle and W. F. Sherfesee.

Study of chaparral, Santa Barbara Forest Reserve and Southern Sierras—L. C. Miller, Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.; assistant, W. R. Mattoon.

Study of forest reproduction, Southern Sierras—J. D. Guthrie, Santa Barbara, Cal.; assistant, S. J. Flintham.

Study of forest fires and methods of prevention, Northern California, in cooperation with the State—E. A. Sterling, Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

Timber tests on red fir and Western hemlock in cooperation with the University of California—Professor L. E. Hunt, Berkeley, Cal.; assistant, Rolf Thelen.

COLORADO.

Establishment of forest nurseries, Pike's Peak Forest Reserve—Clyde Leavitt, Rosemont, Cal.; assistant, T. J. Taylor.

CONNECTICUT.

Timber tests, with special reference to the influence of moisture on strength of Southern pines, in cooperation with Yale University—Professor J. W. Toumey and H. D. Tiemann, Yale Forest School, New Haven, Conn.; assistant, Cornelius Barry.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Timber tests, with special reference to rates of growth of Southern pines—H. S. Betts; assistant, Prevost Hubbard.

Study of germination of pine seeds, in cooperation with Seed Laboratory at Washington, D. C., and on Dismal River Reserve—J. C. Blumer.

GEORGIA.

Improved methods of turpentine orcharding, experimental pine orchards secured by cooperation with Powell, Bullard & Co.—Frank Klarpp, Ocilla, Ga.; assistant, S. P. Woolfolk.

HAWAII.

Examination of lands for insular forest reserves—R. S. Hosmer, Honolulu, Hawaii.

IDAHO.

Working plan for Northern Pacific Railway Company, in cooperation with the company—A. K. Chittenden, St. Maries, Kootenai County, Idaho; assistants, G. M. Homans, and K. W. Woodward.

Preparation of forest map of Idaho—Smith Riley, Kooskia, Idaho; assistants, G. E. Tower and W. T. Cox.

ILLINOIS.

Study of the results of forest planting, Central Illinois—R. S. Kellogg, Roodhouse, Ill.; assistants, H. M. Hale, J. M. Nelson, Jr., M. B. Pratt, F. J. Phillips, and E. A. Ziegler.

INDIANA.

Timber testing at Lafayette, Ind., in cooperation with Purdue University—Dr. W. K. Hatt, Lafayette, Ind.; assistant, C. H. Hall.

IOWA.

Study of results of forest planting and preparation of planting plans in cooperation with land owners—H. P. Baker, Ames, Iowa.

KANSAS.

Preparation of planting plans in cooperation with land owners—Z. L. Bliss. (Also in Nebraska.)

KENTUCKY.

Working plan for Hillman Land and Iron Company in Western Kentucky, in cooperation with owners—A. B. Patterson, Eddyville, Ky.; assistants, W. H. von Bayer, A. C. Ringland, J. E. Barton, J. H. Hausenvald, W. J. Morrill, T. L. Hoover, and J. B. Anderson.

MAINE.

Study of fire prevention and control, in cooperation with the State—S. N. Spring, Orono, Me.; assistants, Louis Margolin, E. R. Hodson, J. H. Ramskill, and P. T. Harris.

MINNESOTA.

Inspection of lumbering, marking of timber, and forest measurements on lands to become the Minnesota National Forest Reserve—E. S. Bruce, Cass Lake, Minn.; assistants, G. E. Marshall, W. E. La Fountain, R. G. Giffin, W. R. McKinnon, Mark Burns, W. Wallace, and J. S. Baird.

MISSOURI.

Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, exhibit of Bureau of Forestry—Alfred Gaskill, Forest, Fish and Game Building, World's Fair, St. Louis.

Study of methods of wood preservation, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, in cooperation with several railroads—G. E. Clement, Missouri Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, Mo.; assistant, R. W. Ayres.

Special timber tests, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in cooperation with several railroads—Dr. W. K. Hatt, headquarters, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.; assistants, H. D. Hartley, G. W. Noyes, and M. Cline, Missouri Botanic Gardens, St. Louis, Mo.

Chemical experiments, with special reference to wood preservation and moisture contents of wood, St. Louis—E. B. Fulks, Missouri Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, Mo.

MONTANA.

Study of Western yellow pine—S. J. Record, Kalispell, Mont.; assistants, Max Rothkugel and J. F. Bond.

NEBRASKA.

Work on Government nursery, Dismal River Forest Reserve—C. A. Scott, Halsey, Neb.; assistants, F. W. Besley, W. H. Mast, F. B. H. Brown, E. C. Clifford, H. C. Neel, A. E. Oman, and T. D. Woodbury.

Study of results of forest planting, Eastern Nebraska—F. G. Miller, Station A, Lincoln, Neb.; assistants, L. M. Goodding, W. I. Hutchinson, G. W. Peavy, J. D. Warner, and L. L. White.

Study of forest replacement in Nebraska—Professor C. E. Bessey, Lincoln, Neb.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Working plan for Ansel Dickinson estate in Southern New Hampshire, in cooperation with the owner—C. A. Lyford, Ashuelot, N. H.; assistants, W. B. Piper and A. T. Boisen.

NEW MEXICO.

Seasoning and treating experiments, and tests of special forms of ties, in cooperation with Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads—H. A. Paul, Las Vegas, N. M.; assistant, Frederick Dunlap.

NEW YORK.

Execution of working plan for U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., in cooperation with the War Department—R. L. Marston, permanent address, 270 Crown street, New Haven, Conn.

Seasoning experiments on maple, beech, and birch crossties, with special reference to different methods of piling, in cooperation with New York Central Railroad—W. R. Wheaton, Utica, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Seasoning experiments on juniper poles, with special reference to effect of rafting, in cooperation with American Telegraph and Telephone Co.—D. G. Kinney, Wilmington, N. C.; assistant, J. Appleton.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Study of Western yellow pine in South Dakota—H. M. Curran, Nemo, S. D.; assistants, J. E. Keach, F. L. Pray, C. L. Hill, F. M. Patton, and E. G. Cheyney.

Study of results of forest planting, Eastern South Dakota—J. M. Fetherolf, Sioux Falls, S. D.; assistants, J. P. Wentling, H. B. Holroyd, S. G. Smith, O. T. Swan, and L. von Wernstedt.

Inspection of field work—G. L. Clothier. (Also in Illinois and Nebraska, and preparing of planting plans in Oregon.)

TEXAS.

Working plan and planting plan for New York and Texas Land and Cattle Company, in Western Texas, in cooperation with the company—H. H. Chapman, Amarilla, Texas. Party from Forest Extension, J. Fred Baker, W. B. Hadley and A. S. Peck.

Investigation of different methods of piling and laying ties, and tests of special forms of ties, in coöperation with Southern Pacific and Sante Fe railroads — Frank Tompkins, Somerville, Tex.

Tie-seasoning experiments, in coöperation with the Southern Pacific and Sante Fe railroads—H. J. Brown, Silsbee, Tex.; assistant, C. E. Feagin.

Study of forest conditions of the Big Thicket country—Prof. W. L. Bray, Austin, Tex.

UTAH.

Study of forest reproduction preparatory to forest planting, Salt Lake Forest Reserve—A. F. Hawes, Salt Lake City, Utah; assistant, C. D. Mell.

WASHINGTON.

Working plan for Weyerhaeuser Timber Company in Washington, in co-operation with the company—C. S. Chapman, care Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Tacoma, Wash.; assistant, H. D. Everett.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Working plan for the United States Coal and Oil Company, in co-operation with the company—R. C. Hawley, W. Va.; assistants, C. H. Farnum, A. O. Waha, F. A. Silcox, J. B. Dumont, C. A. Mathewson, and C. J. Buck.

WISCONSIN.

Study of forest conditions in co-operation with the State—E. M. Griffith, Madison, Wis.; assistant, R. F. Nash.

WYOMING.

Study of lodgepole pine—P. G. Redington, Moran, Wyo.

Regional Studies.

NEW ENGLAND.

Preparation of plants in co-operation with landowners (also in Ohio Valley)—S. B. Detwiller.

EASTERN STATES.

Location and measurements of permanent sample plots—Prof. H. S. Graves, Milford, Pa.; assistant, G. H. Myers.

Inspection of experiments in wood preservation—Henry Grinnell.

SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS.

Studies of Southern hardwoods—Walter Mulford, in Tennessee; assistants, W. B. Greeley, preliminary examinations in Tennessee; H. D. Foster, preliminary examinations in North Carolina; H. G. Merrill, with working-plan party on tract of United States Coal and Oil Company in West Virginia; J. S. Holmes, commercial tree study at Townsend, Tenn.; assistants, D. Skeels, T. A. Casey, J. R. Weir, J. E. Gow, H. D. Burrall, W. H. Kempfer, J. E. Lagdameo.

MIDDLE WEST.

Study of second growth—R. G. Zon.

Woodlot examinations—W. G. Weigle.

WESTERN STATES.

Seasoning and treating experiments in Washington, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Texas, in co-operation with the Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Sante Fe railroads—R. P. Imes; headquarters, Missouri Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, Mo.

Tie-seasoning experiments on lodgepole pine and Western hemlock, Sheridan, Wyo., and Tacoma, Wash., in co-operation with Northern Pacific Railroad, H. B. Eastman.

Examination of lands for new forest reserves, additions to existing forest reserves, and releases of reserved lands.

In Montana and Wyoming—Coert Du Bois; assistants, Elers Koch, J. H. Hatton, and W. H. B. Kent.

In Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona—R. E. Benedict; assistant, R. V. R. Reynolds.

In Washington, Oregon, and California—H. J. Tompkins; assistants, R. B. Wilson and F. W. Reed.

Study of forest grazing—A. F. Potter.

RAILROAD TIES.

The annual consumption of ties on the 203,132 miles of railroad track in this country is 114,000,000. Every year finds it harder for the railroads to get their supply. Granite, metal and concrete ties have been experimented with but nowhere permanently adopted and the indications are that wooden ties are not soon to be displaced. In Europe the railroads have for a long time been treating their ties by various chemical processes which have more than trebled their lives, but so far this country has been loath to bear the extra expense of preserving ties. The Bureau of Forestry has been conducting experiments along these lines for some time. The latest results of these investigations are given in Bulletin 50 of the Bureau: Cross Tie Forms and Rail Fastenings with Special Reference to Treated Timbers, by Dr. Hermann von Schrenk.

William Tell was boasting of his steady nerve.

"Yes," said a friend, "I know about that apple incident, but did your wife ever find a yellow hair on your coat?"

And Bill shut up.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

USES AND PROPAGATION OF WILD RICE.

The seed of wild rice has been used as food by the Indians, particularly those of the middle Northwest, since as long ago, at least, as the first acquaintance of the white man with their customs. Since the advent of the white man, the Indian of the upper Mississippi valley has continued to use large quantities of wild rice, notwithstanding the abundance of other forms of cereal food, such as flour and corn meal, and this in spite of the fact that the harvesting and curing of the seed require arduous labor. Wild rice, as prepared for food by the Indians, is highly esteemed by many white men who have had the opportunity of testing it, and the entire available supply now sells at 2 to 3 times the price of ordinary white rice. Wild rice is an important food of ducks and other game birds, and many clubs and other owners of feeding grounds of such wild fowl have attempted to grow this grain, with varying success. To supply the demand for information on the subject, the United States Department of Agriculture has carried on extensive studies of wild rice propagation and uses.

While by far the largest demand for information regarding this plant has come from men or organizations wishing to secure viable seed for planting near shooting grounds to attract wild fowl, the possibility of preparing from one seed a large and regular supply of a nutritious and highly flavored cereal food has received some attention. The importance of maintaining good feeding grounds for wild fowl, of which the propagation of wild rice is an important element, would perhaps be conceded by all, and the desirability of propagating a plant which will make the otherwise waste areas of the upper Mississippi valley yield a valuable and highly esteemed cereal is also evident.

While wild rice and the ordinary rice both belong to the great family of grasses, the 2 grains are not closely related botanically. Wild rice contains some 13 per cent. protein and 75 per cent, carbohydrates, with a little fat and ash, the fuel value being about 1,600 calories a pound. Ordinary rice contains 8 per cent. protein and 79 per cent. carbohydrates; barley 8.5 per cent. protein and 78 per cent. carbohydrates; and rolled oats 17 per cent. protein and 66 per cent, carbohydrates; the fuel value of these grains being 1,600, 1,650 and 1,850 calories a pound respectively.

As will be seen, wild rice resembles common cereal grains in composition. As is the case with wheat, rye, barley, and other grains, the greater portion of the nutritive material consists of carbohydrates, although the quantity of protein is proportionately large. Wild rice contains little fat, in this respect resembling rice, barley, and wheat more closely than corn and oats. In composition and fuel value, it compares favorably with the common cereal grains. Little is known of the comparative digestibility of wild rice, but from its extended use by the Indians and others it seems safe to assume that this grain is wholesome, and, as said above, analysis shows that it is, like the more common cereals, a nutritious food. As far as can be learned no extended study of the proteids, fats, and carbohydrates of wild rice has been carried on. Some tests which were recently made showed that starch is present in large quantities and in the form which gives a blue color and iodin; and indications were observed of an enzyme which caused fermentation of the grain when moistened. The grain is usually parched to aid in the removal of its outer hull, and is beaten and tramped before winnowing. This breaks most of the grains into large or smaller fragments so that the resulting product resembles the so called cracked grain, a form in which common cereals like wheat are often eaten. The unbroken grain is not unlike a slim kernel of wheat in appearance, its outer covering being dark brown or almost black in color, when the grain is well ripened. If this dark layer is removed the grain is almost white and has something of the translucent appearance of rice.

When wild rice is soaked in water, a peculiar odor is noticeable, recalling that of damp hay. When it is boiled it also possesses a characteristic odor, something like that of boiled barley. The raw grain has a starchy taste, while the cooked grain resembles barley much more than it does white rice in taste. The flavor of wild rice is characteristic and is relished by many. When cooked, the wild rice kernels expand to about 2 or 3 times their original size, and except for the bits of dark outer covering ordinarily present the cooked material is of a grayish white color. In Minnesota and adjacent States where wild rice is best known it is usually eaten as a breakfast cereal, or cooked in much the same manner as ordinary white rice.

PUNCH.

Concerning the name punch, the author of "Cakes and Ale" states that "Doctor Kitchener, an acknowledged authority, during his lifetime, on all matters connected with eating and drinking, has laid it down that punch is of West Indian origin, and that the word when translated means 5; because "there be 5 ingredients necessary in the concoction of the beverage. But Doctor Kitchener and his disciples, of whom there be many, may go to the bottom of the cookery class; for although from the large connection which rum and limes have with the mixture, there would seem to be a West Indian flavor about it, the word 'five' when translated into West Indianese is nothing like 'punch.'" Having satisfied themselves that this is a fact, modern authorities have tried the East Indies for the source of the name, and have discovered that *panch* in Hindustani really does mean "five." "Therefore," says one modern authority, "it is named punch from the 5 ingredients which compose it, spirit, acid, spice, sugar, water." Another modern authority calls punch "a beverage introduced into England from India, and so called from being usually made of 5 (Hindi, *panch*) ingredients, arrack, tea, sugar, water and lemon juice." This sounds far more like an East Indian concoction than the other; but at the same time punch, during the latter half of the 19th century, at all events, was as rare a drink in Hindustan as *bhang* in Great Britain. The *panch* theory is an ingenious one, but there are plenty of other combinations, both liquid and solid, of 5 to which the word punch is never applied; and about the last beverage recommended by the faculty for the consumption of the sojourner in the land of the Great Mogul would, I should think, be the entrancing, seductive one which we Britons know under the name of punch. Moreover, it is not every punch concoctor who uses 5 ingredients. In the minds of some youthful members of the Stock Exchange, for the most part, water is an altogether unnecessary addition to the alcoholic mixture which is known by the above name. And what manner of man would add spice to that delight of old Ireland, "a jug o' punch?" On the other hand, in many recipes, there are more than 5 ingredients used.

After all, the origin of the name is of but secondary importance, as long as you can make punch.

FOODS SOLD IN PACKAGES.

Foods sold in packages are as a rule more expensive than the same articles sold in bulk. On the other hand, they are not handled so much as bulk goods, and are to a greater or less extent protected from dirt and insects.

That the package idea in foods is popular with the American housewife is shown by the marvelous sale of breakfast foods. According to a recent writer, "Already there are more than a hundred varieties of cereal, fruit and nut foods on the market, with an output of nearly $50,000,000 worth a year. In the food factories the cartons are cut, printed and folded automatically; and after they have been automatically filled with cereal food they are closed with paste and machinery. One Chicago factory spends more than $5,000 a day on cartons. One factory spends more than $100,000 a year for paraffine paper to wrap the product inside the carton. It is estimated that it costs $400 to $800 in advertising to sell $1,000 worth of breakfast food; but as a market can be created for the product in no other way, the manufacturers must spend money in persistent publicity.

"It will be seen at a glance, therefore, that the package idea in foods costs money; but the consumer is willing to pay for it. What does it mean to the consumer? What advantage is there in the package idea over the open cracker barrel of our boyhood days, in which the cat slept at night, in which the mice played hide and seek, and from which we filled our pockets before going to school? It is easy to see that cleanliness and purity are on the side of the package product; that is, if the factory is clean, and most of them are. In eating the contents of a carton of cereal food you at least feel that you do not include the sweepings of a grocery store or the dust blown in from the street; but the package food has more than this to commend it. It is a picked food, and a picked food means picked men and women for an age in which the race for achievement calls for the best brains and brawn that the best dietetic science can produce."

Have you any friends who are interested in hunting, fishing, natural history, game protection or amateur photography? If so why not send each of them a year's subscription to Recreation for a Christmas present? The stories in Recreation are the actual experiences and observations of men who live out of doors, who shoot, fish photograph and study nature; and they depict outdoor life as it is.

In no other way could you give a friend so much value for the money as by making him a present of Recreation.

"Perkins entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, 20 years ago, that whenever either lost temper, or stormed, the other was to keep silence."

"And the scheme worked?"

"Admirably. Perkins has kept silence 20 years."—London Tid Bits.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE BIG GAME STATE.

Latest reports tell of plenty of big game in all parts of Northern Maine.

The Bangor & Aroostook railroad has pushed its 400 miles and more of steel pathway far into the favorite haunts of Maine's big game. This makes it easy for visiting sportsmen to ride in the height of comfort to the very station of their choice. Then one is in closest touch with the game itself, and whether or not he carries home a handsome trophy depends on his own skill and prowess as a hunter.

In order that sportsmen may become more familiar with the manifold attractions of the Maine woods, the passenger department of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad has issued a 180 page guide book entitled "In the Maine Woods," which is sent to any address by C. C. Brown, G. P. & T. A., Bangor, Me., on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage. This book is beautifully illustrated with over 100 half tone cuts depicting hunting, fishing, canoeing, camp life and rare scenic effects in the immense playground of which it treats, has 2 full page colored inserts, and is replete from cover to cover with just such information as the sportsman is most in need of and most anxious to know before making a trip to the Maine forests.

GODFREY'S ACTION REFUTES CHARGES.

Chas. J. Godfrey, 4 Warren street, New York city, is one of the old time reliable gun dealers of this city. He advertised in RECREATION during 1896 and 1897 and when I advanced my rates he withdrew. According to some of the liars who are active in advertising RECREATION, I should then have denounced him and should have improved every effort to turn trade away from him. On the contrary, I recognized Mr. Godfrey's right to advertise in RECREATION or not, as he might see fit, just as I recognize the right of every advertiser in the world. Mr. Godfrey and I have been good friends all these years, and have had many a pleasant chat during that time. He comes back into RECREATION of his own free will and accord, and will probably be represented in its pages for years to come. Whether he does or not is his own affair, and I bespeak for him the confidence and good will of all my readers. I assure them that any orders they may entrust to him will be carefully and promptly filled.

Mr. Godfrey prints a complete catalogue of sportsmen's goods, which can be had by writing him a postal card. When you do this please mention where you saw his ad.

As the holiday season approaches good men are looking about for appropriate presents for their lady friends. All such should remember that the old reliable house of Higgins & Seiter, 50 West 22d street, New York city, carries the most complete and extensive stock of fine cut glass and china ware in the world. They issue a beautiful catalogue which contains artistic illustrations of many of their leading articles. A copy of this catalogue can be had for the asking, and it will prove of great interest and assistance to any one who is struggling with the holiday problem. Among the great variety of goods carried by this house I can think of nothing more appropriate for a married woman than one of the tomato or watermelon sets advertised in RECREATION. These plates are hand painted in beautiful designs and are put up in a case the shape and color of a big watermelon or a big tomato, as desired. Then there are cut glass salad bowls, dinner sets, exquisite glass and china vases and a great variety of other articles that would delight the heart of any woman, married or single.

In writing for catalogue, please mention RECREATION.

The sportsmen of the Puget Sound country owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Frank Alling, of Tacoma, who has for several years past been importing and liberating Chinese and Japanese pheasants and quails in the vicinity of Tacoma, Seattle, and other coast towns.

Mr. Alling has also imported many thousands of black bass from Eastern waters, and has planted them in lakes in the vicinity of the Sound. Some of these experiments were made several years ago and one lake is now so well stocked with black bass that anglers are enjoying excellent sport there. Mr. Alling is one of the most enterprising and liberal men in that country and is constantly on the lookout for some opportunity to benefit his fellow men. At this writing he is making a long tour of the Eastern States and avails himself of every opportunity to draw the attention of young men and women to his home city, Tacoma, which, by the way, is growing at a remarkable rate. Mr. Alling suggests that all persons looking for homes in the West should write the Chamber of Commerce, at Tacoma, asking for information.

D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co. have moved from Syracuse, N. Y., to Defiance, Ohio, where they have put up a fine new building of ample size, fully equipped with modern gun making machinery and affording ample office room for handling their rapidly increasing business.

The company has been reorganized with additional capital, an increased number of skilled mechanics have been employed and, in fact, Uncle Dan has one of the finest gun factories in the country.

As every shooter knows, Uncle Dan has been in the business over 40 years, and thousands of the best and finest guns in use in this country are specimens of his handiwork. He will still give personal supervision to the selecting of material and the making, finishing and inspection of every gun turned out of the new factory; and whenever you see a gun with the name D. M. Lefever stamped on it you may know it is as good a gun as can be made for the price.

When you write the company please mention Recreation.

Thousands of amateur photographers who have had occasion to visit professional studios have been surprised at the antiquated, rough looking cameras and other equipments found in such places. These goods are usually on the order of carpenters' work benches, or of the fede boxes to be found in any well regulated barn. There is no reason why a professional photographer should not have well finished, tasteful cameras, plate holders, work benches, tables, etc. The Century Camera Co., of Rochester, N. Y., has realized the need of improvement in such goods, and is now making and putting on the market for the use of professionals a line of cameras that are more like, in finish and working qualities, the fine goods which these people have been turning out exclusively for amateur photographers. The enterprising professional will hail this new departure with delight and the Century people will certainly receive large numbers of orders for their new outfits.

Spratt's Patent, Newark, N. J., has issued a pocket map of the World's Fair at St. Louis which will be of special value to all sportsmen visiting the Fair. It indicates by a conspicuous red star the location of the Forest, Fish and Game Building, in which Spratt's exhibit is placed, and with this map at hand any person may make a beeline for that building as soon as he gets through the gates.

The map shows as well the locations of all the other buildings, and there is an index in the margin by means of which any building or any section of the grounds may be easily found.

Every intending visitor to the Fair should write Spratt's Patent for a copy of this map.

In accordance with a rule instituted some years ago, the C. P. Goerz Optical Works in Berlin have again this year given a week's holiday to all the workmen of their factories in Berlin and Winterstein, Germany, as well as the employees in the New York branch factory. The workshops in Germany were closed from September 5th to 12th, and in New York from August 20th to 27th. Taking into consideration that the firm is working overtime, with day and night shifts, the value of this concession to their workmen who receive full pay for the week of vacation, will be all the better appreciated.

J. N. Prothero, of DuBois, Pa., is in the market with a new gun cabinet, and I suggest that all readers of Recreation who may be looking for anything of that kind write him for his catalogue. This cabinet is not so large as some of the others and consequently not so expensive. It is made of well seasoned oak, by skilled workmen, and while it holds 5 guns, it requires but 2 square feet of floor space. The cabinet sells at $15 and should certainly prove a good investment to any man who has one or more guns to take care of.

In writing for catalogue please mention Recreation.

J. M. Lyon & Co., 65 Nassau street, New York city, whose advertisement appears in this issue of Recreation, is one of the oldest and most reliable diamond and jewelry houses in this city. They have been in business since 1843 and are rated in the trade as thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. Persons desiring to make holiday presents to their friends may, therefore, safely entrust mail orders to Lyon & Co. and feel confident of fair and honest treatment.

In writing them please mention Recreation.

T. H. Garrett, Jr., of Albany, N. Y., is making an oarlock with ball bearings that is a great improvement on any form of lock I have ever used. I have tested a pair of these locks and find them exceedingly pleasant and practical. Friends of mine who have tried them also like them enthusiastically. Every man who owns a row boat should have a pair of these oarlocks. In writing for a circular please mention Recreation.

Columbus, O.

Mr. Thos. H. Guthrie, Newark, N. J.
Dear Sir:

The boots reached me safe and in good condition. They are perfect, and fit like a pair of gloves. They are worth more than you ask for them and I will gladly show them to my friends. I hope you may receive many orders from here.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. Woods, M.D.

A GREAT LOSS TO THE LEAGUE.

Mr. Chas. F. Emerson, who for 5 years past has so ably filled the position of Chief Warden of the Pennsylvania Division of the League of American Sportsmen, died at his home in Titusville, Pa., September 6th last. In his death the cause of game and bird protection has lost a friend and a worker whose place it will be well nigh impossible to fill. During all these years he has repeatedly neglected his own business to make long journeys to remote parts of his district and to the annual meetings of the League, and has always contributed largely from his private means in carrying on this work. He has persistently declined to accept any of the funds accruing from League memberships in his Division, insisting that all such money should be expended from this office in our general work; yet the work of his Division has been carried on as vigorously and as systematically as in any of the others.

Mr. Emerson was an ideal American gentleman and sportsman. Furthermore he was a true and generous friend of the wild animals and birds, and no task assigned him was too onerous or too difficult to be performed promptly and efficiently.

The high esteem in which Mr. Emerson was held by his fellow townsmen was feelingly expressed in these words by the clergyman who spoke over his remains:

"Next to Mr. Emerson's love of country should be placed his love of nature. He knew a great deal about God's out-of-doors, and enjoyed mountain and stream, bird and flower. A love of nature goes hand in hand with an appreciation of everything that makes for human culture. He maintained among us the traditions of the cultivated gentleman. Give to that word gentleman its historic meaning and when you say he was a gentleman you have used the word that really describes his character. I have heard that phrase applied to him very often this week. Thus the community appreciates his character. He was gentle, considerate, courteous, kind, helpful."

The many officers and other members of the League who have met Mr. Emerson in the various annual assemblies thereof, will all say amen to this sentiment.

PRIZES FOR GOOD DRAWINGS.

With a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds and the development of artistic taste, RECREATION now offers a series of prizes as follows:

For the best sketch of a live wild animal in action, $10.

For the best sketch of a live wild bird in flight or other action, $8.

For the best sketch of a live domestic animal in action, $6.

For the best sketch of a live domestic fowl in flight, or other action, $5.

Studies may be made in black and white wash, pen and ink, or pencil, my preference being in the order stated. They must be from life and not from other pictures.

The sketches may be made on any kind of paper or drawing board and of any size desired, though I prefer to have them on paper at least twice as large as a RECREATION page.

All sketches which may be published, and for which prizes may not have been awarded, will be paid for at the rate of $1 each.

Contestants must write on back of picture full name, address, and age.

This competition is limited to persons under 20 years of age, and a letter from one of the parents or from the legal guardian of each contestant must accompany each drawing, certifying that the age of the contestant is as stated thereon.

Competition will close Feb. 28, 1905.

Drawings should be packed flat and with a sufficient quantity of straw board to keep them from being damaged in the mails; and on account of the required writing on the backs of the drawings it will be necessary to prepay them at letter postage rates.

Address drawings and correspondence relating thereto, Art Editor RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

In these days of frenzied competition in the making of literature a publication must have a reason for its existence or it can not exist long.

RECREATION'S mission on earth is the preservation of the wild animals, birds, game fishes and the forests of this country. One way in which it is accomplishing its work is by rebuking men who slaughter game, fish and song birds. In the 10 years of its life RECREATION has made a reputation for itself in this field that is unique, and that has extended to all parts of the English speaking world. This magazine is loved, revered and quoted by all good sportsmen and nature lovers. Other things being equal, these people buy the goods advertised in RECREATION, in preference to those not so advertised.

If, therefore, you have anything to sell to good people advertise it in RECREATION and you will hear from thousands of its readers.

SOME OF MATTESON'S MISTAKES.

In Collier's Weekly of August 20, 1904, appeared an article signed by Sumner W. Matteson, entitled "The Passing of the Buffalo," in which there are a number of errors. These are of so serious and so misleading a nature that they should not be allowed to pass without correction.

In the opening paragraph of his story Mr. Matteson says: "In the badlands of the Flathead country there is a herd of over 300 buffaloes running at large."

There are no badlands, properly speaking, in the Flathead country. That is a level, fertile, beautiful valley, nearly 100 miles long, drained by the Flathead river and enclosed on both sides by high, rocky mountains.

Farther on Mr. Matteson says:

"The buffalo herd now in the badlands are where humans seldom venture, and where they are watched over by a herder who scarcely ever leaves his ambush except to secure provisions."

This statement is ridiculous. There are now living in that country some hundreds of Flathead Indians, and white men who are married to Indian squaws, and there has probably not been a day in any summer month during the past 10 years that white men from other places have not traveled through the Flathead valley on some of the main roads or trails which traverse it.

The herder is not in ambush and does not have to leave the range to get provisions. He can sleep in a good frame house every night and eat at a table, with a family, at least twice every day without neglecting his charge.

Prof. M. J. Elrod, of the State University of Montana, writes me on this point as follows:

"The herder has but a few miles to travel to get to settlers' homes. The main traveled road crosses the Flathead valley, traveled daily by many teams and regularly by a stage and is used by hundreds of people every week. I have seen buffalo on the roadside while passing along, and it is but a journey of an hour or 2 from the road to where the buffalo usually roam."

Here is another misleading statement:

"It seems fitting that this natural range, from which the buffalo were all killed off in the early 50's by the Hudson bay traders, should offer a hope of reclaiming the beast."

Early in the 70's a few buffaloes still remained in the Mission range, and in 1875 4 yearlings were there captured alive by a half breed."

No buffaloes were ever killed in the Flathead valley by Hudson bay traders, or any one else. Not since 1840 has the buffalo inhabited any portion of that country, even if it ever did. There is no evidence that it ever inhabited the Mission range, which is one of the highest and most precipitous portions of the Rocky mountain system. On the contrary, in 1873, a party of Flathead Indians crossed the Rocky range into Eastern Montana, to hunt buffalo, as had been their custom for years. They saw there evidence that the Westward march of so-called civilization, preceded by an army of skin hunters from the States, would soon wipe out the buffalo. So these Flatheads captured 3 calves and carried them across the mountains on their ponies, feeding them meantime on mare's milk. When the Indians arrived at their village they taught the calves to nurse domestic cows. From that beginning sprang the Allard-Pablo herd of buffaloes, which in 1901 numbered 390 head.

I visited the Flathead country in 1883 and photographed the Allard herd of buffaloes, which at that time numbered 35 all told.

It is always well for a man to know what he is talking about before he undertakes to instruct others.

Ralph, the son of Joseph, surnamed Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, while a hunting trip in Montana last fall, killed an antelope in violation of the State law. He was arrested, gave bail and came home. The case was called in a Montana State court a few weeks ago and Pulitzer was on hand. He had previously entered a plea of not guilty, but when he came to face the music, he withdrew his plea and entered one of guilty. Judge E. K. Cheadle fined him $500, the maximum sum allowed by law, and Pulitzer paid it. The L. A. S. secured the passage of the law under which Mr. Pulitzer was convicted and punished and Ralph probably does not love the League now.

Henry Murdock, of Warrensburg, N. Y., is alive to-day because the man who mistook him for a deer and shot at him failed to hit a vital part. The bullet passed through Murdock's right wrist, burned the skin across his stomach, made a slight wound in his left arm and went on its way. This is one of the few instances in which a fool hunter having mistaken a man for a deer and shot at him has failed to bag him.—Editor.

James E. Higgins, while hunting in the Adirondacks in September last, shot and instantly killed William Cowles, his guide.

While I do not approve of strikes on general principles, I would not blame the Adirondack guides if they should strike for higher pay on account of having to serve as targets for their customers, as well as pathfinders.

Mr. F. W. Marsh, of Hunter, N. Y., went among his friends the other day, told them they should join the League, and 46 of them did so. Mr. Marsh collected a dollar from each and sent in his check for $46 to cover. Any live man can do likewise in any live town. I wish there were a thousand Marshes in the United States.

Do not forget to write the game and fish hogs as requested in July Recreation, page 60. The fellows I have previously roasted will, of course, write these men letters of condolence, and I am anxious that the approvals of my course shall far outnumber the other kind.

JOHNNYCAKE AN' PUMPKIN PIE.

H. B. CROSBY.

The river's bluffs all splashed with red,
Of the ivy's brilliant hue,
Remind me of a change ahead,
For nature's always true.
An' to the fact my thoughts awake,
That the time is drawin' nigh,
When corn is turned to johnnycake,
An' pumpkins are turned to pie.

When the frost has touched the valleys,
An' the noisy blackbirds start
To collectin' 'round at rallies,
Gettin' ready to depart,
Then I find my memory wakin',
An' I feel a longin' rise,
For the time when folks are makin'
Johnnycake an' pumpkin pies.

When I hear the partridge drummin'
In the brush soon after dawn,
It just sets my blood to hummin',
Like it used to years agone;
For it makes me well remember,
That with Indian summer skies,
I will get, 'long in November,
Johnnycake an' pumpkin pies.

So it is where'er I wander,
On these gorgeous autumn days,
Sights an' sounds both make me ponder,
Over life's most pleasant ways;
An' amid its joys so fleetin',
That have never caused a sigh,
I find none ahead of eatin'
Johnnycake an' pumpkin pie.

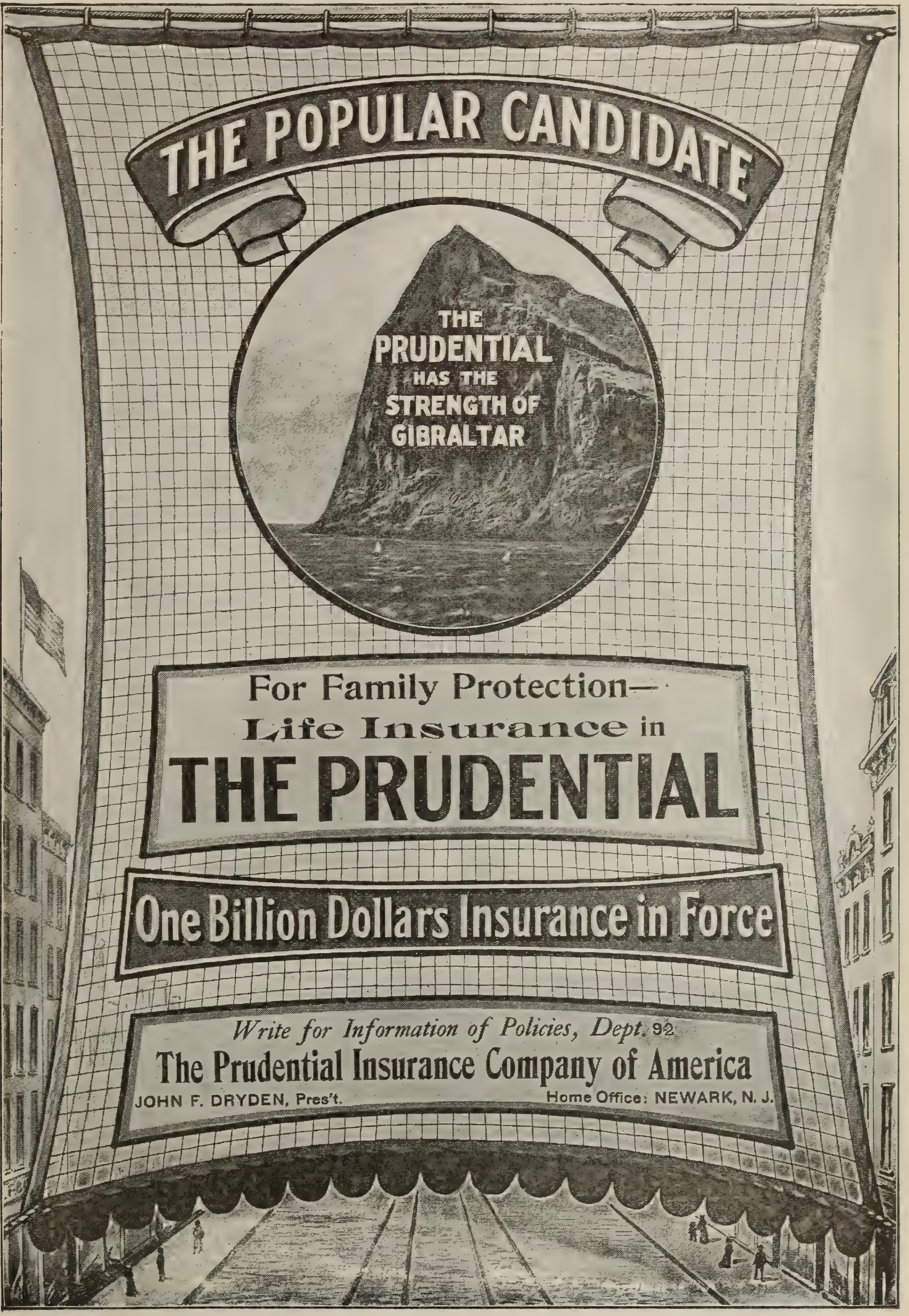
A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion.

A yearly subscription to Recreation, furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.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A HUNT IN MEXICO.

September 1st I received a letter from my good friend J. C. saying all would be in readiness to leave San Luis Potosi on the 15th for our annual hunt. To me the last week before starting time seemed exceedingly long; my wife, too, was in poor health and anxious to be away from the noise and discord of city life.

Accordingly, on the 13th we boarded the Mexico-St. Louis Limited of the Mexican National railway, the fastest train in the Republic, and were off. After 15 hours around towering mountains and across beautiful plains we arrived in San Luis on time. There we spent Sunday with our hunting friends, and Monday morning 5 men and one plucky little woman gathered at the station. Besides J. C. there were Jack H., Rev. D., and the Major. At 4 o'clock the whistle blew for Micos station, and with guns, bedding, and grub, we alighted and began arranging a temporary home.

The station house, with the exception of a few palm leaf huts, was the only sign of human habitation. Within a stone's throw sweeps the deep, blue Micos river, abounding with blue channel catfish. A mile below camp the river makes a series of leaps, producing the most beautiful falls and rapids I have ever seen. Along these rushing waters is a favorite resort of turkeys, *faisans* (a brown pheasant nearly as large as a turkey) and many blue pigeons.

Next morning before daylight we had eaten our breakfast and were 2 miles from camp up the track. To find game one never needs to go far from the railroad, as deer and turkeys are seen daily along the right of way, while the great spotted leopard or *tigre*, as he is called here, must be hunted more persistently.

The mountains are heavily wooded, while the smaller hills are bare in places. There is much jungle, but enough open country to make hunting pleasant. Great swaying palms abound in every direction, and these are alive with 3 kinds of parrots and countless numbers of other birds, some of most gorgeous plumage.

Not far from the track I saw a whitetail go into the thicket, and sent a 38-55 in that direction, with no evil effects to the deer. After a few minutes I saw several deer scampering up the mountain side beyond the reach of my black powder. I returned to camp to find that every man had seen deer, and every one had an explanation why he did not get one.

Jack had never killed a deer, and I had promised to eat hair, hide and horns of all he brought in. We were out bright and early the next morning, and before 8 o'clock that very Jack had drawn first blood. It was a yearling buck, and the proud hunter returned to camp declaring that a certain preacher would have to spend the next month picking hair from his teeth. This kill lifted the stigma from the camp, and we had plenty of fresh meat.

The next day I was to hunt through an open country where long shots were probable. I took a Savage 30-30. About daylight I was passing a small lake and saw at the farthest end a tree full of turkeys. With a determination to do my best with a rifle, I began a detour through the palms to get a good position for opening the battle. While cautiously making my way along I was startled by a noise not over 30 feet above me, and out went 2 turkeys; a different roost altogether. Crawling to a big palm something over 100 yards from the tree where the turkeys were seen, I selected a big gobbler sitting on a barren limb, lined him up through the sights and pulled the trigger. My turkey flew, and a few falling feathers encouraged me to try again, as only 2 birds had flown. Such a gobbling and calling as I heard! Not being accustomed to shooting, they did not know what to make of it. I saw across the lake in another tree more turkeys, making 3 roosts within a few hundred yards. I selected another turkey, and at the crack of the gun it came down. At that there was a general flying down. I sighted one on the ground about 150 yards away and stopped him. These were my first with a rifle, and I was content to return to camp. In the afternoon we caught a lot of catfish for supper, and the morning following 2 of us killed a pheasant each. The next day I killed my deer and felt satisfied to quit.

They were 10 of the most delightful days of my hunting experiences. We were never without a choice selection of game in camp, and it was hard to return to civilization and work. Mrs. Onderdonk gained 7 pounds, and the entire party possessed an extra coat of sunburn.

For deer, turkeys, spotted tigers, wild hogs and small fowl shooting I do not think this region can be surpassed on the continent. Cheap rates can be secured to Mexico the year round. Take a through sleeper at St. Louis via San Antonio and Laredo, Tex., to San Luis Potosi via the Mexican National, the only direct route. There take a branch of the Mexican Central to the hunting grounds. Anywhere between Cardenas and Tampico, a distance of 100 miles, there is good hunting. Guides are unnecessary, as game is plentiful near the railroad track. I will take pleasure in answering any questions about the country.

F. S. Onderdonk, City of Mexico.

Clarinda: You can't keep a dog in your new flat?

Florinda: No, we had to give Fido away; but Frederick had his dear little bark put in our phonograph.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Have you heard about the latest insurance company?"

"No; what is it?"

"It promises to pay alimony to both parties in case the marriage should prove a failure."—Detroit Free Press.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

THE ANNUAL COMPETITION

RECREATION has conducted 8 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 9th opens April 1st, 1904, and will close November 30th, 1904.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A 4 x 5 Petite Century Camera, with Goerz Anastigmat Lens and Century Shutter, listed at $73.

Third prize: A Royal Anastigmat Lens, 4 x 5, made by the Rochester Lens Co., Rochester, N. Y.; listed at $36.

Fourth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, and listed at $32.

Fifth prize: An Al-Vista Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $30.

Sixth prize: A No. 3 Focusing Weno Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27.50.

Seventh prize: A 12 x 12 Waterproof Wall Tent, listed at $16.30.

Eighth prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Ninth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $8.

Tenth prize: A pair of High Grade Skates, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a pair of chrome tanned leather driving or hunting gloves made by the Luther Glove Co., and listed at $1.50.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $1.

A special prize: A Goerz Binocular Field Glass, listed at $74.25, will be given for the best picture of a live wild animal.

All pictures used will be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

G. T. Harris, in Western Camera Notes.

II.

Before lantern slides have the finishing touches put to them in the way of spotting and binding, it is wise to put them through the lantern as soon as they are dry, to ascertain beyond doubt that the density and clearness entitle them to rank as finished slides. The experienced worker can gauge with certainty the quality of his slides without seeing them projected, but the intermittent worker, especially during his novitiate, may well be excused if he fails to appraise correctly the quality of his slide. It entails little work, as the slides can accumulate until a convenient number have been made to make it worth while arranging the lantern. When the slides are seen to be satisfactory, the lantern slide worker is spared the annoyance of finding that he has finished and bound a worthless slide.

Before masking and binding the slide, it should be placed on a retouching desk and carefully examined by transmitted light for defects. Of course, before making the slide the negative will have been carefully spotted and all possible defects removed as neatly as possible, but in spite of this, the lantern slide will require attention at the spotter's hand from defects that have made their appearance during its manufacture. As a rule, the most that can be done in the way of retouching a lantern slide is the removal of transparent spots by filling with color. Knife work or any process that disturbs the surface of the film, is inadmissible, as, unless most skillfully done, it shows unpleasantly on the screen. It is possible, in certain cases, to rub down dense portions with methylated spirit, in the same manner as is usual with negatives, but the instances when such a procedure becomes necessary do not often occur, and are principally those in which it is desired to make the best of a slide from a poor negative.

Spotting should be done by the aid of a fine camera, hair brush and color. The precise color will depend on the color of the slide, but India ink and Indian red will, either singly or combined, match nearly all slides. A reading glass of low power is of great assistance in enabling the operator to apply the color neatly to each spot. Furthermore, no light should reach the lantern slide from the back of the operator, or he will fail to judge correctly the density of his spotting, and will find when the slide is shown on the screen that all the spotting shows darker than the transparency. The color should be kept of slightly less density than the opacity of the slide, and to ensure this, no light should reach the operator except that which is transmitted through the slide. The color should be used in a viscid condition, and tube colors are better than dry, as the menstruum used in their preparation gives them a good working consistency.

As a rule, lantern slides on commercial gelatine plates are not varnished, nor does there appear to be much necessity for varnishing them, as the film, unlike collodion or collodio-bromide, is not liable to be readily damaged by friction. Varnishing introduces the risk of applying specks of dirt and hairs to the film along with the varnish. On the other hand, if it is well done with a clean, hard varnish, immunity is secured from fungoid growths, which not infrequently make their appearance on gelatine films, however well defended and carefully stored. I always varnish a slide of excellent quality, especially when it has caused me considerable trouble to prepare.

The following varnish has been spoken of in high terms for varnishing lantern slides: Saturated solution of amber in

Chloroform	1½ ounces
Pure benzole	1½ ounces
Gum dammar	¼ ounce

When dissolved filter several times through cotton wool. Warm the plate before varnishing, and dry well over a gentle heat afterward. It gives a hard, bright, glassy surface.

A convenient and reliable varnish is made by dissolving one part of dammar in 20 parts of benzole. This may be applied without heating the plate, and dries with a brilliant, hard surface. It is advisable in varnishing lantern slides to return the surplus varnish from the plate to a second bottle fitted with a filtering funnel and cotton wool. By so doing a stock of well filtered varnish is always maintained.

MIXING SOLUTIONS.

Few amateurs who mix their own developer have any regular method for making solutions. So much of this and so much of that are weighed out, or sometimes guessed at, and dumped into a bottle, the cleanness of which is doubtful, and then the required quantity of water is added directly from the tap. Working in this careless way it is no wonder that no 2 lots of developer give the same results, even when mixed from the same samples of chemicals.

In making a quantity of developer the first point to attend to is the proper cleaning of the bottle. Traces of old developer or any foreign matter cause rapid oxidation of the fresh solution. A strong solution of sal soda in hot water is good for cleaning bottles, or failing that, strong soap suds; after which the bottle should be well rinsed out in hot water.

Use good, clean corks. A broken, porous cork allows air to reach the solution and so permits of rapid oxidation.

It is easy to make trouble by carelessly exchanging the corks of 2 bottles of different solutions. If you misplace the cork of your bottle of hypo solution, and later use it to close your bottle of developer, there will be trouble, and it may take you some time to locate the cause.

As regards the chemicals to be used, it is hardly necessary to say that the best are the cheapest. The ordinary commercial grades of chemicals contain a variable percentage of foreign matters, some of which are harmless from a photographic point of view, while others are decidedly injurious in their effect on the plate. Much of the poor work turned out is directly traceable to the use of cheap chemicals.

Most of the textbooks on photography advise the use of distilled water in mixing solutions. This is hardly necessary for the amateur, but I advise that the water used for solutions be boiled. By this means a good percentage of the impurities in the water is removed and much of the air contained in it is driven out. If developer could be kept away from the oxidizing influence of the air, it would remain in good condition almost indefinitely; so if most of the air imprisoned in the water used for dissolving the various chemicals can be driven off, it will at least help matters a good deal.

Dissolve first the active agent, pyro, metol or whatever it may be. After that add the preservative, sulphite of soda in most cases; and after that has dissolved add the accelerator, sal soda, carbonate of potash, or caustic soda.

A simple experiment will show that this is the best way of proceeding, for if we add a bit of pyro or metol to a solution of sal soda, the solution turns dark at once, showing that the pyro is oxidized and its strength gone. By first adding the preservative, sulphite of soda, we check this action to a great extent and thus keep the strength of the developer unimpaired for some time.

As an additional means of preserving mixed developer, it should be put in bottles holding only 3 or 4 ounces each, and filled to the cork, so that no air space is left. It is well, also, in case the developer is to be kept some time, to dip the tops of the filled and corked bottles in melted paraffin, thus forming an airtight seal over the corks.

C. M. Whitney, Bayonne, N. J.

TO AVOID PINHOLES.

Time and again I see in Recreation statements regarding the difficulty amateur photographers experience in avoiding pinholes in their negatives. I also notice that although all sorts of preventives are recommended, none of them seems to be the right thing. For instance, we are advised to soak plates before developing; again not to wet them in water previously, but to pour the developer over plate with one sweep; then again to dust plates before loading plate holders and before developing; while others blame the plate manufacturers and recommend trying some other brand.

Plate holders and the film side of plates should be carefully dusted before loading. In spite of such precaution, round, transparent spots, due to air bubbles, often appear on any make of plate, unless the bubbles which form when developer first comes in contact with film are immediately removed. This can be done with a tuft of cotton, but I find that a brush answers the purpose much better and there is no danger of any threads adhering to film and drying thereon unnoticed. I advise all who have trouble with pin holes in their negatives to supply themselves with a 1½ or 2 inch camels' hair brush, rubber bound preferably, and as soon as the plate is slid into developer run brush back and forth clear to edge half a dozen times. Then continue developing and when negative is dry there will be no pin holes. The brush should be thoroughly washed after through developing. Otherwise alkali in developer will destroy the hair. Hang the brush up to drain dry, and never use it for any other purpose.

H. A. Kalkman, Newport, R. I.

SNAP SHOTS.

Will you please tell me, through Recreation, what is the percentage strength of No. 8 acetic acid?

When a formula is given and it does not specify powder or crystals, what am I to understand?

H. M. G., Syracuse, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Acetic acid No. 8 contains 36 per cent. pure acetic acid.

If sodium carbonate and sodium sulphite are the chemicals in mind, the crystals are meant in formulae when it is not otherwise stated.—Editor.

Dr. R. L. Wadhams, of Wilkes-Barre, in March Recreation, explains one way to prevent prints sticking to the ferrotype. Here is another:

Clean the plate with wood alcohol and dry it so it will be slightly warm. Then with a piece of refined paraffin wax rub the plate until it shows a uniform white coating. Rub off this coating with a soft cloth and polish with soft white flannel.

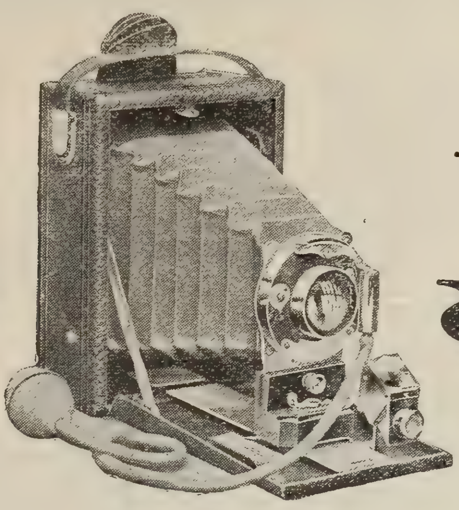
This treatment imparts a high polish to the prints.

A. C. Pope, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

A hunting jacket, a revolver, a camera, a pair of gloves, a pair of skates or a pair of opera glasses would make an appropriate Christmas present for any man or boy who is fond of outdoor sport. The skates or the opera glasses would also please any girl who is fond of skating or of the theatre, and this means all girls. You can get any of these articles by securing a few yearly subscriptions to Recreation and sending them in. See premium list in this issue of Recreation.

The 9th Annual Photo Competition closes November 30. The time is growing short in which to make and enter pictures, and I trust all who have participated in previous competitions may be represented in this one. A number of valuable prizes are offered, and in addition to these all photos used will hereafter be paid for at the rate of 50 cents to $1 each, according to actual value for illustrative purposes.

Do not fail to read the announcement of Recreation's Drawing Contest on page 3[illegible].



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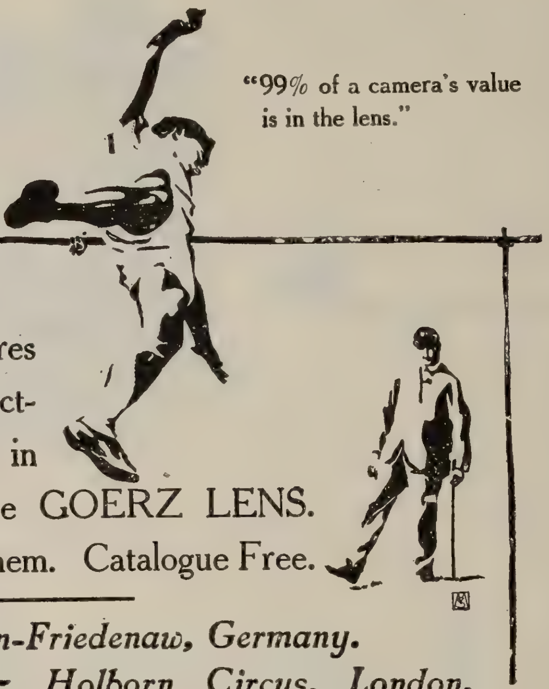
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DON'T FORGET

Recreation's

Photo Contest

THIS is the time of year to secure photos of **Live Wild Birds** and **Game,** of **Camping Scenes** or **other Outdoor Sports.** One such picture may win for you a valuable

CAMERA,
LENS, TENT,
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FIELD GLASS,
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FOUNTAIN PEN

or other prize.

See announcement of contest in RECREATION, department of Amateur Photography

"How was the amateur performance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' the other night?" inquired the washing machine agent, who visited the hamlet often enough to keep tab on the important local happenings.

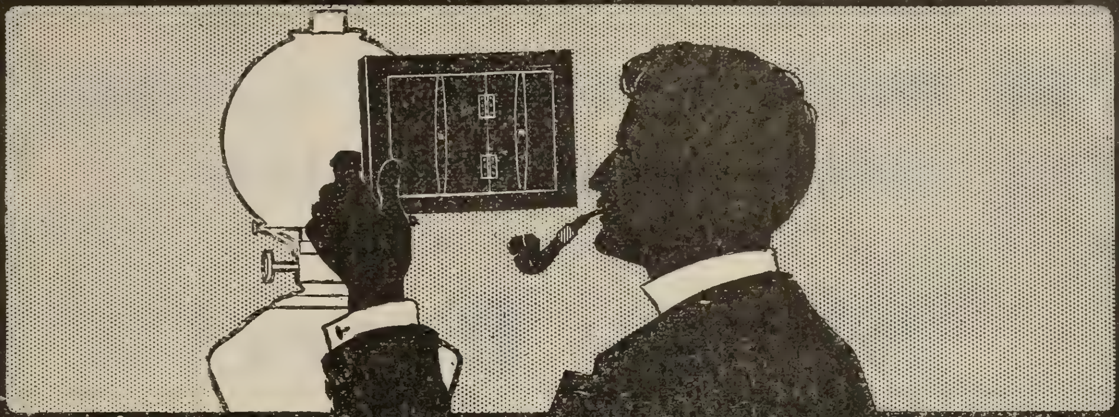
"Well—er-h-m!—" cautiously replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "My nephew was sort of implicated in it, and so, with malice toward none and charity for all, as the feller said, I'll admit that it wasn't so durned much worse than several of the 947 previous presentations of the play here."—Puck.

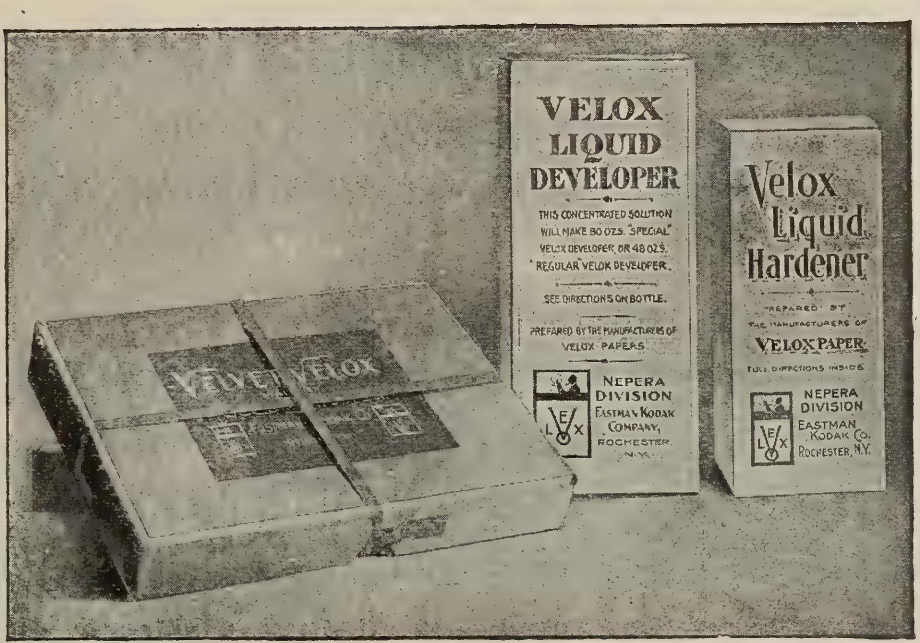
First Automobilist—I ran over a kid today.

Second Automobilist—So? Beast or human?—Exchange.

Something Special — Playing Cards Free:—To each person sending me $1 for one year's subscription to RECREATION, or sending it direct to be placed to my credit, I will forward all charges prepaid, a pack of elegant gold edge playing cards. These are no cheap second quality cards but first quality of extra selected stock, highly enameled and polished, fancy set pattern backs, each pack wrapped in handsome glazed wrapper and packed in strong telescope case.

L. J. Tooley,
141 Burr Oak St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Rochester, N. Y.

"You are an hour late this morning, Sam."

"Yes, Sah, I knows it, Sah."

"Well, what excuse have you?"

"I was kicked by a mule on my way here, Sah."

"That ought not to have detained you an hour."

"Well, you see, boss, it wouldn't if he'd only kicked me in dis direction, but he done kicked me de odder way.—Yonkers Statesman.

I pass many pleasant and instructive hours with a copy of RECREATION. Keep up the good work; you are sure to win.

H. J. Sparrow, Somerville, Mass.

The safety of the light should be carefully tested. It is surprising how many workers omit this most obvious precaution. To prove the quality of the light, place a dry developing dish on the spot where it generally rests during development, and into it put a fresh dry plate. Cover half of the plate with a card, or a bit of non-actinic paper, and let it remain 20 minutes or even more. Then develop in the usual manner, and if the plate shows any discoloration the source of light should be made less actinic. —The Camera.

"Did she really tell you her age?"

"Oh, no, just the age she tells people she is."—Chicago Daily News.

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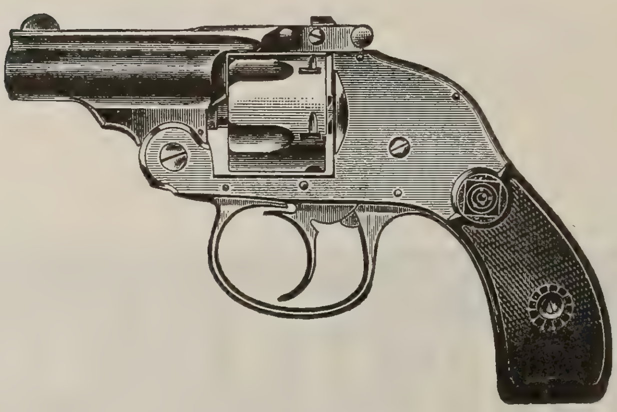

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330 Clinton Avenue So., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

RECREATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is again approaching, and generous, thoughtful people are making up lists of presents for their friends. All such good people should remember that no more interesting, valuable or appropriate present can be found for a man or a boy, than a yearly subscription to Recreation. There are many such people who have sent in a number of subscriptions at the end of each year, for their friends, and who have announced their intention of continuing this custom as long as they live. Recreation is a great educator; it is a moulder of good, sound sentiment with regard to outdoor sports and the preservation of wild animals, birds, fishes and forests. It stands preeminently for clean sport and manly manhood. It should, therefore, be in the hands of every man and boy in the land. Do not forget to include it in your list.

Jewell—How did the Jones-Robinsons get into society?

Duell—They were hyphenated in.—Judge.

I received the handsome Lefever double shot gun as a premium. The gun is a model of beauty and for good shooting it beats anything I ever saw. I don't see how you can give such valuable presents. It is a great deal more than I expected and I will do all I can for the good of Recreation in the future. I have been a constant reader of your valuable magazine the last 3 years and like it better than any other sportsmen's journal published. I like the way you go after the game hogs. They need roasting. Keep at them. I wish you much success in your good work.

H. F. Hunter, Jackson, Mich.

I received the buffalo horns all right and they are beautiful.

C. L. Payton, Watertown, Conn.

Christmas Presents

Oil Portraits on Approval

If you will send me a photo of yourself or a friend and state color of hair, eyes and complexion, I will paint and send you on approval an oil or pastel portrait, miniature or life size.

Canvas, 6x8 or 8x10 inches,	$10
Canvas, 10x12 or 12x14 inches,	$15
Full life size, - -	$35

Z. EMMONS, 58 W. 104th St. New York

Reference: Mr. G. O. Shields.

The Acme of Sport in Rifle Shooting

can only be attained by the use of a telescope. With a high power instrument of this kind attached to your rifle you can do much better work at any distance than with ordinary sights. Furthermore, you can see your bullet hole in the target, after each shot up to 200 yards and thus know just what you are doing.

Send me 10 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

and I will send you a Rough Rider Telescope to fit your rifle. Or you can ship your rifle to the factory and have the tube attached. Any other telescope made by the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Syracuse, N. Y. will be furnished on the basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

Sample copies for use in canvassing
furnished on request.

ADDRESS **RECREATION**

23 West 24th St **NEW YORK**

The following method is said to give strong prints in platinotype from thin, weak negatives that would otherwise give only a gray, flat print. Prepare a solution by dissolving 64 grains of bichromate of ammonium in 8 ounces of pure water. This solution should be guarded from the light. When ready to develop the prints, add one-quarter drachm, or 15 drops, of the bichromate of ammonium solution to each ounce of liquid developer. Develop the prints and treat in the usual manner.

If contrast is not sufficient, more of the bichromate solution may be used until the desired effect is obtained. The greater the quantity of bichromate solution used the greater will be the contrast, but, carried too far, it may result in the whites being chalky.—Western Camera Notes.

Since the engagement of pretty Miss Brant was announced her small brother has been trying to understand what it means.

"Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means she will live in his house afterward, and he'll take care of her."

"Buy her things?"

"Yes."

"Hats and dinners and everything?"

"Yes."

The boy thought it over a moment, and then said: "Well, ain't that man got pluck!"
—London Tit-Bits.

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LENSES AND SHUTTERS
are made in the largest and best equipped optical factory in the world, and are the standard of quality and excellence in every respect.
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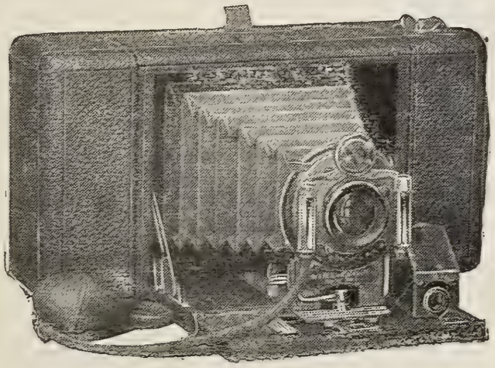


COMBINATION HAWK-EYE

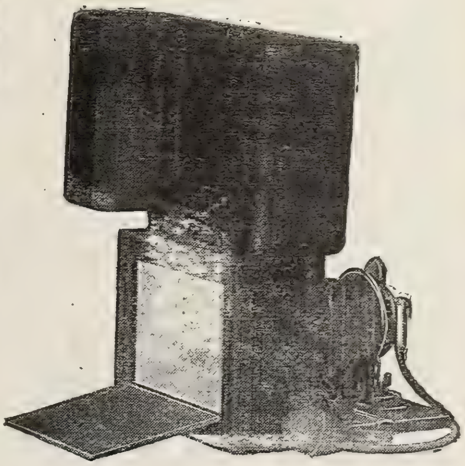
A New Film Camera which allows the operator to focus on ground glass.

May also be used with glass plates.

Fitted with Extra Rapid Rectilinear lens, B. & L. Automatic Shutter, rising and falling front controlled by rack and pinion.

No. 3 Combination Hawk-Eye, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, equipped for film and plates, - - $27.50

BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



AN UNPREMEDITATED BEAR HUNT.

One day in the latter part of October, '98, Jim Messer and I left Shoal Bay, Thurlow island, B. C., to go to the head of Frederick's Arm, an inlet on the mainland, to work in a mine near tidewater. We reached the head of the inlet at 9 a. m., tied our boat and took the trail toward the mine. I was leading, and had gone perhaps 200 yards, when I saw a dark object behind a large spruce ahead of me. At first I thought it was a man, but the next moment a full grown black bear came from behind the tree toward me. She came within 40 feet of me, grunted and turned back. This she did several times. Then I noticed a cub climbing the tree, keeping carefully on the opposite side, but occasionally taking a peep at me.

Presently Jim came up. The bear continued to advance and retreat alternately. As we had no weapon larger than a jackknife, we backed away and debated whether to proceed or to go back to Shoal Bay for our guns. Jim did not want to go back, and urged me to try to pass the bear. Right after our retreat the old bear had climbed the tree, but while Jim and I were talking she came down again. When we advanced toward the tree she resumed her former tactics, finally coming so close that Jim fell back in disorder and refused to go farther on that trail.

There was no other trail, and no one familiar with the British Columbian coast will blame us for our disinclination to break a fresh one through the dense underbrush. We knew there was a mine midway to the shore and we determined to return that far and borrow a gun with which to persuade the bear to let us pass. However, we found the mine deserted, and, in exceedingly bad humor, we continued our journey to Shoal Bay. We had to contend with a strong headtide, but got to town in time for dinner. Early in the afternoon we loaded our camping outfit and guns in the boat and started back to resume our argument with the bear.

We had a 56-56 Spencer carbine and a 10 guage shot gun. The carbine I bought from a friend for 50 cents when I left New York. When I arrived at Victoria the customs officer charged me 60 cents duty on it. He admitted it wasn't worth that much, but I suppose he needed the money. Had I not had 100 pounds of ammunition for the gun I would have made the Custom House a present of it.

Our camping outfit was rather limited. We used the boat sail for a tent, and that, by the way, was the only use I ever found for a sail among the islands of the coast. Meager as the outfit was, we needed it, having decided to stay in the country several days and find out what was in it besides the 2 bears.

Though we did not really expect to see those animals again, Jim went ahead with the carbine when we neared the place where we had left them. Presently I heard a shout from Jim and saw the 2 bears climbing the same tree that they had gone up in the morning. The old one stopped at the first branch, while the cub went higher. Jim fired at the old bear with no apparent effect, save to make her angry; she growled and showed her teeth. Jim fired again, with no better result. In preparing for another shot he got the cartridge in ahead of the extractor. While trying to rectify his mistake the bear came down the tree, keeping it between herself and us. At the first chance I put a load of buckshot in her neck. She walked about 20 yards and dropped. The buckshot were not needed, for, as we afterward found, Jim's shots would have quickly finished her. We shot the cub also, after deciding that it was too large for us to catch alive.

The bear had been catching salmon in a neighboring creek, and that was doubtless the reason they had remained so long in one place. We found a number of salmon under the tree, some whole, some partly eaten, while of others only the bones remained.

We were proud of our game at the time, but later we wished we had never seen it. It encouraged us to take a 3 months' hunting and trapping trip farther up the coast, which proved a dismal failure, and I could write most feelingly about the game we did not get on that trip.

Ernest Neye, Fernie, B. C.

HAD TO SHINE 'EM.

In the early days in Montana, when cow punchers with high heeled boots, big sombreros and an arsenal of 6 shooters were plentiful, a cowboy, dressed in his best clothes, with a dazzling shine on his high top boots, sauntered down the street of a small frontier town one Sunday morning. As he started over a crossing the only sprinkling cart the town could boast of came along. The driver eyed the boots, and with a sly smile pulled the string just in time to drench the boots from top to bottom, completely spoiling the shine.

Quick as a flash the cow puncher pulled his 45 from its holster and ordered the driver to crawl down from his perch. Calling a bootblack, the cowboy made the driver get on his knees, take the shining outfit and shine both boots from the soles to the tops. The driver didn't seem to fancy performing the menial service, but the muzzle of the revolver didn't look good to the practical joker, and he got busy in a hurry. When the job was finished the cowboy made the driver pay the bootblack 50 cents for the blacking he had used. Shoving his gun back into its holster, the cowboy sauntered leisurely down the street, a satisfied smile playing on his countenance. The driver mounted his seat and drove away, a sadder but a wiser man."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"What do you want to see the Czar for?"

"I'm the agent for a bomb-proof baby carriage."—Life.

Build Well
My Boy

The carefully built body of youth yields good health and daily comfort all through life.

There is no "good time" on earth that equals the "good time" every day.

Just to breathe sweet air, feel the pulses thrill, step with a swing and spring hard to hold in leash, and know yourself to be possessed of the greatest gift of the gods—

HEALTH

But one can give it all up by a very little daily drugging on coffee which attacks stomach, nerves, heart and other organs, first stimulating, then depressing, then setting up chronic disease That's the indictment. Examine any old coffee drinker and see if you can find ONE entirely free from disease.

THE POSTUM FOOD COFFEE supplies actual food elements in a liquid form, rebuilding the body and nervous system, at the same time furnishes a delicious beverage, much like in color and flavor to the milder grades of Old Gov't Java.

POSTUM

"There's a reason."

How to Increase Your Height

Is a Question Every Short Person is Interested In

If You Will Give Me a Few Moments of Your Time I Will Tell You How I Do It

There is nothing miraculous or supernatural about my method; although I am frank to admit that many were inclined to be skeptical when I first advanced the idea of increasing the height after an individual had reached maturity.

This wonderful result can be quickly accomplished at home without any inconvenience whatever. If you are under sixty years of age it will pay you to investigate. Thousands of all ages have been made several inches taller by following my system, and if it is your desire to increase your height, you cannot afford to lose this opportunity. Any one who is short is seriously handicapped in all the walks of life. The business man would rather employ a tall, well-built man or woman than one who is short. To be unsuccessful in anything through lack of proper height is a misfortune you can avoid, for I can positively increase your height and round out your figure in a few weeks, if you will give me an opportunity. Can you imagine what a wonderful difference it would make in your appearance if you were only an inch taller? Your friends would favorably comment on your improved appearance. Why be short and stunted when it is within your power to be tall and graceful?

This is no idle dream but a demonstrated fact, which thousands stand ready to testify to. Everybody admires a tall man. Every man admires a tall woman. Will you not be one of these? It is impossible to tell you all about it in this article, but I have a book which thoroughly explains it all, and I will send it to you absolutely free. It costs you nothing to have it, and I know you will be amazed at the information and pictures contained in this work. My method is no experiment; it has passed that stage long ago, until to-day my system is used in every prominent gymnasium in this country, and the results are startling to a high degree. Many, through its use, have been able to pass civil service examinations; hundreds who were barred from the police force through lack of height now hold positions, and if you are short you are making the mistake of your life if you do not write me at once for this wonderful book. It will tell you how you can positively increase your height from two to five inches.

Have you ever seen any cartilage? The chances are you have not. My book contains actual photographs of cartilage which were taken especially for this work. These pictures will give you an idea of how I increase your height. The cartilage can be made to expand by a certain process. My book thoroughly explains it.

How thick do you think the cartilage is between the vertebrae and the joints in your body? Write down your answer on paper, then send for my book and see the surprise in store for you. You will then realize that the process of increasing your height is not so wonderful at all; it rests upon a scientific basis. Remember, the book will be sent to any address absolutely free. Give me an opportunity to prove my assertions. This is all I ask, and I know that just as soon as you glance through this book you will see that it is possible to increase the height of any individual who is not over sixty years of age in a very short time and without any great effort. Address for the free book, The Cartilage Co., 104N, Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRIZES FOR GOOD DRAWINGS.

With a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds and the development of artistic taste, RECREATION now offers a series of prizes as follows:

For the best sketch of a live wild animal in action, $10.

For the best sketch of a live wild bird in flight or other action, $8.

For the best sketch of a live domestic animal in action, $6.

For the best sketch of a live domestic fowl in flight, or other action, $5.

Studies may be made in black and white wash, pen and ink, or pencil, my preference being in the order stated. They must be from life and not from other pictures.

The sketches may be made on any kind of paper or drawing board and of any size desired, though I prefer to have them on paper at least twice as large as a RECREATION page.

All sketches which may be published, and for which prizes may not have been awarded, will be paid for at the rate of $1 each.

Contestants must write on back of picture full name, address, and age.

This competition is limited to persons under 20 years of age, and a letter from one of the parents or from the legal guardian of each contestant must accompany each drawing, certifying that the age of the contestant is as stated thereon.

Competition will close February 28, 1905.

Drawings should be packed flat and with a sufficient quantity of straw board to keep them from being damaged in the mails; and on account of the required writing on the backs of the drawings it will be necessary to prepay them at letter postage rates.

Address drawings and correspondence relating thereto, Art Editor, RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

"You can't do 2 things successfully at the same time."

"I did."

"What did you do?"

'Spent my money and my vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

The Lesson of the Hour

How to Feel Well—Keep Well all the Time

A Simple Method Now Enjoyed and Enthusiastically Advocated by Many Thousands of Bright People.

As the fall months advance followed by the severer strain and exposure of the winter season, the ***Orangeine*** lesson of prompt correction and prevention of ailment becomes especially important to every human being who desires continued good health and good spirits.

Hosts of individuals, and even whole communities, are now enjoying, through an intelligent use of ***Orangeine Powders,*** the immunity from pain and common ailment which has become such a conspicuous feature of ***Orangeine's*** remedial and commercial progress. Physicians, at first skeptical, are now amazed at the range and accuracy of the ***Orangeine*** prescription, which, as remarked by a prominent London physician, ***produces only the effect desired***, whether applied to his own and his children's colds, headaches and stomach upsets, or to deep seated, chronic conditions of sickness and extreme debility.

We only wish every human being could see the diversified human evidence which reaches us from most conservative sources, literally by every mail, to show ***how Orangeine Powders readily work with Nature,*** to dispel the early symptoms of ***Cold, Grip, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia*** and ***Pain of all kinds,*** and also promptly reaches advanced illness and the causes of the chronic conditions which appear in ***Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility***—even ***Prostration—Asthma, Rheumatism, Chronic Headache and Periodic Pain.***

Thoughtful people, scattered all through this country and even in foreign countries, who have never before "self-prescribed," feel from experience that they can not too strongly or too persistently urge upon their friends and acquaintances the importance of this general rule for health:

"Take an Orangeine Powder whenever upset, chilled, in pain, exposed, overworked in body or brain."

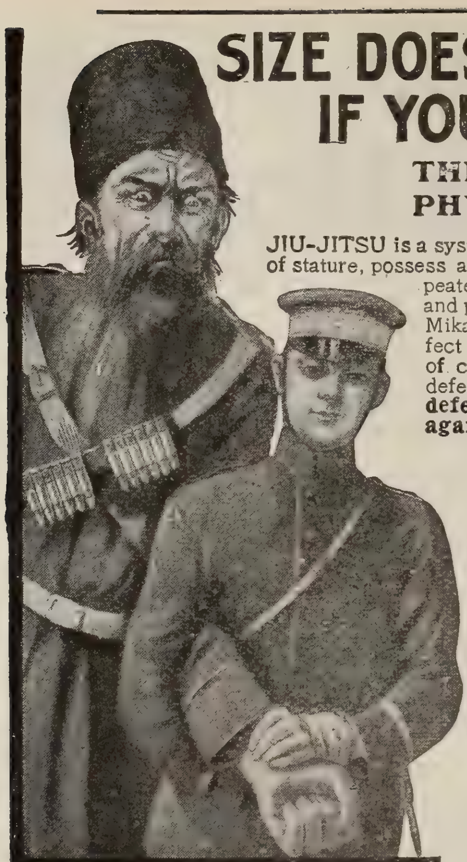
From all professions, from all occupations, from every human age and condition comes the same testimony of comfort, increased health and strength, through ***Orangeine,*** which invariably works to secure better regulation, better assimilation of nourishment, better blood, repair of tissue, and consequent offset to the wear and tear of brain, body or nerves.

The many millions of ***Orangeine Powders*** already consumed have never shown the slightest trace of any drug effect, or any effect except that of prompt and most substantial physical benefit.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE and full information mailed on request.

Orangeine is sold in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 packages by all druggists or mailed by

Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



SIZE DOESN'T COUNT IF YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

THE JAPANESE NATIONAL SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING AND SELF-DEFENSE

JIU-JITSU is a system of exercises that develops strength and endurance. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess almost superhuman strength. In the allied march through China in 1900, they repeatedly out-marched the soldiers of every other nation. They attributed their strength and powers of endurance to the persistent practice of JIU-JITSU. Every soldier of the Mikado is skilled in the art. JIU-JITSU embodies the ideal principles of attaining perfect health and perfect physical development. It is the evolution of twenty-five centuries of constant practice and improvement. It is a system of physical training and self-defense which surpasses all others. Its basis is strategy and skill. **As a means of self-defense, the man or woman versed in JIU-JITSU can protect themselves against persons twice their size and strength.**

JIU-JITSU SUCCESSFULLY TAUGHT BY MAIL

For over 2000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an Imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States, has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Culture and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu, has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instruction in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitsu has just been written by Mr. Yabe. As long as the edition lasts, this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full-page half-tone engravings, and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to learn more about the closely-guarded secrets of this marvelous science, you should write to-day for this free book and specimen lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address

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ONE OF THE 40 METHODS KNOWN TO JIU JITSU FOR PARALYZING THE ARM. USED BY JAPANESE POLICEMEN IN ARRESTING OBSTREPEROUS PERSONS

Take good care of your hands

You may need them next year

Send me
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a pair of Leather Hunting Gloves
made to your measure, by the
Luther Glove Company
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THE WEATHER.

Our melodramatic
Old friend in the attic
Wishes to know, of us, what hydrostatic
Lymphatic fanatic
Has charge of this weather, so very aquatic;
And whether this weather
Would not altogether
Be metamorphosed and most hugely improved
Could we have that same weeping old fogy removed.
For 'tis plain that the rain
Will never abstain
As long as the vane
Persistently pointing southeast, shall remain;
And no sensible feller,
Be he sober or meller,
Will venture to travel without his umbreller. H. F., in the Evening Sun.

Free: — Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions or a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions. For 5 new yearly subscriptions I will give a tame young Raccoon. Safe delivery of animals guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

Get it
in the
Negative

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Is it interesting and profitable?

If it is, stick to it by all means. But, if you are one of the millions of misplaced toilers who are slaves to uncongenial, poorly paid labor; or if you are about to select your life work, we can help you to quickly improve your condition.

Through our mail courses in photography and art you can prepare for a high place in the picture making professions, during leisure time, while still continuing your present occupation.

Pictures are the language all nations understand and people who can make them artistically are in great demand. One can read pictures printed in a Japanese newspaper.

We help our graduates to secure desirable places. Students easily earn enough while learning to pay for course, either through the sale of their work, or introducing our New Premium Plan.

OUR BOOK, sent free to all who write, tells all about twenty-four mail courses in PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY, AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY and PORTRAIT PAINTING; also how we qualify men, women, boys and girls to make photographs and paint portraits for recreation, to become prize-winning amateurs, or to qualify for any of the following well paid positions:

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Our Special Beginner's Course in Photography, which includes good Camera and Complete Finishing Outfit costs but **$15.00**

Write to us now, stating what position you would like to be fitted for and we will take up your case through personal correspondence.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

J. B. Schriever, President, 277 Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Are you making up a list of books for your winter reading? Do not fail to include Recreation. Nothing else will give you so much pleasure for $1. If you care for hunting, fishing, photography or nature, you can get more joy out of Recreation than from any other source except an actual day afield. Send in your subscription and those of your friends.

The Harrington & Richardson revolver which you sent me as a premium for subscriptions arrived this morning in first class condition. It is a little beauty, far exceeding my utmost expectations. Please accept my most hearty thanks.

Ezra B. E. Bassey, Toronto, Can.

The Eastman Kodak Co. has issued in pamphlet form an article which recently appeared in an illustrated newspaper entitled "In Korea with a Kodak." The story is vastly interesting and attractive, and liberally illustrated with pictures which, of course, were made in Korea with a Kodak. These represent living scenes and incidents in the Russo-Japanese war, and in addition a spirited drawing by Fred Remington is reproduced on the title page. A copy of this book will be sent to any person asking for it and mentioning Recreation.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

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A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years

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Boulder, Mont.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O., Dennison Ave.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Seattle, Wash.
Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont.

A Georgia hospital had a case of a young colored woman badly bitten in the neck back of the ear. The doctor who dressed the wound said to the patient:

"It perplexes me to determine what sort of an animal bit you. This wound is too small to have been made by a horse and too large to have been inflicted by a dog or a cat."

The colored woman grinned. "Sho', Doctoh, it wa'n't any animal dat bit me, it war a lady, suh!"—Lippincott's.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time, do the right thing in the right way, and then advertise it properly.—Exchange.

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
ANTISEPTIC
WILL HEAL ANY CUT OR SCRAPE
DOUGLAS MFG CO
NEW YORK

NEW-SKIN
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LIQUID COURT PLASTER

Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, Etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, Etc., Etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Sportsmen, Motorists, Golfers, Mechanics, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch or scrape their skin. **"NEW-SKIN"** will heal these injuries, **will not wash off**, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as **"NEW-SKIN"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

	EACH
Pocket Size (Size of Illustration),	10c.
Family Size, - - - -	25c.
2 oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals), - - -	50c.

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co.

96-102 Church St.
Dept. W, New York.

A hunting jacket, a revolver, a camera, a pair of gloves, a pair of skates or a pair of opera glasses would make an appropriate Christmas present for any man or boy who is fond of outdoor sport. The skates or the opera glasses would also please any girl who is fond of skating or of the theatre, and this means all girls. You can get any of these articles by securing a few yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and sending them in. See premium list in this issue of RECREATION.

Clerk—I've just been married, sir, and would like a raise in my salary.

Boss—Sorry, but we aren't responsible for accidents unless they happen in the shops.—Exchange.

The Buffalo Is Well Nigh Extinct

And every nature lover wants a relic of him. Here is a chance to get it.

I have in stock a limited number of buffalo horns, highly polished and fitted with nickel plated flanges at the base, so that they can be screwed on the wall, thus forming

A Novel and Effective Gun Rack

So long as the supply lasts I will give a pair of these horns for

3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request. Address

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The International Dentifrice

One-Third of a Century
Standard of the World

A delicious beautifier, preserver and cleanser of the teeth; makes the breath sweet and the gums less tender. **The Metal Box** is a handy package for the toilet table and traveling; no powder to litter, no liquid to spill or stain. *25 Cents, at all Druggists.*

C. H. Strong & Co., Props., Chicago, U.S.A.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

As necessary to the game as the ball

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Old Family Doctor"

Used by the best athletes. Limbers up the joints; makes the muscles quick and active. Cures bruises, blisters, sprains, lameness, cuts, contusions and all athletic hurts.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Accept no Substitute

PONDS EXTRACT
PONDS EXTRACT

Justice of Peace: What do you mean by saying it was not premeditated, 'Rastus? You acknowledge that you broke into the plaintiff's hardware store and stole a bunch of keys.

'Rastus: Yassuh, yassuh; but dat wuzn't mah fault, Jedge. Mistah Smiff done put locks on his chicken coop dat none ob mah keys would fit, an' dere wuzn't no udder way ter git in widout his heahin' me 'ceptin' by borrerin' dem keys. Yessuh; dat's de truf.—Judge.

Hobo—"Can you gimme a bite, ma'am? I'm hungry enuff ter eat a hoss."

Kind Lady—"I regret to say that we are just out of horses; but I'll call the dog."—Chicago News.

LIZZIE.

I am dizzy, Lizzy, dizzy; sick with waiting
at the 'phone,
For they always answer "busy" when I call
you up, my own!
"Busy." Lizzie, pray who is he? Who's
the rival that I fear?
Is he busy, dizzy Lizzie, busy buzzing round
you, dear?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Czar: Viskyvitch.

The Orderly: Your highness.

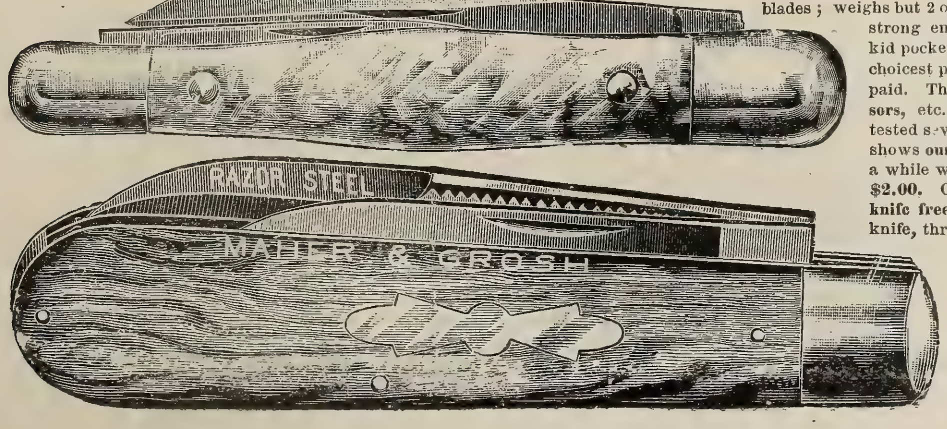
"Take down that sign in the front parlor window."

"Which sign, your highness?"

"Boy wanted!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If Our Customers Would Tell their friends one-half the pleasant things they write us about our goods, **OUR** business would have a boom. The upper cut shows "Our Masterpiece;" has three cutting blades; weighs but 2 ounces; is light enough for the desk, strong enough for orchard or camp; price, in kid pocket, ebony handle, **$1.25**; ivory, **$1.50**; choicest pearl and highest finish, **$2.00**, postpaid. The Maher & Grosh **Knives, Razors, Scissors**, etc., are hand-forged from razor steel, tested severely and warranted. The lower cut shows our **75 cents two-blade jack-knife.** For a while will mail sample for **48 cents. 5** for **$2.00. Our 60 cents Steel Shears and 75 cents knife free by mail for $1.00.** Colorado stock knife, three blades, **$1.00. Send for 80-page free list and "How to use a Razor."** Hollow Ground Razor and Strop to suit, **$1.33.**

Maher & Grosh Co.
74 A Street
TOLEDO, OHIO



Deafness Can Be Cured

I Have Made the most Marvelous Discovery for the Positive Cure of Deafness and Head Noises and I Give the Secret Free

With This Wonderful, Mysterious Power I Have Made People Deaf for Years Hear the Tick of a Watch in a Few Minutes

Send Me No Money—Simply Write Me About Your Case and I Send You the Secret by Return Mail Absolutely Free

After years of research along the lines of the deeper scientific mysteries of the occult and invisible of Nature-forces I have found the cause and cure of deafness and head noises, and I have been enabled by this same mysterious knowledge and power to give to many unfortunate and suffering persons perfect hearing again; and I say to those who have thrown away their money on cheap apparatus, salves, air-pumps, washes, douches and the list of innumerable trash that is offered the public through flaming advertisements, I can and will cure you to stay cured. I ask no money. My treatment method is one that is so simple it can be used in your own home. You can investigate fully, absolutely free, and you pay for it only after you are thoroughly convinced that it will cure you, as it has thousands of others. It seems to make no difference with this marvelous new method how long you have been deaf nor what caused your deafness, this new treatment will restore your hearing quickly and permanently. No matter how many remedies have failed you—no matter how many doctors have pronounced your case hopeless, this new magic method of treatment will cure you. I prove this to your entire satisfaction before you pay a cent for it. Write to-day and I will send you full information absolutely free by return mail. Address Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 1226 Auditorium Building, Peoria, Ill. Remember, send no money—simply your name and address. You will receive an immediate answer and full information by return mail.

I Have Demonstrated That Deafness Can Be Cured.—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

Johnny—Say, wouldn't you like to come to our Sunday school?

Tommy—I don't know. Do you give trading stamps?—Chicago Tribune.

Reduce Your Fat

Trial Box Free

No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural, scientific Obesity Food does all the work. You will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Send your name and address—no money—today to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 792 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., and receive the trial package in plain wrapper free by return mail.

DO YOU WISH

TO IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING?

THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

I will send you a

J. C. HAND TRAP

for 2 yearly subscriptions to

Recreation

Send in your club now and improve your shooting

I can think of no more welcome or wholesome or appropriate present for a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, than can be selected from any one of the stores of the Jaeger Sanitary Woolen System Co. These people make a large and always tempting line of underwear, hosiery, blankets, bath robes, lounging robes, smoking jackets, kimonos, pajamas, neglige gowns sleeping bags and other articles which are always useful and which render people so comfortable that they forget all their troubles.

The Jaeger Co. publishes a complete and elaborately illustrated catalogue of its goods, which is distributed free. Get a copy and you will have no trouble in making a selection that will please any friend you have anywhere. In writing please mention Recreation.

Recreation's 9th Annual Photo Competition closes November 30th, and amateur photographers intending to enter pictures should be on the alert every day for good subjects. Please read carefully the list of prizes and the conditions of entry, in the Photo Department of Recreation. Keep your eyes wide open in your travels and always have your camera at hand. A prize winning subject may come within your reach when least expected.

Sore Eyes Cured Free

Famous Lotion That is Absolutely Harmless and Positively Cures Sore Eyes, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Cataracts, Bloodshot, or Inflamed or Tired Eyes.

It Makes Weak Eyes Strong and Gives Instant Relief to the Burning Pain or Soreness of Strained Eyes or Eyes Hurt by Night Work—Send Your Name and Address To-day for Free Package.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. C. F. Gorman, of Austin, Minn., says he was blind for years with cataract. He doctored with one specialist 22 months without results. Now he tells of his marvelous cure by Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion after all others failed. Mrs. B. A. Hubbard, Plum Point, Tenn., tells of her cure in a month with this lotion after all doctors and remedies had failed for five years to cure her. To-day she can see perfectly out of both eyes. Rev. M. H. Blackman, the well-known pastor of Ovid, Pa., was cured of a case of granulated eye-lids that had resisted for years all attempts of doctors to cure. Mr. George W. Byers, Owensboro, Ky., was cured of ulcers and wild hairs with this lotion after all other remedies had failed. Dora Casey, Chicago, was cured of granulated lids for which doctors treated her for five months steady, but failed to cure. Dr. J. W. Angell, of Iowa, one of the oldest and best known doctors in the west, suffered with granulated lids for seven years. He tried every remedy but failed to cure until he used Prof. Schlegel's eye lotion and one bottle gave him more relief than all the remedies he ever tried. G. Klopfer, the well-known florist of Peoria, Ill., suffered for years with weak, watery and sore eyes and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors. One bottle of Prof. Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion cured him. It stops pain instantly. It contains no cocaine nor other harmful drugs and it cures sore or weak eyes to stay cured. The professor is very glad to send a free package of his remedy to anyone who suffers with their eyes. Write to-day to Prof. H. T. Schlegel, 653 Mackinaw Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and be cured.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion.

A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the field, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

IN 1930.

"Who are those decrepit Russian naval officers who do nothing but kiss their hands and shout adieu?"

"They are the officers of that famous Baltic fleet that kept on sailing for the far East for so many years and then finally gave it up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

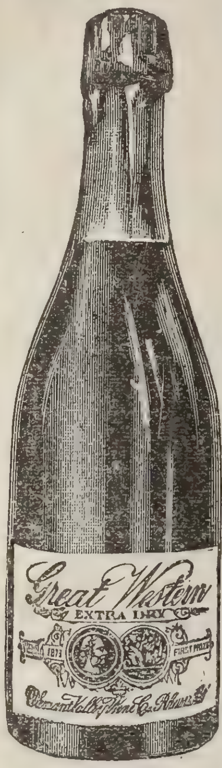
What is Catarrh?

If You Have Any of the Following Symptoms, Send Your Name and Address To-day.

Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose stopped? Do you snore at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent pains in the forehead Do you have pains across the eyes? Are you losing your sense of smell? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are you losing your sense of taste? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh.

Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, I will send a trial package by mail free of cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it. It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. Write to-day, you may forget it to-morrow. C. E. GAUSS, 2529 Main St., Marshall, Mich.



Perfection

If there was a better way of making a wine or a way of making a better wine, we would employ it.

Great Western Champagne

—the standard of American wines

is made the best way and is the best wine made. It is perfection—pure, delicious, wholesome.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere

"THE ONLY WAY"

BETWEEN
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
AND
PEORIA

Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock-ballasted roadbed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.

THE ALTON'S 1905 GYPSY GIRL

Copyright, 1904, by the Chicago & Alton Railway Co.

Sequel to the famous "Fencing" and "Cow-Boy" Girl Art Calendars.

ART CALENDAR

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES

SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618 CHICAGO. ILL., and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Four graceful poses in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

GOING AWAY?

Want to escape the cold and snow?

WHY NOT

Go to the land where snow is unknown; where the average temperature is 73 degrees! Where "Every day is a May day!" In the northland

WINTER

means discomfort, but in Mid-Pacific's "Summer Islands" it is the most delightful time of the year, Sea bathing, Golf, Automobiling, Driving, Shooting, Fishing

IN

fact every recreation and every day will appeal to you with new beauties in this "Paradise of the Pacific." Home seekers should learn of the fertile lands of

HAWAII

"WHERE EVERY DAY IS A MAY DAY"

Fine new large ships, excellent hotels, every convenience for the visitor. Full particulars of all railroads, or write for beautiful souvenir book of photographs and full particulars. Address

HAWAII PROMOTION COMMITTEE
HONOLULU, T. H.
REPRESENTING
Territory of Hawaii, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Association

Hopkinsville, Ky.

The Winchester Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:—We understand that you are preparing to make and place on the market an automatic shot gun. Your present repeater is popular and some of us use it, but as a trap gun it is not needed, its only recommendation for that purpose being its cheapness. As a game exterminator it is sufficient, without adding the automatic feature, and on account of the growing scarcity of game, we believe it will eventually be discarded by all true sportsmen, if not discriminated against by law. Be that as it may, we, as a club, purpose drawing the line at an automatic, and the object of this letter is to say that we will not shoot it ourselves and will in every legitimate way discountenance its use. We trust, however, that it is not your purpose to put such a gun on the market.

Geo. C. Long,
Guy Starling,
J. D. Higgins,
W. M. Shaw.
Members of Hopkinsville Gun Club.

The pump gun should be done away with. I have been a guide for 6 years, but have the same idea of pump guns as you have. Will work for the bill to knock them out.

F. R. Woodman, Gouverneur, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

A PERFECT COCKTAIL

is a drink in which all the ingredients are so carefully blended that whilst no particular one is in evidence yet the delicate flavor of each is apparent.

This result is difficult to arrive at, as a few drops more or less will destroy the balance. The only safe way is to buy

Club Cocktails

which are the original and best, scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and properly aged before being bottled.

The most popular varieties of the Club Cocktails are the Martini and Manhattan, the former having a gin and the latter a whisky base.

All grocers and leading wine merchants sell them.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*,
HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON.

THE HAPPY SCHOOLBOY.

Bill Shakespeare tells a little tale
  About a boy who always whined
When schooltime came, and whom a snail
  In speed could leave a block behind;
Who'd rather stay at home and play,
  And sit around and mope and dream;
But then, you know, in William's day
  They didn't have a football team.

Now'days the boys look forward to
  The morning when the bell disturbs
The autumn air; there's no boo-hoo
  At thought of parsing Latin verbs.
J. Cæsar's bridge can't make them fret,
  Nor crafty Euclid's hardest scheme;
For after school will they not get
  A chance to make the football team?

Vacation time is full of joy.
  But Jim's not sorry it has passed.
This year he's not a little boy;
He's 12 pounds heavier than last.
With snaillike speed does he approach
  The school? Not much; he's full of
    steam;
Perhaps he can persuade the coach
  To put him on the foot ball team.
    —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Belinda—No, mum, I don't care for the privilege of the piano, but I must stipulate that on my day out I get the use of the automobile.—Chicago News.

SAVE
A
DIAMOND
WIN
A
HEART
DIAMONDS
ON
CREDIT

The present diamond market is such that it would pay anyone to make Christmas selections now.

THE LOFTIS SYSTEM

is the one successful system. WHY?

Because it is quick, easy and confidential

The distant buyer simply selects a Diamond, Watch or other article from our catalogue and before he could hardly expect its arrival it is handed to him at his home, place of business, or, if he prefers, at his express office. All express charges are paid by us. We assume all the expense and risk of submitting our goods for inspection and approval, knowing that in nine cases out of ten a sale will result. We send out Diamonds and Watches that tell their own story and sell themselves. All we ask is the privilege of submitting them to intelligent and impartial people—people who can discriminate in qualities, workmanship and prices.

About Paying for Your Selection

If what we send meets your entire approval you pay one-fifth on delivery and keep the article, sending the balance to us direct (we have no collectors) in eight equal monthly payments. These terms make anyone's credit good, for any honest person can and will meet these small payments promptly. This system permits us to open an account and do business with all classes and conditions of people. The ten dollar a week employe is just as welcome as a customer on our books as is his wealthy employer. Every Diamond sold by us is accompanied by a signed certificate, guaranteeing its quality and value, and we will always accept the Diamond as so much money in payment for other goods or a larger Diamond.

An Invitation.

If you visit the St. Louis Exposition we invite you to visit and inspect our magnificent exhibit—the largest and finest display of diamonds and precious stones ever made in America, and probably the most interesting and valuable exhibit at the World's Fair. Our diamond cutters at work, will gladly and courteously show you every process of cleaving, cutting and polishing, from the rough diamonds in the blue earth, as taken from the mines in South Africa, to the perfectly cut and polished gems. Do not fail to see it.

. **Our Early Fall Catalogue** is just off the press and a copy will be sent free for the asking. It is the most beautiful and interesting book of the kind published, and contains a complete history of the Diamond from mine to wearer.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Est. 1858)
Diamond Cutters and Mnfg. Jewelers
Dept. M-82 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright, 1904, Franklin Advertising Agency, Chicago

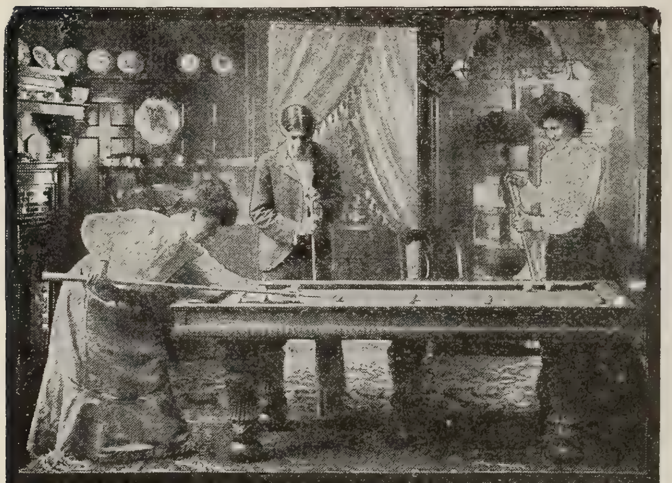
I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE
is a Pure and Delicious
OLD ENGLISH CANDY

And I want to say to the readers of RECREATION that it's just the candy for the whole family, and the children in particular. There is nothing "just as good," or "just like it." Your dealer can supply you. If not, write me, and send me his name, and I will talk with him.

Trial package sent for 10c. in stamps; or 4-lb. Family Tin sent for $1.60 and I pay the express charges

JOHN MACKINTOSH
Dept 29 78 Hudson St., New York



YOU CAN HAVE A BILLIARD ROOM.

Your Dining Room, Library or Living Room will serve. You merely lift the top from a handsome library or dining table and you have the

INDIANAPOLIS COMBINATION TABLE,

a perfect, regulation Billiard Table, with Vermont slate bed, lively rubber cushions, concealed pool pockets and patent carom plugs, making no break in the cushion. Most modern designs and finishes.

From Factory to User on Easy Payments.
Beautiful catalog for the asking.
COMBINATION BILLIARD MFG. CO.
33-43 West St. MADISON, IND.

Winchester, Mass.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
Dear Sirs:

I am informed that you contemplate the manufacture of an automatic gun.

In a republic one learns that his rights do not overlap the rights of others, whether in politics, education, social life or even in pleasures.

On the one hand is the sportsman who finds delight in his accuracy of aim and in the number of birds, we will say, he has bagged; on the other hand is the nature lover, who finds his greatest pleasure not in accuracy of aim, but in accuracy of perception; who bags facts, not life.

It is useless for either to attempt sympathy with the other's viewpoint; they are as diametrical as the poles.

At this time, when even the sportsman bewails the scarcity of game, when bird lovers mourn and search the woods in vain for some favorite that used to be abundant, is it fair to either to produce any weapon that shall still further curtail their pleasures?

The feeling that our feathered friends were created for some purpose other than destruction was given proof in the Legislature a year or 2 ago, when the wholesale slaughter of plumage birds was suppressed.

Any firm contemplating the manufacture of weapons more life destroying than those already on the market would do well to put its finger on the public pulse. Protective societies are in vigorous battle the country over; nature books are bewildering in numbers, which points to the theory of demand and supply; cameras and other aids to the better study of natural life, were never so popular, and the manufacture of such a gun as that contemplated may not unreasonably lead to prohibitive legislation.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. Grace Squires.

I received the Hawk Eye camera and thank you for your generous treatment. I am more than pleased with the camera and will do all I can for RECREATION.

F. E. Dealing, Grafton, Mass.

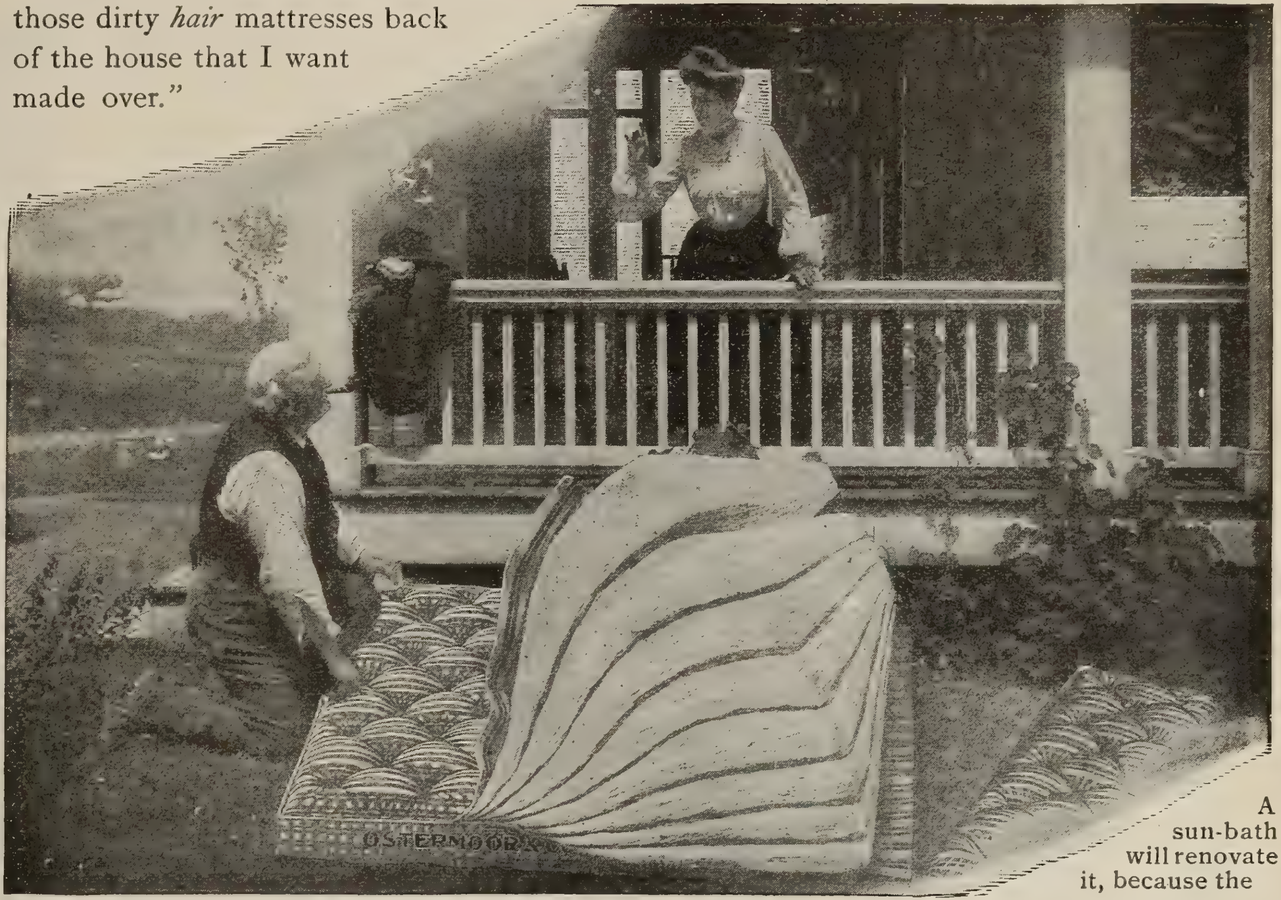
PATENTS

promptly obtained **OR NO FEE.** Trade-Marks, Caveats, Copyrights and Labels registered. **TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE.** Highest references. Send model, sketch or photo. for free report on patentability. All business confidential. **HAND-BOOK FREE.** Explains everything. Tells How to Obtain and Sell Patents, What Inventions Will Pay, How to Get a Partner, explains best mechanical movements, and contains 300 other subjects of importance to inventors. *Address,*

H. B. WILLSON & CO. Patent Attorneys
786 F Street, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Stop that, you Stupid Renovator

—you've opened my splendid OSTERMOOR. Don't you know *yet* that the OSTERMOOR *never* needs remaking? Sew it right up again and put it back in the sun where you found it. A sun-bath is all it requires. It is those dirty *hair* mattresses back of the house that I want made over."



A sun-bath will renovate it, because the

Ostermoor Mattress $15.

(Express Charges Prepaid—Anywhere)

is *built* (not stuffed) with a product of Nature as pure as Nature herself—treated and prepared by a mixture of brains and machinery in a way that has made OSTERMOOR the mattress *par excellence*—moisture-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof, vermin-proof—everlastingly resilient, soft and fresh. OSTERMOOR, the only mattress that never requires renovating or renewing—an occasional sun bath its only renovator, and under no condition does it sag or become lumpy or uneven. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of the mattress is in the sleeping. We allow you to sleep on it 30 nights free, and refund your money if you are not satisfied *in every way*. Read the guarantee.

Beautiful 136-Page Book FREE

Regular Sizes and Prices	
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

If you ask, we will send you our handsome, beautifully illustrated book, "The Test of Time"—136 pages of interesting information and valuable suggestions for the sake of comfort, health and success—with over 200 fine illustrations. Write for it now while it is in mind.

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just-as-good" kind. Ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. "*It must be Ostermoor.*" Mattress sent by express, prepaid, the same day check is received.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 114 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

30 Nights' FREE Trial

Sleep on the OSTERMOOR thirty nights free and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50. hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eyeglass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a pair of chrome tanned horsehide hunting and driving gloves, listed at $1.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co.; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4; or an Ingersoll Cyclometer listed at $1.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a pair of gauntlets, for hunting and driving, ladies' size, listed at $2.50, made by J. P. Luther Glove Co., or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6 or less; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5; or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10.

EIGHT new subscriptions at $1 each. A series 1, 4 x 5 Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $12.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $15.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 4, 4 x 5, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $22.50.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $32.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $38; or a Colt Automatic Pistol, made by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., and listed at $25.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

Address, **Recreation** 23 West 24th St.
New York

$1,200 a Year for Life

Secured by Small Monthly Payments

The Mutual Rubber Production Company offers to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to become associated in an enterprise of immense profit, which will yield you or your heirs a sure and certain income, and on terms that are within the reach of everybody. The shares in this investment are selling above par right now, and they are selling fast. In fact, there are only a few hundred left in the present series. Fifteen hundred satisfied share holders, scattered all over this country, testify to the splendid conservatism of this enterprise. It is not unlikely that among these fortunate ones may be some of your friends. If you act at once you will have the opportunity of joining this new and immensely profitable investment, at the present price, before the series is exhausted. The enterprise is so popular with these readers that we are reserving a few shares in anticipation of their orders—but this block is not so large as we would like to make it. Indications are that it will be largely over-subscribed. If you have been procrastinating—if you have been putting it off "until to-morrow," or "until next week," it behooves you, now, to

SECURE YOUR SHARES AT ONCE

The Mutual Rubber Production Company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our great commercial rubber orchard. These 6,000 acres are in the State of Chiapas, Mexico—the finest rubber land in all the world. In this orchard we are changing the production of crude rubber from the uncertain method heretofore employed—that of reckless and destructive tapping by improvident natives—to the most solid and permanent basis known to modern scientific forestry, and under Anglo-Saxon supervision. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as we are now engaged in, without making immensely wealthy all those interested in the change. The enormous fortunes made in the past, by gathering crude rubber from virgin trees scattered here and there in the tropical jungle are as nothing compared to the sure and permanent incomes to be derived from this new industry.

No large cash down payment is required to secure these shares, as they are paid for in small monthly installments, as the work of development progresses. For $20, as the first monthly payment, you can secure five shares. Then you pay $20 a month for 11 more months, then $15 for 12 months, then $10 a month for a limited period, until you have paid $1,410, the full price for five shares ($282 each in the present series). But, meantime, you will have received dividends amounting to $1,050, or $210 per share, so that the actual net cost of the 5 shares in this remarkably safe and profitable investment will be only $360 of your own money, or $72 per share. Then, from the maturity period onward, your five shares, or acres, will yield you or your heirs $1,200 a year for more years than you can possibly live.

Early dividends are provided by "tapping to death" 400 of the 600 trees we originally plant to each acre, and the 200 trees remaining for permanent yield will produce every year at least 2 pounds of rubber each, at a net profit of 60 cents a pound. These statistics are vouched for by the Government reports of the United States and Great Britain—the most reliable sources of information in the world.

This means, on your five-share investment, a permanent and certain income of $1,200 a year, or $2,400 a year on 10 shares, or better still, 25 shares will yield you $6,000 a year. Of course, a single share can be secured on the same advantageous basis. Here is the opportunity for people of moderate means to secure an investment in a new and immensely profitable industry, that is already attracting the attention of great capitalists.

Already over 4,000 shares in this Company have been sold, and remember, there are but 6,000 shares altogether. The work at the plantation, owing to the even and unchanging climate of the semi-tropics, is progressing rapidly. Shares will positively not be sold at the present price after those in the present series are closed out. Then a sharp rise in price will be made without further notice.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Co of Boston holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death or in case of lapse of payment, and we grant you a suspension of payments for 90 days any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

We can prove to you that the five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly installments, will bring you **an average return of twenty-five per cent. on your money during the period of payment,** and will then bring you **$100 a month for more than a lifetime.** This opens the door for yourself, not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years, when perhaps you will not be able to earn it. Payments of $4.00 per month the first year and smaller payments thereafter will secure you one share.

If you will write us at once, full and concise information proving every statement will be promptly furnished at our expense. This information will quickly put you in close touch with every detail of our plan. Your every request will receive immediate attention. Write us now.

Mutual Rubber Production Company
80 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

A Gun Cabinet

would make a splendid holiday present

For a Sportsman

It is just the thing in which to keep his

Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

and other Jewelry in perfect order and properly protected from dust and moisture

SEND ME

35 Yearly Subscriptions

to RECREATION

and I will send you a gun and tackle cabinet made by the West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa., listed at $33.

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

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Jaeger
POROUS WOOLENS

"The best Wealth is Health," and **Jaeger** underwear is a noted maker and saver of health. It is therefore the most profitable investment for your money, for what profits any gain if health be lost? *Booklets and Samples Free*

Recommended by leading physicians everywhere.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s
OWN STORES

NEW YORK { **306 Fifth Ave.** **157 Broadway**
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BOSTON: 230-232 Boylston Street
PHILADELPHIA: 1510 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO: 82 State Street

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

LA VETA PASS, COLO.

NORTHERN RUBBER CO.,
Box P 336, St. Paul, Minn.:

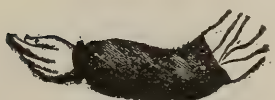
Dear Sirs—I want the following:

1 Rubber Cap with Cape, size 7½	$ .75
1 pair Rubber Leggings	.75
1 " High Rubbers with Heels, rolled edge	3.45
1 " Medium High Rubbers with Heels, rolled edge	2.75
1 " Best Woolen German Socks	1.25
1 Poncho Rubber Blanket	1.50
6 pairs Lumbermen's Half-hose (no dude business about these)	3.00
	$13.45

The Banner Rubber Coat I paid you $5. for over a year ago is fine. Yours truly,
THOS. BONIFACE.

Write for Prices of Banner Hunting Shoes

Everybody who does work which wears or soils the sleeves needs

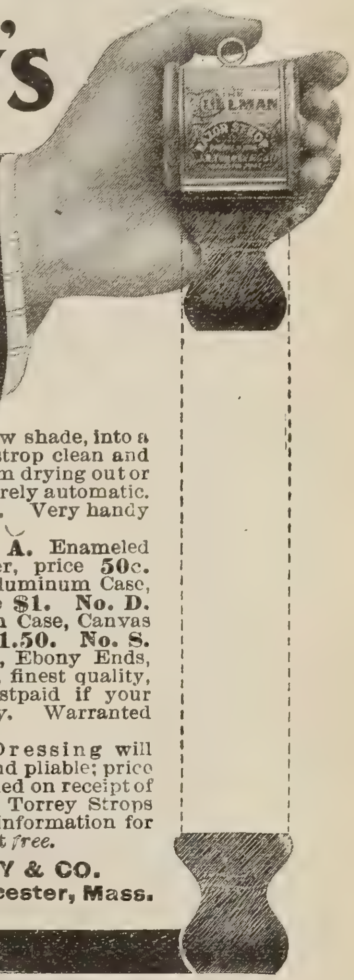


Banner Rubber Oversleeves

25 cents a Pair, postpaid.

Northern Rubber Co.

Box P 336. Mention RECREATION. **St. Paul, Minn.**



TORREY'S
PULLMAN RAZOR STROP

Rolls up like a window shade, into a metal case. Keeps strop clean and soft. Prevents it from drying out or collecting dust. Entirely automatic. Always ready for use. Very handy in traveling.

STYLES—No. A. Enameled Case, Single Leather, price **50c.** **No. B.** Engraved Aluminum Case, Single Leather, price **$1.** **No. D.** Engraved Aluminum Case, Canvas and Leather, price **$1.50.** **No. S.** Sterling Silver Case, Ebony Ends, Canvas and Leather, finest quality, price **$3.** Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Warranted satisfactory.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable; price 15c at dealers' or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue of Torrey Strops containing valuable information for those who shave, sent *free.*

J. R. TORREY & CO.
P. O. Box 44, Worcester, Mass.

Rich Caller (who is making the round of the tenement district)—Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good woman?

The Other (of the submerged)—No, thank ye, mem. Ye musn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' meself.—London Tit Bits.

First Playwright: I have just written a problem play.

Second Playwright: What is the problem?

"How to make any money out of it."—Life.

Substitutes for Williams' Shaving Soap are dangerous. Beware of them!

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. Free trial sample for 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for booklet, "How to Shave."

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

PAROID ROOFING

"IT LASTS"

For all kinds of buildings—roof and sides. Keeps out the cold better than shingles and clapboards, and costs much less. Any one can apply it, with fixtures packed inside of each roll.

Send to-day for samples and prices.

F. W. BIRD & SON, Makers

Established 1817

EAST WALPOLE, MASS.

NEW YORK CHICAGO WASHINGTON

For Sale:—One 32-40 Savage rifle, new, with 28 inch barrel. One Winchester Stevens target rifle. One set 25-20 and 32-20 reloading tools. Albert Schwemberger, 1909 Center St., New Albany, Ind.

Bargains:—Almost new, 30-30 Marlin take down Lyman sights, reloading tools: cost $28. $20 takes it. $35 Ithaca hammerless, 12 gauge, choke bored, fine condition, $25. Dr. Henika, Readstown, Wis.

For Sale:—Parker Hammerless 12 gauge; list price, $50. New last March; used less than a dozen times; $20. H. C. Evans, Iowa City, Iowa.

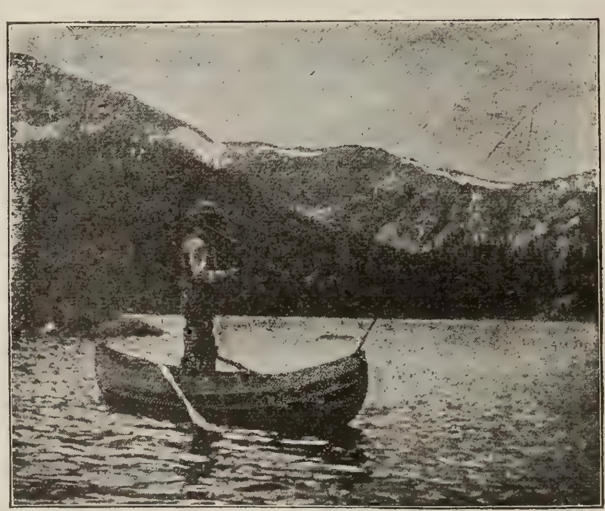
I received my Bristol steel rod. It is such a handsome return for a little work that I hardly know how to thank you. I shall certainly continue getting subscribers for the best magazine in the United States.

C. W. Pipes, Akron, O.

As RECREATION premiums I have received from various makers, a tent, a gun rack and a revolver. Their value has been demonstrated by use and all are perfectly satisfactory.

Roy Abercrombie, Rushville, Ind.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.



11-foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats

were not satisfactory until the

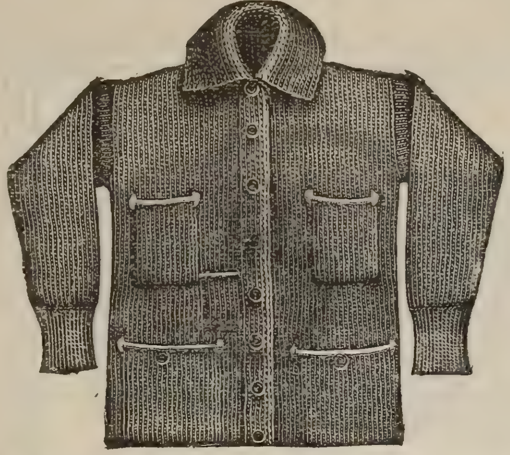
KING

was produced. It's a revelation in boat construction, nothing like it ever made. *Nonsinkable Can't tip over. Puncture Proof*, wear longer than a wooden boat. No repairs. No cost for storage, always ready, folds into a small neat package, carry by hand, used by the U. S. Navy. They are simple, wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitations. Made only by ourselves. *A catalog of 100 engravings* and 400 testimonials sent *on receipt of 6 cents.*

Bottom Boards rest on the frame, not on the canvas, ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. They are *stiffer and safer* than a Wooden Boat because the lines are fuller, and are much easier to row or paddle.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

Mention RECREATION. **KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A**



Shooting Jacket

$3.

GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all out-door purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in two colors—dead grass and Oxford gray.

Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogs

The H. H. KIFFE CO., 523 Broadway, N. Y.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion: A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check, in order that those friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

Seashells Free! I have a good collection of saltwater shells that I would give in exchange for 4 yearly subscriptions for RECREATION, or would sell for $5.
Harry Flipping, 30 W. Ohio Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

"OLD SETTLERS CLUB" WHISKEY

Delivered FREE on Trial.

A Distiller's Remarkable Offer.

The sole distributers of "Old Settlers Club Whiskey" are authorized by the distillers to make this unheard of offer.

Upon request they will send you four full quarts of 10 year old "Old Settlers Club Whiskey" or one full gallon in Jug. **Deliver same free to your address in plain sealed case—no marks to show contents—paying all expense.** When you receive the whiskey try it. Put it to any test you like. Show it to your physician; if he does not say that it is the purest, smoothest, most palatable and best whiskey for medicinal use that is possible to obtain or can get from anybody at three times our price which is $3.00 for four full quarts—box it up and return it. You are under no obligation to keep it. **Understand you are not to be out one cent** unless we can prove to you we have the best whiskey that is possible to produce.

Remember, not a penny in advance; this is not a C. O. D. scheme but a straight, legitimate, bona-fide offer from a concern whose financial standing is unquestioned. We send the whiskey to your very sideboard to try and use (a full quart if you want to) before paying for it. We furnish you a better whiskey than you have ever used. We have the utmost confidence in "Old Settlers Club." We have been serving it to the best family trade from Maine to California for over 55 years. We have customers on our books that have been using "Old Settlers Club" continually for 20 years, yes, some as long as 30 years. We take no risk when we offer to put it on your table to use and try before paying for it. We know positively that you will be more than pleased with its smoothness and its pleasant taste and best of all its absolute purity, which is and ought to be the principal requirement of a good whiskey. **Four full quarts of "Old Settlers Club" sells for $3.00** which is no more than the price of cheap blended raw spirits colored to resemble whiskey, usually sold under high sounding distillery names.

PUT US TO THE TEST. Cut off this coupon and mail it today. Understand not a cent with your order; if we can't substantiate our claim you are nothing out. We take all the risk. Ask yourself could we afford to make such an offer if we were not positive of our goods; if we did not have the whiskey we claim wouldn't we be fools for making this offer. We are anxious and willing to show you that we have the whiskey. Will you mail the coupon printed below today? We refer to any Bank or Commercial Agency in Chicago.

Tear off this coupon and send it today.

The Chicago Table Supply Co.
264 to 268 State St., Chicago.

As per your special offer you may send, without cost to me, **Four Full Quarts 10 Year Old "Old Settlers Club Whiskey"** which I agree to try. If found as represented above I agree to either remit $3.00 or return same at your expense within 5 days from receipt of goods.

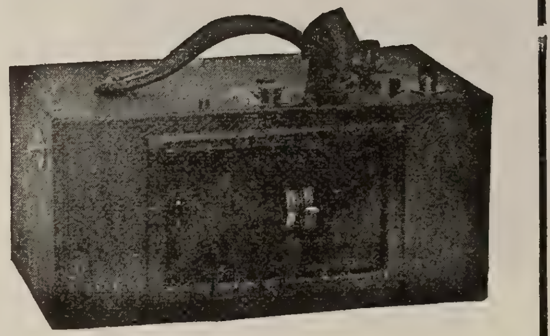
Name ____________________

P. O. Address ____________________

R Shipping Point ____________________

Enclose Business Card, Letter Head or References.

Are You an Amateur Photographer?



If so would you like a Camera
that will photograph

A whole range of mountains
A whole sweep of river
A whole army
A whole fleet of ships
A whole city

Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT

The Al Vista

is the thing. It lists at $30

One of the greatest inventions of the age.
Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

For particulars address

RECREATION

23 West 24th Street NEW YORK CITY

THE THOUGHTLESS SODA CLERK.

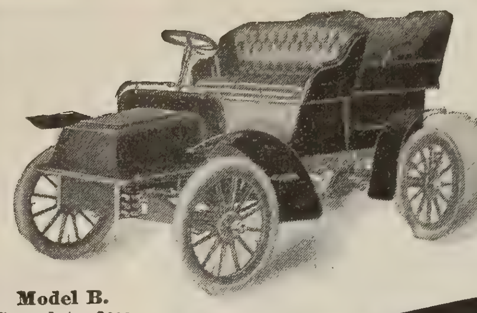
He clurks inn jonesez stoar ann wenn shee goze
inn thare fore iskream soda i suppoas
He thinks he hass too smile att hur ann speke
too urn thee pay jonez gives him every weak.
he duzz nott seme to no thatt shee is mine
butt stands ann grinns like a toothpowder sine
awl sented upp with hare oil ann coloan.
Ude think thee kanndy stoar wuz awl his own
too sea him bough ann alwuz here him say
wot wil thee littul lady have tooday.

i thott att furst ide hitt him butt u sea
ide gett in jale for salten battery
ann shee wood be aloan ann he mite tri
too thro a kis at hur wenn ime not ni.
so i have kepp mi temper wenn hede pass
in frunt uv us ann look intoo thee glas
ann brush his hare befoar he wennt too gett
owner iskream soda fore uss. butt u bett
thatt biumbi thee day will kum wenn he
wil wisht heed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett
Too bi owt jonesez stoar. ile own itt yet.
i saved ten sense lass weak ann every day
ile tri to put a sent ur too away.
ann wenn ive got itt awl ann nede no moar
ile tel ole jonez ive kum to bi thee stoar
Ann thenn ile fire thatt clurk so doggon quick
heel think heez bin struck bi a thowsand brick.
he smiles att hur ann never semes too sea
thee viper thatt is beein nursed in me.

—J. W. Foley, in Life.

A hunting jacket, a revolver, a camera, a pair of gloves, a pair of skates or a pair of opera glasses would make an appropriate Christmas present for any man or boy who is fond of outdoor sport. The skates or the opera glasses would also please any girl who is fond of skating or of the theatre, and this means all girls. You can get any of these articles by securing a few yearly subscriptions to Recreation and sending them in. See premium list in this issue of Recreation.


Model B.
Complete, $900.
Without Tonneau, $800.

CADILLAC Construction

Combines strength with simplicity. No automobile at double the money is so strongly constructed, so speedy on good roads, so dependable on bad, so capable in hill climbing as a Cadillac. Friction is reduced to the minimum. The mechanical excellence of the Cadillac is without an equal for power, speed and safety.

Write for booklet K which explains Cadillac models in detail, and gives address of nearby agency where the cars may be seen and tried.

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

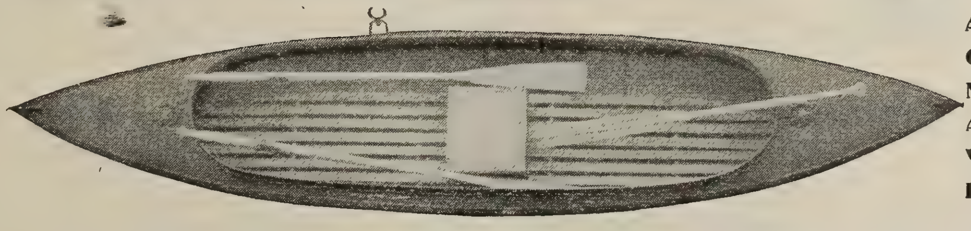
DIETZ LAMPS
Are the STANDARD of Perfection

Other manufacturers imitate our lamps, but none can equal them. Ours are doubly seamed together. Send for our circular. Sold by all live dealers at reasonable prices.

R. E. DIETZ CO., 60 Laight St., N.Y. City
ESTABLISHED 1840

PARK COMMISSIONERS of BUFFALO
want to purchase
200 Gray or Fox Squirrels
to stock parks. Send price and particulars to
DR. F. A. CRANDALL, JR., Curator
Zoo, Buffalo, N. Y.

MULLINS' STEEL BOATS FOR SPORTSMEN

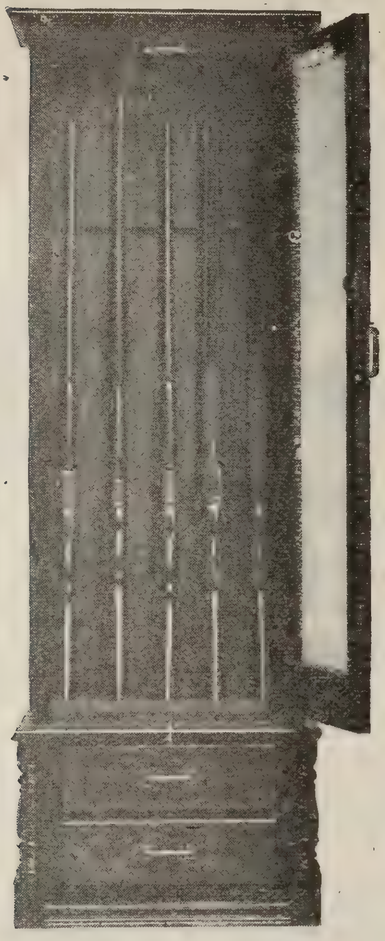


Air Chambers
Cannot Sink
No Repairs
Always Ready
Very Durable
Low in Price

"GET THERE" Duck Boat. 14 feet long, 36 inch beam. Price, $20.
Crated on Cars Salem.

Complete illustrated Catalogue. Free on application.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, SALEM, OHIO
Mention Recreation.



The Very Best Investment for a Sportsman

WOULD BE

A PROTHERO GUN CABINET

Made entirely of heavy oak.
Golden or weathered finish.
68 inches high, 20 inches wide, 13 inches deep.
Holds 5 guns.
Requires only 2 square feet of floor space.
Moisture proof.
Door and drawers fit.
Keeps guns in good condition.

Price, $15.

Cheapest cabinet in the market of equal size and quality.

John N. Prothero
400 DU BOIS STREET, DU BOIS, PA.

Special for November—Freight prepaid (when cash accompanies order) to any station east of the Mississippi.

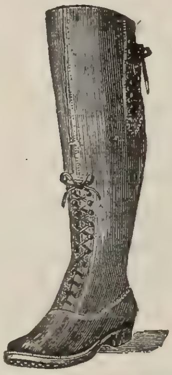
FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest

Get a pair of **Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots**



I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE
240 Halsey St. NEWARK, N. J.

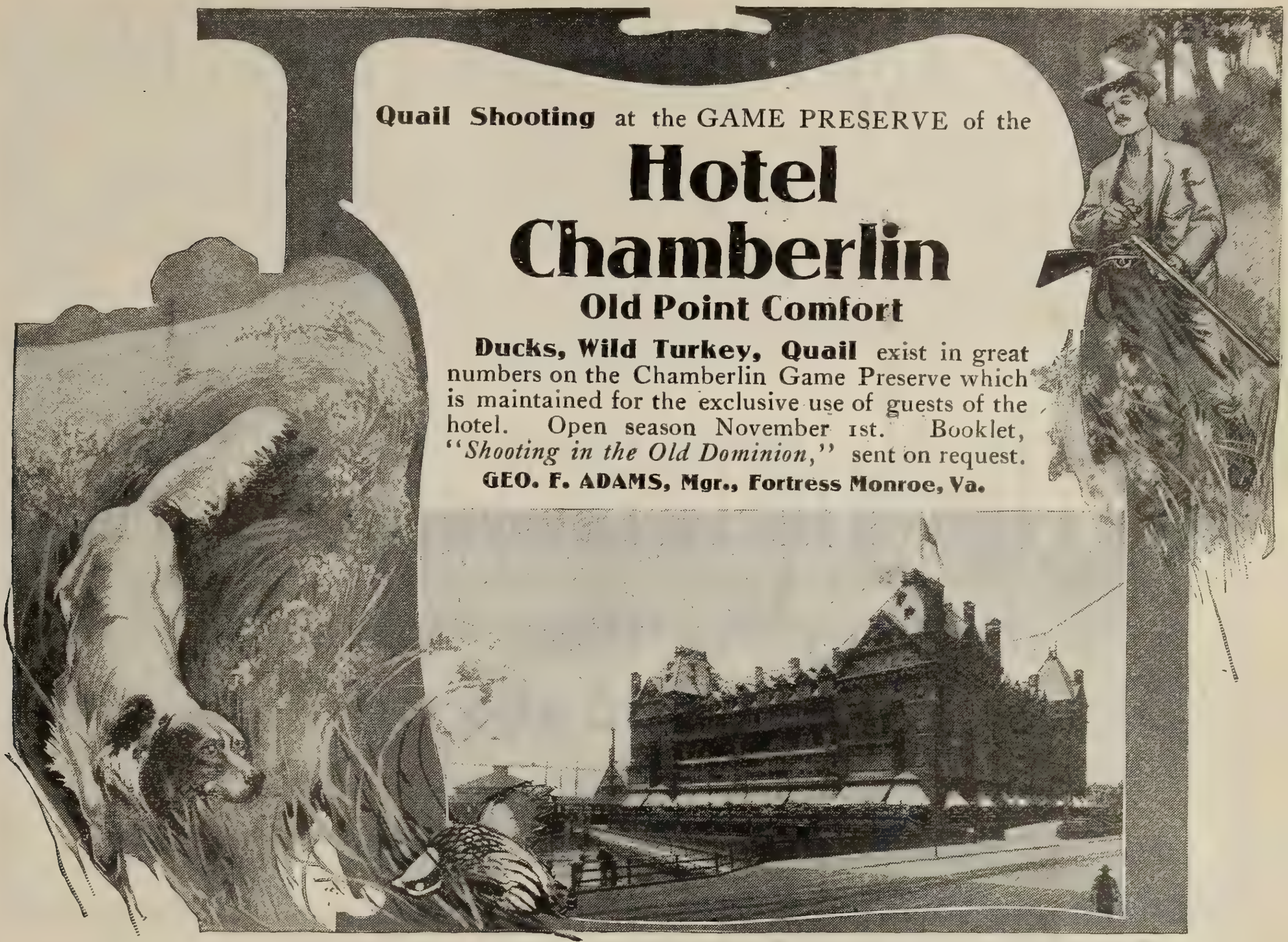
The Mariposa Novelty Co., of Chicago, Ill., has devised a plan of pressing and framing butterflies and moths in such a way as to preserve their natural outlines and colors and to make beautiful and interesting wall decorations. The specimens are first placed on a sheet of raw cotton, the wings carefully spread out so as to show all details of form and color. Then a sheet of glass is placed on the insects to hold them in position. The specimens are then framed in oak of such width as may be needed to give the best possible effect.

This new method of preserving these beautiful creatures will prove of great interest to nature students, as it will enable them to remember distinctly the forms of the various species and will convey to the mind a much more lasting impression of the insect than could be obtained from even the best colored illustrations in books. Furthermore, these framed specimens will prove of great value as decorations for the office, library, dining room, or even the parlor.

It would be well for every person interested in nature study to order a sample case of these butterflies. In doing so please mention RECREATION.

I have received the Ideal hunting knife that you give with 4 yearly subscriptions and it is an excellent article. I like your magazine much, and shall try to send another club in the near future.

Rowland Willett, Bradford, Mass.



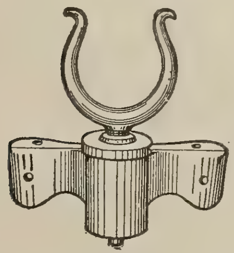
Quail Shooting at the GAME PRESERVE of the

Hotel Chamberlin

Old Point Comfort

Ducks, Wild Turkey, Quail exist in great numbers on the Chamberlin Game Preserve which is maintained for the exclusive use of guests of the hotel. Open season November 1st. Booklet, "*Shooting in the Old Dominion,*" sent on request.

GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr., Fortress Monroe, Va.



The Ball-Bearing Oarlock

A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN N. Y.

THE REASON.

I like the man who stands four square
  To every wind that blows;
Who does not dodge and duck his head
  As on his way he goes.

It is not for his virtues rare,
  Ah, no, 'tis none of that;
It is because I like to stand
  And watch him chase his hat.
—McLandburgh Wilson in N. Y. Times.

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, Charles.

Husband—I knew you'd be sorry, Carrie, and that is why I told you not to sit up.—Boston Transcript.

Squab Book Free

Squabs are raised in 1 month, bring *big prices.* Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here *is something worth looking into.* Facts given in our FREE BOOK, "How to make money with Squabs" **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Living Wild Animals and Game Birds

collected and furnished for Scientific and Propagating Purposes

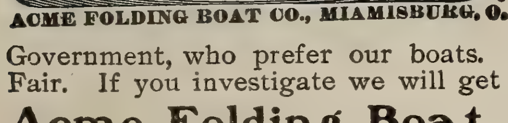
Write for what you want. No catalogue issued

CHAS. PAYNE, Naturalist
Box 913, Wichita, Kansas

Here are some startling headlines that recently appeared in the New York Times:

NEW SPOTS ON THE SUN.
One Seen by a German Professor Nearly 40,000 Miles Long.

Gee whiz! That's the longest professor I ever heard of. Wonder if his lectures are correspondingly long.



Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

STILL ANOTHER GREAT OFFER

Send me 30 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and I will send you a

No. 1 Double Barrel Breech Loading Gun

Made by the Ithaca Gun Co.
and Listed at $30

I have contracted for 20 of these guns at a price which enables me to offer them as above, and they will doubtless all be taken within the next 3 months.

If You Want One Get Busy at Once

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application

RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York

THE FASTENER
WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP.

Washburne's Patent Improved **Fasteners**

Men find comfort and utility in their use. Applied to

Key Chain and Ring, . 25c.
Cuff Holders, ... 20c.
Scarf Holders, ... 10c.
Drawers Supporters . . 20c.

Sent postpaid. LITTLE, BUT NEVER LET GO. *Catalogue free*
Sold Everywhere.

AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 44 WATERBURY, CONN.

The exactitude with which some editors stick to facts is exampled in the following from a Parsons paper: "She is a young 15 year old girl, and the daughter of a widow woman." It will be observed that the editor has done away with every possibility of her being an old 15 year old girl and the daughter of a widow man.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

"Wasn't that young Sapington I saw Marian Fisher with this evening? Why did she go out with him?"

"Why not? Haven't you heard of the fortune his uncle left him?"

"Oh! I see. She's out to get the heir."—Philadelphia Press.

The superintendent of a Sunday school asked the children, "What is the staff of life?"

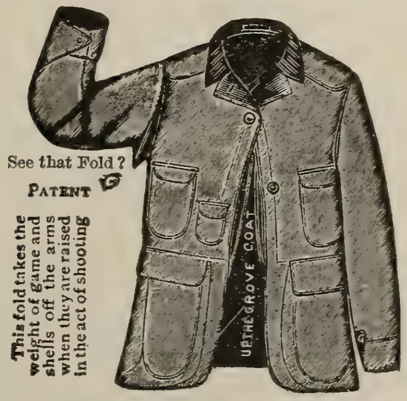
An agitated hand waved in the air, and, on being encouraged to make a reply, a lad answered: "Whisky."

The assemblage was astonished, but the boy, encouraged to make himself clear, continued:

"Moses threw down his staff and then the people saw a snake."—New York Times.

Dashaway: It's sat to think of how few girls there are you really care to marry.

Cleverton: But it's sadder to think of the number who don't care to marry you.—Exchange.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PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
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Makers of High Grade Clothing
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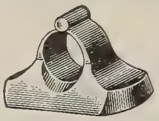
Marble's Front Sight

Bead sizes:
1-16 inch,
3-32 inch,
1-8 inch.



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or Pope's
Island Gold.

This is the only sight constructed so that you can hold over and still see the exact spot aimed at. You can do accurate shooting up to several hundred yards by simply holding bottom of bead at center of target or holding so that the target shows plainly directly under center of bead or even down to bottom of circular opening.

Sights for 22 caliber furnished with 1-16 inch bead only. Made for all rifles. State model and caliber when ordering. Price, postpaid, $1.00.

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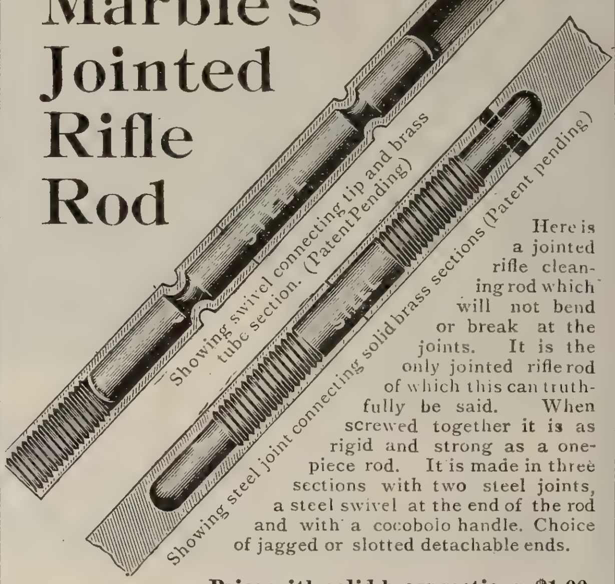
GLADSTONE, MICH.

Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod


Showing swivel connecting tip and brass tube section. (Patent Pending)
Showing steel joint connecting solid brass sections (Patent pending)

Here is a jointed rifle cleaning rod which will not bend or break at the joints. It is the only jointed rifle rod of which this can truthfully be said. When screwed together it is as rigid and strong as a one-piece rod. It is made in three sections with two steel joints, a steel swivel at the end of the rod and with a cocobolo handle. Choice of jagged or slotted detachable ends.

Price with solid brass sections, $1.00
With seamless brass tube sections, 1.25
PREPAID

We especially recommend our "Garrison" rifle cleaner with this rod. It is guaranteed to remove lead, rust and burned powder without the slightest injury to the barrel. Price, 50c, prepaid. Mention caliber of gun when ordering either rod or cleaner.

Send for catalogue showing extra quality sportsmen's specialties.

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Once on a time 2 youths were suitors for the hand of a good, beautiful, sensible, bright, tactful, candid, soulful, womanly girl.

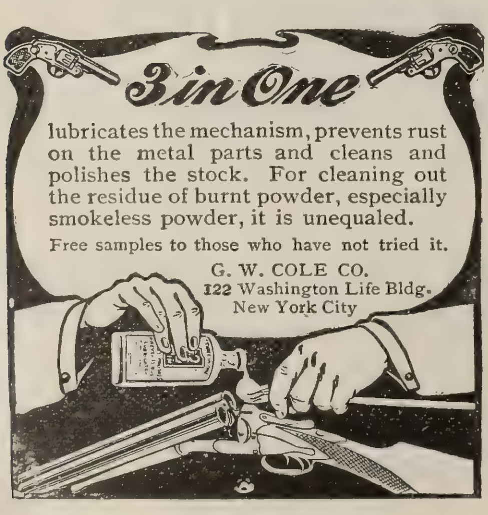
One youth made love.

The other made money.

Puzzle: Which youth married the good, beautiful, sensible, bright, tactful, candid, soulful, womanly girl?—Puck.

The Korona camera you sent me as a premium is far beyond my expectations. With such a fine instrument I expect to cut a swath in your photo contest later. I thank you for the camera.

R. C. Stevens, Elmwood, Mass.



lubricates the mechanism, prevents rust on the metal parts and cleans and polishes the stock. For cleaning out the residue of burnt powder, especially smokeless powder, it is unequaled.

Free samples to those who have not tried it.

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122 Washington Life Bldg.
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A RIDICULOUS DREAM.

"By far more fantastic than fiction
  Was a dream that I had once," he said,
"A dream that seemed splendidly vivid;
  The blue sky was arching o'erhead;
The buildings of granite and marble
  From smudge and from smoke stains were free,
Not a horrible, hideous billboard
  On any bare lot did I see.

"There were great, splendid ships in the harbor,
  The people passed leisurely by;
At the crossings the drivers politely
  Checked up; not an ear-splitting cry
Was emitted by any daft newsboy
  And—wonder of wonders—that day
There wasn't a strike in Chicago,
  Nor even a shooting affray."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Who discovered America?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"Adam and Eve," promptly replied the boy at the foot.—Life.

Your outfit is not complete unless it includes my

Combination Bait

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Coat has reinforced gun cap at shoulder; patent ventilated gusset under arm. Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

In ordering, give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Give waist and leg for trousers. Light tan or dead grass color. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Price, coat, $5.00; trousers, $3.00; hat, $1.00. Express prepaid. Sample of material and booklet free.

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A lively looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Pennsylvania station, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed a moment and then turned to the young man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to——"

"But, say, boss, I——"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions, I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a 2 dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerfully sorry you wouldn't let me tell you, but I ain't goin' out on that train."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rural visitor (in dime museum): Gosh all torment!

Living Skeleton: Well, what's the matter with you?

"Nothin', that I know of; but you look as if yew'd summer-boarded all yewr life!'"—Life.

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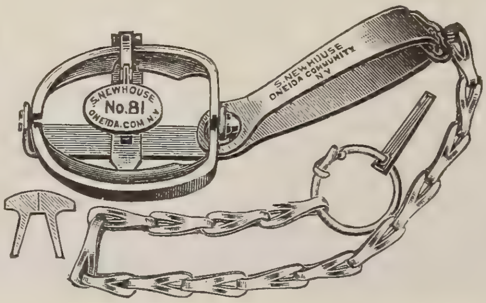
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THE CANADIAN GUIDE.

Persistence of type is well illustrated by the guides that are found in all the sporting regions of Canada. In years gone by the *coureurs de bois* caused the utmost concern to the civil and religious authorities of French Canada. They refused to be bound by the conditions of civilization, and preferred to spend their lives in the woods among the Indians, from whom they learned all the mysteries of woodcraft.

To-day the type remains, though purged of the objectionable features of those adventurous Frenchmen. The Gatineau valley, for instance, up which the Gracefield branch of the Canadian Pacific runs from Ottawa, leads through a forest country studded with lakes of every size and shape. More and more tourists go there every summer, yet so vast is the region that there is not the least fear of its becoming overcrowded. There the guide is in his glory, and he delights to go with parties that intend to push their explorations far beyond the range of civilization. He knows the old trails of the fur trader and the Indian. He thoroughly understands how to pack a canoe, and make all snug in camp. He knows where the best trout or bass rise and where the deer and moose come down to drink. He can point out the waterways from lake to lake, and will pick out the shortest portage around the rapids. The tourist is thus enabled to enjoy the wonderful delights of the woods with a comfort that would be otherwise impossible to him. He can set out for a fortnight's or a month's expedition, and camp out in the woods with a certainty of enjoyment that could not in any other way be his. He can delight in the freedom of camp life; can admire the wondrous beauty of lake and stream, of cascade and quiet pool; can give himself up to sport, secure in the knowledge that all the rough work will be undertaken by willing and competent men, and will be sure that he will not miss any opportunity through lack of local knowledge. On the other hand, a splendid class of men find employment in a calling that the advances of civilization might otherwise make impossible or unprofitable. They guide in summer and trap in winter, and thus the fine, free life of the woods is yet within their reach.

For more information as to these stalwart woodsmen and the country they inhabit, apply to E. V. Skinner, A. T. M., 458 Broadway, New York.

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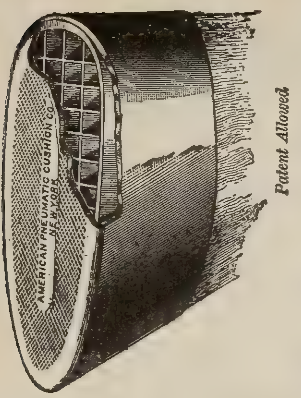
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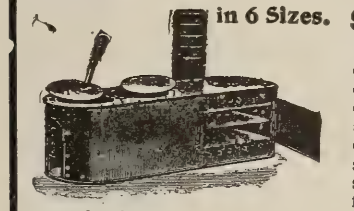

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Yours truly, C. P. Ambler.

Am in receipt of Barney & Berry skates, for which accept my thanks.

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Made from genuine Government Tan Khaki. Lined throughout with a light weight canvas. Wide pockets with flaps. Entrance to game pockets three inches from front edge and back seam. Opened under the arms to take the weight off while raising gun. Corduroy collar and corduroy lined cuffs. Open sleeves to button from edge. Double stitched pockets with leather bound flaps and edge. Olive green leather shoulder patches. Samples of material free on request.

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In ordering Coat send snug breast measurement, close up under the arms, and for Pants send waist and inseam measurement.

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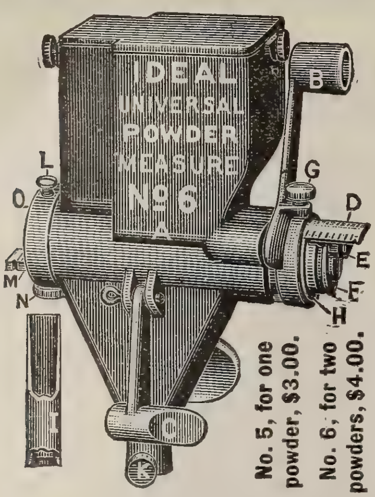

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"I'm so glad the boys of your company gave you that handsome revolver," said the militia captain's wife. "We need have no fear now of the burglars infesting this neighborhood."

"That's what!" replied the gallant captain. "I've got it locked up in the office safe where they can't get at it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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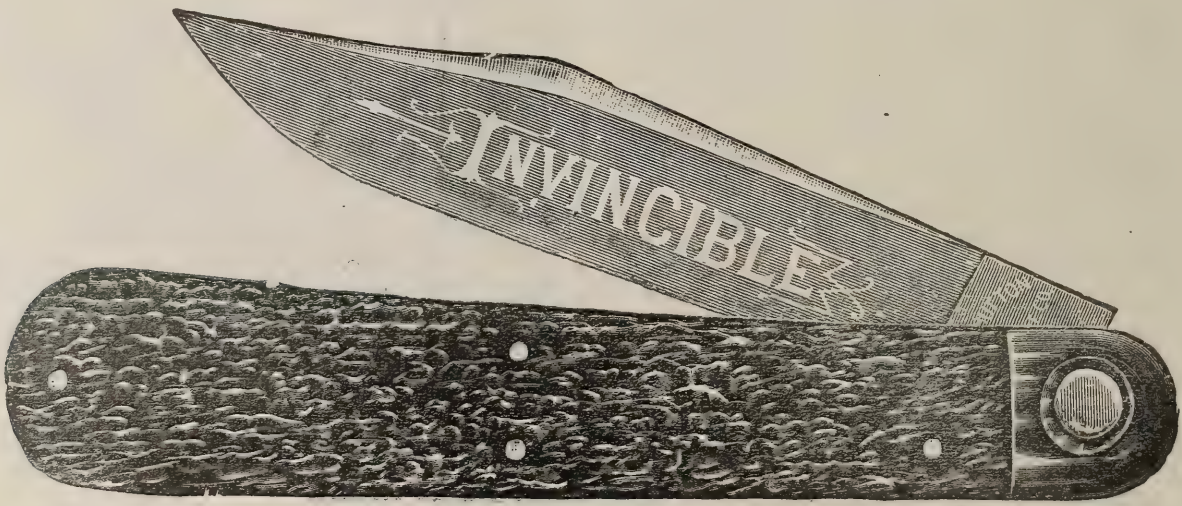
And tried to rah-ah-ah!
But all the yell it ever learned
Was bah-ah, bah-ah-ah!
—Cleveland Leader.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



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The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

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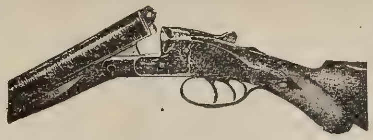

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We can furnish this gun in 12 gauge only; 28-inch and 30-inch barrels, 6 3-4 lbs. to 7 3-4 lbs. The drop at heel will range from 2 5-8 to 3-inch. Regular factory price $33. Special price $22. Sent C. O. D. Privileged to examine on receipt of $2.

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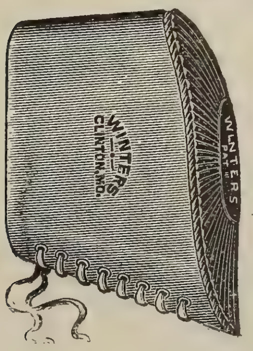

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The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked: "Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid, 'if you don't thit sthill, you ugly, squint-eyed little monkey, I'll thake the life out of you.' So I that very sthill, mamma!"—The Photographer.

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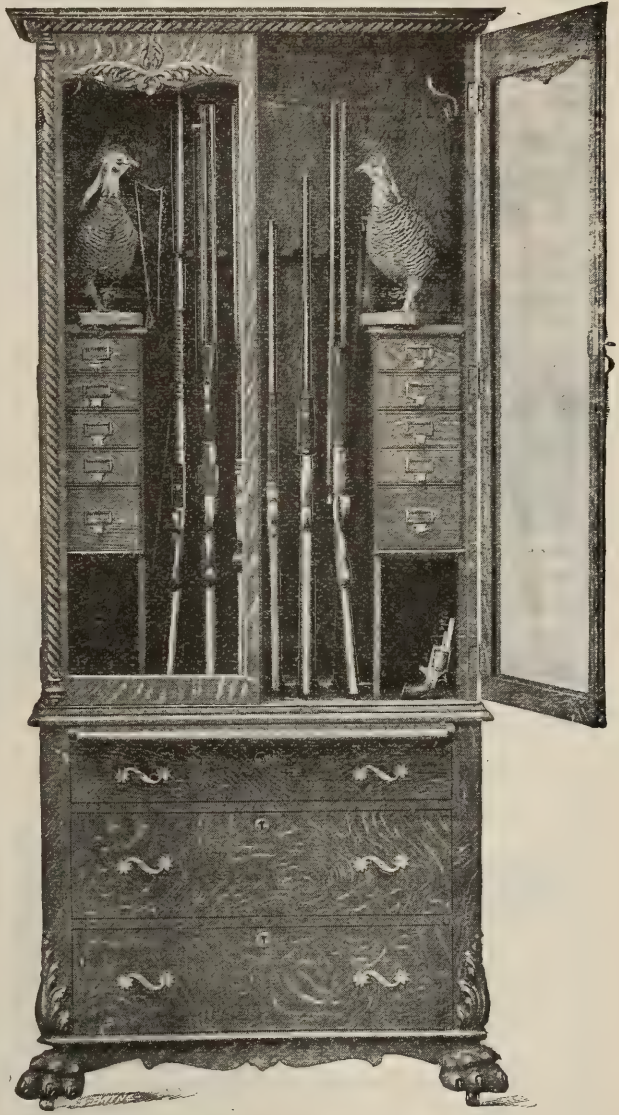

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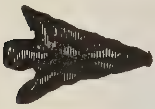

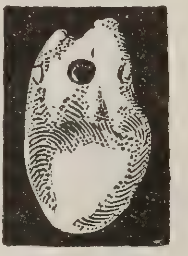

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FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine

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Following are names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me:

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Carson Bros., Frostproof via Bartow, deer, turkey, quail, bear, wild cat and alligator.
C. H. Stokes, Mohawk, deer, alligators, turkey, quail, and snipe.

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Chas. Marble, Chestnut, ditto.

OREGON.

Charles H. Sherman, Audrey, bear, deer, grouse and trout.

WASHINGTON.

Munro Wyckoff, Port Townsend, deer, bear and grouse.

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S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.

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How to Collect Animal Tracks.

A simple, inexpensive method of preserving accurately the footprints of birds, mammals, etc. Clean, instructive pastime for boys, girls, sportsmen and naturalists. Send 2 cent stamp for particulars, or $1. for complete instructions. J. Alden Loring, Owego, N. Y.

Date, ______________________ 190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St. New York.

Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year

beginning with ________________________ number,

Name, ______________________________

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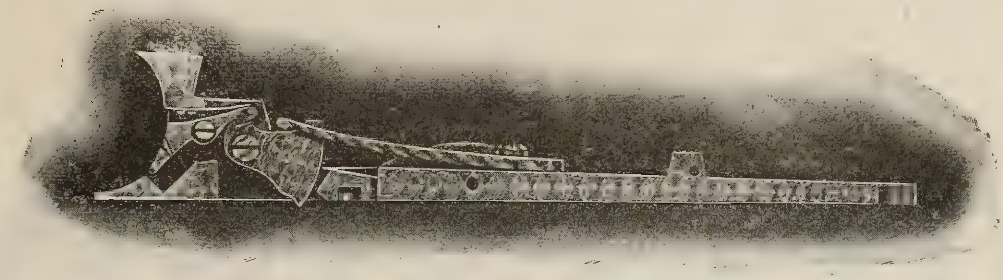
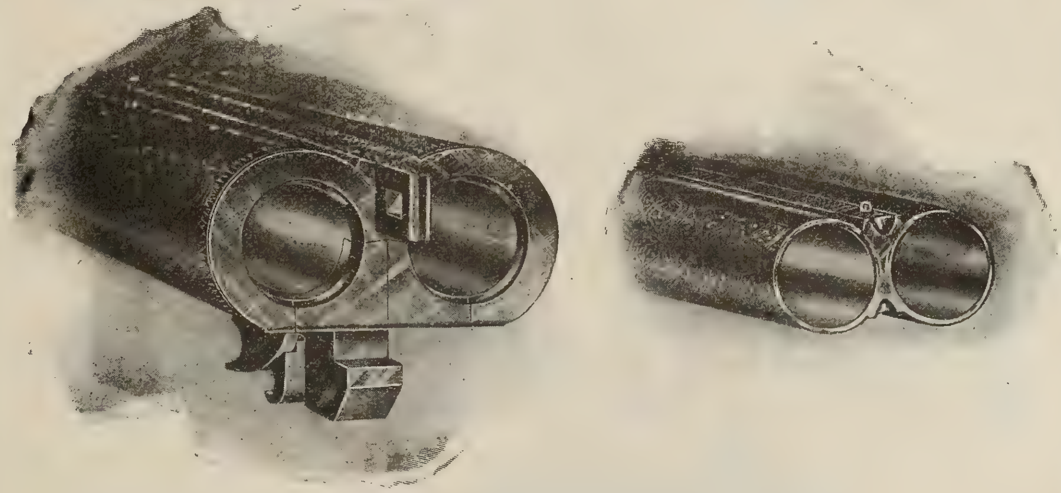
Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN

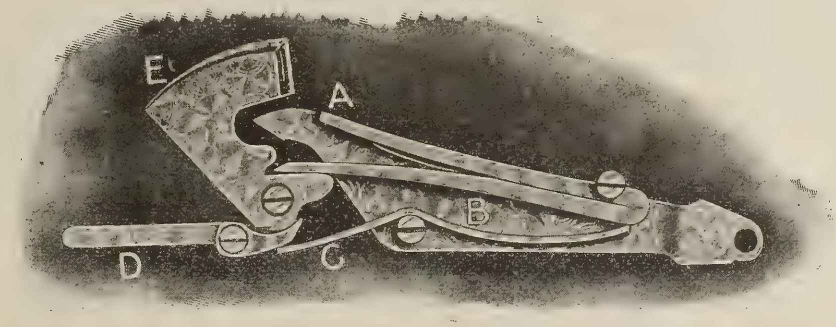
ITHACA GUNS



This cut shows Forend Ejector, Simplest on earth, only three parts, Always works.



Above cuts show the double thick nitro breech with cross bolt and under fastening, the narrow skeleton rib, six ounces lighter than any other, tapering gracefully from breech to muzzle.



The simplest, most durable and fastest lock in the world.

If you don't know what gun to buy order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. **N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.**

Send for Art Catalog and Special prices on 16 Grades Guns, $17.75 to $300.

Mention RECREATION.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
ITHACA NEW YORK

Here Is Another!

If you will send me 15 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

I will send you a high-grade, powerful

Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. City**

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

Do You Know of a more appropriate **Christmas Present** for a sportsman than a

Davenport Gun?

Our special engraved "Elita" is a high-grade production that would bring joy to the heart of every gun lover. The reputation these guns have attained bespeaks their merits.

Of course, we have other styles; in fact, our line of single barrel guns is very complete. *A gun for every purpose and every Sportsman.*

See notice on page 318 of this issue of Recreation.

Better send a postal for one of our Catalogues —gives a full description of our line, besides it contains lots of information you ought to know

The W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Co.
NORWICH, - - - CONNECTICUT

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Send for OCTOBER List of

ODD AND SECOND-HAND

GUNS

Schoverling, Daly & Gales
302-304 Broadway, New York

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Walsrode & Wolf Smokeless Powder
Charles Daly Guns
Sauer & Son Guns
Luger Automatic Pistols and Carbines

My son, Roland Vandegrift, asked me to have RECREATION sent to him. He learned to read from it as a text book, and has grown extremely fond of it. He is now 10 years old, can read anything that is printed in RECREATION, and I believe is a much better reader than if he had learned from a regular text book.

S. A. Vandegrift, Sterling City, Cal.

Chickens Free: Will give a pair of early hatched, thoroughbred buff Plymouth Rocks for 4 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, or a trio for 6. Ira D. Goodhue, Norwalk, Ohio.

"Poor fellow, he is quite broken down, and the doctor says his condition is due to fast living."

"Fast living?"

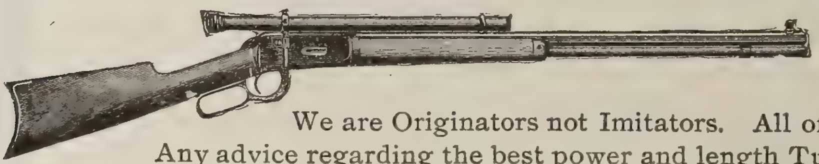
"Yes; you see, he is a traveling man, and he was obliged to eat so many dining car meals and lose so much sleep in sleepers that his constitution gave way."—Cleveland Leader.

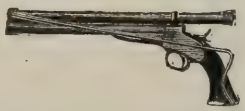
"My wife and I went to call on the Dumleys last night. I can't imagine anything more tiresome than spending an evening with them."

"You can't? Wait till they come to spend an evening with you."—Philadelphia Press.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST PLACED ON THE MARKET





We are Originators not Imitators. All of our Outfits are first class Any advice regarding the best power and length Tube for Hunting or Target purposes given when requested. *SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE.*

Mention RECREATION.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO.
F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.
Established 1857
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

One of the 9

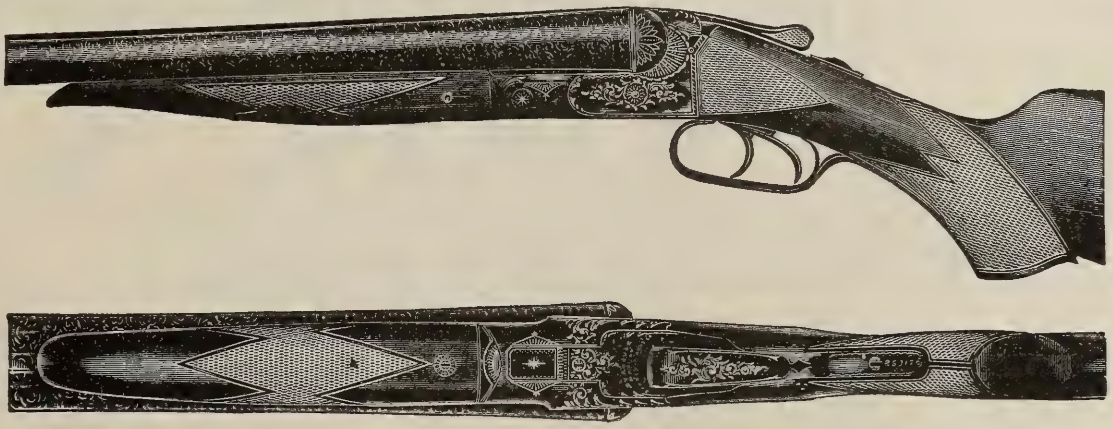
Built for Business

"A" GRADE $80 LIST

In offering this gun to the public, we have combined

ALL OF THE DISTINCTIVE IMPROVEMENTS

which have gained for the "Syracuse" its present prominent position among American Arms.



"A" GRADE

Condensed Description.

BARRELS—Fine quality of Damascus Steel, or if desired, we will furnish Krupp Fluid Pressed Steel Barrels, made at the Krupp Works, Essen, Germany, and imported to our order.

STOCK—Imported Italian Walnut, finely figured and dark rich color. Full pistol or Straight Grip as desired.

AUTOMATIC EJECTOR—With our Patent Non-Ejector device which allows the gun to be instantly changed from an Automatic to a Non-Automatic Ejector.

This model gun is handsomely engraved and cleanly finished, and will compare favorably with any gun on the market listing at $100.00.

All "Syracuse" guns for 1904 will be built with our New Compensating Double Cross Bolt; and Frames Inletted into Stock, thus preventing the spreading or splitting of same.

Catalogue yours for the asking. Mention "Recreation."

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Here is a Chance to Get a FINE CAMERA EASILY

A 3¼x4¼ Folding Hawk-eye film camera, No. 3, listed at $15, for 10 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. A 4x5 Folding Hawk-eye film camera, No. 4, listed at $22.50, for 15 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION.

These are both neat, compact, well-made and handsomely finished cameras, capable of doing high-class work.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request.

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SAVAGE
RIFLES

"HUNTING wild and dangerous game by the light of the camp fire is attractive. The actual experience of the trail is rough and hard." Under such conditions you need a rifle built to stand hard usage, one that will reach your game at long range if necessary and strike with deadly effect. We have four excellent sizes for such work. Write to-day for catalogue G

Savage Arms Co.
Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
PACIFIC COAST AGTS.
San Francisco and Sacramento, California.

"Well, Madam," queried the doctor, "how are you feeling to-day?"

"O, doctor," she replied, "I have such terrible pains all through my body, and I can hardly breathe; I have no appetite and can not sleep a wink."

"But otherwise," said the M. D., "you feel all right, don't you?"—Chicago News.

Charley: Pa, was the elephant you told Mr. Ryefuddle you saw in the city a sacred white one?

Mr. Whoopler: Why, I—I—that is—

Mrs. Whoopler (in a tone with ice down its back): Charley, the elephant your papa saw was neither white nor sacred!

"Uncle John," asked the pretty girl who was seeking information, "would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"

"Only on important business, my dear," answered the old man.

"Well, this is important business," she explained. "I want him to marry me."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Brown: Did the provision man send the lobsters?

Bridget: Yis, mum, but they was so green I knew they couldn't be ripe, and I sent them back again.—Exchange.

High Grade but not High Priced
BAKER GUNS
Hammer and Hammerless

Built for Hard Service and to last a lifetime

BAKER GUN CO.

Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1904 Booklet Fully Describing all Grades with Prices. Mention RECREATION.

Baker Gun & Forging Co., No. 42 Liberty St. **Batavia, N. Y.**

Another Great Offer to Amateur

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Address **RECREATION**

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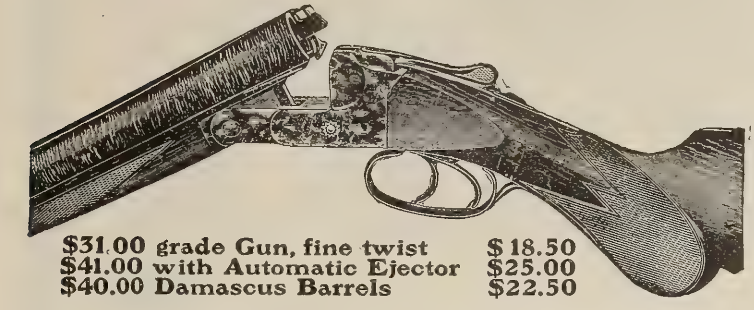
Special Bargains in Hammerless Guns

We offer at these SPECIAL PRICES a small lot of a

Standard American make Breech Loading Double Guns

Entirely new. Made on Interchangeable System. Top Lever Action. Greener style Cross Bolt-Pistol stock. 26, 28 and 30 inch. 12 and 16 bores, at the following **Exceptional Prices:**



$31.00 grade Gun, fine twist	**$18.50**
$41.00 with Automatic Ejector	**$25.00**
$40.00 Damascus Barrels	**$22.50**

Send $5 with order, and if the Gun is not satisfactory upon receipt it may be returned and money refunded less cost of expressage. Or if the whole amount of money is sent with order a Victoria Canvas Case is included.

Always in stock a full line of high-grade GUNS

W. & C. SCOTT, JOS. LANG & SON, London

and others, in addition to Parker, Remington and all the American makes.

JUST NOW ON HAND
Also large lot **"Hammer Double Guns,"** ten and twelve bores, many of them second-hand, taken in trade. Prices **$8 to $15**

Also lot of **Lee Straight-Pull Magazine Rifles,** small bore, made by the Winchester Arms Company and cost over $25 each, long range and very accurate, in nice refinished brown, condition same as new. Suitable for target or hunting. Price, each **$7.50**

Send Six Cents in stamps for Catalogue of New, also of Second-hand Guns

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once."

"Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?"

"I simply must have them. Do you think I can face people in the court room when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

He—I told your father I just dote on you.
She—And what did he say?
He—That I had better find an antidote.—Exchange.

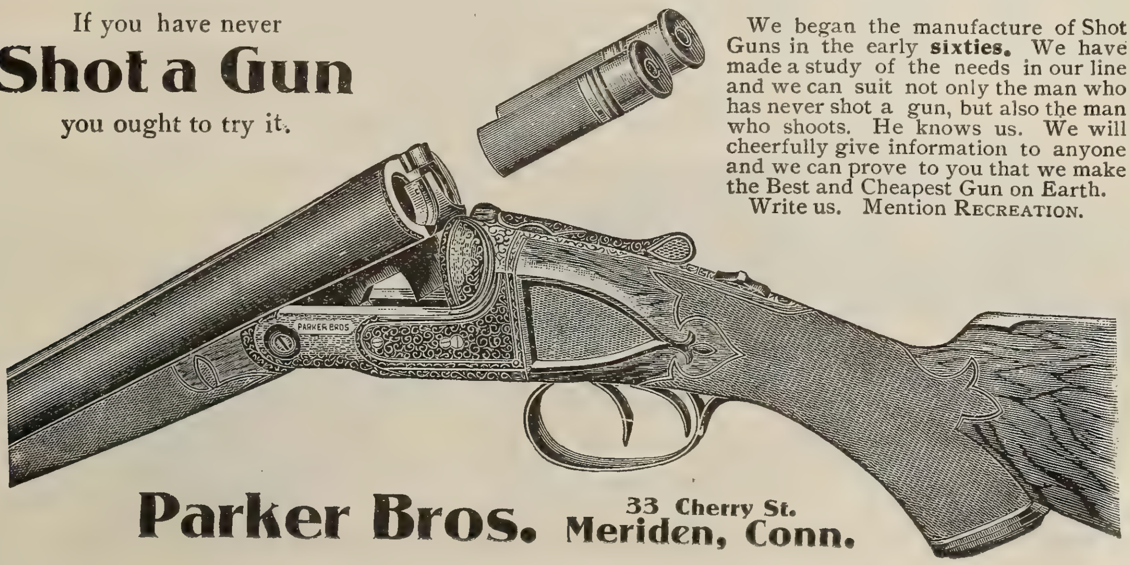
I see there are many admirers of Robin Hood powder among readers of Recreation. I, also, use that powder and consider it superior to any other. Robin Hood factory loaded shells excel in velocity, pattern, penetration and cleanliness. My friends and I have given them thorough tests in competition with most of the well known makes. If these shells ever split it is because the chamber of the gun in which they are used is too large. Any shell will split under like conditions.

Robin Hood, Auburn, N. Y.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE NEXT TO NATURE READ RECREATION.

If you have never
Shot a Gun
you ought to try it.

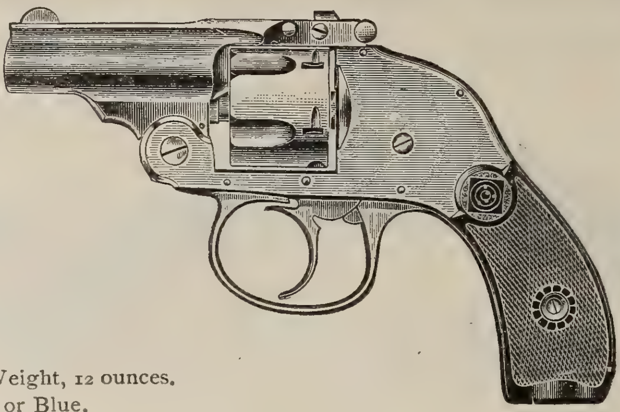
We began the manufacture of Shot Guns in the early **sixties.** We have made a study of the needs in our line and we can suit not only the man who has never shot a gun, but also the man who shoots. He knows us. We will cheerfully give information to anyone and we can prove to you that we make the Best and Cheapest Gun on Earth.
Write us. Mention Recreation.



Parker Bros. 33 Cherry St.
Meriden, Conn.

H. & R.

"Bicycle Hammerless" Revolver



Description

32 Caliber, 5 shot. 2 inch Barrel. Weight, 12 ounces.
C. F., S. & W. Cartridge. Finish, Nickel or Blue.

Impossible to catch on the pocket and discharge accidentally.

Absolutely Safe. Although designed for cyclists, this revolver is equally adapted to all cases where a small, light weight, effective and handy pocket weapon is desired. It has a small frame and automatic ejector. Sold direct where dealers will not supply. Mention RECREATION when writing.

HARRINGTON & RICHARSDON ARMS CO.

Makers of H. & R. SINGLE GUNS

Catalog for Postal
Dept. R.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Having indulged one day in the precarious pastime of asking any small boy or girl in the audience to ask him a question, Doctor Ingram, Bishop of London, was met by the following: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" It is sad to record that even the Bishop of London was driven to make the usual humiliating and miserable escape by returning: "What little boy or girl would like to answer this?"—Scissors.

Patrick O'Hara, of Ballyshannon, states that the only absolutely safe light for the dark room is perfect darkness.—Exchange.

All is not cold dot shivers.

To der poor all things vas poor.

Der vay of der transgressor is hard on his family.

Der meaning of satisfaction is a large open face man listening to himself talking.

Money talks, but a poor man can not keeb it long enough to know vot it says.

Der man dot hesitates is lost, eggspecially if he hesitates in front of a naughtymobile.

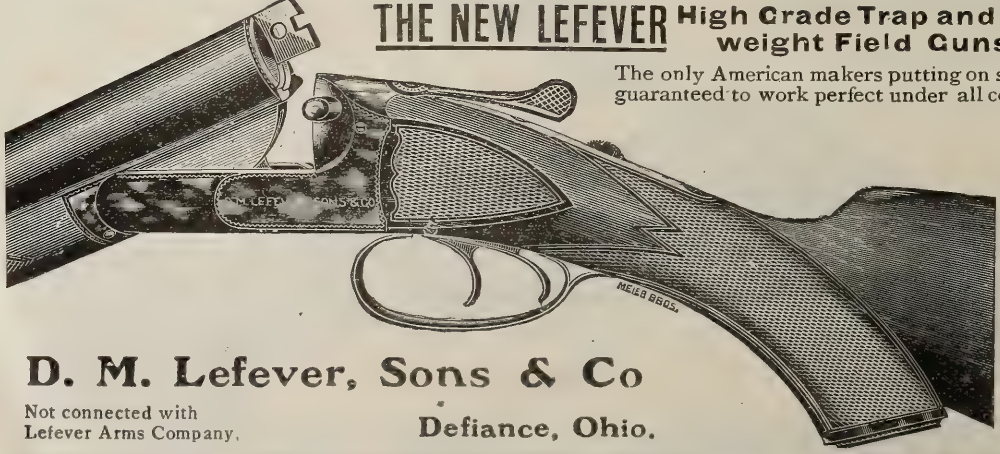
George V. Hobart, in Four Track News.

Benson—Bought a sawmill, eh? What are you going to do with it?

Jensen—Bring out a new breakfast food.
—Town Topics.

THE NEW LEFEVER High Grade Trap and Featherweight Field Guns

The only American makers putting on single trigger guaranteed to work perfect under all conditions.


D. M. LEFEVER SONS & CO
MEIER BROS.

PRICE
$60 TO
$400

Send for
1904
Catalogue

D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co

Not connected with
Lefever Arms Company.

Defiance, Ohio.

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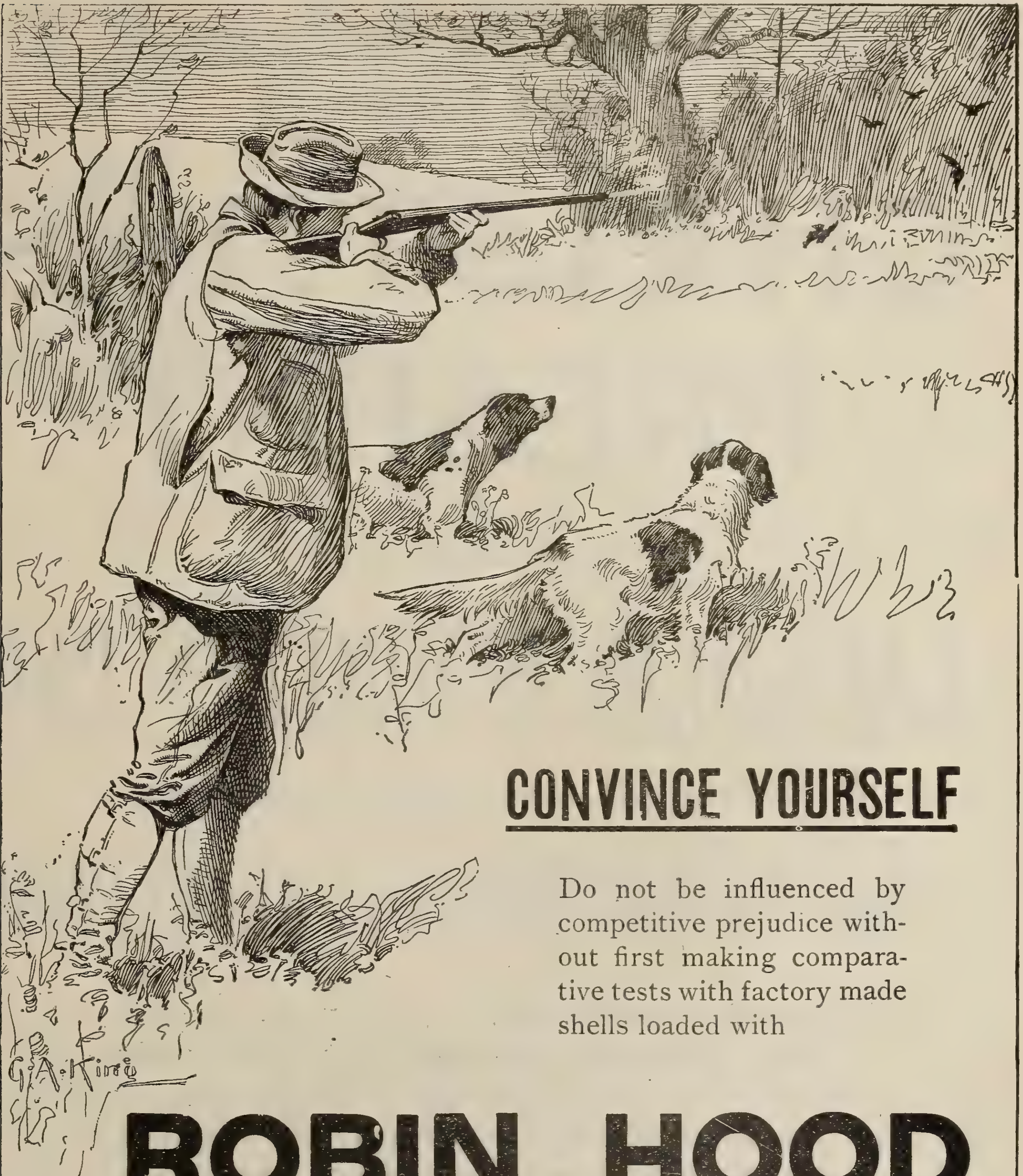

CONVINCE YOURSELF

Do not be influenced by competitive prejudice without first making comparative tests with factory made shells loaded with

ROBIN HOOD

SMOKELESS POWDER

FOR **Pattern, Penetration** and **Slight Recoil**

It is guaranteed to have no equal in these most essential points of merit.

Manufactured by

The Robin Hood Powder Co.

Swanton, Vt.

Write for Powder Facts. Mention RECREATION.

Another Appropriate
and Useful

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

would be a

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

You can get one of these by sending me

2 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION

And any man or boy to whom you might give it would appreciate it and would find it extremely useful. You can get the 2 subscriptions in 30 minutes. Why not make some friend a present and at the same time make him happy?

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request. Address

RECREATION

23 WEST 24th ST., NEW YORK CITY

I Spend the First Dollar

I will pay for your first bottle of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

There are no conditions. Nothing to deposit. Nothing to promise. The dollar bottle is free.

Your druggist, on my order, will hand you a full dollar's worth and send me the bill.

I shall spend $100,000—half a million, perhaps—this season that you may learn how Dr. Shoop's Restorative strengthens the INSIDE nerves—the nerves that control the vital organs. That you may know for yourself, after a fair, free test in your home, that this is something uncommon—something UNUSUAL in medicine. Not a narcotic or a deadening drug—but a strength-building, life-inspiring, tonic that gives lasting power to the very nerves that control the vital processes of life.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

If the worries of business have left their scars on your good health; if careless habits have made you a wreck; if your nerve, your courage, is waning; if you lack vim, vigor, vitality; if you are beginning to wear out; if your heart, your liver, your stomach, your kidneys, misbehave—this private prescription of a physician of thirty years' standing will strengthen the ailing nerves—strengthen them harmlessly, quickly, surely, till your trouble disappears.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts. But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys. These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves if my medicine were not UNIFORMLY helpful? Would I do this if I were not straightforward in my every claim? Could I AFFORD to do it if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me.

But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 2214, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles.

For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

1,800,000 People

Have asked us to buy them a 50c Bottle of Liquozone

We offer to buy the first bottle of Liquozone, and give it free to each sick one who asks it. And we have spent over one million dollars to announce and fulfill this offer. Our object has been to let Liquozone itself show what it can do. A test is better than testimonials, better than argument. In one year, 1,800,000 people have accepted this offer. They have told others what Liquozone does, and others told others. The result is that millions now use it. It is more widely employed than any medicine ever was—more widely prescribed by the better physicians. And your own neighbors—wherever you are—can tell you of people whom Liquozone has cured.

Not Medicine

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid $100,000 for the American rights.

Germ Diseases

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anæmia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers—Gall Stones
Goitre—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Liver Troubles
Malaria Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
Skin Diseases
Stomach Troubles
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Varicocele
Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquid Ozone Co., 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is ....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

....

....

M 10 ....

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME

The finest fishing and hunting regions in Canada are reached by the lines of the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE TEMAGAMI TERRITORY.

MOOSE PLENTIFUL.—Open Season, Oct. 16th to Nov. 15th.

BEARS, PARTRIDGES and DUCKS are abundant.

All information by applying to undersigned.

HANDSOME BOOK FREE.—Illustrated descriptive publication on fishing and hunting sent free on application.

WHAT YOU CAN GET.—Deer, Moose, Bear, Caribou, Ducks, Partridge, etc. The fishing unexcelled: Bass, Pickerel, Maskinonge and Trout abound.

SEASON FOR DEER, where they are found in large numbers, Nov. 1st to 15th.

T. H. HANLEY,
360 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

J. H. BURGIS,
249 Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

G. W. WATSON,
124 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

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F. P. DWYER,
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J. QUINLAN,
Bonaventure Station, MONTREAL.

Or to— G. T. BELL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, MONTREAL, CANADA.

CHARLES FRANCIS PRESS, NEW YORK

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted
☞ The Name is stamped on every loop —
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

A LOW-PRICED COCOA
IS NOT THE CHEAPEST -
"IF QUALITY COUNTS
IT'S *Huyler's* YOU WANT."

Huyler's
COCOA
FOR PURITY AND DELICIOUSNESS OF FLAVOR UNEXCELLED

OUR ONLY STYLE CAN AND YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

The Way To Brains

The right kind of brain makes money and "does things." You can't have a strong, sturdy, money-making "thinker" unless you feed it on the kind of food the body requires to rebuild the brain and nerves day by day.

You can have sharper brain, keener memory and better health on GRAPE-NUTS.

GRAPE-NUTS food is made for that purpose and *it does its work.* Trial proves it.

There's a reason.

ED. PINAUD'S

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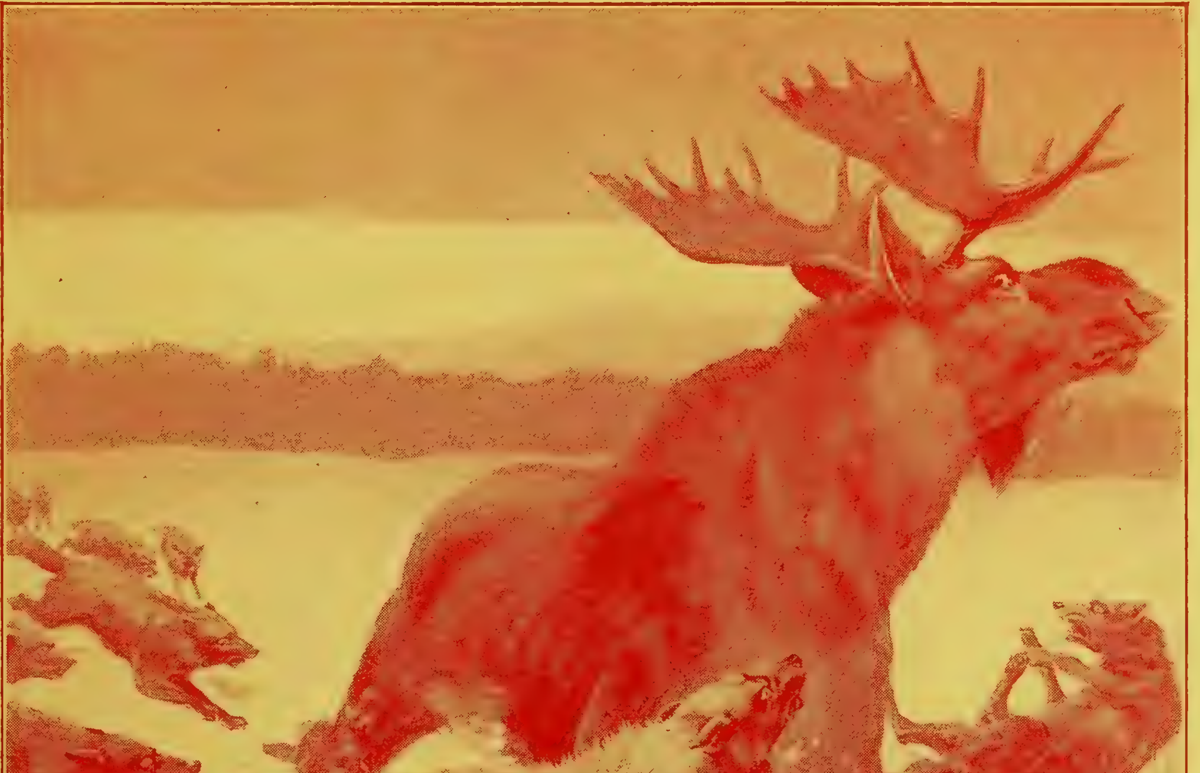

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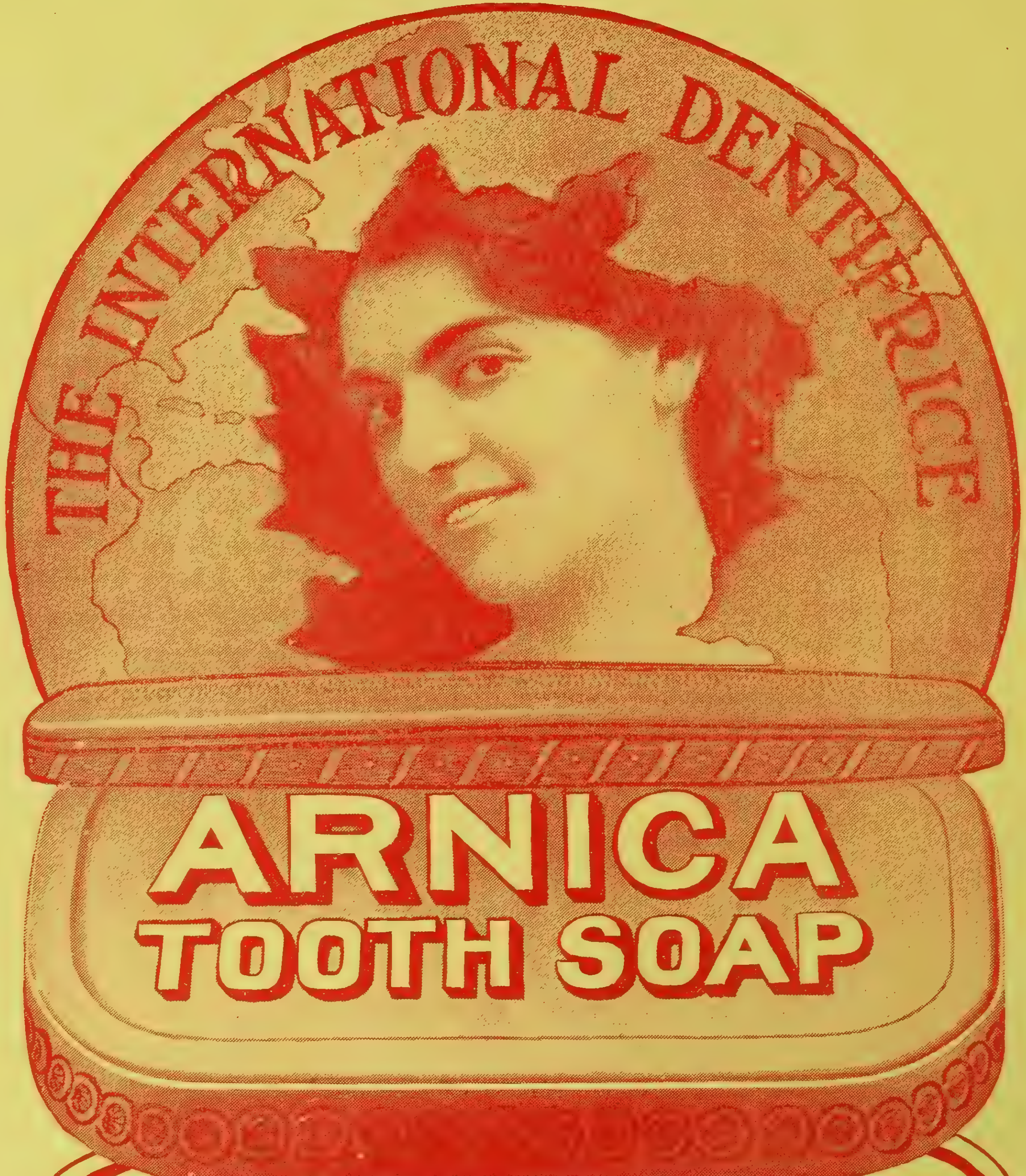
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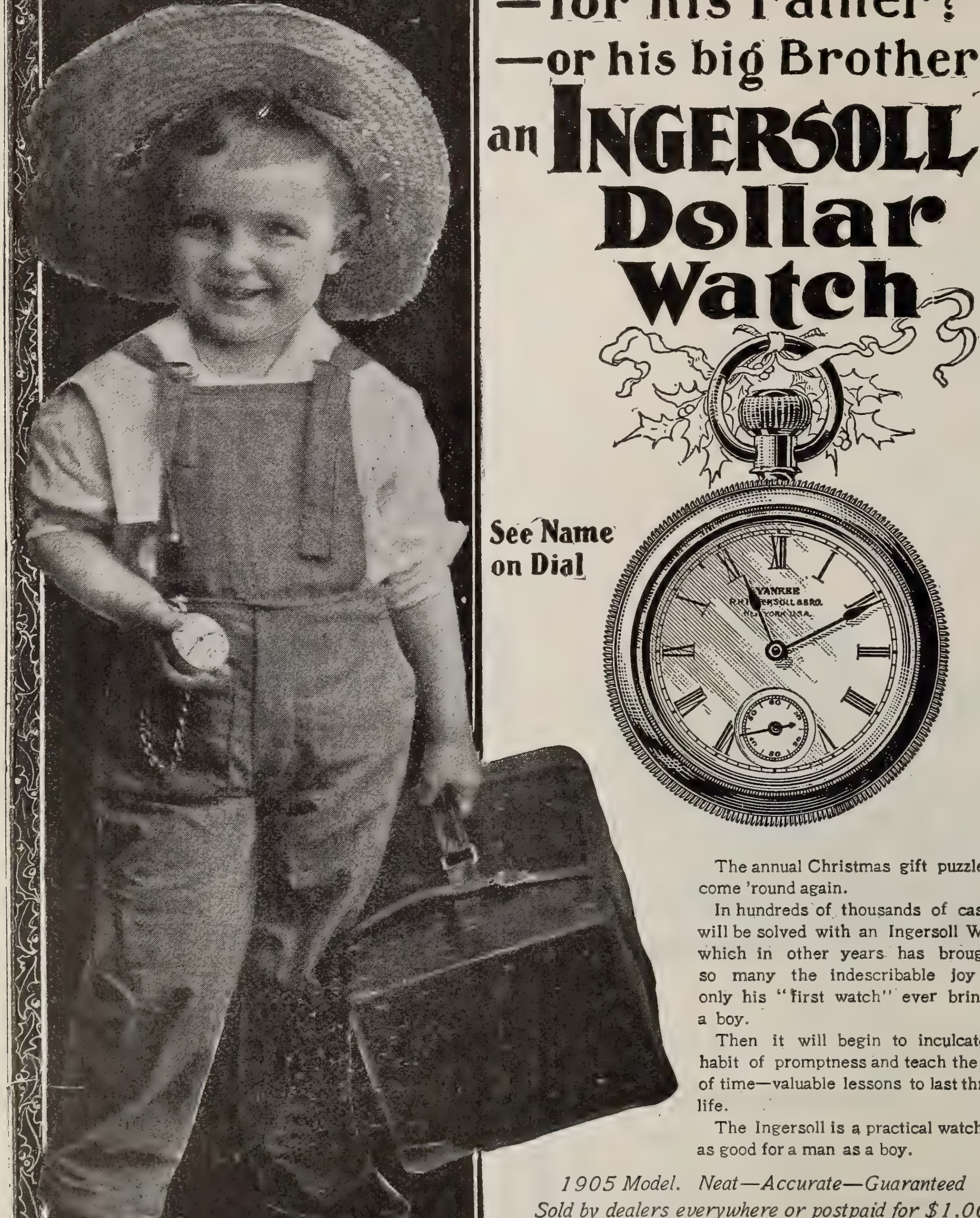

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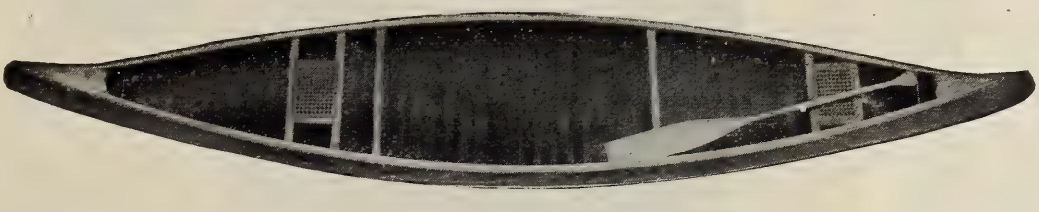

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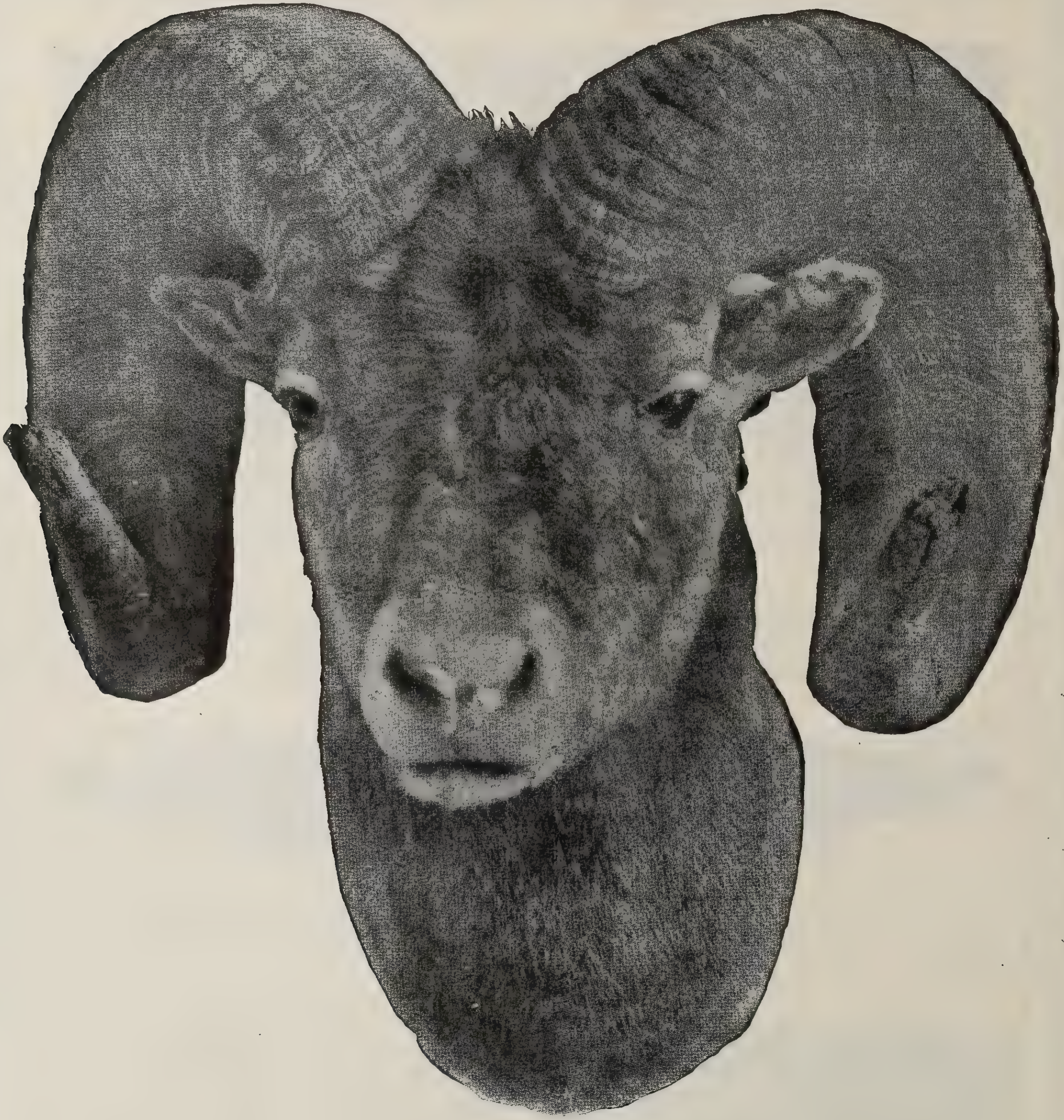

Here is a reproduction of a photograph of one of the largest and best Rocky mountain sheep heads in existence. The horns measure 16½ inches in circumference at the base, and 16 inches out from the skull they still measure 16 inches, having tapered only ½ inch in that distance. The length of each horn is 39 inches and the spread at the tips is 17 inches. The horns make nearly a complete turn, and if they had not been broken in fighting, would undoubtedly have passed the starting point. Most naturalists and collectors place an additional value on horns that are broken more or less, as such damage indicates the natural courage and pugnacity of the animal. This ram had evidently spent much of his life looking for trouble, at least 6 inches having been broken from the point of each horn.

The horns and skull weighed, before mounting, 39 pounds. The head was mounted by John Murgatroyd, 16 North William street, New York city, who, as the picture shows, has done an admirable piece of work. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, pronounces this one of the best pieces of taxidermy he has ever seen done on a sheep head. Many taxidermists fail to get the natural shape and expression about the nose, but Mr. Murgatroyd has reproduced this feature accurately, as well as all the others.

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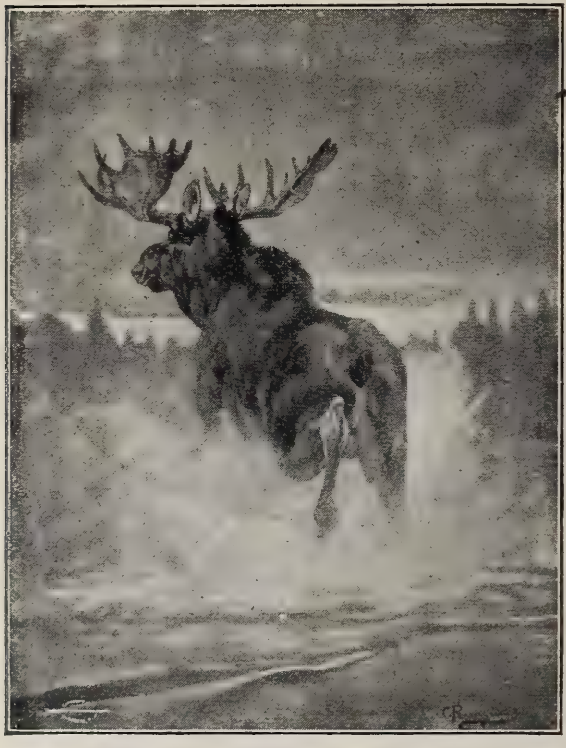

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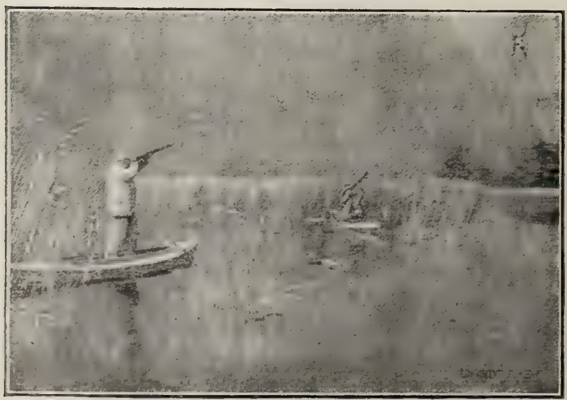

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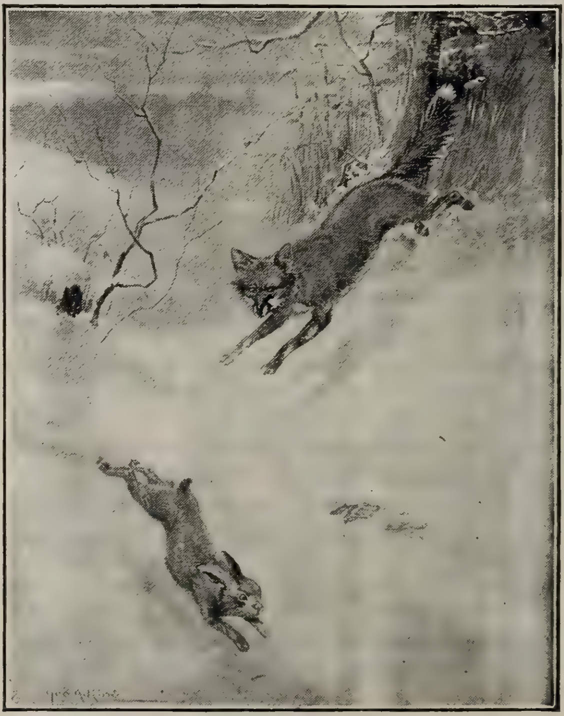

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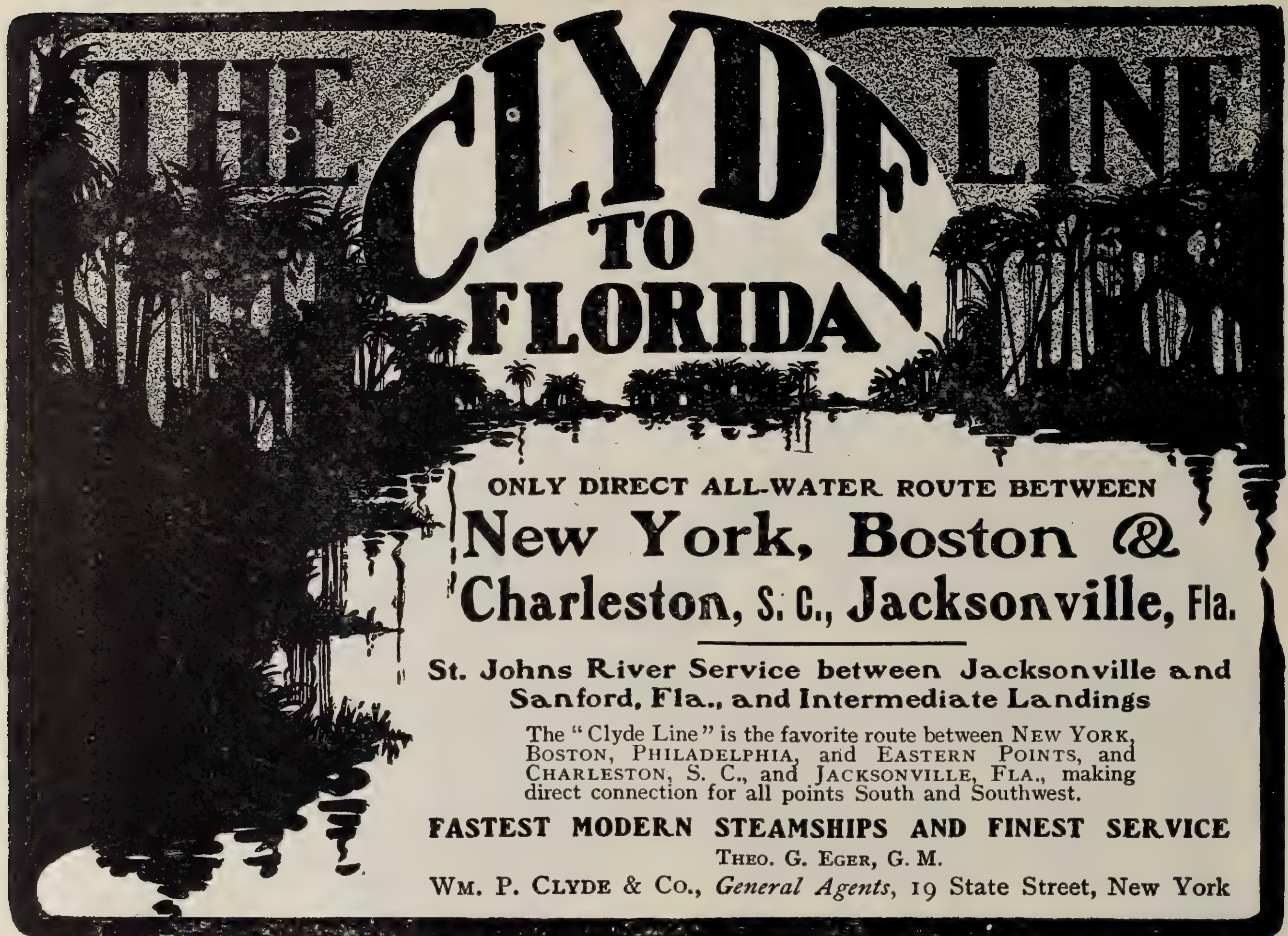

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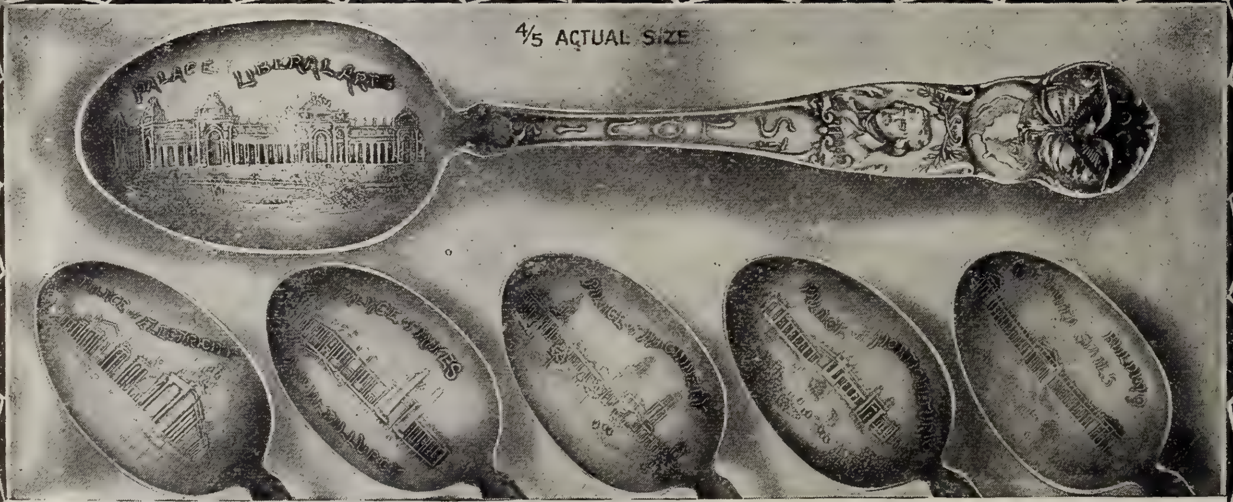

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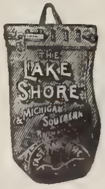

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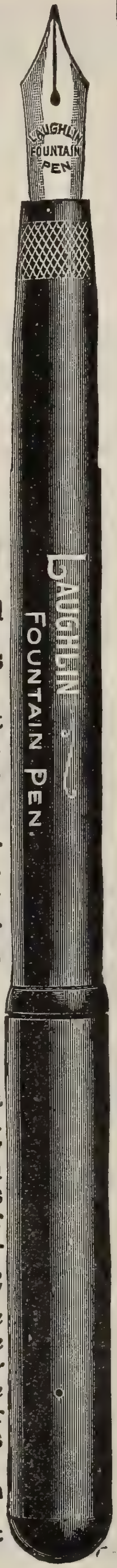

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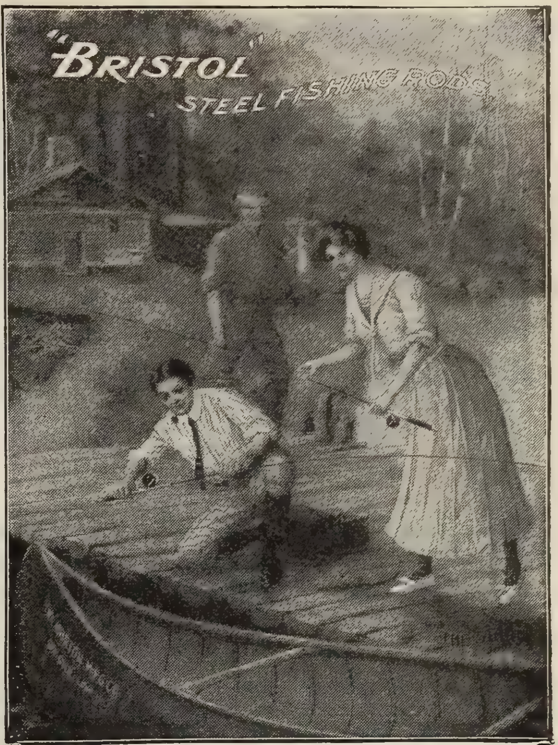

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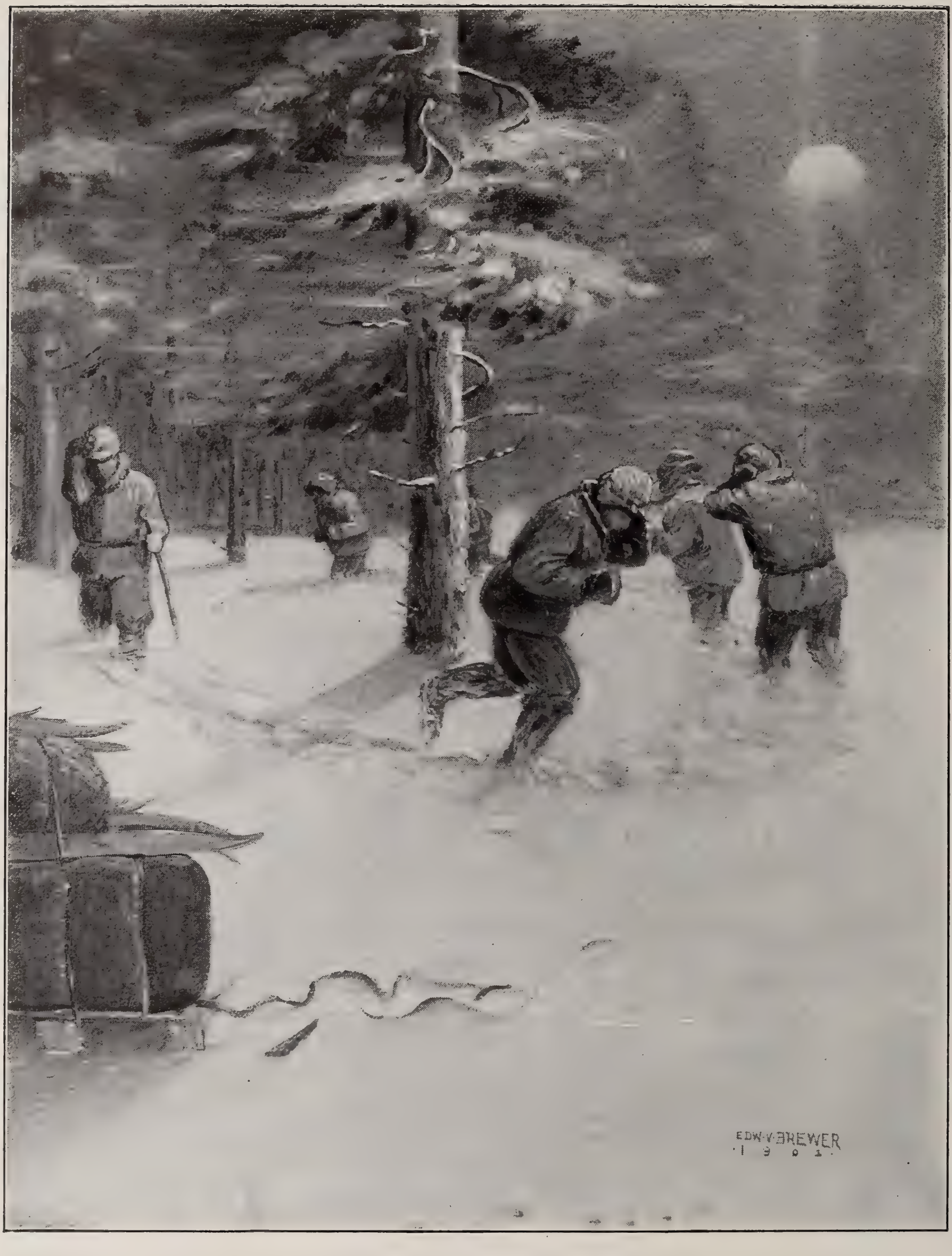

EDW. V. BREWER
1901

WE CALLED AN INDIAN DANCE.

RECREATION.

Volume XXI. DECEMBER, 1904 Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

SNOW SHOEING IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

B. P. NOLAND.

In the winter of 1892 I was in the Sierra Nevada mountains with a gold mining company. We were working a number of men and had to get in our entire winter supply of provisions before the snow came. How it did snow, up in those mountains, when once it began! Just a white mass, through which one could not see 25 feet, and woe to the man who was caught out in it!

Our supplies were late in being shipped, and the teams were caught in the foothills by the snow, so we had to store the supplies there and shut down the mine. Four of us asked the manager of the mine to give us a contract for the winter. We proposed going on our Norwegian skis to the place where our provisions had been stored, building a sled and hauling the food 12 miles to camp. The manager of the mine consented, so we started out 6 strong, all on skis, for our base of supplies; and a jolly party we were. The snow was 13 feet on a level, every small bush was covered, and overhead was a beautiful blue sky; such a blue as only California knows.

There is no more delightful motion than skiing, over good ground.

We made excellent time and on our arrival built our sled, using an extra pair of skis for runners. We had intended to spend the night and start back the next morning, but as it looked like snow we concluded to make a start that night. We had a large jug of coffee made and started with all 6 of us hitched to the sled. There was a crust on the snow, so finally we took off our skis, as we found we could pull better without them. A novel sight we made; our sled loaded with provisions and 6 pairs of skis piled on top of it. Thus we pulled until midnight, and if you think it was not hard work it is because you have never been there. Sometimes we broke through the crust. At midnight we stopped for supper, built a fire, heated our coffee and made a jolly picnic of it.

Just as we had our pipes going well it began to snow, a little at first, but we realized that this meant trouble, so we made our preparations to start. Fortunately we were on the top of a divide which led near our own mine. We started, and the snow fell heavier and heavier, piling in front of our sled and making the travel worse and worse. Finally, we were all exhausted and came to the conclusion that we would better wait for daylight.

We got under a large tree and tried to build a fire, but everything was so wet from the snow that we could not start one. It gradually grew colder and colder. Some of the boys wanted to lie down and sleep, but we knew what that would mean, so we called an Indian dance, and formed a circle around the tree, dancing and singing every kind of song we knew, in a vain effort to keep warm. Just before daylight the storm lulled, the clouds broke and the full moon burst forth with almost the brilliancy of a morning sun.

We kept from freezing until daylight, and with what joy it was hailed! We tried to move our sled, but about

18 inches of snow had fallen during the night and it banked up in front of the sled, so we had to abandon it. Putting on our skis, we started up the divide to learn, if possible, where we were. We had gone only about a mile when we discovered the village of Alagary below us in a little valley. A glad shout went up from the entire crowd as we turned our faces toward it. Then we flew down the side of the mountain for the hotel, where we knew we should get warmth and rest.

Arriving there, we found the landlord building a roaring fire, and that with hot drinks quickly revived us; but several of the boys' feet were so badly frost-bitten that they remembered the trip for many weeks. The next day we secured our provisions, which were in no way injured by the storm.

POSSUMS GWINTER EAT MIGHTY GOOD.

PLUMMER F. JONES.

Ebenin', gent'mens, how y'all do?
  I ain't got time fer to talk to you,
But I des want to put 't in de yeah o' y'all
  Dat possums gwinter eat mighty good dis fall.

How I know? Now, mens, I'm s'prise;
  Ef y'all ain't seed it, den whar yo' eyes?
When I looks tose de woods an' t'inks 'bout de fac',
  My eyes gits watry an' my lips dey smack.

Dogwood saplin's des es red es fire;
  Blackgum's blue, so's de bamboo brier;
An' you know when berries 'duce lak dat
  'Tain' a possum dat trots what won't git fat.

Pawpaw apples des a-droppin' in de creek;
  An' de honeyshucks sweet enuff to make yo' mouf leak.
An' dese an' de coongrapes de possum say is his,
  An', Lawd, what a sight o' 'simmons dey is.

An' 'taters, suh, 's long an' crooked lak yo' arm,
  Des made fer huggin' possums an' keepin' 'em warm;
An' 'tis so many ob'm dey done shove out de vines—
  An' now I wan' ax you: don't you call *dem* signs?

I hates ter go, gent'mens, 'deed I do
  But I ain't got time fer to talk to you;
So I leaves a good word fer one an' all—
  Dat possums gwinter eat mighty good dis fall.

TEDDY.

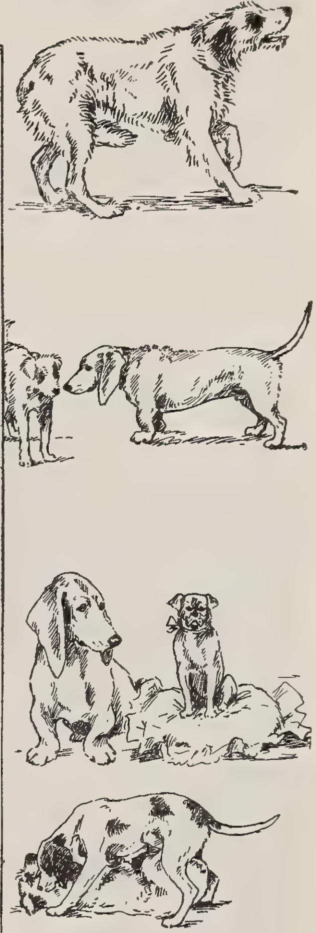
IVAN SWIFT.

Teddy is only a wassail cur
With sleepy eye and shaggy fur;
Without a friend or a feathered home,
He's doomed to bark and beg and roam

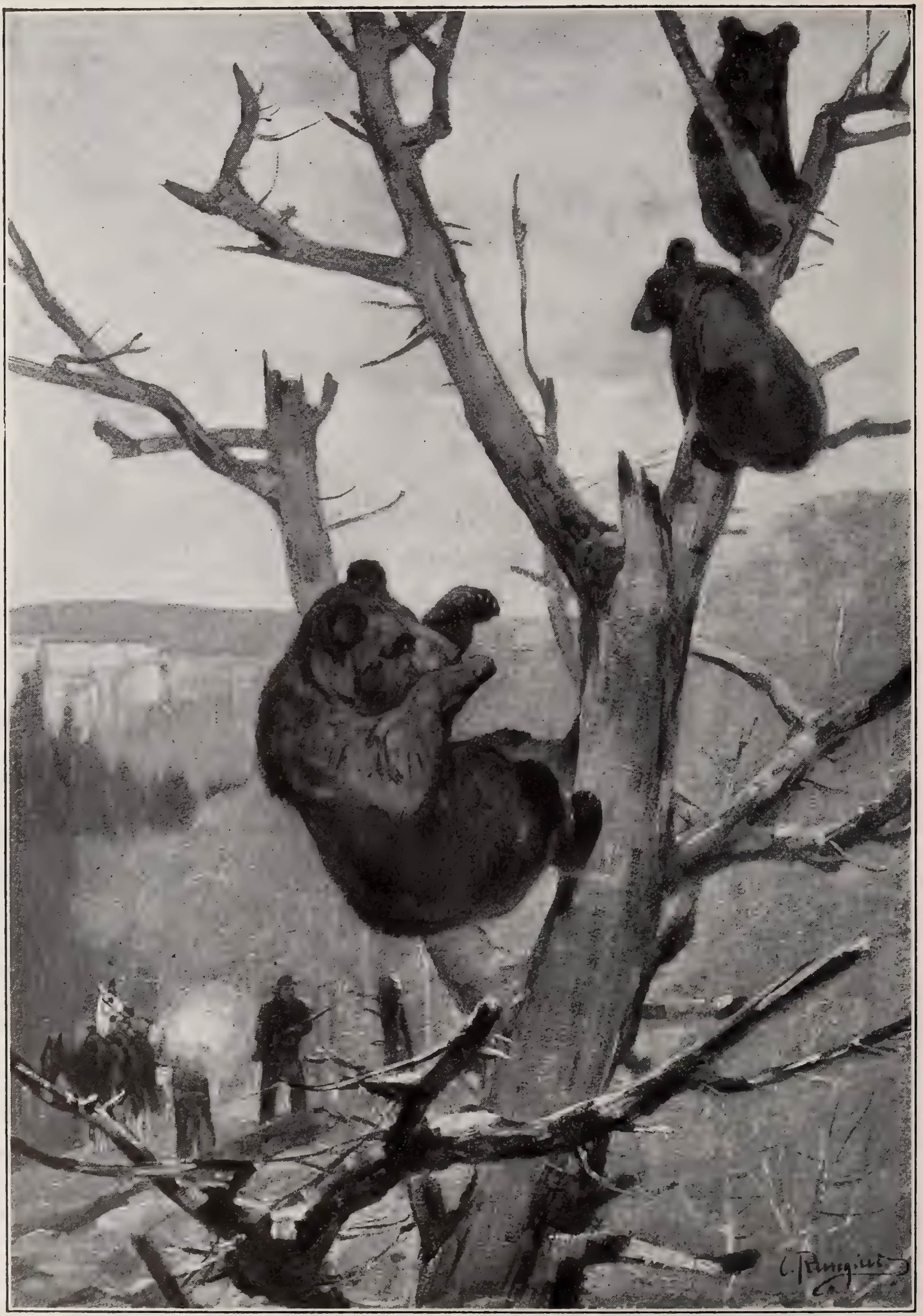
His but the bones left on the plate
By sated dogs of rich and great,
Whose feet, in gratitude, he licks,
And takes his pay in painful kicks.

The cocker, beagle, dachs and pug
Play 'round him with contemptuous
shrug.
He, cowering, begs in vain a hand
To join the game and gamboling band.

Who knows the fringe of social sway,
Sore beat his heart and sad the day!
And may his bones and memory rust,
Who sheds no tear on Teddy's dust!



Eileen K Hood.



I SAW, HALF WAY UP THE TREE, A LARGE CINNAMON BEAR, WHILE AHEAD OF HER SCRAMBLED 2 CUBS.

UP A TREE.

J. A. LORING.

Jasper House is about 250 miles West of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. For several months I had been in that part of the Rocky mountains collecting birds and animals for a prominent American museum. One day, after crossing the Athabasca river, I left the pack train and with a half-breed Cree Indian, struck into the heavy timber for a short hunt. Neither of us carried much ammunition, seldom having more than a few shells in our pockets when traveling along the trail.

We soon struck a well worn trail made by Indian ponies left in the neighborhood to summer. I carried a Daly 3-barrel gun, and the half-breed had a rifle. We rode over the moss-covered trail in comparative silence, at intervals conversing in low whispers. Suddenly the breed, who was ahead, turned in his saddle and pointing to a large, dead balsam poplar, exclaimed,

"Bear! bear!"

Looking in the direction, I saw, half way up the tree, not more than 100 yards away, a large cinnamon bear; or more properly speaking a black bear in cinnamon pelage, while ahead of her scrambled 2 cubs. Jumping from our saddles we prepared for action. The breed fired at the old bear, which tumbled and struck the earth with a thud, but owing to an intervening rise of ground, she was hidden from our view. He made after her, but I called him back, fearing if she charged they would meet on the top of the hillock and he would not have time to shoot before she was upon him. After a few seconds' pause, as our game did not appear, we walked to the top of the mound and discovered that she had "flew the coop."

The breed wanted to open up on the 2 cubs, which were then well in the top of the tree and still climbing, but with our limited supply of ammunition, I was not anxious to use it on animals that could be killed with clubs as they descended, and then have their mother appear and demand an apology.

We looked for the old bear, but she did not show up, so in the interests of science we killed the cubs, but not until one had descended, cuffed Wing, our dog, into a bush, and almost scratched out both his eyes. Much to our surprise the horses, which were standing but a few feet away, did not take fright, convincing us that they were not afraid of bears. We tied the cubs' feet together and boosted them over the back of my horse, one cub hanging on each side.

When about to leave for camp, the breed spied the old bear standing in a thicket not more than 200 yards distant. His ammunition was exhausted, while I had but one rifle shell and 2 buck shot cartridges left. As the rifle was sighted for 100 yards, I did not care to risk my last shot at an uncertain distance, although the breed was anxious I should fire, promising that he would stand by me. I rested the gun against a small sapling and to encourage the bear to charge, bawled as nearly like the cubs as possible. The imitation had the desired effect; she came for us on the run. The breed shouted,

"She's coming for us," and, to my amazement started for his horse. I reminded him of his promise, in forcible language, and he returned. When the bear was about 100 yards away, and as I was about to fire, she turned and circled almost around us, then stopped and stood broadside on, offering a fine shoulder shot. Taking careful aim I pressed the trigger, but there was no response. The primer failed to explode. Cursing the Dominion Cartridge Company, whose ammunition can not be relied on, I again raised the hammer, and that time sent the bullet through the bear's shoulder. As her hair bristled with anger, she appeared larger than she really was, which accounted for my shooting a little high, but the bullet had the effect of bringing her to the ground helpless. I walked up within close range, and while she bellowed, snapped at her side, and clawed the moss, I put her out of misery with a load of buckshot.

After much difficulty, we managed to load her on the other horse and returned to camp, where we received a hearty welcome, as the outfit had several weeks been without fresh meat.

GREEN RIVER.

W. C. LEWIS.

On the mountain high lies the deep, cold snow,
Though the sun shines hot in the valley below;
There a small brook ripples and laughs with glee,
As it starts on its way to the distant sea.

Soon another joins in the merry race,
And they clasp each other in close embrace;
Now the merry and swift little mountain rill
Has become a stream that could turn a mill.

It frolics merrily all the day,
As it hurries along on its tireless way,
Till as twilight falls it goes fast asleep
In a great, dark pool that is silent and deep.

In the pebbled depths of the silent pool,
Where the shadows lie on the water cool,
And the wandering moonbeams glimmer and hide,
There the great fierce salmon slowly glide.

And down where the broken boulders lie
By Cyclops thrown, from the hills on high,
Where the water eddies and tumbles about,
There is the home of the silver trout.

Full well do I know the exquisite bliss
Of a maiden's first, shy, trembling kiss;
Of a mother's love for her dear firstborn,
Of a soldier's pride on victory's morn;

But the bending rod and the whirring reel
And the thrill that an angler alone may feel,
Bring a keener joy than the poets sing—
A joy that behind it leaves no sting.

A WARNING TO FLORIDA.

C. C. CURTIS, PH.D.

Photos by the Author.

One of the most attractive features to visitors in Florida is the forest growth, particularly the stands of pine. These magnificent trees cover extensive belts of sandy soil, especially in the Central and Northern portions of the State, and present a picture of sylvan beauty scarcely rivaled in any land.

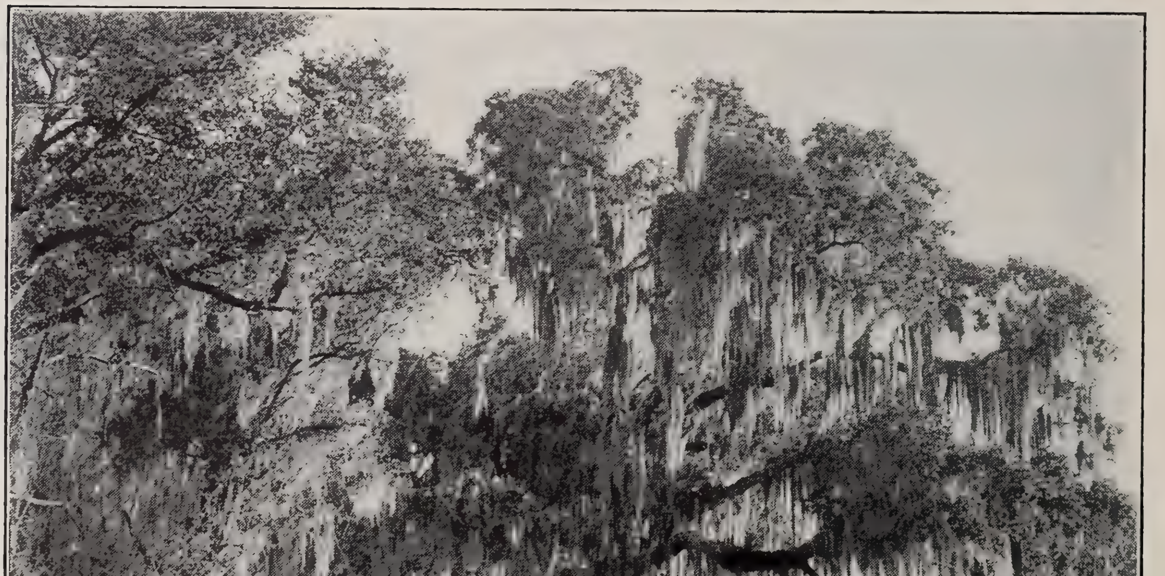
The great charm of these forests is found in their open formation. The trees are not tolerant of shade, and the weaker ones being crowded out in the struggle for existence, a wide separation of the trees results in the mature forest. These open forests, extending for miles in many sections, permit sufficient light to filter through the wide crowns of the trees to support a carpet of grass, or in wetter localities of saw palmetto. The effect produced by this relationship is one never to be forgotten; the straight, clean trunks rising 75 to 120 feet, surmounted by a broadly branching crown clothed with plumelike branches, and below, until the view is closed in the distance by the columnar tree trunks, a Savannah-like growth of grass, sometimes interspersed with palmetto.

A TYPICAL FLORIDA PINE FOREST.

Where these forests approach the lower lands, the so-called "bay heads," the Sabal palmetto, makes its appearance and adds a characteristic and unique feature to the vegetation. Along the rivers and in the swampy places the pines and the palmettoes give way to various growths, as for example, the live oaks and magnificent stands of cypress. These grand trees, decked with a gray mantle of Florida moss, present a third feature of the forest growth that is as attractive and distinctive as any in the State. It has never been my privilege to see brought together into such striking contrasts such varied, characteristic and attractive forest formations.

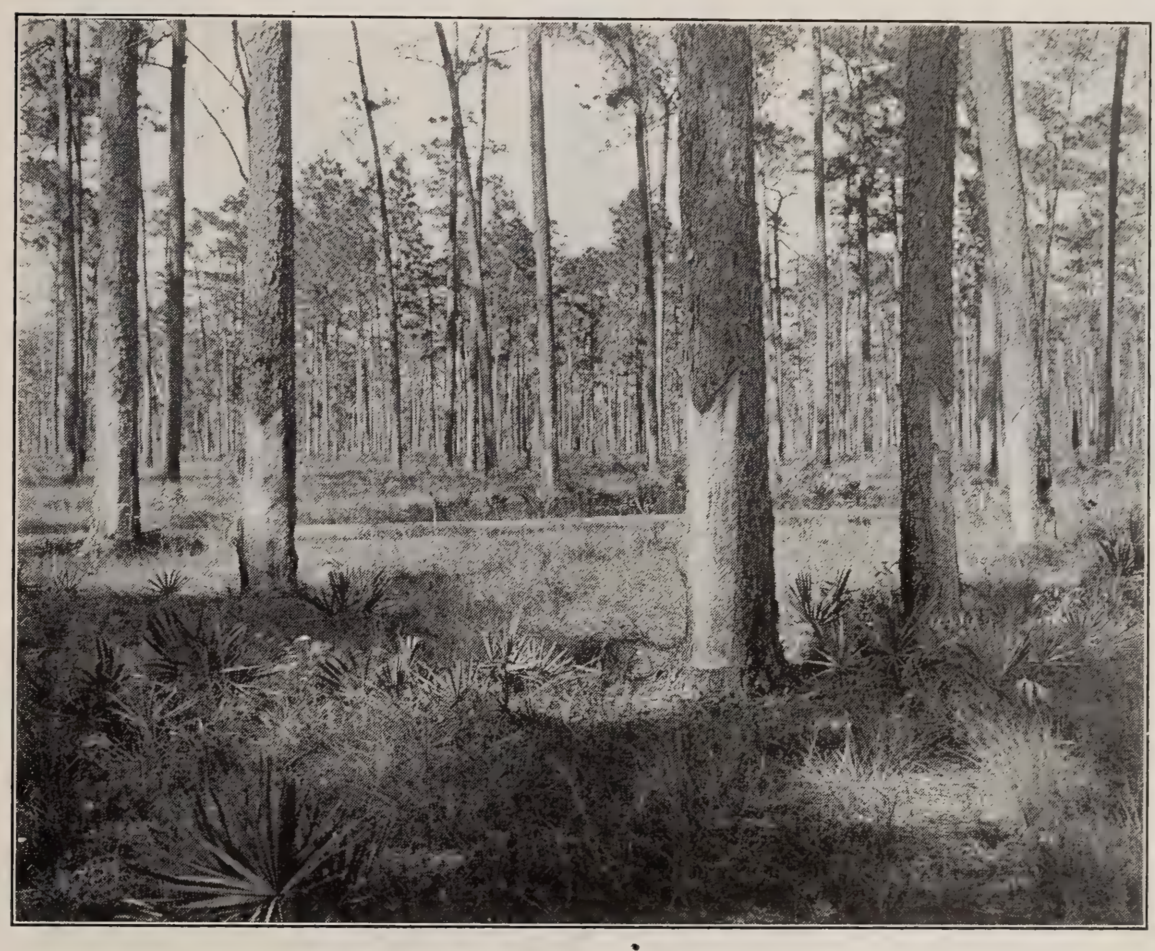
One of the most unpleasant impressions of Florida is associated with these same

A VIEW ON A FLORIDA RIVER.



AMONG THE LIVE OAKS.

forests. If present conditions are allowed to continue, all the wealth and beauty of this life will, in a few years, be but a memory. In this timber the State has one of its most important assets, and one that is being shamefully squandered. The widespread, rapid and wasteful destruction of the forests can only be characterized as disgraceful to the State. If proper forestry laws could be enacted, these forests would be self-perpetuating and one of the principal resources of the State for all time. The lumber and turpentine interests have been, for several years, quietly at work securing title to this timber, and at present control the larger portion of it. A campaign of extermination has been organized on an extensive scale. For a few years pitch or resin is gathered from the trees by a wasteful system of boxing, as shown in the illustration. A box is first cut at the base of the tree. A few inches of the bark is then removed above the box to allow the pitch to flow out. This scoring of the trunk is extended each spring until it reaches a height of 3 or 4 feet, or frequently as high as a man can conveniently reach. Every tree that is large enough to be boxed is used in this work, even though not more than 6 inches in diameter. This method of turpentine orcharding could be much more economically practiced by adopting the new system introduced by the Bureau of Forestry. When the Florida turpentine gatherers have completed their work in a section they are followed by the lumbermen who effect a complete devastation of the forests.



HOW THE TURPENTINE MAKERS DESTROY THE FORESTS.

In certain favored localities the trees could be restored naturally by seeding, but owing to the universal practice of firing the grass carpet in the spring, this slow method of restoration is rarely realized. In one section of about an acre 78 dead seedlings, ranging in height from 6 inches to 2½ feet, were counted. As larger and larger areas of the country are exposed through removal of the timber, the problem of reforestration, owing to the consequent dessication of the soil, becomes more difficult. As a result of this short-sighted policy of the State in controlling the lumbering and the annual firing of the vegetation, there appears to be little hope of the preservation of the forests.

What the result of this neglect will be can not be foretold at present. Just how far the changed climate in the South At-

A FLORIDA PALM FOREST.

lantic region is due to the destruction of the forests in the gulf and adjacent States, I am not prepared to say. This is a subject that has not received the attention it deserves, but there is good reason to believe, based on observations made abroad, that material changes may be wrought in the climate by widespread forest destruction. The history of the climatic changes in Florida is deeply interesting. The first destructive freeze for 50 years occurred in 1886, when a 3 days' blizzard from the Northwest swept over the State and cut back or at least defoliated all the orange trees down to about the 29th degree in all but the most protected sections. Since that time there has been a succession of frosts, as far South as Tampa, that have materially injured the crops in some places. Especially have its effects been felt in the new groves, which were either killed or crippled to such an extent that few new plantations have been brought into good condition. In December, 1894, a still more severe Northwest blizzard defoliated all the trees as far South as the Manatee river, and the destruction was rendered complete by a freeze in February, when the groves were putting forth their young leaves and the tender shoots were filled with sap. From Tampa North the trees of the orange belt were either killed outright or so enfeebled that the majority were unable to rally. People in the North have no idea of the extent of the ruin and desolation wrought by this calamity. A great industry, built up with reckless enthusiasm owing to the large returns secured, together with extensive interests associated with orange growing, were swept away almost in a single night. Today in the place of these productive farms, attractive homes and busy towns there remains but a fraction of all this prosperity. Abandoned fields of white sand, dilapidated buildings and half populated villages reveal the nature and extent of the destruction. It is to be questioned if this country has ever experienced such extensive destruction of property and the financial ruin of so many people; for while the estimated loss of $100,000,000 may not be compared with some other calamities that have overtaken the country, it is to be borne in mind that in this case we are dealing with a misfortune that can not to any considerable extent be overcome.

While it can not be said that the destruction of the forests in Florida and in the neighboring States to the Northwest is responsible for the climatic changes, it is significant that the cold waves are always preceded by severe wind storms from the North or Northwest. It will readily be seen that forests afford an effectual barrier to the progress of such storms and thus permit the tempering of the cold wave before it can reach the warmer sections of the country.

Be this case as it may, we may consider what will be the result to the peninsula of the destruction of the forests in the State. At present the country is especially well supplied with water, but when these great areas are stripped of the protection afforded by the trees it would appear that there must follow a marked dessication of the soil. Sandy soil retains the least moisture, and when exposed directly to high temperatures it can not hold sufficient moisture save for such meager vegetation as characterizes arid districts. To the majority of people in Florida today it perhaps appears impossible that these great forests can be swept away. In this connection it may be stated that at the present rate of consumption there is not enough timber in the United States to meet our demands for 35 years. The consumption is increasing yearly, and it is evident that timber so accessible as that of Florida, with its cheap means of transportation will soon be consumed. The pine will have disappeared in a few years, and attention will then be directed to the cypress, which is already of great value. Unless the State can be impressed at once with the necessity of absolute protection and a conservative management of its forests, it would seem that such changes in the present conditions would ensue as to necessitate the practical abandonment of the fruit industry and the introduction of other pursuits. It is not beyond the range of possibilities that in the next generation the names of certain towns in Florida will be simply historical in character. Among these may be mentioned Citronelle, Limona, Mandarin, Orange, Orangedale, Port Orange and Tangerine. The time may come when the children will inquire why the towns in and about which they live were ever given such names, just as in the Middle and Western States the Elk creeks, Elk rivers, Buffalo creeks and Buffalo rivers are to-day meaningless terms.

LOST IN A GEORGIA SWAMP.

One frosty morning in middle October, just after a long drizzly rain, my father, a friend and I went after squirrels in one of the densest swamps in middle Georgia. We were soon off in the roadcart for the swamp, 5 or 6 miles away. We had gone about a mile when both of the dogs strayed away and got lost. We pushed on into the swamp without them, thinking we might be able to bag a few squirrels by waiting for shots. I soon had 3 fox squirrels and was drawing a bead on a fourth when I heard a rattling in the bushes just behind me, and turning around I saw a big black bear beating a retreat out through the canebrakes.

I had never seen a wild bear before, and my heart beat with joy as I pictured in my mind's eye a bear skin robe on the floor of my bedroom. What a pleasure it would be to tell my friends how I killed my first bear. With all this in my mind I rushed after him, but any one who has ever been in a real Georgia swamp knows how hard a task I had. After a long chase I sat down on the root of a tree, feeling sore at heart, for I had lost my first chance at a bear. That was not the worst of it. There I was in the middle of a lonely swamp with no one within a mile of me, and I was lost. It was useless to shout, for I could scarcely be heard a hundred yards in that jungle. My first thought was to climb a tree and see where I was, but I soon gave up that idea, for it would be impossible for any one to climb those trees. The taller they were, the larger around, and the nearest limb was 50 feet from the ground.

I had often heard of rattlesnakes being killed there, and with snakes and bears in my mind I almost became frightened.

I started out in the direction I thought would bring me to the edge of the swamp. The sun was behind the clouds, so I had nothing to guide me except the trees.

I was soon cheered by finding several bear tracks going in the same direction, which I thought would probably lead to some watering place. Following the trail I finally came to a creek flowing in the direction whence I had come. I waded in and started down stream, for I knew it would soon take me somewhere.

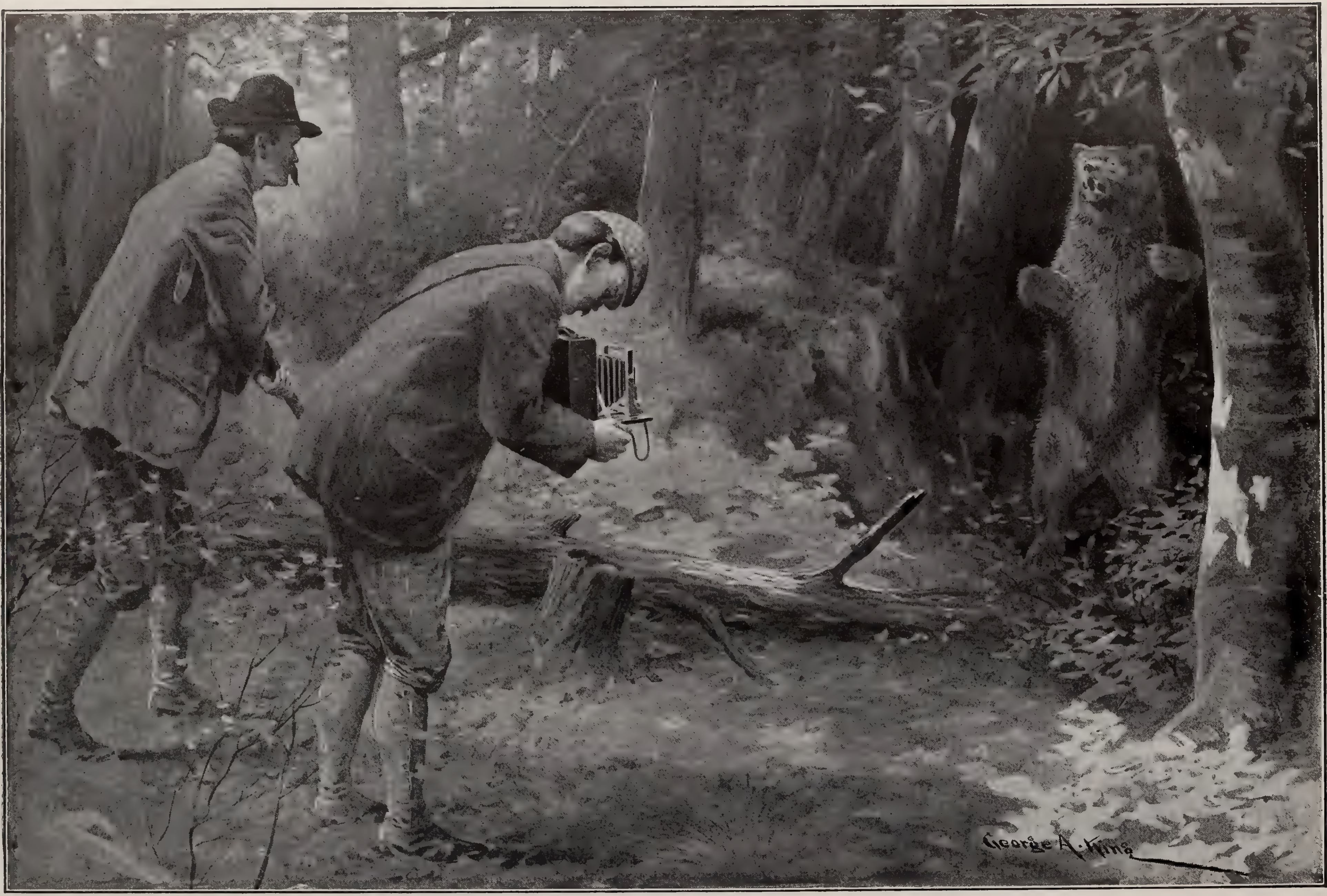
After wading 2 or 3 miles the creek widened into a lake, and there, sitting on its bank, were my father and our friend waiting for me.

We pushed on down the lake and soon came to the path that led to the edge of the swamp.

We shot several squirrels on the way out, and when we got home and counted our game we found that together we had 31; but I shall always regret not getting a shot at the bear.

J. S. Johnson, Jr., Macon, Ga.

And you should always regret having killed the squirrels. Don't forget that the grey squirrel and the fox squirrel are growing scarce all over the country, and the best sportsmen agree that the time has come when we should all declare a **perpetual** close season on them.—Editor.


George A. King

THE FIRST SHOT.

A CHRISTMAS HUNT.

ELMER E. DAVIS.

Photos by the Author.

British East Africa is a natural zoological park, and if the British colonial government continues to enforce the laws as it has the last few years, that part of Africa will be a sportsmen's mecca for years to come.

Game is plentiful, but no individual animal is easier to get there than an animal of similar habits would be in America. A specimen of a species is easier to obtain in Africa than in America, but that is because of the greater number of each species and not their lack of caution.

In December, 1902, my camp was pitched on the edge of Njoro plain with miles of good antelope pasture before it. In the rear was jungle, which seemed to be made for game, as it was crossed and recrossed by narrow paths and clearings which had been formed by the fires from the plains burning into the jungle under the force of strong winds. This forest and plain of Njoro are about 350 miles from the coast and 50 miles from Lake Victoria. It is not hot there, as might be supposed, but is cooled by the elevation of 6,000 feet above sea level.

CAMP AT NJORO PLAINS.

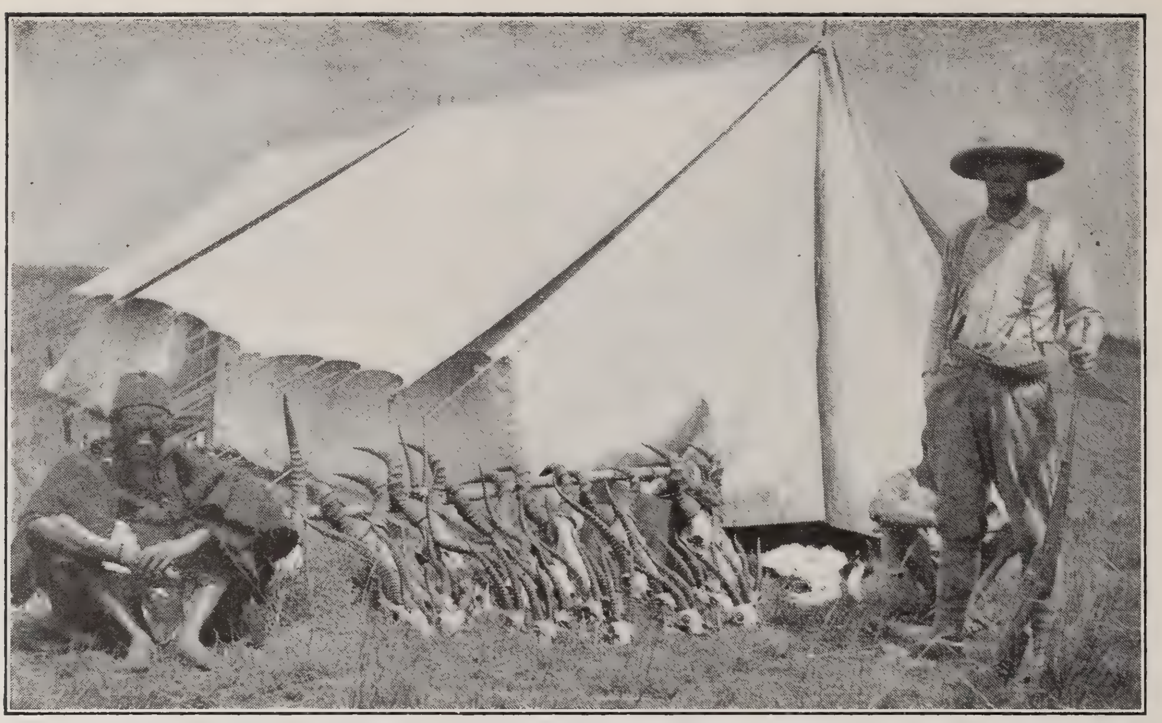
Christmas I shouldered my 30 x 40 rifle and started through the jungle on a still hunt for water buck. Two porters only were allowed to go. The direction we intended to take would lead us through a small patch of ground which had recently been burnt over. As it had rained several times since the fire I expected to find some game feeding on the new shoots of grass, and hoped it might be water buck, which are fond of feeding in such places.

After an hour's walk, during which we had several times been mixed up with the aggravating little thorns known to the natives as engoga (meaning wait a bit), we were within a mile or so of the place where game was expected, and were proceeding cautiously, when a low hiss from one of the porters caused me to stop. Looking in the direction he indicated I could see a pair of ears above a low bush. The animal was lying down and by the way its ears were working slowly backward and forward I knew it had not scented us; so quietly retracing our way and going farther around we obtained a good view. There were 3 pallah does lying down, and as they are never far from the buck we looked carefully around, but could see nothing of him.

The porter, whose name was Monga, said he would make them show us where the buck was, and taking several dry twigs he started to break them, causing a slight noise.

The does, hearing this, arose and started cautiously in a direction straight away from us.

Monga said the buck would be found in


A RECORD OF SHAMEFUL SLAUGHTER.

that direction, but after working quietly ahead 300 or 400 yards and not seeing either buck or does I told him to climb a tree and look around. He did so, but could see no more than we had seen on the ground. I knew it would be useless to try to locate these clever animals, as they were probably up to our game; so we continued our way with the hope of better luck the next time.

We had approached a small, marshy clearing and were going to cross it when a large reed buck jumped out of a bunch of grass, giving me a running shot, which brought him down, the ball hitting him in the neck, nearly severing the head from the body. His horns were large and had a graceful forward curve.

I cut the remaining shreds of flesh in the neck and tied the head to my belt. Telling the porters to take the meat and wait for me where a small stream emerged from the jungle, I continued my hunt, but being unable to see the object of my search I was nearing the plain with the intention of returning to camp when I saw a full grown ant hill in my way, so I climbed to the top of it to look around. Only those who have experienced the sensation of having a magnificent buck appear when they have almost given up the hunt can realize my feelings as I looked ahead and saw a water buck with a splendid pair of horns quietly grazing at the edge of the plain.

Dropping back down the side of the ant hill a few feet I drew the rifle up, but the buck stepped forward at that moment and a bush covered his shoulder. I risked a shot, however, and was disappointed to see him leap out of sight behind the brush.

I climbed down as fast as possible, hastened to the plain, and saw the buck and 6 does running along close to the jungle. I stepped behind a bush and watched until they arrived at the top of a hill a mile away, where they stopped. After looking around a while they continued their way, walking slowly and feeding as they went.

I wanted that pair of horns and I knew that if the animals kept on in the direction they were going I stood a good show of getting them, for the edge of the jungle ran in a long curve out to a point a little more than 2 miles from where I was standing. About 200 yards out from the jungle to my left was an almost dry bed of a small stream with banks 4 to 8 feet high. This stream ran directly to the point of the jungle where the buck was going, so working over slowly I reached the jungle and made my way by running when I could and walking where the footing was bad until I reached a place from which it was possible to come up opposite the buck. Scrambling up the bank of the creek I made a dash of a hundred yards or so to the brush and sat down, for 2 miles' run and walk through mud and water had about played me out.

After resting a few minutes I got up with the intention of going around the point to see what had become of Mr. Buck, but changed my mind as a branch cracked across from me. It was not more than 75 feet from where I was to the open plain on the other side, but the jungle was so thick that I could see but a few feet through it.

I sat still fully half an hour and my legs began to cramp, so I got up to stretch myself. Before I was on my feet the water buck sprang into full view at the point and started in the direction of the stream.

My first shot did not stop him, but the second brought him down and he turned a complete somersault in falling. On examining him I found that all 3 shots had taken effect. The first one had struck too far back of the heart to do much damage, the second made a slight flesh wound on the flank, and the last had hit the heart.

I was curious to know how it was that he had appeared just as I got up, and I went back to see where he had been. From the appearance of the ground behind some bushes at the point, I judged that the old fellow must have been standing there a while, trying to make out what I was, for the place where I sat was in plain view from behind the bushes, but I could not see him from where I had been.

I never saw the does again and suppose they entered the jungle when they heard the rifle.

I had a job on hand for which I had no particular liking, as it was no small task to carry a water buck's and a reed buck's head besides a heavy rifle. I could have left the heads, but the hyenas had spoiled 2 for me shortly before and the risk was too great, so I cut off the head and taking it on my shoulder started on a 3 mile tramp back to where the porters had been told to wait. After going about a mile I felt that a change of jobs would suit me, for those heads were growing at an alarming rate; but thanks to Monga I was not doomed to carry them long. That good fellow had not stopped where he was told but came looking for me after hearing the first shot and discovered me about the time I was ready to throw heads and everything else down.

TWO GOOD SPECIMENS.

After he came to help me there was no trouble in getting to camp, which we reached about 2 p. m.

That evening when the porters who had been sent out after the meat had returned I gave them the entire carcass and told them to celebrate the white man's holiday.

They certainly did it right, and there was not enough of the meat left the next morning to make shadow soup.

THE HEROES OF THE NIGHT.

A. M. BOWMAN.

We've heard of those who saved the day,
  When the battle was at its height;
And I will do my best to tell
  Of those who have saved the night.

A party of us went out one fall
  To camp in the woods, and shoot
An honest sportsman's share of game,
  And have some fun to boot.

And all was peace and goodly cheer
  While the first week passed away;
Then came a storm and swept the woods,
  And almost made us pray.

'Twas in the middle of the night;
  The wild wind howled and roared;
The lurid lightning split the sky,
  And the rain in torrents poured.

But still they slept, those sportsmen true,
  Though danger hovered round,
Till someone yelled, "The tent is loose;
  'Twill soon be on the ground!"

It really was remarkable
  How quick those hunters woke;
They all sat up like prairie dogs,
  And then the captain spoke.

He loudly called for volunteers,
  Though not a move made he;
Then came excuses plentiful,
  As herrings in the sea.

This one had washed the dishes last;
  That one had cut the wood;
One sleepy chap had cleaned the guns,
  And one had cooked the food.

But soon Jess, Sam, and valiant Bill
  Put on their clothes, and went
Out in the wind and pelting rain,
  And fixed the pesky tent.

Hurrah for Bill! hurrah for Sam!
  Hurrah for Jess, all right!
They braved the tempest's sullen roar,
  And saved the tent that night.

PREPARING TO LEAP.

A YEARLING BUCK.

CHUMS.

PHOTOS COPYRIGHTED, 1904, BY J. E. HEYWOOD.

AN ADULT BUCK.

SEEING DOUBLE.

PHOTOS COPYRIGHTED, 1904, BY J. E HEYWOOD.

TAKING A NIP.

WHERE THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.

LESTER C. REMSEN.

I had stretched for the third time, given Bob an extra poke and urgently requested him to get up and start the camp fire; but as my efforts were of no avail, I finally crawled out myself, and piling up some sticks, soon had a cheerful blaze in front of our tent. It was my first morning in the woods, so I was startled when a sudden thump, thump, thump came from the bushes near. I dropped my hatchet and dived into the tent after my gun. The first thing I laid my hands on was Bob's little 22 caliber rifle with which I emerged, feeling much braver, and then I smiled at myself for I realized that the noise I heard was ruffed grouse drumming.

I started in the direction of the sound, and it was repeated. Then I nearly jumped out of my skin when he started up again at full blast, not more than 40 feet from me. I dropped on my knees and watched him. He was a magnificent old chap, and as he strutted up and down the mossy log, from which he had chosen to sound his morning call, I forgot that I had come out to shoot him. He stepped carefully along, much after the fashion of a bantam rooster I once owned, spreading his tail like a turkey gobbler, with his coal black ruffs standing out straight from his neck and his crest lifted to its utmost capacity. He reached the end of his beat, and turning, was still an instant, then his wings rose again, and it seemed as if my head would split with the vibrations of his long call.

When he was quiet I heard a hen chuckle in a clump of bushes and I decided it was time to act. I poked the rifle between the twigs and drew a bead on his head. I had done considerable quail and snipe shooting, but had never killed a ruffed grouse, so this was an exciting moment for me. A dry stick snapped sharply under my knee, and I thought I had lost him, but instead, he gave me the opportunity I wished, for he stopped and stretched his neck to listen. There was a little report, a sudden tumble, and a lot of flapping down among the dry leaves. I fell over the brush and logs in my efforts to grab him. Then I sat down on the log, held him up. looked him over, laid him in my lap while I smoothed his plumes, and laughed as I thought how surprised Bob would be when he saw me walking into camp with such a prize.

I gave the rifle a little pat and was throwing away the empty shell when I heard the hen chuckle again and a rustle in the leaves. There stood the old lady, looking at me as she stepped cautiously around, twisting her head about and apparently talking to herself in the chuckling fashion which I had heard before. I grinned so hard with delight and expectation that I was afraid she would take alarm and get away before I could put in a new cartridge. I did not want to hit her in the body, for it would tear her, and I had heard Bob say that a woodsman in that section would never do such a thing. Finally I pulled the trigger and had the satisfaction of seeing her tumble over and flop about for an instant. When I picked her up I found that the bullet had gone through the middle of her back instead of her head, and my pride at my skill was considerably lessened. I covered the wound with the feathers so that Bob could not see it and made up my mind that I would show him the old fellow first. He could see where my shot had hit and perhaps he would not ask about the hen.

Bob offered his congratulations and we soon had the birds frying for breakfast. We were stowing them away in good shape when I heard a grunt from Bob.

"Huh! I thought you shot these birds in the head," and he held up a bullet, dented by his teeth.

"Well, you see that little rifle of yours ——."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that little rifle! There isn't a better shooting one in 7 States."

I thought it unnecessary to reply. After washing our dishes, we started back into the mountains where deer were more plentiful. On our way we caught a glimpse of the white flag of a doe as she disappeared over the brow of a hill. We selected a cleared space, which was protected on 3 sides by rocks and tamarack scrubs, and pitched our tiny tent among the evergreens, with the front toward the pond. After we finished eating, I spread out my blanket for a comfortable nap, but Bob disappeared behind the bushes which skirted the camp. When he returned he had 3 more grouse, and I had a laugh on him, for I showed him where a bullet had torn through the breast of one bird and told him we were square.

"But it was so dark——."

"Oh, yes, but with that little rifle, you know, Bob——!"

We slept snugly in our blankets, on evergreen boughs, and when Bob crawled out he aroused me by an exclamation. About 4 inches of snow had fallen, and Bob was wild with delight.

"We'll have a deer this morning, sure," he said.

At 8 o'clock I took my shot gun and Bob his rifle, and we were off. We tramped more than 2 hours and were beginning to feel discouraged when suddenly a buck started from behind an evergreen and tore off to our right. I dropped my glasses in the snow, and swinging around, fired both barrels, then stood kicking myself in disappointment, while Bob dropped on one knee and cut the twigs off the bushes around the deer as fast as he could pump shells. The last we saw of the buck he was apparently unhurt.

We tramped on, changing our course toward the camp, and in crossing a wooded ridge we flushed a flock of 9 ruffed grouse. Bob stood and laughed at me while I took the 2 buck shot shells out of my gun and put in No. 8's. I had marked the course of the birds and soon there was a flutter over my head and a shower of snow from a hemlock as one of them dived through the tree tops and started for some distant clime. I took a chance shot at him as he crossed an opening ahead. He turned in mid air, and, making a circle, gradually came to the ground. When I picked him up I found that one shot had gone through both his eyes. As I turned back to where Bob was, another grouse broke cover, but I missed her with the right barrel, and was just in time to use the left with better success on another which attempted to follow her. As the others seemed to be well scattered we did not attempt to find them, but went on toward camp.

The next morning we started for what Bob called the great tamarack swamp, where we had seen signs of deer, and I was not much surprised when I stepped around a ledge of rocks and saw a buck feeding about 50 yards away. I dropped back in my tracks, leveled my gun on a spot behind his shoulder and pulled the trigger. With a snort he leaped high in the air and then turning, as if confused and not realizing from what point the attack came, he dashed down toward me with great bounds, to give me a broadside shot at close quarters. The left barrel was ready, and with a second report he tumbled headlong. I quickly jammed in another shell, but he was dead before I reached him, one of the buck shot having entered his heart.

I fired 2 shots, a signal for Bob, who joined me at once. We bled the deer, improvised a drag and hauled the carcass to camp.

That night the weather turned still colder and more snow fell. The brook was a mass of clustering icicles, bordered by a dainty lacework of frost. Bob started out for a buck and left me to look for some birds around the camp. I found the snow deep, but succeeded in getting 2 ruffed and one Canadian, or spruce, grouse. Then I turned back and when a short distance from our camp I saw a beautiful buck. He was too far away for me to reach him with buck shot, and in a fever of helpless excitement I stood and watched him. It was evident that he had come down to the pond to drink, and finding it covered with ice had followed the course of the brook until he found a place where the water flowed so rapidly that it had remained unfrozen. He would partly kneel as he leaned over the bank and took a long draught, then standing erect would shake his beautiful antlers while scanning the country around in search of a foe before again taking a drink. I sought cover behind an evergreen scrub, hoping he might come near enough to give me a shot. At last he was through drinking, and climbing the bank he stepped out on the knoll and stood silhouetted against the white background, an ideal picture of a sportsman's desire.

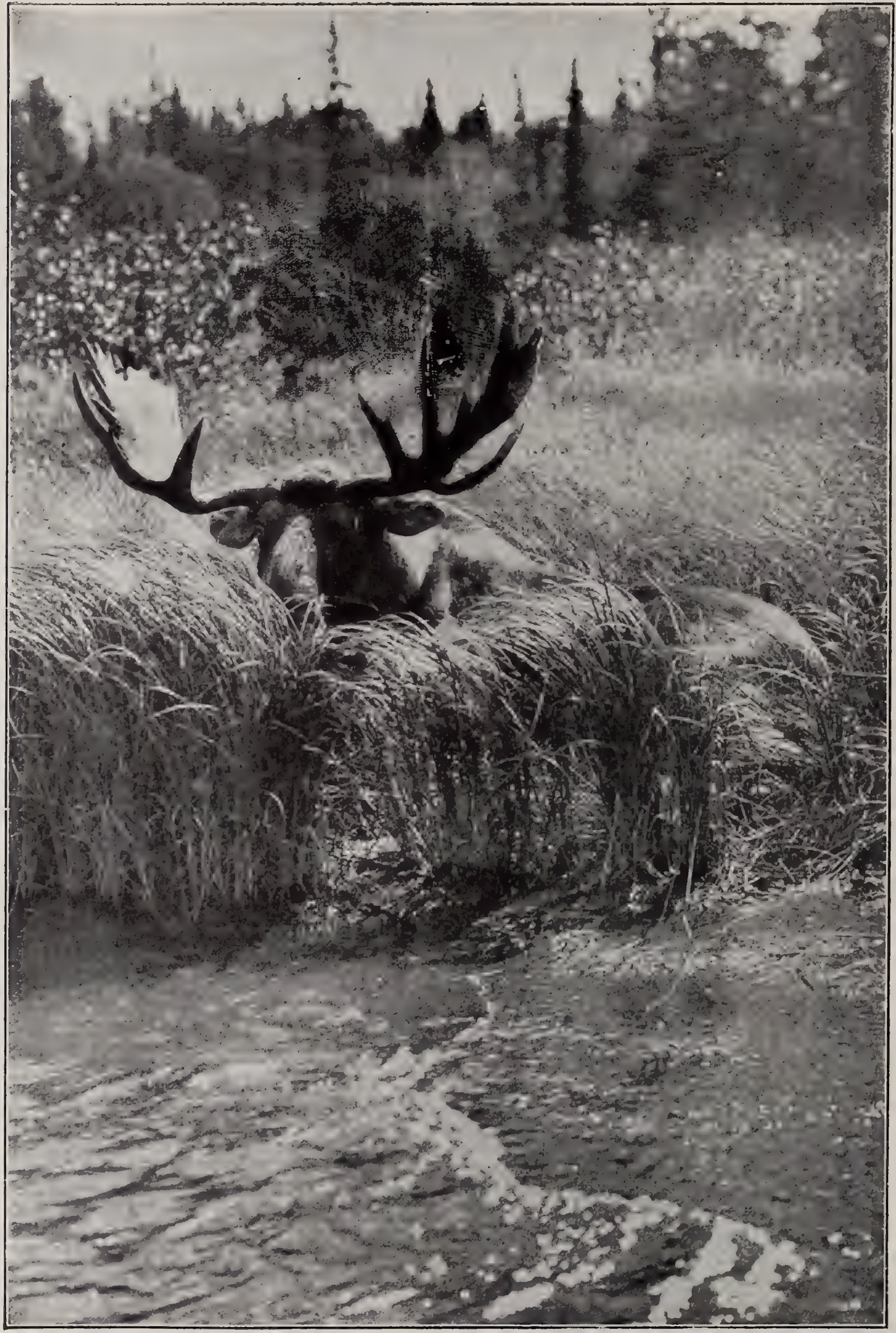
Then an unexpected thing happened. From a point in the evergreens near me a rifle spoke, clearly and sharply, and in response to the shot the magnificent old fellow went down on his knees, then struggled up again and staggered forward. Again the rifle cracked and I saw the spot where the bullet tore through the snow just back of the deer and sent a shower of white flakes into the air. Twice again came that clear report, and then Bob broke cover. Leaping through the snow he ran across the clearing to where the deer was struggling, and with a shout I followed, arriving just in time to see the buck give his last kick.

We dragged the buck to the tent, and after skinning our quarries, leaving their heads so they could be mounted, we wrapped the hind quarters in the skins and made bundles of them. We then built a rude sledge and the next morning we started home.

You should not hunt deer with a shot gun. An animal of that size has little chance of escape from a charge of buck shot at short range. Use a rifle and give the game a fair show.—Editor.

He—Sweetheart, would you mind changing to the other knee?

She—No, darling, not if it will put any more spirit into you.—Life.



FROM "OUR BIG GAME," BY D. W. HUNTINGTON.

BULL MOOSE ON THE UPPER TOBIQUE RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.
From a photograph. Copyright, 1901, by F. C. Walcott.

ANOTHER BIG GAME BOOK.

American wild animals have certainly had their full share of attention at the hands of nature students during the past 10 years, and while great numbers of fairy stories have been given to the world about what wild animals do and say, yet there are other men who study these creatures seriously and who tell us the truth about them, without any fireworks.

The latest volume of this class comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, is written by Dwight W. Huntington, and is called Our Big Game. It is divided into 4 sections, the first treating of the deer family; the second of the ox family, the bison, the musk ox, the Rocky mountain sheep, etc.; the third of the bear family, and the fourth of the cat family.

Mr. Huntington made an extended tour of the far West many years ago, when big game of all kinds was abundant there. That was before the day of the skin hunter, the sheep herder and the tourist, and at that time it was easy for any man to work his way to within a few yards of a herd of buffalo or antelope or elk or deer, and to study them by the hour without disturbing or being disturbed. Mr. Huntington improved his opportunities, and being an artist as well as a writer he brought away copious notes and portfolios full of sketches.

Speaking of these earlier days Mr. Huntington says:

"Only a little more than a score of years ago the gun was literally 'the wolf's dinner bell,' and as the hunter moved away from his fallen quarry, having taken the part he wanted, the wolves responded to the call to dinner, and came in great numbers to devour what was left and fight over the bones.

"The elk and deer were then seen peacefully grazing with the bison and the antelope on the open plains and prairies. I have ridden close to mountain lions on the fields of wild sage when shooting the sage cock, or cock of the plains. I have come on grizzly bears but a short distance from our camps when shooting blue grouse or deer. I have seen buffalo, in vast herds, covering the plains for many miles, when it was no difficult matter for a few horsemen to cut one out and run him into camp before killing him.

"The bison is practically extinct as a wild animal, there being only a small herd in the Yellowstone National Park, and the elk and deer have everywhere deserted the plains to live in secluded forests and mountain fastnesses. The antelope are no longer to be seen in many places where they were formerly abundant, and the naturalists predict that they will soon be exterminated."

Mr. Huntington in his opening chapter talks at length of the hunting rifle and other articles of equipment for the hunt. Farther on he treats of hunting clubs and game preserves, and rightly concludes that the only big game to be found in this country a few years hence will be on lands owned and carefully guarded by clubs or individuals.

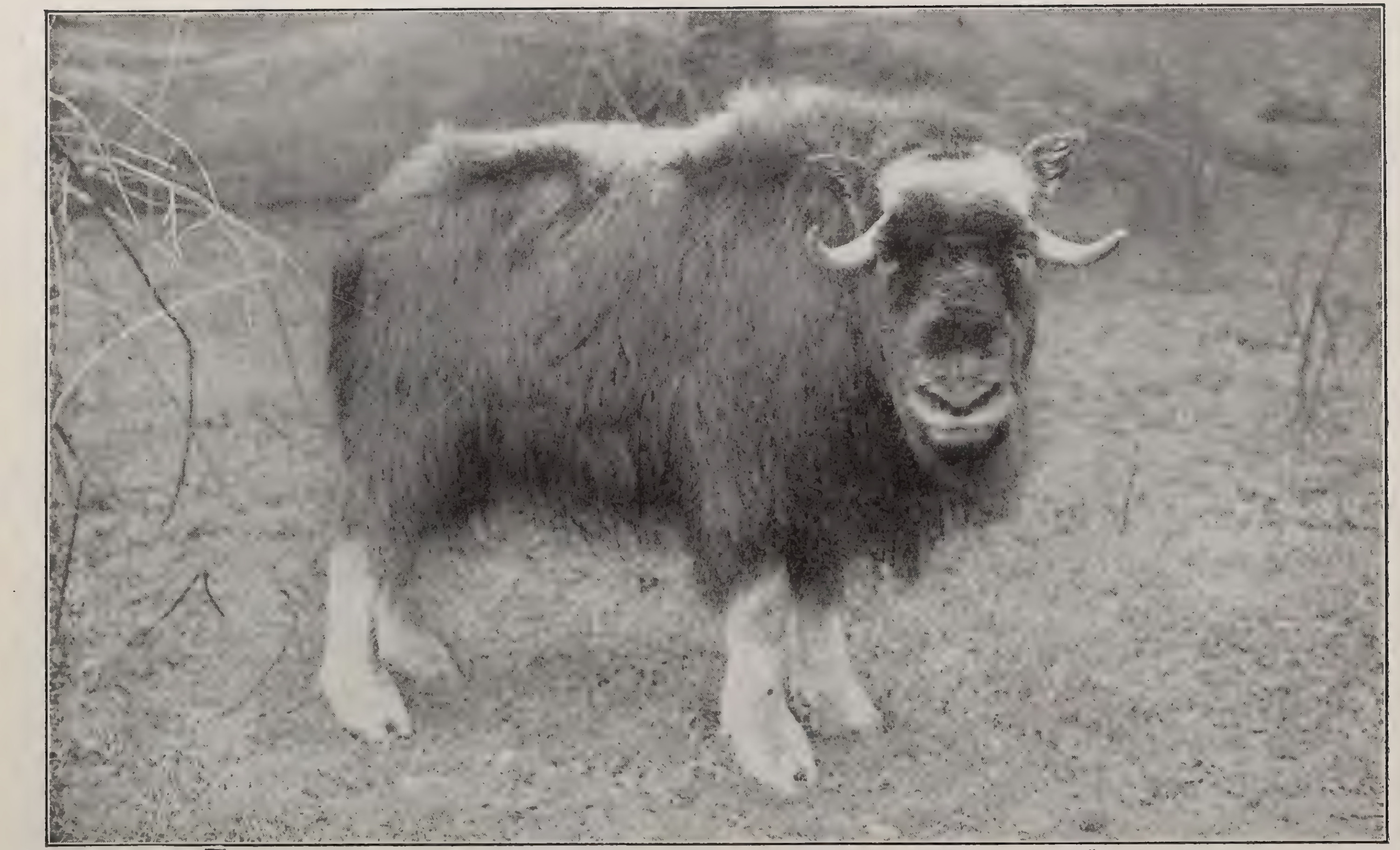
The descriptions and comments on the habits and characteristics of various species of big game animals are full and explicit. Many standard authorities are quoted and some other men are quoted who are not recognized anywhere as authorities on the habits of wild animals.

"Our Big Game" is illustrated with a number of the best photographs of wild animals that have ever been made, and Mr. Huntington is indeed fortunate in having collected so many of these pictures. He has done his work with great care, and the book is full of valuable information from beginning to end. Every sportsman and every naturalist in the land should read it carefully.

The cuts reproduced herewith were kindly lent by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Let us drink to the land that we love to serve
With our best endeavor, our work, our lives;
And drink to the women we serve for love,
To our mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives.

—New York Times.



FROM "OUR BIG GAME," BY D. W. HUNTINGTON

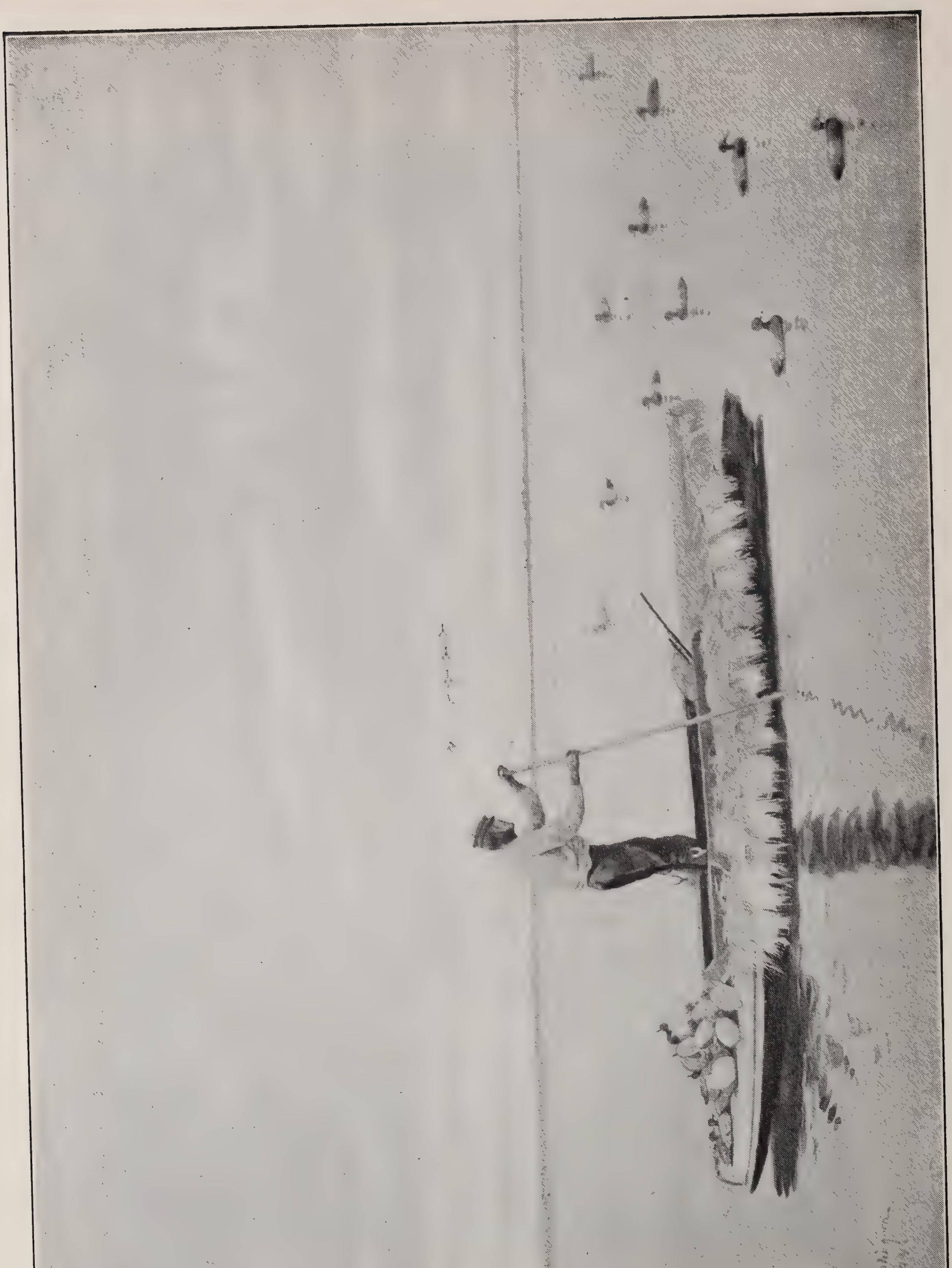
MUSK-OX.

Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FROM "OUR BIG GAME," BY D. W. HUNTINGTON.

A GRIZZLY BEAR.

From a stereograph. Copyright, 1904, by Underwood and Underwood.



MORNING.

NOON.

NIGHT.

DO GRIZZLIES EAT GUNS?

KILLED BY FRANK KING IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE 60 MILES FROM NOME.

Frank King and Nelson Peterson, who keep a road house in the Saw Tooth mountains 60 miles North of Nome, had several times seen large tracks that appeared to have been made by a bear, but as no bears had been seen in that section the friends of these men laughed when they heard about the tracks. However, one morning in May last, King took his 12 gauge Remington shot gun and Peterson his rifle and the men started out determined to do up the maker of those tracks, whatever he might be. They found the trail and followed it nearly all day. Finally on climbing a steep bank King came face to face with the big bear. He raised his gun but before he could pull the trigger the bear grabbed the muzzle and wrenched the barrels from the stock. However, the gun did its work, for one barrel was discharged in the bear's mouth and he rolled down the cliff, still holding the barrels in his teeth.

Whether King or the bear fired the shot will always remain an unanswered question. The battle was over before Peterson could be of any assistance, as he was behind King. They both stood silently watching the bear for some time, while Peterson covered him with his rifle, fearing old Eph might rise at any moment and come at them with the breech end of the shot gun barrels; but Bruin was done up and his pard was making her escape through the mountains. The men brought the carcass to Nome, where it was photographed and placed on exhibition.

It measured 10 feet and weighed 600 pounds. They charged 50 cents admission and took in many good dollars. Then they sold the meat at $1 a pound. It was the only fresh meat in town that week. The skin was bought by a friend of mine for $125 and I have it in my office. It is one of the most beautiful bear skins I ever saw.

The gun that did the killing was loaded with No. 6 shot.

A. H. Dunham, Nome, Alaska.

This story sounds decidedly fakish. I have heard at least 100 stories of men killing bears by ramming the guns down their throats and pulling the trigger. In some cases the bear has grabbed the gun by the muzzle, as this one is said to have done. In others he came at the man "with his mouth open" and the man did the rest. It is not likely that any one of these stories is true, though the feat is not impossible.

The story always sounds fishy, and old hunters always wink the other eye when it is told.

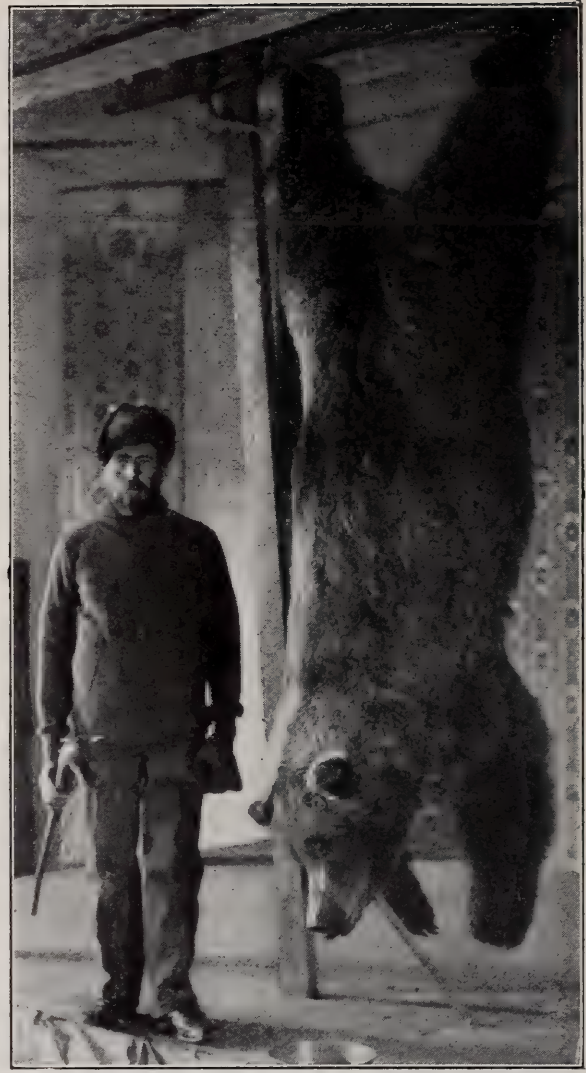
A bear rarely, if ever, begins a fight by biting. His first attack is always by means of a blow and if this bear had been within reach of the hunter before a shot was fired he would probably have dealt the hunter a solar plexus that would have knocked him silly, if he was not that before.

Furthermore, the chances are that if the bear had taken the muzzle of the gun in his mouth and it had then been fired the barrel from which the charge went would have burst.

It is said that if you stick the muzzle of your gun in a pail of water and fire it, the barrel will burst. I never tried it and don't know. If you get a chunk of mud in the muzzle of your gun and fire it the barrel will burst. I have tried it and I know. Therefore it seems reasonable to suppose that if you shove the muzzle of your gun in a bear's mouth, plug up the muzzle with his tongue, his alimentary canal, his breakfast and things, and then let her go, the barrel would flatten out somewhere between the muzzle and the breech.

The pictures indicate that the bear was really a corker, and no doubt King and Peterson, or one of them killed him; but I seriously doubt their having killed him in the manner stated.

I wish Mr. Dunham had taken a close up photograph of the gun barrels and given me a chance to judge whether or not there were any tooth marks on them. Of course, if these men faked up the story of killing they could easily have disfigured the barrels with a pick, or a hammer, or some other instrument, in a way as to give a fair imitation of tooth marks.—EDITOR.



THE SAME BEAR IN THE MEAT MARKET.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. A CROMAN.

A PROMISING PAIR.

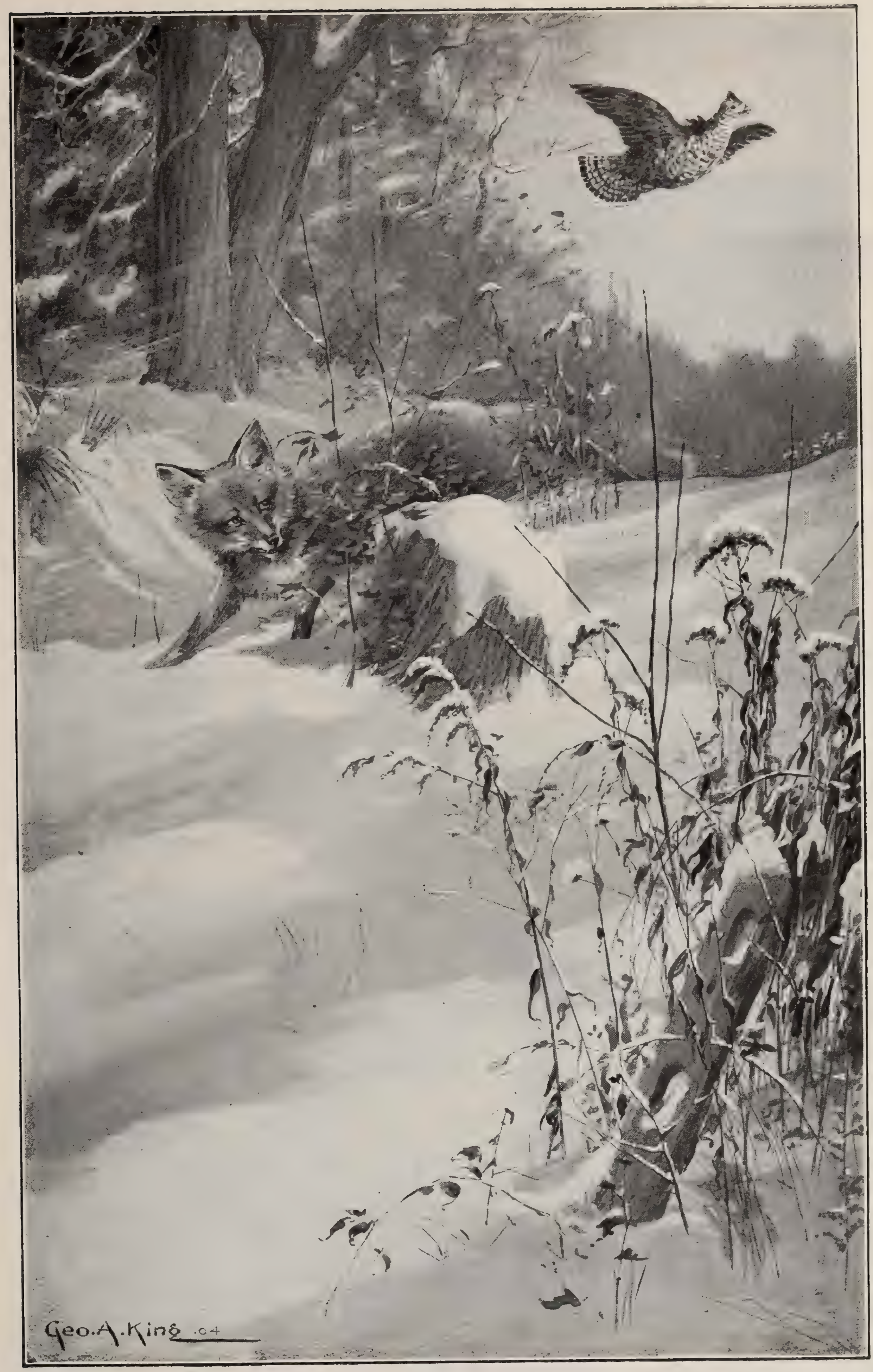
A celebrated army officer, who happens not to be very tall, once found himself in the center of new friends in a club. There was an unusually tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to the General, the wit bent down patronizingly and remarked:

"I have often heard of you, but——" shading his eyes with one hand as if the famous General, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

The General promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."—Argonaut.

Diner—Waitress, will that roll be long?

Waitress—No, sir; it will be round in a minute.—Illustrated Bits.


Geo. A. King .04

THERE GOES MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WHITE GOATS IN DOMESTICATION.

I hand you herewith a photo of 2 Rocky mountain goats that were captured when about a month old by Charles Chapman and James White, 2 trappers of this place. The boys caught the kids in the Rockies, on White river, a tributary of the Kootenay, and brought them to town by boat, a distance of about 100 miles. On the way down their only way of feeding the youngsters was to let them suck a 30-30 shell, fitted into the mouth of a bottle containing evaporated cream. The kids were caught from 2 separate bands of goats, on the 10th and 11th of June respectively, and they are male and female. They are now in good condition and have learned many tricks. They follow Mr. Chapman all over town, and are as tame and seem to thrive as well as if running wild in the mountains.

A PAIR OF WAIFS.
Now in the New York Zoological Park.

John Carson, a miner, recently caught a full grown female goat about 2 years old. He simply lay on the ground and the goat came up so close to him that he grabbed it by the fore leg. Then he secured it with his belt and brought it home, 22 miles, on a pack horse. He has had it about a week and it is doing well.

I like your plan of killing game hogs. We have a few here, that I should like to see driven into your pen and slaughtered.

There are good hunting grounds here and good fishing in the mountain streams.

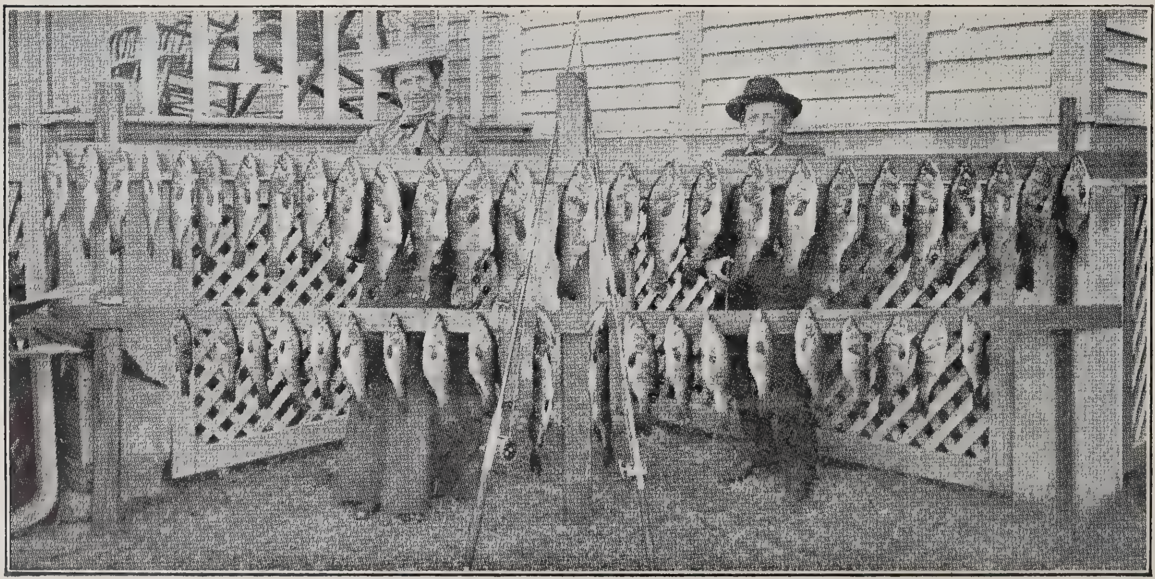
R. A. Fraser, Fort Steel, B. C.

POSING AS FISH HOGS

You write me inquiring if my wife and I caught 47 bass in one day. I will give you the facts, then you can judge whether I am a fish hog or not. We were at Rockledge, Florida, and went out to Lake Poinsett, with 2 gentlemen from Newark. They caught 21 black bass, my wife and I 26. When we came home in the evening they wanted to know if they could have our fish in the morning to put up and get their picture. I said yes; so in the morning they put them on a rack and then asked my wife and I to have our pictures taken first, which we did.

Charles Robbins, Groveport, O.

No, you and your wife did not make an excessive catch, according to your report, but you did display bad taste in standing by a string of dead fish, that probably stunk, and being pictured with them. Such conduct is disgusting to all decent sportsmen and the sooner the public learns this, the better.—EDITOR.



A STRIKING DISPLAY OF BAD TASTE.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

A BRUSH WITH THE BEETLEHEADS.

OSCAR S. SEAVER.

Cape Cod has in general a fair reputation for shore shooting, but at the tip end of the peninsula this reputation has dwindled considerably. Visiting sportsmen who are disappointed blame their luck, and are reticent. The man who happens along at the right time is delighted, and lauds the region, but he to whom the lauding is done expects to find a hunter's paradise and, being fooled, reaches the limit of disgust; yet all the time there were probably birds enough to give all good sport had each chosen the right time and method.

The trouble seems to lie in the immense detached stretches of feeding ground, over which the birds shift so uncertainly as to render shooting boxes useless. The hunter at the extremity of the Cape must suit his methods and times to the habits of the birds. The visits of the various flights, particularly those of the beetlehead, are not paid to any one ground, but now here, now there, with most irritating capriciousness.

A friend and I solved the difficulty in a manner so simple and so successful as to make a most delightful experience, on a ground considered poor. The whistling that came, at nightfall, across the waters, and various chats with the lifesavers stationed there, proved the existence of plenty of beetleheads. To get them was the task. The men at the station seemed always able to supply their tables with the delicate beetlehead, but they did not impart to us their methods.

We learned the secret from the birds themselves, but it was night before they put in an appearance. To our left, back from the water, the flats became undulating. I noted that as the tide came in among these shoulders, one considerable hillock remained uncovered, becoming an island 20 paces in diameter at high tide. To this, as the sinking sun shone in our faces, the birds came in numbers, circling on set wings, curving and settling there. The meaning was apparent. As the birds settled they followed the receding water, in quest of food. As shoulders appeared on other flats, the multitude thinned out, many going to the newly uncovered ground.

As soon as the tide ebbed sufficiently we drew up our hip boots and waded across to our game. The birds were there in large numbers, but widely scattered, and we found stalking unprofitable, so we took to our boat.

On the way to Provincetown I explained to my companion, B., my plans for the morrow. There was probably one hour when every part of that shoulder could be covered by one gun. I wanted to hold that gun. The next morning tide would be high at 3, while the sun would not rise till 5. We knew the birds flew best from dawn to sunrise. We must, therefore, be on that shoulder at high tide the next morning, installed in a seaweed blind, ready for action.

B's bones were too stiff for such a goose chase. He proposed to try it at afternoon tide. This left the execution of the plan to me alone, so, soon after 2 the next morning, gun in hand and decoys in pocket, I was ready to start. A hasty cup of coffee, a careful crawl in the darkness along the pier to the boats, and I was soon under sail, with the revolving light at Wood End blinking ahead. The moon was behind a cloud. The town, with its towers and roofs, was dimly silhouetted against the gloom; the piers, the boats, the buoys and all that floats off shore at a fishing town were obscured. The only sounds were from a few fishermen making early start, the creak of a hoisting sail, the dipping oars of a dinghy putting off to a boat; these were my warnings. A phantom vessel passed ahead, discernible only as 2 huge, shadowy sails, like the wings of some gigantic bird, that silently flitted by. Heading for my intended field, I was soon on shore with my gun.

The tide had begun to ebb, and I might expect the birds at daylight. The island was hardly more than 20 paces across. In half an hour it would not be more than 3 times as big. Undressing, I took my boat out far enough to be sure it would float at low tide, and swam back. Hastily collecting seaweed, I built a blind, put out my decoys, wading out far enough to have the tide leave them just on shore when it had run out, and crawled into my seaweed, drawing it around me up to my armpits.

Then, as the first faint streaks of dawn appeared, I began to call. At first I elicited no response, but presently from somewhere across the salt marshes came an answer, which might have come from some plover half asleep. Again I called, and then the reply came nearer, clearer. A second bird joined in, then a third, then rapidly others, till it seemed that from every patch of eelgrass came a whistle It was still too dark to shoot, although the air seemed alive with birds. One bunch swung close over my head, not a gun's length above me. For just an instant I heard their whistle and the hiss of their chopping wings, but they were invisible and made off at once.

Directing my attention entirely to the narrow strip of illuminated shore, I soon saw 2 shadows flit into the light, and I fired. It was a snap shot, and in the gloom I saw no results. A few seductive calls and another shadow came for a second into the patch of light. At the report of my gun it disappeared like the others.

Daylight came rapidly. The flats were uncovering fast. A bunch of plover came within range and I got one; they swung away and returning alighted on another shoulder. There I soon found the whole flight. I called again and again. They answered, but would not come. My morning's shooting was over almost before it had begun. A second shooter was needed on the other hillock, to keep the birds flying. There was nothing to do but give it up for the time, gather up my spoils and go home.

At shot No. 1 I found 2 plump birds. They were in full winter plumage, and were hardly distinguishable from the pebbly beach. At shot No. 2 I found a single. At the place of the last shot I picked up another, the only one I had known was killed. Four birds were not a large bag, but considering all the circumstances I felt pleased, and anticipated a larger score next time.

True to my hope, the afternoon tide was a success. B. was with me; the birds appeared early, we were successful in calling, and the birds swung over our decoys again and again. At such times B. never failed to secure a pair. When the second shoulder uncovered I waded across to it, and we kept the birds moving back and forth. As a blind we used merely a bunch of seaweed, which we could carry under one arm. This seemed to destroy our outlines in the eyes of the birds, and we could manage to keep close to the water's edge. After the first half hour, we made no use of the decoys, but depended entirely on calling. When the receding tide had uncovered more territory than our guns could command we took to the boat.

That afternoon was the beginning of 10 days of delightful shooting. We knew the first North wind would start the birds South, and that any subsequent flight would not be likely to follow in the footsteps of these. Therefore, we were regularly on the ground each day. At first we went twice daily, but presently the tides did not suit that schedule. After that we went but once daily, but invariably returned with enviable bags, and splendid appetites

As the shooting never lasted over 2 hours, and could only be successful by careful calling, skillful shifting of position, and most accurate shooting, there was no chance for slaughter, even had we been so disposed. The excess above what sufficed to satisfy our appetites went in expressed pairs of plump beetlehead plover to remind friends in the city of the salt marsh and the shore.

AN UNEXPECTED QUARRY.

It was away up in the Montana Rockies. All summer I had tramped through the tangled woods and over the steep mountains. I knew bear were there. Everybody said so. How to find them was what worried me. I had never hunted bear before. When I told my friends in peaceful Illinois that I was going to get a grizzly they invariably remarked, "You would better look out or the grizzly will get you." I decided, however, to make the attempt. From the mighty hunters who visited our camp I learned all I could. They, too, were lavish of caution, if not of practical information. So day after day, sometimes with a companion, more often alone, I tramped. Though looking for bear, I said little about it. I was sure I could find at least one during the summer; at the same time I did not care to bring on my head the derision of my companions should I fail. So I fished, explored and gathered berries, but always with my rifle along.

The summer waned. Our party had climbed high in the mountains, formed a temporary camp and put in 2 or 3 days clambering over glaciers and climbing towering peaks. They were days of unalloyed pleasure and nights of dreamless sleep. The sky had never seemed so blue, the stars so near. The region was one of enchanting virgin beauty. In sight of camp the deer grazed, looked at us in wonder, then slowly trotted off. In the evening the mountain goat was silhouetted against the sky as as he stood on the topmost peak and beheld the strange intruders in his domain. All too soon those happy days faded and it was time to return. I pleaded for one more day. Finally my wife and Teddy and 2 of the boys agreed to stay behind with me while the rest of the party returned to our permanent camp. It was to be but one day, and I planned to make the most of it.

At sunrise I was up and breakfasted in short order. How good the coffee and bacon tasted as we hugged the cheerful fire! Then putting up a lunch we were off. The women, in short skirts, followed in Indian file. We kept a steady pace, but paused now and then to take in the beauty around us. The climb to the top of the ridge on the East was not hard. There we stopped to rest. The 2 women were to remain while the boys and I made a hasty trip to Little St. Mary's lakes, far below, blue as the sky. It made even an old mountain climber almost dizzy to look on them. I had decided to put in the day visiting those lakes. As far as known no one had been to them in 3 years. How we were to get down I did not know; but others had gone there, and I thought we could.

Finding a goat trail, we wound our way down, wondering how an animal so large as a goat could tread such a path. At one point we crossed a rock slide, where a false step would have landed us in the lower lake, thousands of feet below. Even our careful steps started pebbles, which went bounding off far beyond sight and sound. We finally came to a ledge 20 feet high. Creeping on hands and knees under a shelving rock, clinging to chance projections, we finally managed to get down. We soon struck another game trail and found we were on the track of a big buck. His footprints were clear and fresh. He was evidently near. Cautioning the boys, we moved along silently. He was going leisurely, evidently not alarmed, and at every turn I expected to come on him.

As we got nearer the lake we fairly crept, making scarcely a sound. Why? We did not want the deer, but only to see how big he was and how close we could get to him. The boys followed me, watching each footfall, with eyes and ears open for the least motion or sound. We had almost reached the bottom. Our buck could not be far off. I rounded a ledge, about the height of my head, and instinctively my rifle went to my shoulder and my heart stood still. There not 10 yards away was a great reddish animal peacefully turning over stones and dirt in a search for her dinner. She neither saw nor heard me. Stepping back, I told the boys there was a bear beyond those rocks. We crept along to where we could see, and there she was, still grubbing. I let the boys have a hasty look, and as neither had a gun, I drew on her shoulder and fired. I was using smokeless powder and almost saw the bullet strike. The blood spurted from the wound. She turned, bit her side, saw us, gave a ferocious growl and started for us. I do not think I was excited, but somehow the cartridge jammed. Before I could get another shot the bear turned, and putting her head between her forelegs, rolled down the mountain and crawled into the bushes. Then all was still. Where was she? What would she do? These questions we asked ourselves with no little interest. The boys prepared to climb a tree. I got ready to shoot. Standing thus for a few moments, we decided she must be dead or past doing harm, and began to investigate. We found her, motionless, but was she dead? We threw stones, looked, waited. She was 20 feet in the brush, but we could make out her form and position perfectly. At last I mustered courage and followed her bloody trail. When within reach I gave her a vigorous punch. She was dead. The boys joined me and with our united strength we rolled her down to where we could skin her. She was old and tough, but at last we had her skin and head off. Eating a hasty lunch, we viewed the lake. It was the most beautiful body of water I had ever seen, but it had somehow lost interest. It was late and that skin and head weighed a ton. If they had weighed twice as much I would have carried them or died in the attempt. Each boy took a ham, and it was all he wanted to carry. How we got back to the women I often wonder. We got there, though, tired and proud. Next afternoon we walked in on those who had left us. When they found what we had everybody yelled. We were kept busy for days telling how it happened. We are telling it yet.

L. O. Vaughan, Jacksonville, Ill.

LYNX HUNTING WITH DOGS.

Hunting the lynx, or wildcat, is the sport of sports. Thousands of these animals roam through the dense forests of the Northwest. They are great travelers when in search of prey. An old Tom will lie quietly in a thicket sleeping throughout the day, but when night falls he starts out hunting. He usually has a regular route, and takes in miles of country on his rounds, killing all he can. Sometimes he kills a half dozen groundhogs or rabbits, not eating a mouthful of them that night, but returning later to gorge himself. If the hounds get on his trail at such a time he will tree as soon as he can. Cats kill a great many fawns, grouse, etc.; indeed, they will kill anything not too large for them to handle.

During the mating season lynxes have regular runways. I have seen logs worn smooth by cats in their years of travel over them. The female gives birth to 2 to 5 young in the latter part of April or early in May. She is cunning in selecting a place to rear her young. She retires to a dense thicket and gets into a hollow tree or log or under a bushy tree. I have seen the den of an old lynx beautifully lined with the fur of rabbits and mountain beaver. When the kittens are 3 days old the mother recovers her appetite. She hunts in the early morning, killing all she can of rabbits, beaver, etc., generally eating of the first kill, but continuing to kill. She then sneaks back to her kittens. She does not cover the game left uneaten, but lays it under a small tree or bush and claws and scratches the ground near it. On her next trip she lugs it all near to her kittens.

At that time of the year I delight in hunting lynx, as I can usually capture a good many kittens besides getting the old lady's scalp. Taking the dogs, I strike into the hills in the early morning, going to the first cat runway. The dogs nose the logs to find if there has been a visitor the night before. If not, I make for the next crossing place. Sometimes the dogs jump on a log and then go tearing through the timber in full cry that means a hot track; cat just gone by.

Then the sport begins. The dogs tear through brush, over logs, up hill and down, their deep baying making the grand old forest ring. I hurry after, so they shall not get too much start of me, stopping occasionally to listen. I hear the long, mournful cry of the hounds, the tree cry, and go more leisurely. Sometimes the cat is just out of the dogs' reach, and at others he is 100 feet high in a big fir tree. Some mornings the dogs take an old track that they can barely follow. I never call them off if they can trail it. They will get the cat up sooner or later, maybe within a mile, sometimes only after 4 or 5 miles of travel. Sometimes the cat is easily treed; at others he will run 3 or 4 hours and then when he does tree he has tired hounds on the ground.

Lynxes are great fighters. I remember knocking an old Tom out of a tree one morning. He came down fighting mad; the dogs lit on him; there was a moving picture of lynx and dogs for about 20 minutes, and then the old Tom gave up the ghost; but he left 3 sore dogs behind him. Toms are more easily treed than females, but either will tree quickly, if it has dined shortly before being started by the dogs.

The best dog for lynx hunting is the deep bell mouthed foxhound. My dogs are the pure white full blooded Cook's strain. On an average I have killed 60 cats a year in this neighborhood for the past 16 years, and yet there seem to be as many now as there were 15 years ago. They keep coming in from the dense wilderness West and Southwest, where hundreds of square miles of uninhabited country teem with cats, lions and wolves.

At my suggestion, a few years ago, the county commissioners put a bounty on lynxes, cougars and wolves, which has been the means of ridding the country of many cats and a few cougars, but it will be years before they are thinned out much, as the Western part of Washington is thinly settled. I rarely kill a lean lynx; in fact few that are not quite fat, more particularly in winter.

Lynx hunting is most exciting sport. One travels through the dense forest as fast as he can, over logs, through thick underbrush and treacherous swamps, with the baying of the hounds leading on and on till the game trees. Then it is soon over. One may get home that night too tired to sleep, but he can lie in bed and think it all over and imagine he hears the music of the dogs still in full cry on the trail.

Frank Mossman, Kamilche, Wash.

A NEWSPAPER FAKE.

In one of our twin city papers an article recently appeared to the effect that a party of "big bugs" had obtained permission to hunt a certain part of the State for any kind of game, regardless of the State laws, and with dogs. According to the article in the paper, the time set was from the first of October, giving them a month's advantage over others who have to wait until the first of November, and disregarding all laws of game protection and decency. I have written to Mr. Fullerton, asking for information on this matter, and as yet I have had no reply, but expect one soon. As I do not think Mr. Fullerton is a man who will sanction such acts, it seems as if the report must be false, and I hope it is. It has caused a great deal of comment here, and has stirred up much indignation. If the report proves true, there will be something doing. The reason I write to you is that I should like to have you interest yourself in this matter, and as you are always aiding the cause of game protection, I know you will do all in your power to help us sift this matter to the bottom.

Fred. W. Whittle, Northfield, Minn.

I can tell you, without making any investigation, that the story you refer to is a newspaper fake. I know Sam Fullerton and the State Commissioners of Minnesota too well to believe for a moment that they would allow any man, no matter how wealthy or influential he might be, to violate the game laws of their State. As to granting a permit to do this, they have no more power than I have. Even the Governor of your State could not legally give a man a permit to kill one bird in close season.

There are some Smart Aleck newspaper men everywhere who like to get up wild stories, occasionally, to help sell their papers, and if you should buy a copy of the paper in question, to send me, the writer of the story would accomplish his object to that extent. Mr. Fullerton is very busy these days, and is traveling a great deal of the time in an effort to prevent men from killing prairie chickens before the opening of the season. That is probably why he has not replied to your letter.

I referred the foregoing letter from Mr. Whittle to Mr. Fullerton, who replied as follows:

Yours of the 7th to hand and contents noted. The information is news to me. I get all the clippings from the daily papers, especially in the cities, but I have failed to receive anything of the nature that Mr. Whittle writes about. There was a clipping in one of the papers, however, to the effect that we had granted licenses to State Treasurer Block and a party of friends, to hunt deer. That, you know, is legal in Minnesota, between the 10th of November and the 30th. The licenses are issued by the County Auditor. The paper that Mr. Whittle refers to changed the dates and made it read the 1st of November, instead of the 10th, and October 1st I wrote Mr. Whittle that the commissioners had not given anyone permission to hunt before the season, in any way; that we have no authority to issue such permits; and that if we should issue any they would not be worth the paper they were written on.

Sam F. Fullerton.

A WOLFER'S LUCKY DAY.

I enclose photo of John Kinsey, of this place, and his recent catch of an entire wolf family. The den was discovered on the prairie about 10 miles from here and traps were set, resulting in the capture of the she wolf the following day. Kinsey killed her and then dug out the pups. This proved an easy task, and 11 pups, with eyes not yet open, were secured.

Then, hearing the long drawn howl of the dog wolf a half mile away, Kinsey mounted his horse and, with his faithful hound following, gave chase. Instead of hiking for the mountains the wolf started across the prairie toward Big Box Elder creek. Away they went, horse, dog and man, eager for the fray. When the hound overtook the wolf the latter showed fight, and one or 2 snaps, which took effect on the dog, caused him to keep a safer distance.

By gradually putting his horse to its best speed, Kinsey gained on the wolf until within shooting distance. After several futile shots the animal was finally brought to bay. Kinsey dismounted and took a shot, but only succeeded in crippling the beast in a fore leg. That seemed to drive the wolf to a frenzy and it started toward its pursuer only to receive another shot fairly between the shoulders. The dog assisted at the death struggle and was severely bitten for his pains.

Kinsey now smiles contentedly and says: "Yes; it was a fairish day's work, considering, that wolves has $5 bounty on 'em and pups $3. I sure didn't lose my time that day."

The male was the largest gray wolf captured in this vicinity in some time; the pelt is in prime condition and will bring a good price.

Gray wolves are now more numerous here than they have been in the past 3 years, and are killing many calves and early colts. By maintaining our bounty laws and having wolfers like Mr. Kinsey we feel confident that in a short time we shall rid ourselves of this terrible pest to stockmen.

W. H. Peck, Ekalaka, Mont.

Unfortunately the photo is not good enough to reproduce. It takes a clear, deep, sharp, print, with strong contrasts between the lights and shades, to make a good half-tone cut.—Editor.

AROUND MOUNT TACOMA.

Everywhere in the mountains of the Pacific slope are charming spots for those interested in photography. Especially fortunate are those able to enjoy camp life near Mount Tacoma, in the Cascade range. One not accustomed to mountain scenery can hardly imagine the magnitude of those awful hills, many almost perpendicular. The zigzag trails crossing them are too dangerous to be traveled over on horses accustomed to mountain climbing.

Those who have not traversed glaciers can have no idea of their formation and extent. They are as numerous about Tacoma as are rivulets on the sides of ordinary mountains. These glaciers are one to 2 miles wide; some are covered with rocks, while others are of solid ice, 200 to 800 feet in thickness. They are miles in length and drop down in benches until, melting, they form rapid rivers that run through deep gorges to the level country. Vast crevices in the glaciers imperil the careless climber. So smooth are their V-shaped walls that it is next to impossible to rescue a person from their chilly depths save by ropes; and it has happened that before ropes could be procured the victim had perished from cold.

In that high altitude there are many small lakes fed by melting snow and too cold for animal life other than black lizards. During July and August miles of valleys are covered with numerous species of wild flowers, exceeding fragrant, adding much to the beauty of a country that must be visited to be understood.

R. E, Dawdy, Hoquiam, Wash.

GAME NOTES.

Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent work of the League during the past year. With no support to speak of, you have achieved remarkable results in the interest of game protection.

Can we not do something for the quail? They are becoming scarce in this locality. One is lucky to find 2 where formerly there were dozens. The attitude of the small farmers is the great obstacle to the preservation of quail, as these men regard the birds as private property. This class of men is hardly reached by the arguments made in behalf of protection. They will not protect game and then see their neighbor, or perhaps a city sport, bag it as soon as the season opens. Consequently, the farmers are afield weeks before the law is up. The logical thing would be to secure the passage of laws to prohibit the killing of quail at any time.

I, in common with hundreds of my fellow townsmen, have the highest appreciation for your efforts. We are proud of you and of the League, and consider it a privilege to be a member of this great organization.

Robert Haller, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following record of slaughter appears in a recent issue of the Topeka, Kans., State Journal:

> "One game dealer in Great Bend, Kans., has bought over 2,000 ducks from market shooters each day for 4 successive days, and scarcely a day has passed since the duck season began that he has not bought several hundred. Besides this, the buyers at Hoisington have bought similar numbers. It is a low estimate that 50,000 wild ducks have been killed in Barton county during the past few weeks.
>
> "The largest number of course were obtained on Cheyenne bottom, but the salt marsh South of Ellinwood and the Walnut and Cow creeks and the Arkansas river furnished a good percentage. One hunter on Cheyenne bottom one day got 133 in 6 shots with a pump gun, and with these guns several men have records of over 100 ducks in 6 shots lately. One man has made a record of over 500 ducks in a single day on the bottom."

Yet Bennett says the pump gun is a harmless little toy and that a man can not kill any more birds with it than he can with a double barrel gun; and Bennett ought to know.—Editor.

Woodcock and grouse shooting have been good this year. The opening day R. D. Gould and I. O. Converse got 10 birds, and S. W. Putnam and S. W. Putnam, 3rd, were equally successful. H. A. Estabrook got 5 birds. Dr. C. D. Beadle and Jesse Coburn 4, and George Fields, E. W. Gilson, H. E. Houghton, A. A. Train and F. C. Blood brought back 3 each. Dr. Bingham, Robert B. and M. A. Cutler were also out, but did not succeed in bagging any birds.

O. D. L., Fitchburg, Mass.

If you could find space to give illustrations and directions for dressing various kinds of game, such as deer, ducks, squirrels, etc., with a few recipes for cooking them, the information would be appreciated by a large number of your readers.

Dr. James W. Hine, Albany, N. Y.

Will not some reader of Recreation please write me an article, or a series of articles, on these topics?—Editor.

Dr. F. L. Murdock, of this place, spent some time last September in the woods around Moosehead lake, Maine. He killed 2 deer and a large black bear, one of the finest specimens shot in Maine in a long time. The Doctor reports the bird shooting particularly good. He secured a number of ruffed grouse.

B. B. S., Meriden, Conn.

Sunday September 18, special game protector Mepham and I arrested 2 Italians, with unpronounceable names, for shooting robins. Justice Gould, of Scotia, fined them $50 each, which they paid. That was hard; but such is the way of the transgressor.

J. W. Furnside, Schenectady, N. Y.

Richard John, James John and Richard John, Jr., of North Quanich, Victoria, B. C., were arrested some months ago for having in their possession 180 grouse, one pheasant and one deer in close season. Richard and James were fined $70 and Richard, Jr., was fined $40.

Mr. James M. Murdock, of this place, and Dr. Moore, of Philadelphia, had a successful moose hunt in New Brunswick last September, securing 2 moose. The one killed by Dr. Moore was among the largest reported in New Brunswick last fall.

S. N. W., Johnstown, Pa.

Sage hens are scarce. Grouse are plentiful this year. Joe Stephens, a prospector, killed a big cinnamon bear here recently, and George Mast got a black one. Deer are plentiful. More than 100 were killed in this vicinity last season.

E. Heberlein, Apex, Mont.

Game is scarce in this part of the country, a few ducks being about all that remain. A power house has been built on Irondequoit bay, and the smoke from that is driving our water fowl away.

A. W. Reynolds, Rochester, N. Y.

A friend of mine says that some relatives of his whom he was visiting in Scituate, R. I., saw a doe and a fawn near their house. This is the first fawn I have heard of in this State.

G. W. Geer, Providence, R. I.

C. E. Vance and Ed. L. Ives had a successful hunting and fishing trip in the Northwestern part of this State last September.

B. P. F., Marengo, Iowa.

NEW BRUNSWICK FISHING.

We are having trouble with the dogfish in the Bay Chaleur. They are destroying the cod fishery, the principal industry of these Northern waters for 200 years. The government has taken hold of the subject now and is giving a bounty on dogfish; also establishing glue factories at points on the coast, where the fish can be turned into glue.

The dogfish swim nearer the surface than the cod and are so voracious that they take the bait almost before it touches the water. They are like sharks, only smaller, and frighten all cod and other fish smaller than themselves. The dogfish have other peculiarities which make them disgusting pirates.

We read a good deal of the sport of catching tuna on the California coast. In the Bay Chaleur and the Gulf of St. Lawrence we have exactly the same fish, which we call the horse mackerel, and the fishermen catch them in this bay as follows:

They take a 10 or 12 gallon cask, strap it on both ends and attach to it a 21 strand rope about 60 or 70 feet long. On the other end of the rope they fasten a hook of 5/8 inch iron, made like a cod hook, only larger, with a barb the same as on a cod hook. Between the hook and the rope they attach a small chain about 3 feet long, with a swivel if possible. This fish has sharp teeth and would bite a rope. On the hook the fishermen put for bait a mackerel or herring. Then they fasten a piece of salmon twine 3 or 4 feet long to the hook and the other end to the cask. This line they throw overboard from the boat, let it go to the current and keep the boat away. The twine will keep the bait floating on top of the water, and when the big fish takes the bait he immediately dips toward the bottom. The salmon twine is just strong enough to drive the hook into the big fellow's mouth, but when he dips, hauling the cask behind him by the twine, it snaps. Then he has the cask attached to the rope to play with. The giant fish, often weighing 1,000 pounds, dives to the bottom, sometimes submerging the cask several minutes; but it always brings him back, puffing and fighting with the queer thing to which he is hitched. The water is about 4 feet deep and he has 70 feet of rope to the cask, so it is only a question of time.

Edward Hickson, Bathurst, N. B.

OFFICIAL DESTRUCTION OF CARP.

Following last winter items were printed in the Madison, Wis., Democrat:

"As soon as the ice is out of the lakes the slaughter of carp in Lake Monona will begin. The work will be under the supervision of the State game warden's department, but the actual fishing will be done by a crew of experienced men under the charge of a contractor. The contractor is taking large numbers of carp from Lake Koshkonong notwithstanding the presence of ice and the prevailing cold weather. Trap nets are used, being set through holes cut in the ice. Last Saturday 4,500 pounds of carp were taken in this way and the Saturday before 8,500 pounds were taken. The contractor was in Madison yesterday conferring with the wardens regarding the work and arranging some preliminaries for the campaign against the big fish in Lake Monona in the early spring."

Reports are daily coming in from the deputy fish and game wardens throughout the State that violations of the law are more or less frequent and that the violators are brought to justice and punished. Capt. J. Johnson reported the seizure of 10 red deer hides, the color showing that they were killed out of the lawful season. Deputy Warden W. J. Stone reported 12 arrests since January 1st and a large number of seizures. Harry Moore, of Bayfield county, was fined $25 and costs for unlawfully shipping a saddle of vension. The venison was seized by Warden Stone, and Deputy Warden H. Lund was told to capture the shipper, which he did. Deputy Fred Gerhard caused the arrest and conviction of E. Randy for trapping quails near Hartford. The offender was fined $25 and costs. Peter S. Neergard, Andres Neergard, and Rasmus Christianson were arrested by deputy warden C. B. Rhinehard for illegally shipping fish out of the State. Each was convicted and fined $50 and costs.

Leo Bird, Madison, Wis.

INDIANA LAW BREAKERS CONVICTED.

October 23rd and for 3 days following, parties in a naphtha launch were seen hunting ducks on Lake Maxinkuckee, Indiana. This is in clear violation of the law. It was reported to Game Warden Wallace B. Smith, of Logansport, who arrived on the scene Wednesday, the 26th, and spent the afternoon watching the maneuvers of the launch. By the evening of the next day he had seen enough and made the arrest. The violator of the game law proved to be R. E. Edwards, a wealthy young merchant of Perry, Indiana. Edwards pleaded guilty and was mulcted for $72, including fines and costs. He was fined on 2 charges, namely, hunting without a license and hunting water fowl with a naptha launch. Edwards is a man of wealth and intelligence and should have known better. He has one of the finest summer cottages on Lake Maxinkuckee, and his launch is the best on the lake. He is a prominent member of the Lake Maxinkuckee Association, an organization of the cottagers about the lake, one of whose objects is the enforcement of the game and fish laws and the preservation of the game birds and fishes of the law. Edwards should be thoroughly ashamed of himself and should be expelled from the Association. It is hoped that his conviction may serve as a warning to other violators of the law at Lake Maxinkuckee. It is said there are others, among them 2 or 3 prominent people, who are equally guilty.

Warden Smith deserves much credit for his efficient work in the Edwards case.

NIBBLES.

Last year was dry in nearly all parts of Eastern Quebec. Wells, brooks and rivers dried up. Winter came, but no water for the farmers to water their stock with. One farmer had a large pond, however, which did not dry up during the cold months. He watered his cattle there by driving them all down to a hole in the ice. Christmas came and with it his turn to invite his friends to dinner and a Christmas tree at his house. Early in the morning his son drove the cattle to water at the pond, but they would not drink. On inspection the boy found that the hole was so full of hornpout, or catfish, that the cattle could not get at the water. He at last got a shovel and shoveled out a lot of the fish on the ice. They were afterward served at dinner and some were hung on the Christmas tree. Did you or any of your readers ever hear of such a thing?

Geo. W. Allen, Coaticook, Quebec, Canada.

I have recently returned from a trip to Florida for tarpon. They were plentiful, and in 6 days I caught 7 fish ranging from 73 pounds to 115 pounds in weight, the last being 6 feet 4 inches long. The sharks were troublesome, and the last day I fished they took 2 of the 3 tarpon I caught, only one being brought to gaff unharmed. The fishing was done in the open Gulf, near one of the passes in Sarasota bay.

The fishing for smaller species in Sarasota bay was the poorest I have ever known. I caught scarcely anything but worthless catfish. Stop netting, which kills everything caught and catches about everything that swims. If the Legislature of Florida does not soon take stringent measures to protect fish and game none will be left.

Marshall D. Ewell, M.D., Chicago, Ill.

Will you please tell me what kills trout in sawmill streams? Is it the sawdust, physically, or the leeching therefrom, chemically? Dr. W. C. Abbott, Chicago, Ill.

ANSWER.

It is not known definitely that sawdust has more than a mechanical action in killing salmon or trout or their eggs. Were the leeching from the sawdust or the products of its decomposition not rapidly diluted by the flowing stream, they would undoubtedly have a harmful effect, but it does not appear that under the actual conditions of this sort of pollution this effect is as important as the mechanical one.—Editor.

Brook trout fishing in this vicinity was exceptionally good last summer, all of the fish being of fair size. I believe I have the father of all brook trout located in a bush-covered hole in Monkey creek, a branch of the Pigeon river here. This big fellow has caused me untold trouble, and I have lost more than one night's sleep on account of him. Three times he has taken my hook and line and once he took part of my rod. He was also the cause of my getting 2 duckings. I'll get this fellow next year if I have to camp there with a bathing suit on, and, if necessary, I will use a grappling hook.

Your magazine is a winner.

Fred. Kroening, Clintonville, Wis.

I am inclosing you a sketch of a mongrel, or hybrid trout, I caught June 1st, in Oak creek; length, 22½ inches, and weight 3 pounds, wet. You will notice the hawk bill (hook nose) he has; more of a parrot head. I caught possibly 20 of this variety. This is the first season that a trout of this character has been taken from the waters of Oak creek. In one hole I caught 2 that were mates and the bellies were nearly as dark as that of a black bass. This mongrel is not so heavy as either the native or the rainbow. Have you ever heard of rainbow and native trout mixing and producing a hybrid of this character?

Jean Allison, Jerome, Ariz.

Fish and Game Warden James Featon, of Rockville, Conn., found Bernard Schultz, of Manchester, fishing in a lake near Rockville, Sunday, June 5, and on examining Schultz's catch found several black bass. The season for taking that species of fish had closed, and on arraigning Schultz before Justice Andrew Kingsbury, of Coventry, Mr. Schultz was fined $50 and costs, amounting to $74.41. It would have been a good deal cheaper for Schultz to have put back the bass and to have made his dinner on perch or bullheads.

I notice your answer to an inquiry in September RECREATION, page 173, as to the netting of bullheads and perch in New York State.

I refer you to Sections 63 and 65 of the Forest, Fish and Game law of 1904, and I think you will agree with me that netting is prohibited for any kind of fish except under rules prescribed by the commission or by a license granted by it. I call your attention to this, as people might get in trouble if they did not understand the law.

E. H. Reynolds,
State Game Protector, Colton, N. Y.

Herewith I send measurements of what I believe to be the record muskalonge for the season of 1903. I caught it trolling with a No. 9 spoon, off my island at the head of French river, in Nipissing district. Ontario. The actual weight of this muskalonge was 42½ pounds, length 53 inches, girth, 20 inches from gills, 22 inches. Oliver Spanner & Co., of Toronto, mounted the fish. They say it is the largest specimen they have handled in 20 years. It hangs in the office of Hotel Bethel, greatly admired by all who see it.

J. B. Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Hon. Z. T. Sweeney, State Fish and Game Commissioner of Indiana, recently appointed William Baldwin, of Wabash, a deputy, and Mr. Baldwin at once went on the warpath in search of lawbreakers. Within a few weeks he rounded up 9 men, who had been seining the lakes in that vicinity, and took them into court, where it is hoped they may get all that is coming to them. I congratulate Mr. Baldwin on his excellent work and hope he will keep it up.

The following members of a fishing party visited Robinson's Hole, 6 miles Southeast of the city, one day last September; John Arnold, E. W. Stevens, James Card, Walter Petty, Will DeBold, George Anderson, Lon Klink, Harry Hoffenbert, Harry Sutton, Dan Clifford, Charles Clingenpeel, Charles Smith and Oscar Kaiser.

They had good luck, catching a large number of fish of different kinds, including bass.

F. F., Sedalia, Mo.

July 21, 1904, I caught, outside of Barnegat inlet, 5 sheepshead weighing 11 pounds 5 ounces, 9¾ pounds, 12¾ pounds, 9½ pounds, 11¾ pounds; total, 55 pounds one ounce. They were weighed by Captain Jesse Birdsall and Captain Will Ridgway, of Barnegat. They constituted the best catch of these fish taken with rod and reel in this neighborhood in some years.

E. J. Hudson, Barnegat, N. J.

G. W. Field and M. C. Warner, of Proctor, Vt., went trout fishing last summer. Fish Warden H. D. Huntoon, of Chittenden, overhauled them and found in their possession a large number of undersized trout. The men were taken into court and fined $123.82. This is a big price to pay for a few 5 inch trout.

There is no better fishing anywhere than in West Florida and Lucas pond is but one of the many fresh water lakes in which bass and other game fishes abound.

Deer, turkeys and an occasional bear are to be found in the lake region and quails are abundant everywhere.

C. E. Pleas, Chipley, Fla.

William J. Wallenmyre holds the record of catching the largest fish ever taken with a line in Elliott creek. Mr. Wallenmyre, while trolling several miles up the creek, landed a 38½ pound muskalonge.

T. B. C., Hornellsville, N. Y.

A fishing party consisting of G. B. Rowell, James Parrott and C. W. Chapman caught 10 large fish one day last September, among them one pickerel weighing 10½ pounds.

W. I. C., Waterloo, Iowa.

Edward Miller and party had a delightful fishing trip to Seaconnet Point last September in the sloop Clara, returning with a fair catch.

D. R. S., Fall River, Mass.

Joseph A. West, Comly Spencer, Charles Spencer and Harry Bennett, of Buckingham, had a good day's fishing at Anglesea in September.

F. D., Doylestown, Pa.

Frank Class, Jr., of Dover, caught an eel in Lake Denmark, last September, that measured 4 feet in length and weighed 8 pounds.

P. C. B., Newark, N. J.

F. L. Goodrich, William Day and E. L. Codner, of this place, report a successful fishing trip in September at North Fairhaven.

L. C. C., Binghamton, N. Y.

Henry E. McKenzie and Louis Beeres caught 10 pickerel in 15 minutes one day last October while fishing in Auchmoody's lake.

C. S. S., Kingston, N. Y.

Do not fail to read the announcement of RECREATION'S Drawing Contest on page liii.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can shoot all day but a gentleman always quits when he gets enough.

ECONOMY FOR RIFLEMEN.

J. H. BARLOW.

The National Shoot at Ft. Riley and the military maneuvers at Manassas, the National Rifle Association meeting at Sea Girt and the New York State Rifle Association shoot at Creedmoor, all coming within one month, made life indeed strenuous for those who took part in the various meetings. Now that the crack of the rifle has ceased and the smoke has cleared away, we may look about and try to find out what has been gained by all this practice. The information picked up along the shooting line and the late military movements will undoubtedly prove of great and lasting value. A start has been made in the right direction that will eventually put our civilian soldiery on a much higher plane than they ever dreamed of. It will result in keeping from the rolls officers and men who join solely for the sake of social festivities and public dress parade, the expenses for which our country legislators are always loath to pay. The coming militiamen will be soldiers in reality, whom our Nation in her time of need may count on.

There will of necessity be extra expense for the national government at first, as well as for each State, but if there be a hearty co-operation all along the line, as suggested by The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, the desired end will be attained gradually and in an economical manner.

The intent of this article is to point out one economy that is worthy of attention. Our national government is now and has been for some time economizing by reloading shells that have been fired, and using the reloaded ammunition for practice work. This, at first sight, may seem a trifling economy, but when carefully looked into will be found worthy of attention by every State in the Union, every military organization and every individual shooter, whether military or civilian.

During the experimental stages of smokeless powders and the multiplication of varieties and their introduction to the ordinary shooter, there have of course been many accidents which were caused entirely by lack of knowledge on the part of the shooters. These accidents have naturally frightened many, and rather than enlighten or instruct the shooters in general, there seems to have been a desire to convince them that smokeless powders are so dangerous they can not and should not attempt to use them. This has undoubtedly prevented the sale of many arms and much powder.

Ignorance and fear are always dispelled by enlightenment. Black powder is a thing of the past; smokeless powders are superior and all that is required to use them with safety is knowledge, which the users of all kinds of firearms are rapidly gaining.

For the present purpose I will confine myself to a consideration of the 30-40 Krag rifle and the ammunition as made for it, though my arguments will apply equally to all other arms and ammunition.

When the high power smokeless powder first came into use, it was generally admitted that shells could not be reloaded. In the report of the chief of ordnance for 1896, on page 85, will be found the following:

"Experiments show that after the first firing with 30 caliber smokeless powders, the metal of the shell undergoes a slow but decided change, the exact nature of which the best experts have as yet failed to determine. After the first fire the shell becomes brittle, and rupture at the next discharge is probable. Chemists have examined shells before and after firing, and experiments have been made to ascertain if galvanic action is responsible for the brittleness, but all to no avail."

If conditions had been allowed to remain as they then were, there would not now be any reloading of shells with the full charge of high power smokeless powders. On the lower power or bulk smokeless powders the above report has no bearing whatever.

The above quotations from the Ordnance Report has been reprinted repeatedly to convince shooters that there should be no more reloading and that with smokeless powders a new cartridge must be used every time the gun is fired. Were this teaching to prevail, the expense of providing sufficient ammunition for small arms practice for the regular army, the State militia and the military schools, would be greatly increased and the expense to the individual shooter throughout the country would prohibit shooting in many instances.

Relative to the brittleness of shells after being fired when loaded with high power smokeless powders, the opinions of the powder manufacturers may be of interest.

E. I. DuPont & Co. write as follows:

"So far as we know the only trouble in this direction has come about in shells using the 30 caliber smokeless powder. The solution of the difficulty is the large quantity of fulminate of mercury in the caps used in the 30 caliber smokeless powder shells, owing to which some of the fulminate of mercury does not entirely decompose and it affects the metal out of which the shells are made, and renders it brittle. We have never heard of any difficulty in reloading our Nos. 1 and 2 smokeless powders, by reason of the brittleness of the shells. The primers that are made for black powder or smokeless powder are all filled with fulminate of mercury, but the primers used for even low power smokeless powders contain a much larger charge of fulminate of mercury than do the primers used for black powders.

"Our impression is also that the primers used in igniting our smokeless powders Nos. 1 and 2 contain less fulminate of mercury than do the primers used in igniting the 30 caliber smokeless, and the facts stated would explain why we have not heard anything of the brittleness of the shells used with our smokeless powders No. 1 and No. 2."

Another powder company writes:

"We are testing all the time at our works and have been accustomed to use the same shells over and over again, and in these years of testing have never found that our powders show the slightest chemical injury to the shell, nor in any way affect them to their disadvantage."

Further investigation relative to the cause of the brittleness of the metal in shells that have been fired after being loaded with high power 30 caliber smokeless powder, seems to verify the opinions of the powder makers, for in a later report of the Chief of Ordnance to the Secretary of War, for the year ending June 30, 1897, on page 26, will be found the following:

"The principal cause of brittleness in the present shell which is made of brass (70 copper and 30 zinc) has been traced to the action of the mercury in the primer composition, on the metal of the case, especially on the zinc, and at the present stage of the investigation it is expected that a serviceable reloading cartridge will be produced by reducing the amount of mercury fulminate in the primer, in conjunction possibly with the use of an alloy of copper for the metal case shell containing a reduced percentage of zinc."

All who have loaded and reloaded, over and again, the Frankford 30-40 Krag shells, using the H 48 primer, can testify as to the present product being a full realization of the "expected serviceable reloading cartridge" that was desired.

As the last official statement relative to same, the following is quoted from a letter from Frankford Arsenal under date of September 27, 1904, signed, F. M. Heath, Lt. Col., Ordnance Department, U.S.A., Commanding:

"Your understanding of the ability of the cartridge case to endure repeated firing is correct. This is one of the tests to which the metal is subjected at this arsenal before acceptance."

These quotations from the Ordnance Reports show that the Government officers have investigated and discovered the cause of the trouble and removed it and are now producing shells and primers that are of a superior quality, the use of which is a continual saving to the United States Government, and the product of Frankford Arsenal is being sought after in preference to that of the private manufacturers. The following quotation relative to the superiority of these shells is from an article in the Army & Navy Register of September 10, written by W. G. Hudson, M.D., captain and assistant surgeon of the 9th Regiment, N. Y. N. G.:

"We must heartily commend the producers of the Frankford 30 caliber shells and the H 48 primers, for they are so far unequalled, and the statement on the boxes of private manufacturers of cartridges, 'These shells can not be reloaded,' should be regarded as a confession of inferiority."

The opinion of the high power smokeless powder manufacturer relative to the cause of the brittleness of the shell being demonstrated as true by the officials at Frankford Arsenal, another opinion relative to further deleterious affect of the primer on the rifle barrel may be interesting at this time. In a book for military riflemen will be found the following:

"The W.A. powder residue itself would probably never have to be cleaned out from the gun were it not for the material used in the primer. W.A. residue is practically harmless, but the products of the primer mixture are extremely corrosive, especially on certain kinds of steel. Therefore, if you want your barrel to last even through one season, you must take care of it."

As to whether high power ammunition can be made by the shooters themselves, and whether such ammunition is good or not, the superior shooting done by numerous marksmen at the late meetings at Sea Girt and Creedmoor is ample testimony. The 2 following instances selected from among many others will suffice to illustrate. Dr. George E. Cook, of the District of Columbia, who is a member of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association of New York City, at Sea Girt won the Wimbledon Cup Match, 20 shots at 1,000 yards, the most difficult match of the year. He also won the Leach Cup Match, 7 shots at each range, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. He was first in the long range Aggregate Match, was second in the Seabury Match and second in the Spencer Match, all this year. In 1902 he won the President's Match, 200, 300, 500, 600 and 1,000 yards; and in 1903 he won the Spencer Match at 800 and 1,000 yards, as well as the Hayes Match, 500 and 600 yards. All this with reloaded high power ammunition. Dr. Cook states that his shells were the Frankford, as were the primers, and that they were reloaded February, 1903, without being cleaned; the bullet was U. M. C. Thomas, charge 37 grs. W.A. 30 caliber. Still these cartridges showed no deterioration when being fired in September, 1903, after being loaded over one year and a half.

At Sea Girt this year, Howard Gensch, private of Company A, First Regiment, N. J. N. G., Newark, won the President's Match, 7 shots at each range, 200, 300, 500, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards, 50 competitors, among whom were some of the most expert marksmen in the country.

He was the recipient of a special message of congratulation from President Roosevelt. He used only reloaded ammunition, Frankford shells, 220 grains H. H. bullets, and 36 grains of W. A. 30 caliber powder. Among those who reload their own shells are the leading riflemen of the country, such as Capt. W. G. Hudson, Lieut. K. K. V. Casey, Captain Corwin, William Hayes and others.

At Ft. Riley, the New York State team won over all competitors from the United States Army, United States Navy, United States Marine Corps, United States Cavalry and Militia of all other States that sent teams. The New York team was selected almost wholly from regiments located in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, 7th, 8th, 9th, 13th, 23d regiments and others, all of whom have complete outfits in their armories for reloading shells, and during the last 6 months have reloaded in each of these various armories 25,000 to 60,000 rounds of ammunition for indoor and field practice. This practice caused the efficiency which won for the New York State.

Practice makes perfect, and to attain perfection or proficiency in rifle shooting requires plenty of ammunition. In no State in the Union has the reloading of shells been so general as among the militiamen of New York, and in no part of that State as in the City of New York. What these men have done, others may do. Relative to cost, another quotation from the Army and Navy Register of September 10, 1904, is made:

"As to expense, it is possible to get the cost of full service loaded cartridges, with jacketed bullets, using the shells again, as low as $14 to $16 a thousand. The regular factory full service ammunition 30-40 Krag costs over $40. Cartridges that are loaded with cast bullets made from recovered alloy can be made for $2.75 to $3.25 a thousand. Is not the ammunition question worth a little study, in view of this immense saving?"

The later production of the 30-40 Krag full power ammunition is certainly far superior to the earlier product. For the perfection of the shell and primer thanks are due the U. S. officers at Frankford Arsenal; and the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. is entitled to credit for the W. A. 30 caliber powder. For the perfection of the bullet, credit must be given expert riflemen, such as William Hayes, W. G. Hudson, and others. The first move in that direction resulted in the Thomas bullet. The next was the Hayes & Hudson bullet; then the Ideal cast bullet, 308,268, for short and medium range, all of which are embodiments of old and well known laws of ballistics and tend to verify the saying of Solomon the Wise, "There is nothing new under the sun."

From observation along the firing line at the late military shoots, the following may be deduced:

1st. The accuracy of the 30-40 Krag has improved greatly, due largely to the improved form of the bullet.

2nd. Reloaded ammunition is good and accurate.

3rd. Frankford shells and H. 48 primers are preferred by those who reload.

4th. Reloading is an economy that all can practice.

5th. The Frankford 30-40 Krag shell with H. 48 primer and 36 grains of W. A. 30 caliber powder, with the W. H. bullet, is the best combination in the world for the full high power cartridge.

6th. When the manufacturers all make as good shells and primers as Frankford Arsenal makes and when they all use the W. H. bullet, there will be no military or sporting ammunition in the world to beat them.

FORT RILEY AND SEA GIRT.

Those present at Fort Riley and Sea Girt camps of instruction in small arms practice have returned and are relating their recent experiences to friends at home. All this gossip is interesting and much of it instructive. The lessons taught have been valued and all unite in saying there is much yet to be learned. While the instructions dealt chiefly with the handling of strictly military arms, the fact that these arms were loaded with smokeless powder in most matches entitles all the now proved theories about smokeless ammunition to receive due consideration from the thousands who use it in arms other than military. The sportsmen in the field, the woods or the mountains may benefit by these recent lessons; likewise the many who shoot at short and mid range with the new high power ammunition.

While space in this magazine will not admit of a thorough review, it is not out of place to relate to the readers of Recreation who may be interested, a few points not hitherto known which have been recently demonstrated at the army camps in New Jersey and Kansas. For a long time the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. have in their catalogues cautioned against reloading shells with smokeless powder, claiming that the shells would not withstand reloading by reason of chemical action set up at the instant of discharge. The facts do not seem to warrant this caution any longer, it having been found out that the trouble was in the primer. The U. S. Army chemists having discovered a non-mercuric primer which has withstood severe tests, it remains for the Winchester people to keep step with the march of improvement and get out a line of these primers. Other cartridge companies are doing so, one large concern having recently reported entire success.

The average shooter likes to reload his own shells. It saves money, gives him a chance to experiment with different loads, and is an interesting operation, indeed a pleasure to most sportsmen who like to investigate the possibilities of varying charges in the same gun. This question of primer settled, it is now only a matter of time when any intelligent shooter may reload his own shells with smokeless powder, provided he follows closely the directions of the powder company whose product he uses. A great many people have hesitated to use smokeless ammunition in their revolvers. This problem has been definitely settled in the recent matches, it having been demonstrated that high grade revolvers will safely handle smokeless cartridges manufactured by reliable companies; and these arms, or the cartridges proper to use, are now too well known to need mention. The U. S. Government has proved one claim it has been making for some time, namely, that it makes the best shell. The 30 caliber shell used in the Krag and made at Frankford Arsenal is a distinct advance over any of the products of the large private ammunition companies; but these plants will not long be behind, it already being current gossip of their supporters that new shells will soon be on the market that will equal if not surpass the Frankford brand of the U. S. A. The fierce competition between the cartridge manufacturers will result in a product entirely acceptable to lovers of the rifle and the revolver.

A project is already started which will greatly aid in popularizing the matches next year, the intent being to hold the matches in each military department. This will reduce traveling expenses to those desiring to participate, yet living at long distances from Fort Riley or Sea Girt. The meetings will then probably be closed by the winners in each department shooting a match between themselves to decide final honors; this meeting to be at Fort Riley, which is almost exactly in the center of latitude and longitude in the United States.

X., Ordnance Sergeant, Baltimore, Md.

CAN A BULLET BE SEEN IN FLIGHT.

An agreeable feature of my home-coming was October Recreation among my waiting mail. I am interested in your reply to Mr. James Turner's inquiry as to visibility of bullets (page 250). In general, bullets in flight are not visible to the eye. Under certain conditions they are. During the recent target season, I supervised the firing of many thousand shots by my company. On one occasion I was seated in a chair a few feet behind, and slightly to the right of, one of my men, who was seated on the ground at the 300 yard firing point. When he fired, I saw what appeared to be the bullet leave the muzzle and pass through the target. I noted the exact point struck, and the marker placed his disk on that point. After this experience, I carefully watched for more; but during the entire season was able to see only 2 more bullets. In each case the marker verified my observation of the shot. I know at least one other officer who had a similar experience.

I have 2 theories to account for the phenomenon. First, the bullet is covered by a bright jacket which reflects the rays of the sun; and it is possible that this brilliant light may be visible when viewed at the correct angle from a point so nearly in the rear of the bullet as greatly to reduce its apparent motion. Second, all projectiles create in their rear a partial vacuum, into which the air rushes and expands; and any water vapor contained in this air is instantly condensed and even frozen into snow. Large projectiles moving at a velocity as high as 2,000 feet a second are plainly visible from the rear, and the condensed water looks like a comet tail of white steam. It may be that under the proper conditions, even a small bullet would leave a visible tail. The motion was so rapid that I can not say just what I saw; but I distinctly made out a small white object passing from the rifle to the target. The bullets were fired from the service carbine with full charges, and had a velocity of about 1,950 feet a second.

R. R. Raymond,
Captain, Corps of Engineers,
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

CAUSE OF HIGHER SHOOTING.

Mr. George S. Cooper, Rochester, Wyo., asks on page 247 of October Recreation a question that must seem strange to the average sportsman. He asks us to explain why a 30-30 short range bullet can shoot higher at 50 yards than the full regular charge cartridge. This is entirely due to the flip in his particular barrel.

When firing a rifle the combustion of powder starts the bullet toward the muzzle and drives the barrel in the opposite direction. The application of the force of this recoil is directly back through the middle of the barrel and the center of the breech block. As the point of resistance of this recoil is below the middle of the barrel, through the stock, any driving back of the barrel tends to throw the muzzle up; but as the nature of the explosion is like a blow, this sudden jerk of the rifle, which would finally throw the muzzle up, does not, as its first effect, throw it up, but causes it to dip down. Those who fish know that the upward jerk on a rod will first cause the tip to bend down before it comes up. Just this happens to a rifle barrel. This first downward bending of the barrel is called "flip."

To apply this explanation to the case in hand: When shooting the full charge cartridge in Mr. Cooper's arm, the bullet happens to leave the muzzle when it is evidently down to the lowest point of flip. In other words, the bullet is projected in a line lower than the original line of the barrel. On the other hand, when the short range cartridge is fired, the small powder charge and light bullet practically produce no flip, hence the bullet is projected in a line with the bore and not below it, as in the case of the regular full charge cartridge. It is self evident, therefore, that for a short distance the miniature load would shoot higher than the regular cartridge. It is also likely that the slight jump of the barrel when shooting the short range, or miniature, likewise helps in raising the bullet slightly above the bore as it leaves the muzzle.

Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y.,
By T. P. Peckham.

ROBIN HOOD FOR PENETRATION.

Robin Hood powder gives excellent results when used in good guns. Especially in penetration is this noticeable. A Remington 12 bore 30 inch single barrel was fired at 40 yards recently in competition with 2 other powders. The man shooting the Remington used factory shells from Robin Hood people with at least 5 per cent. better penetration.

A. A. Borck asks for information as to the 44-40 cartridge. This is easy. From about 1875 to 1885, 9 out of 10 men on the plains had as an outfit of arms a Colt's Frontier 6-shooter and a carbine bored for the 44-40 cartridge. As the bad men, Indians and game are memories, it looks as if the 44-40 was a good thing, and it is. It has sufficient power in a carbine of 22 1-2 inch barrel to kill a deer at 125 yards when properly held. As regards its accuracy in the Colt's revolver, a man who understands holding can count on getting good groups at 40 to 50 yards in a 6-inch circle. The kick of a 44-40 carbine is not noticeable, though in a 6 shot pistol the noise and jar are quite perceptible. To sum up, the 44-40 is an ideal hunting cartridge on everything larger than squirrels up to grizzlies, but it should not be considered a target cartridge for any range.

X. O. S., Baltimore, Md.

SMALL SHOT.

One of the best shots ever made in Michigan was scored by Wm. Rennick, a well known trap shooter of Detroit, during the spring flight of ducks. The Detroit river being frozen, forced the ducks in their search for open water, to congregate in the air holes or small patches of open water surrounded by the ice. A big flock of redheads used one of these places near the Bell Isle bridge, and Rennick, with his Winchester pump gun, sneaked down on the ducks one morning at break of day. He fired the 6 shots of his repeater into the mass of ducks as fast as he could work the action and picked up 33 redheads, while fully as many more crippled or wing broken got away.

Duck Shooter, Pontiac, Mich.

Yet Bennett says "a man cannot kill any more game with a pump gun than he can with a double barrel gun." He calls a pump gun a harmless, innocent, inoffensive little weapon for gentlemen and he would tell you that if this same man had had a double barrel gun he could have fired 5 shots from it just as quickly and could have killed just as many ducks as he did with the pump gun.—Editor.

Some of your readers have asked for information as to what constitutes the best all around gun for big game. For moose, caribou and bear, the larger the bullet the better. A 45-70 would be as small a cartridge as I should care to use. Some sportsmen say that because they kill a moose or a caribou with a 30-30, or other small bore rifle, by filling the animal full of holes, it is the proper gun, forgetting that a 22 caliber revolver would do the same if the ball hit the heart or brain. You might as well argue that a pebble would shock as much as a stone weighing a pound if thrown with the same force.

I have killed about 200 moose and caribou, and several bears. When I used a smooth bore double barrel gun I seldom found it necessary to fire a second shot. I cannot say as much of the modern rifles, and I have used some of the best.

W. S. Crooker, South Brookfield, N. S.

I am glad to find that some people are beginning to see the folly of using cheap shot guns with smokeless powders. It is a wonder to me that more people are not killed through overloading junk firearms. I should like to hear from others on this subject. What is your idea about making every person who carries a gun pay a license? We have many Italians here who shoot with $4 guns. If these fellows had to pay $5 a year for the privilège of carrying scrap iron they would soon stop shooting.

Your stand regarding the automatic gun is commendable.

Wilfred Wheeler, Concord, Mass.

I am heartily in favor of resident hunting licenses in all States. Unnaturalized foreigners should be required to pay at least $10 a year for the privilege of hunting.—Editor.

I note the articles in your magazine in regard to the shooting power of various powders. In my opinion none excels Dupont for hard shooting. I have shot this powder the last 4 years. Last season I had a shell left over from the previous season and dropped a duck at 60 yards with No. 6 shot, 3¼ drachms powder. Only one shot hit the bird, but it penetrated deep enough to inflict a mortal wound. The shot struck in the left side. I shoot a 12 gauge hammer gun, do all my hunting on the bars in the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and only in a sportsmanlike way. The sportsmen out here shoot double barrel guns and the pot hunters use pump guns, but most men here are sportsmen.

Chas. F. Wagner, St. Louis, Mo.

Can you give me any information regarding the double barrel guns made by F. Dumourlin & Co., at Liege, Belgium?

A. A. B., Columbus, O.

ANSWER.

I have seen guns of the make you refer to, but have never used one nor have I examined them carefully. Those I have seen were of cheap, low grade character, and I do not know whether or not these people make a high-priced gun.

If you want a good gun, buy one of American make and one that is advertised in Recreation. Then you will be on the winning side if you know how to hold.—Editor.

Recreation is with us yet, though for years the game hogs have said it would be short lived. It looks now as if the hogs would go under first.

I have used many rifles, but my latest is the best yet. It is a Savage 25-35, 20-inch half octagon barrel. I use Ideal tool No. 3 and reload with either the metal patched or the 90-grain lead bullet. The latter I use with 4 grains Dupont shot gun smokeless at a cost of about 30 cents a hundred. Savage rifles and Ideal tools are about perfection.

We do not need the automatic shot gun, and I have no use for any concern that will manufacture it.

G. E. Young, Malaga, Wash.

In July Recreation J. D. Magee, Templeton, Ore., says he has killed deer at 62 yards and black bear at 54 yards with No. 4 chilled shot. As a reader of Recreation I should like to know why such stuff is published. If Mr. Magee had said 10 or 12 yards, I might have believed him, but the statement as he makes it is preposterous. I am willing to wager that no deer or bear was ever killed that distance with No. 4 or any other shot.

F. L. Haight, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

I printed McGee's story to give you a chance to roast him.—Editor.

Has any reader of Recreation ever used either a Winchester or a Hotchkiss 6 shot carbine, bolt action, or a Vetterli 13 shot repeating rifle, sporting model? If so please let me know through Recreation.

Keep up your war on the game and fish hogs. You have the hearty co-operation of all decent sportsmen.

R. Dewing, San Francisco, Cal.

Your answer to James Turner, Barryville, N. Y., is not entirely correct. By standing behind a rifleman on a clear day, one with good eyes can easily see the course of a bullet fired from rifle with full charge of powder. It may not be the bullet one sees, but a flickering streak is easily seen, and standing behind a soldier at the range I have been able to tell nearly where he has scored on the target.

F. G. Legg, Coldwater, Mich.

Will some one please tell me the penetration of the 25-10-65 Stevens rim fire cartridge? Also the penetration of the 38-55-255 high pressure smokeless Savage?

I see you are knocking the automatic gun. If they keep on using automatics and pump guns a few years will see the finish of our birds and small animals.

John Kauck, Portage, Wis.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that is the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

CURES FOR SNAKE BITES.

I have been a reader of Recreation some years, and am much interested in the articles on snake bite and its treatment, especially as I hunt each year in the Northwest and Southwest.

While different writers have advocated the use of permanganate of potassium for the cure of rattlesnake bite, and others the use of ammonia, I have as yet noticed no reference to Dr. Calmette's Antivenine, which has been used successfully in India to counteract the effects of the cobra capella bite, and in this country for the cure of rattlesnake bite. This Antivenine is put up in vials containing 10 cubic centimeters of serum, and can be bought from the Pasteur Institute, No. 313 West 23d Street, New York, for $2 a bottle. I have been informed that the officers of the New York Zoological Gardens consider Dr. Calmette's Antivenine the best remedy for snake bite that has yet been discovered, and that it is kept constantly on hand for the treatment of snake bite.

I enclose a leaflet describing the serum, and giving instruction as to its use and the treatment of the bite, and trust you may reprint this in your valuable magazine, as it may be of benefit to sportsmen who are exposed to rattlesnake bites.

F. O. Graham, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The enclosure referred to is as folfows:

Antivenomous serum is taken from horses immunized against the venom of snakes. It will retain its properties if kept in a cool place, away from daylight and in its box. At or above the temperature of 50 deg. Cent. or 122 deg. Fahr., the serum becomes inactive.

If injected in sufficient quantity into persons bitten by snakes, the antivenomous serum will prevent the effects of the venom, providing symptoms of poisoning are not too far advanced. It must be injected as soon as possible after the bite. Its intervention is still efficacious an hour and a half after the bite, with adults, who rarely die within 3 hours after the bite of the most dangerous species of snakes.

The serum is active against the venom of all species of snakes existing in the ancient and new world. It has been tested with the venoms of the *cobra capella* and *trimeresurus* of Asia, the *naja haje* and *cerastes* of Africa, the *crotalus* of America, the *bothrops* of the West Indies, the varieties of *pseudechis* and *hoplocephalus* of Australia, and the vipers of Europe.

The dose to employ varies according to the species of the snake, the age of the person bitten and the time of the employment of the remedy.

Generally 10 cubic centimeters are sufficient for children under 10 years and 20 centimeters for adults. However, when the bite comes from an extremely dangerous species such as the *cobra capella*, the *naja haje*, the *crotalus*, the *bothrops* of the West Indies, it will be prudent to make 3 or 4 injections of 10 cubic centimeters each.

The first precaution to take is to surround tightly the bitten limb as near as possible to the bite and between the latter and the trunk, with a strip of cloth or a handkerchief. The wound should be washed with a solution of chloride of lime in the proportion of 1 gramme to 60 of water previously boiled, which corresponds to 0. lit. 800 to 0 lit. 900 of chlorine per 1000 cubic centimeters. The serum must be injected in the sub-cutaneous cellular tissue in the right or left side of the abdomen, and with the usual antiseptic precautions. Then, with the same syringe, inject 8 or 10 cubic centimeters of the solution 1-60 of chloride of lime into the different parts surrounding the bite or into the position of the bite itself. These injections are intended to destroy locally the venom which has not yet been absorbed. After the injection, the strip can be taken away from the limb. The patient must be rubbed and coffee or tea be administered, and he should be covered warmly so as to provoke an abundant perspiration. The administration of ammonia or alcohol must be avoided, as it would only be injurious.

It is also unnecessary to cauterize the bitten limb either by a hot iron or by chemical substances.

G. E. Rohrig, M.D., refers in Recreation to permanganate of potassium for snake bite and seems to doubt its value. If he will take up that volume of African Exploration by Paul B. Du Chaillu, entitled "Stories of the Gorilla Country," he will find convincing argument as to the use of permanganate of potassium in cases of snake bite, and if there are any snakes more poisonous than the African varieties they have not yet been exploited.

Poisonous snakes are still numerous and the wonder is that positive proof is not readily accessible in favor of some remedy. The immoderate use of whiskey is not any more certain than are its effects on various individuals when used as a beverage. The chances in favor of recovery from snake bite depend largely on the location of the bite. Should the fangs strike directly into the arterial or venous circulation recovery is impossible, as far as rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins are concerned. If the bite, however, is in a fleshy portion, removed from vein or artery, recovery may be looked for with proper treatment, that is, excision of surrounding tissue, copious bleeding, a clean antiseptic dressing frequently renewed, followed by tonic treatment internally. These methods are in use by the Indians, cowboys and army surgeons on our frontier. The tendency of all snake poison is to coagulate the blood and cause clots. Any physician is acquainted with remedies that antagonize this condition and it would seem that with the combination of such knowledge and some horse sense a reliable remedy for snake bites could be concocted.

X. O. S., Baltimore, Md.

KILLED THE BABY.

Last January a party of us succeeded in killing a black bear in the Indian Territory. After the usual time had elapsed in talking it over, examining the fur, etc., we dressed her. We then found she was with cubs. We removed them, and noticing that they were still kicking, Ed Leslie said he would take one home with him and pet it. He removed it from the sack in which it was enclosed, dried it by rubbing it with his handkerchief, opened his shirt, put it next his body to keep it warm, and carried it to camp. That was Wednesday morning. He arrived home with it the following Saturday. Sunday the cub was visited by over 100 people, and of course all handled it, which caused its death that afternoon. It is now preserved in alcohol and on exhibition at a hardware store in town.

Geo. Jamison, Gower, Mo.

It is a great pity the visitors could not have been content to keep their hands off the little cub and to let him live. Many people are so burdened with morbid curiosity that they can not be satisfied to look at anything without handling it, notwithstanding the fact that the mere placing of hands on an article adds no possible interest to an investigation.

This reminds me of a statement made by a visitor to the Paris Exposition. He said he noticed the French people displayed their native politeness by labeling their exhibits "Please do not handle." The English were a little more straightforward and labeled theirs "Do not handle." The Americans appeared to realize that it was not necessary to be polite to people who insisted on handling everything they looked at and labeled their exhibits "Hands off." In the present case it would have been well for Mr. Leslie to have placed a card over the little cub labeled "Hands Off," and then to have stood by with a baseball bat to enforce his order.—EDITOR.

MOCCASINS AND BATS.

Will you kindly tell me how poisonous the copperhead moccasin is and what is the best remedy for its bite? Also, can you tell me whether a bat is considered a bird or an animal?

Edward C. Boykin, Alberene, Va.

ANSWER.

The copperhead is decidedly poisonous. Among North American snakes its venom is second in virulence only to that of the rattlesnake.

The method of treatment for the bite of the copperhead is to make a cut 4 inches long through the wound, sufficient to cause the blood to flow freely, then inject above and around the wound a solution consisting of one 5-grain tablet of permanganate of potash, dissolved in 2 ounces of water. The right quantity is about 3 times the capacity of an ordinary hypodermic syringe. The wound should also be bathed freely with this solution, and absorbent cotton should be used to cover the wound, so that it will not be exposed to the air. During this treatment, 2 or 3 small doses of whiskey should be taken, but great care should be used that the quantity is not large.

It is the practice of Peter Gruber ("Rattlesnake Pete") to drink when bitten by a venomous serpent all the milk he can swallow. The stomach ejects it, but it should be taken until sure that the stomach is free from the poison. If the heart grows weak, strychnine should be injected with a hypodermic syringe.

A bat is a true mammal, not a bird. It belongs to the order *Chi-rop'te-ra,* which means "wing-handed."—EDITOR.

AN ENEMY OF THE BIRDS.

I should lose one of my best friends if I should miss a copy of RECREATION, as I find so much information and good literature in it.

I was always a friend of the crow until three years ago, when I had strong reasons for turning against him. My chicken yard is in an orchard, a short distance from the house, and I had some chicks about 2 weeks old at the time I first noticed the crows among the trees, but thinking the visitors were after worms I paid no particular attention to them, only to say thank you for their supposed kindness. I soon noticed, however, that my chicks were disappearing, 2, 3 or 4 a day, and I began to watch what became of them. One day I saw a crow fly down on the ground and walk toward the coops, slowly and in a zigzag course, until he was among the chickens. When one came near enough he grabbed it quickly and flew into a tree, and before I could get my gun and stop him he had eaten off the chick's head and neck. Since then I have not loved the crow. If they will catch chickens, why will they not take ruffed grouse, quails, and other similar birds? I believe it would be a Godsend if the black thieves were exterminated, and I hope we may have some laws that will help do away with them.

F. B. Estabrook, East Northfield, Mass.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

I enclose a clipping from a little one-horse bird paper, showing the reproduction of a photo of something worse than a game hog, making pin money by robbing bald eagle nests. It is a shame and an outrage that such things should be tolerated. The Government should interfere. It is bad enough to rob ordinary birds' nests, but when our national bird is destroyed as Ryman himself tells, it is too bad. I trust you can burn him. He should be behind iron bars. None of us do our part, I admit, but your suggestion that readers write letters expresing their views is good. Such a course would certainly make most human beings ashamed.

B. A. Carpenter, Salem, N. J.

The article to which Mr. Carpenter refers is written by J. J. Ryman, of Palm Beach, Fla. He states that every season he robs the nests of bald eagles; that last year he made his first trip in December, found a beautiful nest in a tall pine tree and carried away the 2 eggs it contained. Later he took 2 more eggs from another nest; and he and his son made a systematic round of visits to a number of nests, securing what Mr. Ryman calls "sets" of eggs without specifying how many.—Editor.

While out strolling with my dog, he came to a point on a bird standing on the shore of a small pond. When I came in view the bird flew slowly into a poplar tree near. The bird was about the size of a bluebill duck. It had a long neck and yellow legs about 5 inches long. The bill was ¾ inch long, the upper part being black with a little yellow; lower part light brown. The top of its head was blackish green, side of head reddish brown, and under head and neck yellow, with brown spots. Its body was brownish black, except the breast, where it was yellow, with brown spots.

Will you please let me know through Recreation what kind of a bird this was? I am an ardent reader of Recreation, and share your views in regard to the roasting of game hogs.

C. A. Dosen, St. Paul, Minn.

ANSWER.

Your description does not agree with that of any species of North American wader. The bird is probably a lesser yellowlegs, *Totanus flavipes,* or a greater yellowlegs, *T. melanoleucus.*—Editor.

While I was visiting a farmer friend recently he made the statement that last spring he saw 3 or 4 passenger pigeons on the Austin farm at Austin, R. I. They were on an old dead tree which stood alone and about 50 yards from him, so he saw them distinctly. One of them flew to another dead tree within 20 yards. He pointed them out to his wife and told her what they were. He said he had killed a great many in his younger days, and knew them well. He said he would answer any inquiry you might wish to make. I believe his statements will be truthful. His address is Alonzo G. Wood, Summit, R. I.

C. W. Geer, Providence, R. I.

Has any other reader of Recreation seen any passenger pigeons in Rhode Island or elsewhere during the past summer or autumn?—Editor.

Who can beat these for spread? I have in my possession a pair of antlers from an elk which was killed in the Big Horn mountains in 1884. The antlers are still on the skull, and measure as follows:

Spread	70¼	inches
Right beam	54¼	"
Left beam	54	"
Total beam lengths across skull	114	"
Longest prongs	19	"
Shortest	5	"
Total number of prongs	17	"

Pueblo Williams, Hyattsville, Wyo.

The wife of the governor of North Borneo is said to have a strange pet. It is a baby rhinoceros which was captured in a jungle near the governor's house. It drinks 16 quarts of milk a day and is growing rapidly. It follows its mistress about the grounds like a dog and bids fair to become a formidable protector.

Not long ago I killed, and have had mounted, an entirely white English sparrow, a true albino with pink eyes. Is this not a rare specimen?

W. E. Barnard, Middletown, Del.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
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GAME PROTECTION IN MINNESOTA.

Speech of Hon. H. A. Morgan, at the Annual Meeting of the L. A. S.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I wrote Mr. Shields a month ago that it would be impossible for me to be here, but fortunately I finished my work in court in time to get here. I expected court to last 2 or 3 days longer, but the term ended Monday evening and I came away in such a hurry that I do not know yet whether I won or lost my last case. The jury was out when I left, but I could not afford to miss this meeting on account of a little thing like that.

Rome was not built in a day, and we can only see the result of our work for the protection of game by looking a long way back and comparing what we see in retrospect with what we see at hand.

"Something over 15 years ago I took hold of the work in my county, simply from a sense of what was right. My early training had been such as to equip me for the work at hand. My mother had taught me what birds it was wrong to kill; what animals and birds were useful, and what animals and birds could be destroyed with profit to the community. In my county, as in all communities, there was no more sentiment at that time in favor of game protection than there was in favor of forest protection 40 years ago. In both cases the supply was considered inexhaustible. People did not realize that the supply of game could be exhausted, and were as unconcerned about it as they were about the timber supply of the Northwest.

We had in our community men who took pride in violating the game laws. I did not single out some poor farmer or farmer's boy who hunted on his own land, nor some man too poor to buy meat or fish for his family. I directed my first efforts to the punishment of men who did not have any too good a standing in the community and of whom it was desirable to make an example.

There had never been a conviction for a violation of game laws in that county, and I was told I could not secure one. I had circulated, at my own expense, a pamphlet containing a synopsis of the game laws, and offered a reward for information which would lead to conviction. I carried on that work without the aid or assistance of any other officers. I happened to be county attorney at that time and in a position where I could prosecute. The great problem was how to secure the evidence. I selected 2 men, secured ample evidence, and convicted them before a jury.

The result was immediate. I had to combat an oft repeated assertion that the game and fish laws could not be enforced. I insisted that they could be. Then I had to contend with the larger element that is in every community, the men who say that the game and fish laws are not made to be enforced. I could not hope to change sentiment by a single conviction. A number of other convictions followed. In 8 years I do not undertake to say how many convictions I had made, but I had completely discouraged those fellows from violating the game and fish laws in that county.

Mind you, this work was undertaken without any assistance; but public sentiment finally began to come my way. The farmers noticed that it was not their boys who were singled out for prosecution, but that they were let alone. They began to realize that there was just as much reason for the enforcement of a game law as of any other law on our statute books. The farmer's boy is not the only factor in the destruction of the game in our State. He seldom hunts off his father's land. We had with us after a time a strong element who would rather see the game law observed than otherwise, and this sentiment has been growing until now the number of convictions is decreasing each year. We have only had one conviction this year in our county, and on that case the sentence was suspended because the man had really not intended to violate the law. There have been few violations of the game laws in our county, and for the last 3 years it has been impossible for any man to go through the country in close season with a gun and dog without the fact coming to my attention within 24 hours.

In the earlier stages of our work we could simply get insinuations, but could not get positive or direct information. In those days it was difficult to trace rumors and facts. To-day we find little difficulty in getting the names and proof of the circumstances because the people realize that they are on the popular side of the question.

I apprehend there are many gentlemen here who realize, as I do, that 15 years ago there was scarcely a newspaper in the country which would stand back of a game warden in his effort to enforce game laws.

In speaking of game protection, I include all harmless birds. We use the words game protection in the broader sense so as to include all animal and bird life which it is desirable to preserve. Sentiment in our State was aroused by the good work done by the League of American Sportsmen. When this good work that Mr. Shields has been doing, and the League has been doing for so many years, came to be recognized, about 3 years ago, a friend of mine, who made RECREATION a part of his Gospel teaching and study, came to me and said Mr. Shields ought to have our help in that work, and suggested that we join the League. We sent in our applications, and at once a number of other men wanted to join. We sent for blanks and, meantime, I wrote out some on the typewriter. The result was that in a short time we had 136 members in our State. We had the ministers of the Gospel and some 56 school teachers in as honorary members, and to-day they are zealously working up sentiment in favor of game, song bird and fish protection. I went to one of the bankers in our county and he said,

"I am not a hunter, but you are interested in protecting the song birds and I will contribute at any time to aid in such a worthy cause."

Another man did not care anything about quail, but he did enjoy fishing, and was anxious and willing to do what he could to secure proper observance of the law, so he joined.

There is something in this great movement that appeals to every man, woman and child who has any humanity in his makeup. If you tell a man that it is the duty of every citizen to secure protection to the harmless birds and game, explain to him the importance of the preservation of this game and of the song birds, and show him that their protection is essential in order to make life worth living, you can interest him, not only on the practical side but on sentimental grounds, and he becomes a strong advocate of the cause.

There is no reason why this great work should not be carried on until it becomes practically unanimous. As our friend from Massachusetts said, 'you can not judge of the League work by the numerical strength in a State division.'

When a little girl goes home from school where her attention has been called to our work, and where her eyes have been opened to the importance of protecting these innocent, harmless and useful animals and birds; when she calls the attention of her mother and her brother and her father to it, the benefits and influence of this work are bound to extend. When these young people grow up fully recognizing the importance of this work and the righteousness of it, because their mothers and fathers have drilled it into them, then this sentiment and this good work are bound to be everlasting. They will work a change that means the ultimate saving of millions of these birds and animals that are now on the verge of destruction and that would have been exterminated but for the efforts and the devotion of the good men and women who comprise the League of American Sportsmen.

Lumber has increased in the last 10 years from $3 to $30 a thousand feet, according to kind. It was supposed that the supply was inexhaustible, but the supply has diminished until it now presents a serious problem for the future. As a boy, in the late 70's or the early 80's, I often watched the pigeons in such numbers that it would take hours for a single flock to pass a given point. These birds were so numerous that it seemed as if they never could be exterminated. In a few short years, however, they have disappeared as if they had been swallowed by a volcano or an earthquake. We have seen prairie chickens and quail so numerous that it did not seem as if the supply could ever fail, but in the region where I live to-day it is not worth while to go hunting, because what the pot hunter has not done before the law could be enforced the storms and the wet weather of the last few years have practically finished.

However, Nature is helping us. We have worked up sentiment for the protection of these birds to such an extent that there is no reason why, with the limited supply we have and the protection we now afford them, the number may not be materially increased. They are no longer numerous enough to attract the hunter to that section of the State, and they are bound to increase. When they do come back, they are going to stay and be protected. It seems almost necessary in certain localities to put the hand of destruction on the game and birds and to take from the residents the game, the birds and the forests before those people will open their eyes to the necessity of adequate protection and preservation; before they will take an interest in the subject. When they learn by bitter experience the mistakes they have made, then they will begin to build up sentiment.

There is not a newspaper of any standing to-day that does not believe in forest, game and fish protection. In Minnesota, for instance, a few years ago if a game warden made an arrest he was ridiculed and was practically ostracized. It was nearly impossible to get a man to take the office. To-day, the hands of game wardens are upheld and strengthened by public sentiment. They can make an arrest and the newspapers will pat them on the back and compliment the magistrate who will give the offender the maximum fine. (Applause.) That is the sentiment not only in our community, but wherever proper steps have been taken to create it.

We must have practical game protection and game law enforcement. In the first place we must have practical laws. It makes no difference what kind of laws we have if we do not enforce them.

Last winter, when I went to St. Paul, Mr. Fullerton was instrumental in having me made chairman of the Game Laws Committee. We were entitled to 9 members on that committee, corresponding with Congressional districts. We selected from these Congressional districts men who we knew were practical and able. Then we went to work to secure the passage of the best laws on the subject that we were able to draft.

When we approached the newspapers we found that they had been ill advised, and they spread broadcast the news that certain provisions were to be embodied in the law which we did not intend to put in at all. The result was a strong opposition from persons who did not understand the exact provisions of the bill we were asking to have enacted into law. Especially in the larger cities the sportsmen were much opposed to some of the provisions, and one or 2 game clubs sent in resolutions against the law. The sportsmen of the State who were opposed to the prospective law came to me to confer about it, and I assured them that the provisions about which they complained were not to be embodied in it. In that way the opposition was dissipated. The result was that the bill passed the Senate of Minnesota without being printed, something that I never knew to occur before. We introduced the bill in the Senate. It was long, because it was an entirely new game law. The reasons I gave why the bill should not be delayed in the Senate until it could be printed prevailed, and it passed the Senate with but one dissenting vote.

We introduced the bill in the House and it was held up there for sundry hearings. An effort was made among interested persons, especially the pot hunters and commission men, to defeat the law, and they did succeed in having it held up in the Committee for some time; but when the House organized the Committee, the bill passed with only one dissenting voice.

There were certain amendments that we did not wait to add in the Senate, but that were left for the House to put on. We knew what they were, and it was understood between the Committees of the House and the Senate and the members of both branches what course the bill should take.

I do not claim any more credit for the enactment of the law than any other senator or representative who actively, earnestly and aggressively assisted in pushing the measure through. We all did our full share in making it what it is; but the bill had a peculiar experience, which illustrates how sentiment has changed in that State within the last few years.

When the bill was passed it was late in the session, and the understanding was that the chief clerk of the House should send the bill back to the Senate, with the amendments, so the Senate could act on them. The chief clerk of the House came in with the bill when the roll was being called on another measure. The bill was handed to me before the ink was dry on the endorsement. I was on my feet at the close of the roll call and moved the adoption of the bill as amended, stating briefly what it was; and it passed the Senate with only 2 dissenting votes. Nobody read the bill; nobody knew what it was. They simply took my word for it, beyond knowing generally what the original bill was. The 2 votes that were against it were not against game laws, but the members were against me, because I had had something to do with 2 of their pet measures. They did not vote against the game law, but against me.

That is the first time a game law was ever passed in Minnesota except by the barest margin; and the first time a game law ever passed without being changed in some unaccountable manner between the time it passed and the time it was signed and engrossed. Previously it had always been found that the law as engrossed was not the law passed; but in this instance we watched our bill carefully, and it was sent to the Governor the afternoon of the day it passed.

Our success is largely due to the fact that we drew a practical bill. It is not perfect, but it is the most practical measure we were able to draw. We tried to eliminate all objectionable features of the old laws and to secure uniformity.

We now have a good law, but we have not had enough money to enforce it. We asked for an appropriation of $50,000, but the finance committee cut it. When the appropriation bill came out late in the season, we did not have a dollar in it, and we came near having to withdraw our game law enforcement temporarily; but we got it amended at the last minute and had inserted the original amount of $25,000. It is not enough for a State like Minnesota, but that was not the fault of the Legislature. Circumstances and conditions existed which made it necessary to ask for no more. In addition to this, of course, we have the money received for non-resident licenses and from fines, which, however, go to the county.

LOUISIANA SPORTSMEN ARE WORKING.

Your visit to Louisiana was successful. Through your efforts and the persistent work of the Monroe and New Orleans sportsmen we have a series of laws that are sufficient to protect the game. Formerly we extended no protective measures to the inhabitants of stream and field. A man might seine or dynamite any body of water to his heart's content; he might murder and destroy the game and no one would raise a finger. We witnessed last winter in the streets of Monroe, the sale of wagonloads of striped bass, or barfish, heavy with spawn. Deer have been hunted in and out of season, and on one occasion a party of hunters left 5 deer hung up in camp, being unable to use them. In a recent overflow the poor deer sought refuge on small islands, where unscrupulous hunters killed them and let their bodies float away.

Our laws are not yet so strictly obeyed as we wish, but our chief warden, Dr. Robert Faulk, of Monroe, is hard at work, together with some of his friends, to enforce observance. The Monroe chapter of the L. A. S. will soon count 100 active members. Pollock's chapter, under the guidance of Dr. Parker, is rapidly developing into an active body.

Game in Louisiana will be abundant. The first hunts of the season in the South of the State were not very successful. In the Northeast of the State, the hunter's paradise, that veteran sportsman, P. Trouard, brought in the first deer. N. P. Cook, O. Deland and several others ran a buck into the mud of Black bayou, where the animal was killed by the dogs. Bill Sublett and Frank Chase are among Louisiana's most successful hunters.

Croakers are plentiful in the South, and fishermen bring them in by the dozen. Along the Buachito bass fishing is good. Joe Bres, Guy Stubbs, Dan Brearst and others have been catching some magnificent specimens.

Judge Hall, of Buachito parish, the most popular and respected judge in Louisiana, has instructed the grand jury to investigate most carefully all reported offenses against the game law. Governor Blanchard has called the attention of the sheriffs to the same laws. Hunter, Monroe, La.

He—How is it that the greatest fools always marry the prettiest women?

She (coyly)—O, you flatterer!—Exchange.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Edited by J. A. KINGMAN.

THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE.

As predicted in this magazine, the Vanderbilt cup race, finished October 8th, was won by a foreign car but driven by an American, named Heath. The race was attended by thousands of people, and although no spectator was injured, 2 lives were lost; one the result of a smash-up of one of the racing automobiles prior to the event, and the other due to the capsizing of Mr. George Arent's car during the race. Mr. Arent's foreign driver was killed, and although the employer was seriously injured, he will recover. It is wonderful that many spectators were not injured and that more cars were not a cause of death to their occupants. This is the first event of the kind ever held in this country, and it would appear that the managers of the race could hardly be criticized for these fatalities, occurring as they did to participants and not to spectators. At the same time it was not the fault of the spectators that they were not killed, for time and again they crowded into the course, apparently heedless of the fact that some racing car might at any time come up like lightning and mow them down by the score.

A little over a year ago a road race was run from Paris to Madrid, and the suicidal recklessness on the part of many drivers caused 7 deaths the first day, together with many other serious accidents, with the result that the race was called off and everything possible done to stem the tide of popular indignation at such catastrophes.

In reviewing the Vanderbilt cup race of October 8th, it is difficult to see of what practical value such an affair is to the automobile industry unless in the future some limit shall be placed on the power of the machines and a selection made of a course more free from dangerous turns.

Some persons may view the race as a senseless and brutal performance, while others may consider such a trial of value to the automobile industry, both as an advertisement and as a means of improving automobiles. Both points of view are correct in a measure, but if such an event is to cause loss of life, it should be prohibited, particularly if loss of life may come to any spectator. Of course in the case of the Vanderbilt cup race the only fatalities were those of the participants who knew their perils and entered the race with a full understanding of its dire possibilities.

There is danger in many sports, football, horse racing, ice boating, and they are all the more exciting because of that fact. It would seem a pity to stop college football because there have been fatal accidents. Just as well reduce the speed of trains because there have been fatal accidents due to high speed. The automobile must advance, and improvement can not be made without tests of this kind. It would seem futile, however, to continue such tests with no other limit for the designer than the fact that the car which is produced must not exceed 2,200 pounds in weight. It has been suggested that these cars should be provided with a certain quantity of gasoline, only, to finish the course however long it may be; and this would be a good plan except that it would cause certain designers to use motors which were economical but which had other features not so good for general use. Undoubtedly the best plan and one which will shortly be adopted is to limit the size of the engine cylinders and the speed of the motor, and to make the finished motor bear a certain relation to the weight of the complete vehicle. By this we shall eventually have racing machines which will be nothing more or less than ordinary touring vehicles with the body removed, and no one interested in automobiles will deny that it is touring vehicles which should benefit from such road races.

Experiments with freak racing machines are of no value to the manufacturer, and this is the principal reason why the recent race was of limited value only.

After experimenting with speed statutes and local regulations which placed automobilists in direct opposition to the authorities, England has adopted an act which provides for the registration of cars and a relaxation of the irksome speed limit. An attempt is now being made to enforce the automobile regulations in a sensible manner, and the London Field, the best authority on all topics of this sort, notes an increased appreciation by the automobilists of their responsibilities. When the law was enforced to the limit against fast drivers, there was a tendency among the owners of automobiles to sympathize with one of their number who was arrested, and to condone his offence. Since England has an act which is satisfactory as long as it is enforced in a reasonable spirit and without prejudice, the automobilists themselves are most severe in demanding an enforcement of the penalties for recklessness.

The experience of England is likely to be repeated here with good effect. Accidents by automobiles are reported somewhere every day, but no attention is paid by the newspapers to horse accidents, because the public cares little about them. If the same energy were expended in reporting accidents of all kinds, the showing made by automobiles would not appear bad in comparison. There are too many of them, it is admitted, and they will continue until the automobilists, as well as the authorities, take up the matter of punishing careless drivers. The automobilists, however, will not be inclined to support the authorities as long as prosecutions are due to prejudice and mistaken zeal. The danger from automobiles is not in running at a certain rate of speed. It is a question of time and place. If the speed statutes were repealed, there is no fear that the roads would be filled by reckless automobilists, running amuck. With a disposition to give the automobilists proper rights on the highways there is noticeable less of a disposition on their part to abuse the highway. When we can have sensible laws, sensibly enforced, the coöperation of nearly every automobile owner in discountenancing and suppressing inconsiderate driving will be secured. The automobilists themselves can do more for safety than any irksome speed statutes can. —Boston Transcript.

Last year the Y. M. C. A., of Boston, established an automobile school for the instruction of young men intending to enter the automobile business. This year a similar movement has been started in New York City. The Y. M. C. A. is now announcing the fact that it will open a class for instruction in automobile engineering, devoting much time to the practical end of the care and operation of cars.

Three courses are to be given as follows: A series of lectures for owners or prospective owners; a class in automobile designing and drawing; a class for those who wish to become professional drivers.

Professors of Columbia University will conduct the lectures, and the advisory committee consists of prominent automobile manufacturers and users.

In some parts of the country the authorities manifest an attitude toward automobiles which savors strongly of the Dark Ages. In one of the counties of West Virginia the use of automobiles has been prohibited by the courts on account of the fact that "injury to both the person and property of some of its citizens has been sustained." Violation of this order is punishable with a $500 fine. As pointed out in an able editorial of the Boston Transcript, printed in this issue, automobile accidents are given undue prominence, and this is particularly true of out of the way districts where there are few automobiles.

An excellent record breaking run from New York to Chicago was recently accomplished by a big 4 cylinder car arriving in New York October 6th, driven by Bert Holcomb, of Hartford. The machine was a 35 horsepower and covered the 1,108 miles between Chicago and New York in 50 hours 35 minutes elapsed time. Actual running time was 51 hours 5 minutes, an average time of 21 2-3 miles an hour. Such trials, although not so spectacular as long distance road races, have much value when performed by regular touring cars and not by special racing machines.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion: A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check, in order that those friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

"Who was the leading man in that company you went out with last season?" asked the critic.

"I really forget," replied Lowe Comedy, "but I was the leading man coming back. I always was a good walker."—Philadelphia Press.

Pat: Phwat a wonderful world we live in, anyway.

Mike: Yes, but for why?

"Haven't yez noticed that in New Yorruk they're putting all the elevated roads underground?"—Life.

The War Minister—The Japanese, your Majesty, are an imitative people.

The Czar—I wish they'd imitate my friend, Kuropatkin, and retire a few hundred miles.—Brooklyn Life.

The Flemish name for automobiles is said to be "Paardelooszoondeerspoormeg-petroolrytuig," and many people in America believe they deserve every syllable of it. —Technical World.

FORESTRY.

It takes 30 years to grow a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

FORESTS AND STREAMS.

Hardly a woodsman or old hunter can be found who does not know of some puny, spring stream which, before the forest was removed from its source and drainage basin, was a large, vigorous stream all the year round. Lumbermen will tell you that when the timber in such and such a valley was first cut off the drainage river was large and sure enough to safely carry all the winter's cut in the spring drives, but that in handling the second cutting it was necessary to build dams to store the spring freshets, in order to get water enough for the drive; and that now, in order to drive the third or fourth operation it will be necessary to get the logs in and rush them down to the main river during the few days of the spring freshets.

Almost every angler has noticed that during a heavy all day rainstorm, one stream will rise rapidly every half hour and will reach its highest pitch within 2 hours after the rain has stopped, and then the water will fall rapidly, until in perhaps 10 hours it stands where it did before the storm; while another stream will hardly show any difference during a day's rain, but will rise gradually for 24 hours after the storm, and then will hold its head a day or 2, when it will gradually fall off to its original depth. If the angler be observant, he will know that invariably the second stream rises in and flows through a heavily wooded country, while the first stream flows through a country where the ground is not protected by a good tree cover. In the first instance the water does not sink into the ground at all, but runs off immediately into the drainage, while in the last instance the soil, thanks to decaying vegetable matter, leaves, etc., is covered with a thick layer of *humus,* which serves as a sponge and absorbs the water, holding it and gradually letting it drain into the stream. In this case the soil never becomes wholly dry, and the stream has a constant and steady source until the next rain. The canopy of tree cover, of course, prevents the loss of rainfall through evaporation by wind and sun, which in a country of small rainfall is a matter of the greatest importance. It is the quantity of water that passes into the soil, not the quantity of rainfall, that makes a region garden or desert. Authorities have debated and disagreed for years on the influence of forest growth on the rainfall of a region. Because rainfall is most abundant where forests grow, many reputable scientists have contended that forests exert an important influence on the actual quantity and frequency of precipitation; but, as Professor J. W. Toumey says, in his admirable tract on "The Relation of Forests to Stream Flow," "A more reasonable inference is that rainfall is the great factor in controlling the distribution and density of forests."

Precipitation occurs whenever the air is suddenly cooled below the dew-point. The most effective cause of this is the expansion of air on ascending, and this upward movement is caused largely by cyclonic storms. Whether forests have any appreciable effect in cooling the air to below the dew-point is uncertain. From the known effect of forests on the temperature and relative humidity of the air, it is only reasonable to infer that they may have some such effect, at least to a small degree, and consequently that they may have some influence in increasing precipitation. The extent of this influence, however, no well grounded forester will attempt to define. In nearly every one of the hysterical magazine articles on forestry by the new school of professional nature and forest lovers, we find some definite statement that if the forests are cut off the rainfall will be cut off with them. Fortunately, however, the reading public has begun to be sceptical of these yarns, and to tire of the self-advertised authors of them.

A determined effort is being made by the Geological Survey and by the Bureau of Forestry to find out definitely just what and how great the influence of forest growth is on both rainfall and stream flow.

The State of New York recently appropriated $1,500 for co-operative hydrographic work with the U. S. Geological Survey in maintaining authentic records of the rise and fall, the ordinary outflow, floods and drouths of the streams in New York. The division of Hydrography in the Survey has been conducting similar experiments in nearly every prominent river basin in the United States for several years. The final results will prove of great importance to the progress of the forestry movement in the country.

LOUISIANA FOREST LAW.

The last session of the Louisiana Legislature passed an act to establish a department of forestry to provide for the preservation of the forests, to prevent and suppress forest fires, and to restore denuded lands.

It provides that the register of the State land office shall be commissioner of forestry, with an addition of $500 in salary. With him 4 other citizens, serving without compensation, constitute the State forest commission, which shall see to the administration of the act. The act provides for fire wardens in the various counties of the State and a chief fire warden to superintend forest-fire control, at a salary of $500 a year and his expenses. He is empowered to spend $5,000 a year for fire control, as he sees fit, for fire patrol and prevention in other ways. The parish fire wardens are to receive $2 a day for time spent in this work, two-thirds from their parish and one-third from the State. The fire wardens are empowered to call on all citizens to assist them in times of fire or danger of fire. Willful, negligent, or careless setting of forest fires that cause injury are punishable by a fine of not over $500 or imprisonment for not over 10 years, or both.

The law further provides that leaving campfires unquenched, using combustible wads in firearms, or carrying naked torches in forests shall be punished, whether injury result or not, by a fine of not more than $100 or imprisonment for 3 months. The same penalties hold for defacing warning placards. Railroads are required to clear their right of way 50 feet on each side of their lines. Under this act Mr. A. W. Crandall becomes the commissioner of forestry.

This act is a step in the right direction, and viewed from the standpoint of a beginning on the part of the State is highly commendable; but the actual usefulness will be questionable. In the first place desirable men can not be secured to devote their attention to the work for $500 a year. A State whose forests are so important to its greatness as those of Louisiana are, can not afford to be niggardly in their protection. Let us hope that its citizens will continue their beginning in forest protection, and in the next Legislature pass a bill which will really protect.

BUREAU OF FORESTRY FIELD WORK.

In addition to its large force engaged in forest reserve work, the Bureau of Forestry has had this season 116 trained men in the field. Of these, 68, scattered through 26 States, have been studying commercial trees, making forest working plans for wood lots and large timber tracts, and gathering data invaluable for the proper management of wooded areas. The remaining 48 experts, divided among 10 States, have been studying means of replacing the forest on lands from which it has been denuded, making planting plans for tracts which have never been forested, and planting the federal forest reserves.

Nearly all the men have returned to the Bureau office in Washington. The information and figures which they have gathered will be worked over and condensed by the office force this winter and put into shape for practical use under their direction.

These experts, in covering their various territories, are zealous missionaries in the cause they serve, for wherever their work carries them, the purpose of forestry, its methods and its incalcuable importance to the general welfare of the nation are understood, appreciated and applied as never before.

Among the large pieces of work done this season, special mention should be made of the working plan made for 40 townships in Washington and Idaho belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad. This work was done by Assistant Forest Inspector Chittenden, who will prepare a detailed report of his operations and the recommendations to the company, which will be published by the Bureau in the spring. Forest Assistant C. S. Chapman did a similar piece of work on the lands of the Wayerhaeuser Company in Washington State.

AMERICAN FOREST CONGRESS.

During the week of January 2 to January 6, 1905, there will be held the largest and most important meeting of men interested in the forestry and irrigation movements that has ever assembled in this country. It is expected that every man connected with the federal forest and reclamation service and all the professional foresters of the country will attend the meeting.

This Congress is called by the American Forestry Association to consider the forests in their relation to the great industries closely dependent on them, such as lumbering, transportation, irrigation, mining and stock raising, and to forward the conservative use of the forest resources of the country to meet the present and future needs of these great industries.

The President of the United States will deliver an address before the Congress and receive its delegates in a reception at the White House.

Besides the foresters and engineers directly in charge of the forestry and reclamation work of the Government, there will be present delegates from the various lumbermen's associations, mining, stockmen's, farming and wood-working associations, engineering societies and many other representative organizations.

The faculty and students of the Yale Forest School will attend. Arrangements have been made to have several formal lectures given by prominent men to the forest school students as a regular part of the Congress.

The program of addresses and procedure will be announced in the next number of Recreation.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH.D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

FLOUR AND OTHER MILLING PRODUCTS.

When people first began to grind their grain, they did so simply by crushing it between any 2 stones which happened to be handy; a little later they kept 2 flat ones especially for the purpose, one of which they soon learned to keep stationary, while the other was turned about on it. At first each woman ground the meal for her own family on her own stone; but after treadmills, windmills, and, later, water wheels came into use all the grinding was done by the professional miller in the village mill. In the feudal days the lord forced his tenants to have their grain ground in his mill, even to bake their bread in his oven, and charged a good round toll for the use of each. Various devices for grinding and sifting the grain have gradually been invented, until to-day we have mills covering acres of ground and doing apparently impossible things with the grain. In Hungary the old Roman system of cylinder milling, similar in principle to an ordinary coffee mill, has been developed, but elsewhere the systems which are known as high and low milling are more common. Here we have the original system of crushing between 2 stones, or rollers, but so elaborated as to be almost unrecognizable. In low milling the grain is ground in one process between 2 crushers placed as near together as possible. Graham flour and that commonly known as "entire wheat flour" are prepared in this way. Of these, only the former, invented by the American physician, Dr. Sylvester Graham, really contains entire grain. It is made by simply washing and cleaning the grain and then grinding it between 2 stones or rollers, whose surfaces are so cut as to insure a complete crushing of the grain. Entire wheat flour is made in much the same way, except that after being washed the grains are run through a machine which removes the 3 outer layers, and then are ground. In this way the supposedly valuable cerealin layer is included without the almost useless cellulose of the outer bran. In high roller milling the grain is washed and skinned as in milling entire wheat, and then is run though 5 or even more pairs of rollers, each successive pair being set a little nearer together than the last. After each grinding, or "break," as the miller terms it, the meal is sifted, and the leavings of each sifting ,called "tailings," are themselves ground and sifted several times. In the mill where the grain goes through a series of 6 straight breaks, there are as many as 80 direct milling products, varying in quality from the finest white flour to pure ground bran. Careful millers always try to grind as near the cerealin layer as possible and to leave as much of the germ in the flour as is consistent with a good color. To make sure that each product is up to the standard set up for it in the mill, samples of it are tested every hour and the milling is regulated accordingly.

The so called "straight grade" flours ordinarily seen on the market consist of the siftings of all the breaks plus the first product of the first tailings. "Patent" and "baker's" or "household" flours are varieties of the straight grade flours.

If, as often happens, it is desirable to blend 2 kinds of wheat in order to obtain a flour with the average of their qualities, the grains are usually mixed before milling. Sometimes the miller, or even the baker, mixes 2 pure flours, but such a proceeding is less reliable.

Complicated chemical tests are necessary to determine the exact quality of a flour, but there are certain general rules by which a good bread flour may be judged offhand. Its color should be white, with a faint yellow tinge. After being pressed in the hand it should fall loosely apart. If it stays in lumps, it has too much moisture in it. When rubbed between the fingers it should not feel too smooth and powdery, but its individual particles should be vaguely distinguishable. When put between the teeth it should crunch a little. Its taste should be sweet and nutty, without a suspicion of acidity.

The impurities which may accidentally slip into a bag of grain, or even into the flour made from it, consist chiefly of the seeds of other plants, and of blighted or mouldy wheat. The foreign seeds most to be dreaded are cockles and darnel, and both should be carefully guarded against; cockles because they injure the color of flour and bread, and darnel because it is commonly regarded as poisonous. Other foreign seeds may not be equally dangerous, but they should be removed with equal care, as they lessen the nutritive value and the strength of the flour. Moulds and other fungus growths often give a musty odor and taste to grain or flour which has been kept in a damp place. Both these classes of impurities are easily avoided by careful milling and storing, and are not so much to be feared as the foreign substances which are added to the flour to cheapen its cost or improve its appearance. Those used to cheapen the cost are usually rye flour, corn (maize) flour, rice meal, potato starch and meals from various leguminous plants, such as peas or beans. They are not harmful in the food and sometimes improve the color of the bread; nevertheless, they are fraudulent because they lower the quality of the flour without harming its appearance. The mixture is sold as flour, and thus the purchaser secures an adulterated article under a false name, and often at the same price as pure goods. Mineral substances, such as alum, borax, chalk, carbonate of magnesia, bone, etc., are occasionally put into the flour to neutralize its acidity, but these are more often used by the baker than by the miller.

NEVER EAT UNLESS HUNGRY.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit, and simply because it is meal time and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is not taken wisely. Without relish the salivary glands do not act normally, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted and the best of foods will not be digested so readily or so easily as they should be. Many harmless dishes are condemned for no other reason than that they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish due to insalivation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. The ardent desire for food causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, which are the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

The advice of a recent writer is to wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distinct and unmistakable hunger, and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the digestibility of what you eat.

STRAWBERRY JAM.

The newspapers report that the State chemist of Nebraska has analyzed a sample of commercial strawberry jam, and found that it was no such thing. The account states further that it was made chiefly of pumpkin, tinted with coal tar dyes, preserved with benzoic acid and that the seeds which were intended as evidence of the presence of real berries were grass seeds. This does not account for the flavor; but everybody knows that flavors may be artificially simulated by chemical processes. Confident reliance on the manufacturer and the shopkeeper has induced many housewives, even those who know how, to forego the trouble of making their own jam and preserves. The factory prepared article is often cheaper, as well as more conveniently obtained. When it is compounded as this alleged strawberry jam was, why shouldn't it be cheaper? It is a great satisfaction, when invited to dine to have the hostess say, "I made these preserves myself."

TINY TIM AND THE GOOSE.

The story of Tiny Tim who ate the goose is a familiar one in stage circles. An English writer says,

"When playing Bob Cratchit in The Christmas Carol at the Adelphi, Mr. J. L. Toole had each night to carve a real goose and a practicable plum pudding during the run of 40 nights. The little girl who played Tiny Tim was a child of one of the scene shifters. She always finished her portions of goose and pudding with such amazing celerity that Mr. Toole became alarmed on her account.

"'I don't like it,' he writes in his Reminiscences; 'I can't conceive where a poor, delicate little thing like that puts the food. I like the children to enjoy a treat, though how they kept on enjoying it for 40 nights was a mystery, for I got into such a condition that if I dined at a friend's house and goose was on the table I regarded it as a personal affront; but I said, referring to Tiny Tim, 'I don't like greediness, and it is additionally repulsive in a refined looking, delicate little thing like this; besides, it destroys the sentiment of the situation. When I, as Bob, ought to feel most pathetic, I am always wondering where the goose and the pudding are, or whether anything serious in the way of a fit will happen to Tiny Tim before the audience in consequence of her unnatural gorging.'

"'Mrs. Mellon laughed at me at first, but eventually we decided to watch the child together. The moment Tiny Tim was seated and began to eat, we observed a curious shuffling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything that I had given her, goose, potatoes and apple sauce, disappeared behind the sham stove, the child pretending to eat as heartily as ever from the empty plate. When the performance was over Mrs. Mellon and I asked the little girl what became of the food she did not eat. After some hesitation she confessed that her little sister waited on the other side of the fireplace for the supplies, and then the whole family of the scene shifter enjoyed a hearty supper every night.

"'Dickens was much interested in the incident. When I had finished he smiled, a little sadly I thought, and then, shaking me by the hand, he said, "Ah! you ought to have given her the whole goose."'"

BOOK NOTICES.

EXERCISES WITHOUT APPARATUS.

One of the most interesting, instructive and valuable books of the day has lately come from the press of the H. M. Caldwell Co., of New York and Boston. It is entitled "Health, Strength and Power," and was written by Dr. D. A. Sargent, gymnasium instructor at Harvard University.

Dr. Sargent aims to teach and inspire men, women and children to train their muscles and develop their bodies to the highest possible stage without the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs or other artificial appliances. The book gives useful suggestions in regard to exercise, diet, bathing, sleep, clothing, etc.

Illustrations have been especially prepared for this work from numerous photographs of a well trained model, in order to facilitate the learning of the different movements and exhibit the muscular action involved in a great variety of free exercises that may be taken without apparatus. Each illustration is also accompanied by a text on the opposite page which describes how the movements should be made, the number of times they should be repeated, and the parts of the body which are thereby most affected. The systematic practice of a group of these movements will certainly prove helpful to a large part of the community. They will serve not only as a means of exercise and development for the young and vigorous of both sexes, but will help restore disordered functions in those more advanced in years, and put them in such a condition of health and fitness as to make work a pleasure and life for itself worth living.

People who are confined to offices and city homes and who have not the privilege of the gymnasium, will find Dr. Sargent's book of great interest and value.

The Forest Fish and Game Commission of New York has issued its 9th Annual Report, which is a voluminous document and which gives a valuable fund of information as to the preservation of forests, the restoration of burned areas, the protection of game, the propagation and distribution of game, of game fishes, etc. It is unfortunate that the Commission is not supplied with funds enough to print the book for general distribution. Only 500 copies were issued, and these have all been sent out.

I trust the Legislature may be liberal enough to the Commission in future to enable it to distribute its annual reports liberally.

"The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, covers the field exhaustively and is a mine of suggestions, useful for the entertaining of grown people as well as children. Hostesses, in particular, will welcome the chapters on "Special Dinners, Dances and Luncheons," "Tableaux," "Entertainments for Special Occasions," etc., which give many ideas to lighten the burdens of the entertainer.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"A Texas Matchmaker," by Andy Adams, author of "The Log of a Cowboy," depicts life on a Texas ranch from the point of view of one of the residents. It is a faithful picture, painted without art, of experiences in a phase of American life that is fast passing, and forms the second volume of what is ambitiously called by the publishers a Trilogy of the Plains. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & C., Boston and New York; price $1:50.

"Calumet K," by Merwin-Webster, the well known writers of stories relating to American industrial life and conditions, is a dramatic story of the building of a big grain elevator; and Bannon, the foreman, is a fascinating type of the shrewd masterful American who accomplished the impossible.

"Calumet K" is published by The Macmillan Company, New York and London; paper, 25 cents.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, have published a new edition of "An Island Garden," by Celia Thaxter, of which they say: "'An Island Garden' was first issued 10 years ago, in an expensive form, with color illustrations. It has been for some time out of print, but the continued inquiries for it are evidence of its permanent interest and value. To meet this demand we issue the present popular edition." Price $1.25.

Dr. W. M. Byram, of Richmond, Mo., who is well known to Recreation readers through several bits of clever verse I have published, has lately issued a volume of his poems which cover a wide range of subjects. Many of them deal with nature and will, therefore, prove interesting to sportsmen and other nature lovers. I cheerfully commend this book to all readers of Recreation.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A 20TH CENTURY PLANT.

I recently had the pleasure of inspecting the Postum Cereal Company's works at Battle Creek, Mich., and the tour through the 14 buildings occupied by this company was deeply interesting and instructive. The consumption of Grape Nuts and Postum Coffee is greater than any one outside of the Postum Company's works can imagine. For instance, 1,700 bushels of wheat are ground every day. This means that it takes 34,000 acres of good wheat land to supply these works a year. At the present price of wheat it would take nearly $700,000 to buy the wheat used in this one plant in a year.

In addition to the wheat, about 150,000 bushels of barley are consumed each year; 16,000 wooden cases of these products go out each day, and it takes nearly 300,000 pounds of nails to hold these boxes together. It requires 11,000 tons of coal to run the Postum engines a year. The factories and office buildings cover 7 acres of ground and over 1,500 people are employed in the works.

Mr. Post has built nearly 300 houses for his employees, and these are sold to the men at cost, on small monthly payments.

What impressed and pleased me most about the works was the immaculate cleanliness of everything and every person employed in making the Postum goods. Even the floors are so clean that you could sit down anywhere and eat your lunch with a relish.

There is throughout the entire plant an air of rush, thrift, industry and prosperity that convinces the visitor of the vast demand for Grape Nuts and Postum Coffee.

BOOK OF THE GREAT NORTHERN.

F. I. Whitney, general passenger agent of the Great Northern Railway, has issued a book of 125 pages entitled, "Across America," which is worthy of a place in every house in the land as a history and a work of art. It contains a vast fund of information regarding the great belt of Northwestern territory reached by the various lines of the Great Northern Railway and is illustrated with 100 or more beautiful pictures, such as may be seen from the windows of Great Northern trains or steamships. Mr. Whitney has made a new departure in preparing this book in that he has reduced large photographs to very small dimensions, so that while the pictures illustrate vast stretches of country, or important objects of interest along the way, yet they sparkle like gems in a diadem. They treat of the most picturesque part of America, and the man or woman or child who has not seen that country can learn vastly of it by studying this book. Those who have been fortunate enough to traverse the great wheat belt, the Northern Rockies and Cascades will here find many forcible reminders of what they saw there and the memory will be aided by reviewing the journey in this convenient and artistic way.

Write for a copy of the book, enclosing 6 cents in stamps, and mention RECREATION.

WHERE GAME ABOUNDS.

One of the chief difficulties of the sportsman, the question where to go and when to go, is solved by the publication of the booklet "Fishing and Shooting," by the Canadian Pacific railway. It gives a running account of all the many sporting regions of the Dominion of Canada, tells what each can offer, how it may be reached and what faculties in the way of accommodation, guides, canoes, outfits, etc., are to be procured. It is an eminently practical little work, compiled by men who have been there themselves and know what they are talking about, and it may be obtained free from any agent of the company, or by writing to the Advertising Agent, Windsor Street Station, Montreal, Que.

In former issues of the book an appendix containing a synopsis of the game laws of the Provinces and States touched on was added. This is now issued as a separate publication, to be procured in the same way, and anyone contemplating a trip into Canada should write direct to the nearest C. P. R. agent or to the advertising agent of the Canadian Pacific railway, who will give him the information requested by return mail. E. V. Skinner, A. T. M., 458 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Bird, Jones & Kenyon, of Utica, N. Y., have issued a booklet describing and illustrating their new line of Duxbak sportsmen's clothing. These people started some months ago to make what they called the Duxbak coat. This proved so popular and sold so rapidly that they have now added a line of trousers and hats, thus making a complete suit of rain proof clothing. The book contains samples of the goods from which these garments are made and numerous cuts, showing the styles employed. On page 13 there are diagrams of the coat and trousers, with full instructions for measuring, so that any man wanting a suit may have a friend measure him and thus get a good fit, even though ordering by mail.

The book is sent free to any one asking for it and mentioning RECREATION.

The Brotherhood Wine Co., which has large vineyards and wine cellars at Washingtonville, N. Y., and offices at Spring and Washington Sts., New York City, is making a line of fine champagnes, clarets and other wines which are absolutely pure and healthful, and which have as good qualities in every way as any of the European wines. It is, therefore, to the interest of persons who use wines to investigate these American products.

Brotherhood wines have recently been awarded the Grand Prize at the St. Louis World's Fair in competition with many of the most popular brands of French and Spanish wines.

Americans should patronize American industries.

McFadden & Son, of 1632 Champa street, Denver, Colo., are old time taxidermists and furriers, and are well known to thousands of sportsmen in the West for whom they have done good work. Their ad appears in this issue of RECREATION, and any man who has a good specimen he wishes to have mounted or who wishes to buy a rug, a game head or any other article in that line would do well to get a copy of McFadden's 32 page illustrated catalogue. When writing for it please mention RECREATION.

Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt.,

Dear Sirs, The shells shipped me were received in good shape and are much better than those I tested 2 years ago. I like them and will try to do you much good.

I have 4 men in camp and yesterday one man borrowed Robin Hood shells from me to kill game, saying he could not kill them with his powder as he saw me killing right along.

R. W. Jackson, Wheaton, Minn.

The Savage Arms Co. has just placed on the market a new rifle called their Special Junior. It is the regular Junior rifle equipped with a semi-fancy American walnut stock, nicely checked by hand and fitted with an ivory bead front sight. It is an exceedingly handsome gun and should be a quick seller for the holiday trade. The retail price is $6.

Marble Safety Axe Co.,
Gladstone, Mich.

Dear Sirs:—I am pleased to see your advertisement in RECREATION, as many think it a splendid magazine, although we have those who would run us down. Quite a number think it a poor magazine but they are cranks whom no one could please.

H. M. Briggs, York, Pa.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co. sends out a circular giving an enviable list of honors won in the recent rifle tournament at Sea Girt by contestants using ammunition reloaded by Ideal implements. Riflemen who are desirous of knowing everything about their chosen sport should write J. H. Barlow, Manager, New Haven, Conn., for copies of this circular.

Messrs. Thomas B. Jeffrey & Co., of Kenosha, Wis., manufacturers of Rambler automobiles, have established a warehouse at Nos. 1249-51 North 27th street, Philadelphia. This, in connection with their Philadelphia branch office, places Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. in a position to serve their Eastern customers with additional promptness.

Geneva, Nebr.

West End Furniture Co.

Dear Sirs:—The gun cabinet arrived in first class condition and I am well pleased with it. It is as ornamental as it is useful and I would not part with it for the price paid.

Yours respectfully,
C. A. Thorpe.

In the November number of RECREATION I printed an item calling the attention of sportsmen to the ball bearing oarlocks which are being manufactured by T. H. Garrett, Jr., and endorsing them strongly, but by mistake Mr. Garrett's address was given as Albany, N. Y. It is Auburn, N. Y.

Will you not kindly recommend RECREATION to all such of your friends as are sportsmen? Send me their names and addresses and I will mail them sample copies. I need the hearty co-operation and support of all true sportsmen and nature lovers in extending the circulation of this magazine. It is doing a great work in preserving the game, the game fishes, the song birds and the forests of this country, and the more people it reaches the greater good it can do. Please do not forget to send me the list of names.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my friends. The other fellows may go to.

SHALL THE PRICE OF RECREATION BE ADVANCED?

Prosperity has its price, as well as many other things. During the past few years this country has experienced an era of unparalleled commercial activity. Labor unions have taken advantage of these conditions to make repeated demands for advance in wages. Many of these calls have been met by employers, and in practically every case the prices of manufactured goods have been advanced in proportion to increased cost of production. As a result, it costs about twice as much to produce each issue of Recreation to-day as it did 5 years ago. The price made on this magazine when it was established was one that yielded a fair margin of profit over cost, but this so-called prosperity has increased the cost of paper, ink, type, fuel and labor to such an extent that for 3 years past every copy of Recreation sold and every subscription taken has been at a serious loss to me.

I had hoped to build up the advertising end of Recreation to cover this discrepancy between cost and selling price, without advancing the price of the magazine; but for reasons known to most of my readers I have not been able to do this. On the other hand, I have lost the advertising of the Winchester Arms Co., the U. M. C. Co., the Remington Arms Co., The Bridgeport Gun & Implement Co., the Dupont Powder Co. and the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., by reason of my crusade against the automatic and pump guns and against the market hunters. I fully recognize the right of these advertisers to withdraw their business from Recreation, and for that matter would rather lose every ad I have than discontinue my fight against these murderous elements.

In order, therefore, to meet existing conditions, it seems almost certain that I shall soon be compelled to advance the price of Recreation to $2 a year and 20 cents a copy.

Many of my readers, who realize that my price must soon be advanced, are sending in subscriptions for 2 and 3 years, and others are paying 5 years in advance. So far I am accepting such subscriptions, and it would be well for all who expect to stay on my books as subscribers to take advantage of this opportunity.

I should be glad to know the views of my readers on this question.

SPRING SHOOTERS IN POLITICS.

The subject of spring duck shooting is, probably for the first time in history, made an issue in politics. Both the Democratic and the Republican candidates for Assembly in Suffolk county, New York, are at this writing pledged to do everything possible, if elected, to secure the repeal of the present law which prohibits spring duck shooting. It may, therefore, he understood that whoever goes to the Assembly from that county will introduce a bill as soon as he gets there, to repeal the Brown law; and that he will do his level best to secure the passage of such a bill.

Forewarned is forearmed, and New York sportsmen should begin now to lay their plans for a big fight against this repeal bill when it comes up. Spring duck shooters are down now, and must be kept down.

New York took a long step backward when it enacted the infamous Odell measure authorizing game dealers to keep game in cold storage throughout the year, and we must see that no similar retrograde movement is made with regard to spring duck shooting.

A man in Bound Brook, N. J., died suddenly while reading a newspaper.

Moral: Read Recreation.

Mifkins: What do you think of that young man who is calling on your daughter?

Bifkins: Oh, he's the limit. He reminds me of a cipher with the rim off.—Chicago News.

The Grand Prize

has been awarded

The Prudential

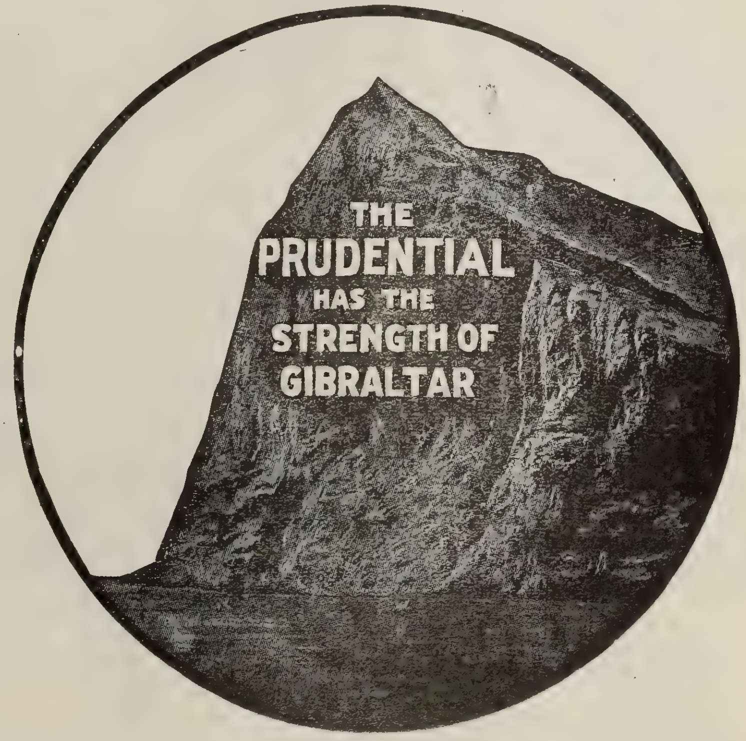
at

The St. Louis Exposition.

This is the

Highest Honor

ever conferred upon a Life Insurance Company of this or any other country at any International Exposition!


THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

THE
PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE
COMPANY
OF AMERICA.

Home Office,
Newark, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Write for Information of Policies. Dept. 92

PROFESSIONAL EATERS.

Supervisor Wright, of the Indian Service, gives the following account of one of the most striking customs of the past which is preserved by the Indians on the Devil's Lake Reservation in North Dakota:

"From time immemorial the Devil's lake Sioux have adhered to an old custom in regard to the treatment of a guest. According to their etiquette, it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the apportionment set before the visiting Indian is much in excess of the capacity of a single man. But by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat all that is placed before him, else he grossly insults his entertainer. It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but instead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the front. While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished. It is not always practicable to depend on a neighbor at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final consumption of the allotted portion, visiting Indians call on these professional eaters, whose duty it is to sit beside them through a meal, and eat what the guest leaves. The professional eaters are never looked on in the light of guests, but more as traveling companies with a particular duty to perform. These eaters receive $1 to $2, and even $3, for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent at the Devil's Lake Reservation that one of the professional eaters has been known to dispose of 17 pounds of beef at a sitting. That they are capable of eating an almost fabulous quantity I myself can testify."

A party of Chester people had an interesting and successful trip to Atlantic City in September. The party consisted of C. E. Tomlinson, Philip and Walter Cass, Edward Guyer, T. Smith and Wm. Lollis. The first fish caught weighed 6 pounds. This was landed by the Cass brothers after a desperate struggle. The second one was a shark, caught by Mr. Tomlinson. Guyer and Cass also hooked 2 large sharks but did not land them.

W. T., Chester, Pa.

We were interviewing Mr. Carvel Crisis McFlub, the famous novelist.

"Does it bother you," we inquired, "to have your wife keep you waiting while she is dressing for the theatre or other place of amusement?"

"Not at all," replied the great man, cordially, "I employ that time in turning out a complete novel."—Houston Chronicle.

A LAMENT FOR THE PAST.

I wish I had lived in the days gone by
When maidens were prim and sedate and shy;
So modest and true and dutiful, too;
When a man wasn't judged by the coin he blew;
The Puritan way, not at all like to-day,
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived in the good old time,
When knighthood and glory were in their prime;
When for maidens men fought, for they couldn't be bought;
When duels instead of divorces were sought;
A more honorable way than we have to-day,
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived during Cæsar's reign,
Or when Rameses did—I wouldn't complain;
There were no millionaires, no trusts, bulls nor bears,
But art was their hobby, so history declares,
In that good old day when Cæsar held sway;
But now everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived when Methuselah did,
When a man at two hundred was merely a kid;
When they lived easy lives and had dozens of wives,
And it wasn't bad form if they ate with their knives.
If you did it to-day folks would call you a jay,
For everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived in the primitive ages,
When gas bills and rent didn't take a man's wages;
And they didn't know style, for it wasn't worth while,
As they wore but a fig leaf and sometimes a smile;
A more simple way than we have to-day,
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived in the good old days,
Before men lost all their monkey ways;
When they sat in the trees and scratched for fleas,
And wore no trousers to bag at the knees,
A much better way than we have to-day,
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

—E. N. Clark, in Life.

Conductor—Madam, that boy is too large to ride on a half fare ticket.

Passenger—He wasn't when he got on the train.—N. Y. World.

THE
EQUITABLE

HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER

STRONGEST IN THE WORLD

J. W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

J. H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

of a Government Bond for $10,000 would please your wife, wouldn't it? It would please you, too, to be able to give it — but perhaps you can't.

You can, however—if you are in good health—make an investment that will give your wife—in the event of your death—an absolutely safe Gold Bond bearing 5% interest. Or the Bond will become your property in fifteen or twenty years if you live.

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.
Write to GAGE E. TARBELL. 2ND Vice President.

For full information fill out this coupon or write

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, 120 Broadway, New York. Dept. No. 16.

Please send me information regarding your new issue of Gold Bonds.

Base figures on a block of $ .... if issued to a man .... years of age

Name ....

Address ....

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

G. T. Harris, in Western Camera Notes.

III.

Selecting a suitable mask for any particular slide must left to the personal taste of the worker. It is, however, not the simple matter it looks at first sight. Time was when a rigorous conventionality assigned a perfect circle as the only possible shape for a lantern slide mask. Then dome-shaped and cushion-shaped masks began to be seen, until at the present time the decision is left largely to the slide maker. Generally speaking, lantern slides should be amenable to the same rules that good taste applies to framing of pictures. The slide mask is, to all intents and purposes, the frame of the picture, and its shape should vary with the subject in the same way that the frame of a picture is made to do. Rectangular openings will always be in better taste than the cushion or dome-shaped openings, and their dimensions should be proportioned to the subject, a useful, all around size being a rectangle with an opening 2⅞ inches by 2 inches. Circles are useful, but of limited application, though for many scientific subjects they are invaluable. Commercial masks are, naturally, of stock sizes, and a well assorted selection of shapes will enable the worker to select one that will suit some subject better than it would another; but not infrequently subjects will present themselves that demanded a specially cut mask to frame them satisfactorily, and the lantern slide maker must needs become his own mask maker.

The quickest and neatest way to make masks of any desired dimensions for odd subjects is to cut strips of varying widths from the best black needle paper. A supply of these strips may be cut for stock of standard widths, say, ½ an inch, one inch. 1¼ inches, etc. Cut the strips afterward into lengths of 3¼ inches, the size of the lantern slide. With a supply of these strips, it is easy to make a rectangular opening of any dimension by affixing them to the slide with gum arabic or any other adhesive. A pair of compasses will enable the several strips to be placed equi-distant, so that on completion the opening will be perfectly true. This method is much better in all ways for the amateur mask cutter than attempting to cut a rectangular opening in a sheet of paper.

The masks should be affixed to the film side of the slide with a touch or 2 of gum, and then placed under even pressure to become set perfectly flat. If when making the slide, the negative is placed in the camera with its film toward the lens, the lantern slide, when looked through with its film toward the spectator, will show the subject in its correct position. Before mounting the cover glass with the slide, the title may be neatly printed on the black mask with Chinese white, utilizing the right hand end of the mask for the purpose. On placing the slide in the lantern, if the title in Chinese white be placed toward the condenser the picture appears the right way about on the screen. If the title can not be written in white on the mask, owing to the negative being reversed when the slide was made, the slides must bear white spots to indicate their correct position.

The cover glass having been cleaned and placed in position on the slide, the slides must be bound with the gummed strips sold for the purpose. Binding a slide is one of those apparently easy photographic operations that is a nuisance until some dexterity has been acquired. Vices, to hold the slide and cover glass firmly together while the gummed strips are being affixed, may be obtained from the dealers, and they probably help the beginner, but later he will certainly find that his fingers are his best friends.

The gummed strips are sold either cut to the length of the slide, or in sufficient length to bind around the whole of the slide in one operation. For the beginner the divided lengths are the more convenient. Select 4 of these strips, dampen the gummed surface with a sponge and place aside a few minutes, gummed side uppermost, on a piece of thick felt. Take the slide and cover glass between the index finger and the thumb of each hand, and place their lower edges in the center of the gummed strip, a downward pressure on the soft felt surface sufficing to attach the strip firmly to the lower edges of the slide and cover glass. On being reversed, so that the edges bearing the gummed strip come uppermost the strip can be pressed in contact with the sides of the slide and cover glass by the forefinger and thumb of each hand. Bind the remaining sides of the slide in the same manner. This is the simplest method of binding lantern slides.

To mark lantern slides to facilitate their being placed in the lantern so as to show correctly on the screen, affix 2 white discs of paper to the slide, on the side that gave the subject its correct rendering as regards right and left handedness when viewed as a transparency. Place these discs at the top of the slide when it is held upright. If the slide is placed in the lantern with these discs down and toward the condenser, the view, or subject, is shown on the screen correctly as to right and left handedness.

The American system of marking lantern slides is to attach one disc, known as a thumb label, at the lower left corner.

FOCUSING BY MEASUREMENT.

I have read your account of photographing in the Canadian Rockies, with much interest, partly because you used an Eastman kodak and their developing machine. I have watched RECREATION closely to see if the different amateurs were using these machines much. I am thinking of buying a 3A folding pocket kodak as the size and shape seem about what I want. The one doubt in my mind is about the focusing. Of course with a roll of film in the machine one must needs go by the scale and unless he knows the distance exactly it looks to me as if some of the objects would be blurred.

Some of your pictures look as if they were taken at a distance of 20 or 25 feet, in which case did you measure the ground or simply make a mental calculation? I want a camera of good capacity but compact and not requiring the carrying around of a whole workshop. The 3A seems all of this provided the focusing is sure fire.

Is there some kind of printing out or developing paper that will give good black and white effects that is easy to work and that does not require a drug store of chemicals for its manipulation? I read about Velox and the work and apparatus necessary to secure results would frighten a wooden photographer. Some say Cyco is good, but the next issue will contain a complaint from some poor brother who has trouble with it, blistering, etc. I have grown tired of trying to make a permanent print in Solio. Does the Eastman water developing platinum give permanent results? Why can we not have a good paper giving black and white effects with no more work than blue print?

Frank G. Smith, Chico, Cal.

ANSWER.

A good many of my photos, of small objects, were made at distances of 2 to 7 feet; others at 12 feet and still others at varying distances up to 70 or 80 feet. In photographing any object at 7 to 12 feet from the camera I measure the distance carefully with a tape line. If the distance is 12 feet, I step it. At these short distances it is necessary that the exact distance be known, but when working on objects more than 12 feet from the camera a variation of a foot or 2 in the distance is not material. It is only necessary to stop the lens down to 64, or better still to 128, and then give long time in order to get sharp definition, even if there be a slight variation in the distance as marked on the scale. Of course, you understand that when working on objects more than 100 feet away everything is in focus.

I have no trouble in getting as good results as I deserve on the various kinds of Eastman paper. There are other good ones in the market, but I do not have time to study and experiment with the processes for working all of them. EDITOR

SAVED HIS OWN NEGATIVES.

I often notice in RECREATION, "Do your own developing." I endorse this, and my experience on several occasions justifies me. Last September I had the pleasure of a trip through the cotton fields of Southeastern Missouri, remaining with friends at one place several days. While there I took a snapshot of 3 little girls at a pump. The negative was undertimed. I had the same misfortune with one or 2 others, among them, one of the steamer Stacker Lee landing at a river town. On my return home I went to my friend, the professional photographer, to have him develop my plates. I had about 2 dozen. Among the first to be developed was that of the steamer, which he pronounced no good, though I have since come to the conclusion that the negative could have been saved. I am now glad that other business prevented his developing any more that day.

The next morning when I arrived he was just ready to develop a bunch of plates taken with great pains by some boys of the town at a National Guard encampment. They could not be reproduced or taken again under any circumstances. Several were excellent, except that they had small light stains. These negatives were also destroyed. When I asked him if those could not have been saved or made fit for printing, he answered, "Yes, but I haven't time to monkey with them." I then offered some of mine to be developed. The one of the 3 girls at the pump, he said was no good. I took it from him, and after examining it, asked him to finish it, but he said it would never print. After a while I persuaded him to fix it. I have it now and, thanks to the hints given in RECREATION, I have intensified it and would not willingly part with it. In fact, it did print a fair picture before intensification. If I had not been there to prevent it, my negative would have suffered the same fate as many others he developed.

On the same trip I landed in St. Louis, Mo., where at one of the principal stores dealing in photographic supplies, I bought some plates. While there I heard a heated discussion regarding about 200 films, of good sizes. One of the gentlemen, noticing that I had a camera, showed me some of the films; in fact, I spent nearly an hour examining them. They were views of

America and foreign countries, taken by a company of tourists. Some of the negatives were grossly over or undertimed, but a number showed signs of mishandling in development; scratches, stains, finger marks, etc.

These 2 instances have taught me to do my own developing. I like to be my own judge as to whether or not my photo or plate or film is good, bad or indifferent. Unless you do your own developing you can not watch the process, and perhaps your most prized negative will be spoiled by an indifferent professional, whereas you would have taken care and pains to make it good.

V. J. Ley, Spokane, Wash.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY AGAIN.

The eminent German scientist, Dr. Koenig, of Hoechst, has, according to cable advices, announced his complete success in solving the problem of color photography. Dr. Koenig stated to a congress of scientists assembled at Breslau that his discovery revealed a process whereby every shade of color in the object photographed was reproduced, and that the process was so simple any amateur could employ it with the same facility as snap shots. Furthermore, according to the doctor, it costs little more than ordinary photography.

Pictures taken by this process are absolutely lifelike. They show, for instance, whether a man wears a black or a dark blue coat; whether his watch chain is of gold or silver, and whether his complexion is pale or ruddy. After the negative is taken, the colored photograph can be copied in 40 seconds, retaining all the shades.

If Dr. Koenig's enthusiasm has not carried him away, he has made the discovery of the century. If he has solved the question of color photography he has completely revolutionized the art as it exists to-day.

It would be difficult to say just how far color photography could be applied, were it in reality achieved. The result of a discovery such as Dr. Koenig proclaims would open up illimitable fields. It would not only mean a revolution in photography, but would doubtless result in the fixing of new standards of art.—The Photographer.

FLASH SILHOUETTES.

Flashlight photography has its peculiar fascinations, but is usually confined to the taking of a group which can not be gathered at any other time than in the evening. This group picture is important and nothing can take its place, but as a supplementary amusement why not try some flash silhouettes? Proofs displayed shortly after the taking would add immensely to the merriment of the hour. The plan of operation is simple, as follows:

Hang a sheet free from wrinkles over a doorway. Place the camera and the subject on one side, the latter posed as near the sheet as possible. Set off the flash at a distance of 10 feet on the other side. Focus sharply the profile of the subject or subjects and pose suitably for serious or comic result. I use a fast plate, diaphragm F 8, and a small quantity of flash powder. The first attempt is likely to be over exposed.

In developing, work for contrast, not detail. A contrasty paper will yield an excellent print. If you develop your plates shortly after exposure, a minute or 2 of rinsing under the tap will remove excess of hypo, so that a wet piece of paper carefully rubbed into contact with the negative will admit of proof-making and your friends will enjoy the result.—V. A. Wood, Milford, Pa.

SNAP SHOTS.

The next time you see the beautiful decorations with which Jack Frost covers the window pane, try to photograph them. If you have a long focus camera, so much the better, as it will permit your taking them at least natural size or a trifle larger. You will be astonished to see the beautiful designs. I have made several, which are perfect, as follows: Focus as sharp as possible, keeping the camera square with the pane; use stop 32, hang a piece of black cloth, or, as I did, a black card, outside and about 3 feet from the window, and give 2 to 4 seconds' exposure. The correct time is easily found on the second or third exposure. Do not develop too hard, as the detail is so fine that it will be lost entirely in the portions frozen the thickest, if developed with too much contrast.

C., Bethlehem, Pa.

Will you please send me the formula used in coating Velox printing paper? Also send formula for making prints red, green and different colors.

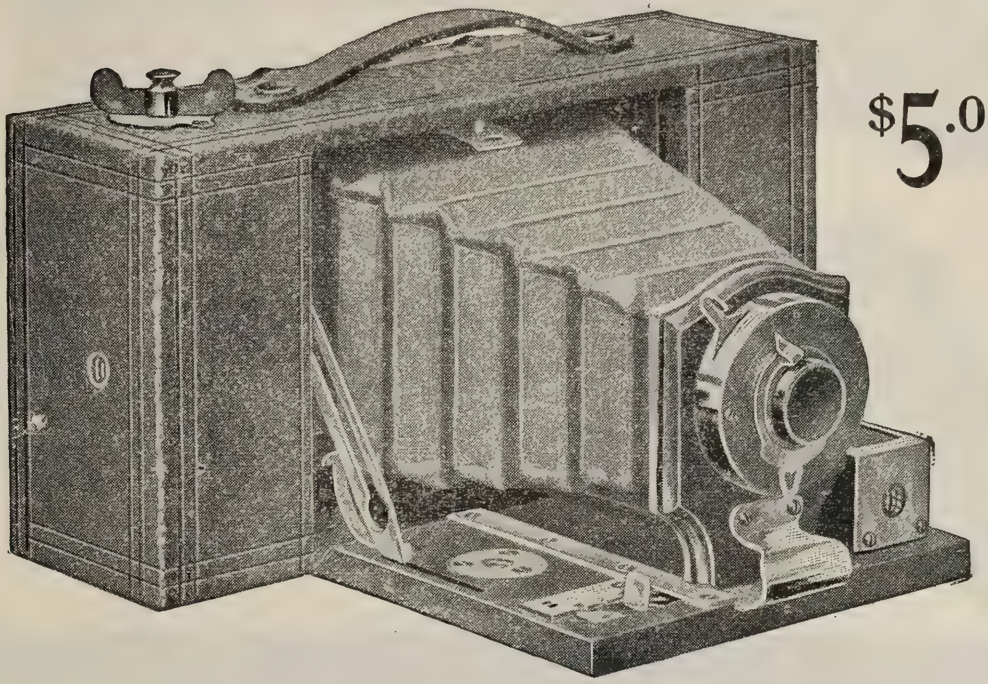
Herbert N. Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.

The manufacturers of Velox do not publish their formula.

There are several different methods of making colored prints. Platinum prints can be toned with uranium to a number of different colors and shades. For the best colored prints the carbon or gum bichromate processes are most satisfactory. Books describing these processes can be obtained from dealers in photographic supplies, the directions being too long to be published here.—Editor.

Do not fail to read the announcement of Recreation's Drawing Contest on page liii.

"Almost a Kodak."



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The New No. 2

Folding Brownie

More of a camera than has ever before been offered at the price. Good enough to satisfy grown people—simple enough for the children. A Christmas delight to either.

Has automatic shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus lens, automatic focusing device, reversible finder, two tripod sockets. Uses daylight film cartridges for 6 exposures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

BROWNIES, $1, $2, $5. KODAKS, $5 TO $97. DEVELOPING MACHINES, $2 TO $10.

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Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

"Century" Cameras

are the *only Cameras* having a

Revolving Back

—one of our many exclusive features. Not necessary to detach the back to change from a horizontal to a vertical picture. Press a catch and revolve the back to the right or left. Adds nothing to size or weight.

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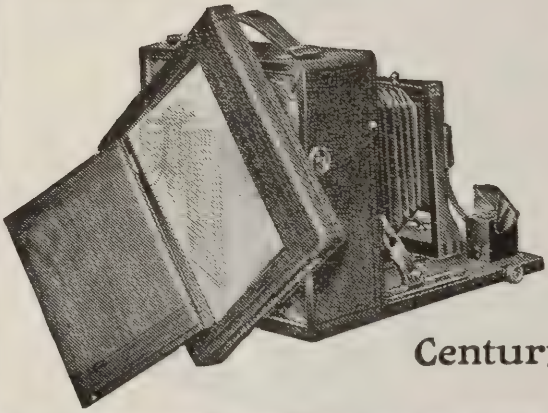
Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y.



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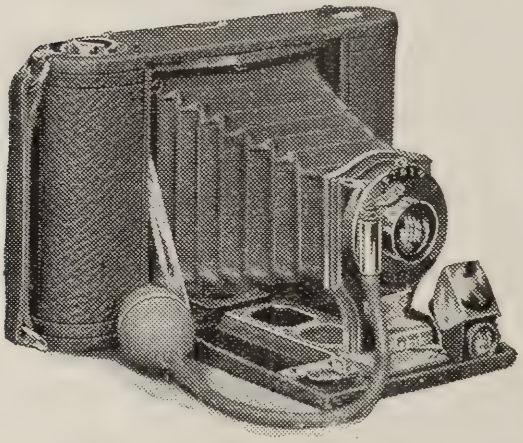


Films Developed at 5c. per roll

Any size

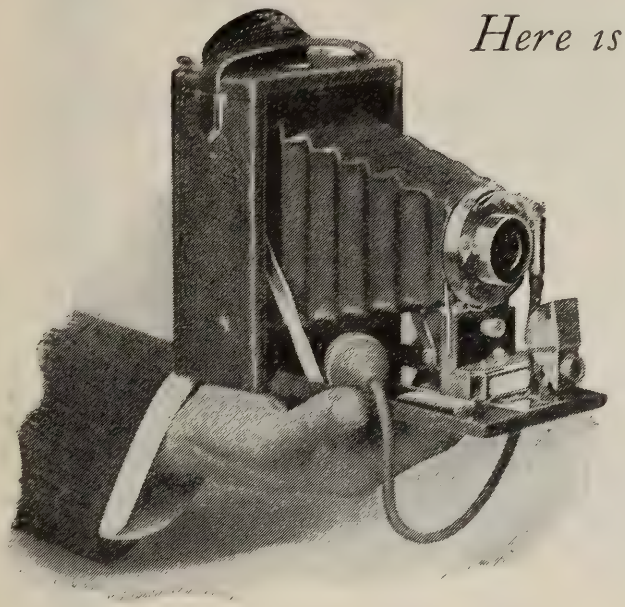
Bromide Enlarging at lowest prices
Send us your Films or Plates

National Specialty Co.,
49 West 28th St. NEW YORK CITY

Composite printing is a frequent resource with the artistic photographer who is possessed of reasonable patience and of some dexterity in the use of the pencil or brush; but there are circumstances under which the amount of detail work to be done in blocking out the background objected to would be prohibitive. In one such case, it was desired to make a photograph, for botanical purposes, of a tree standing immediately before a number of other trees which it was sought to exclude from the picture. Blocking out would have been tedious, if possible, which was doubtful; and it was impracticable to hoist a sail or other white screen to form a background for a tree of the size in question.

A quantity of damp rubbish was piled behind the tree to be pictured, at a short distance from it, and set fire to. The smoke from the burning rubbish formed an artificial background. A lens of short focus and large aperture was used, so as to diminish the depth of focus of the camera. and thereby confine the image as much as possible to one plane.—The Camera.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.



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The Folding Film Premo

Loads by daylight in three seconds with the 12-exposure Film Pack. A single motion presents each film for exposure.

Made in three sizes.

A handsome Christmas present

Premo Folding	3¼ x 4¼	3¼ x 5½	4 x 5
Film Camera No. 1	$10.00	$12.50	$12.50
Premo Film Pack, 12 exposures	.70	.80	.90

Premo Plate Cameras become film cameras by use of the Premo Film Pack Adapter. Price, 3¼ x 4¼, $1.00; 4 x 5, $1.50; 5 x 7, $2.50.

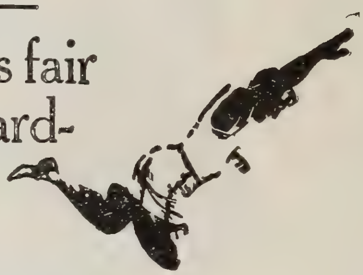
Rochester Optical Co., Rochester, New York

Catalogue at Dealer's or by Mail.

99% of a camera's value
is in the lens.

THE GRAND PRIZE

at the world's fair has been awarded to the



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in competition with the world.

Goerz lenses are essential in the making of perfect pictures. The manufacturers have always claimed to make the best lenses in the world—competition has proved it. Catalogue Free.

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A Prothero Gun Cabinet

Made by
JOHN N. PROTHERO, DuBOIS, PA.,
Makes it Easy.

Send me

15 new yearly Subscriptions to Recreation

and I will send you a Cabinet listed at $15.

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request

Address **Recreation**
23 W. 24th St. New York City

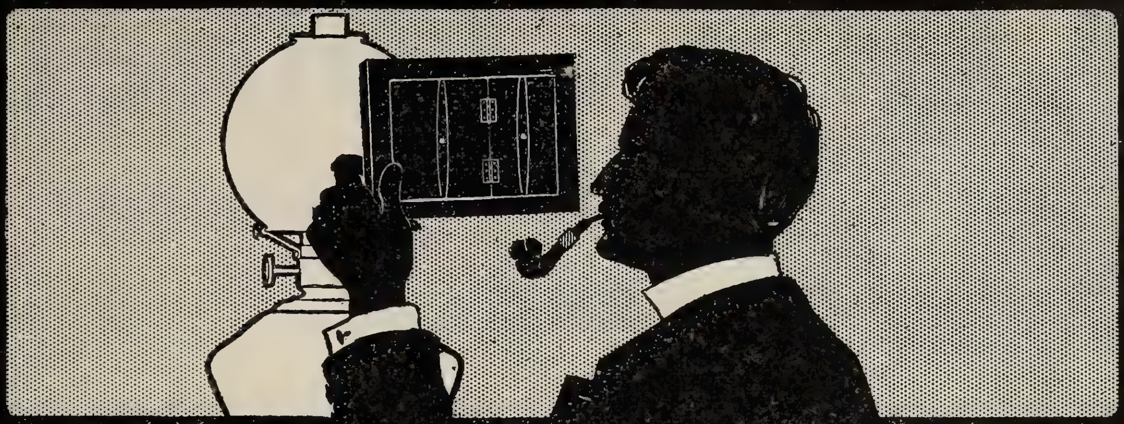
We take great pleasure in writing you regarding the Bristol fishing rods received as premiums for subscriptions to RECREATION. Last Friday Mr. Dill and I went fishing in the Tuscarawas river at Gnadenhutten, Ohio. The day was not favorable but we were lucky enough to land a 3 pound black bass and a 2 pound salmon, which makes a fair trial for the Bristol, and convinces us that it is the only rod. The Syracuse gun Mr. Dill received some time ago as a premium tis a very fine one. Our experience is that any premium furnished through RECREATION will be of the highest and best quality to be obtained anywhere.

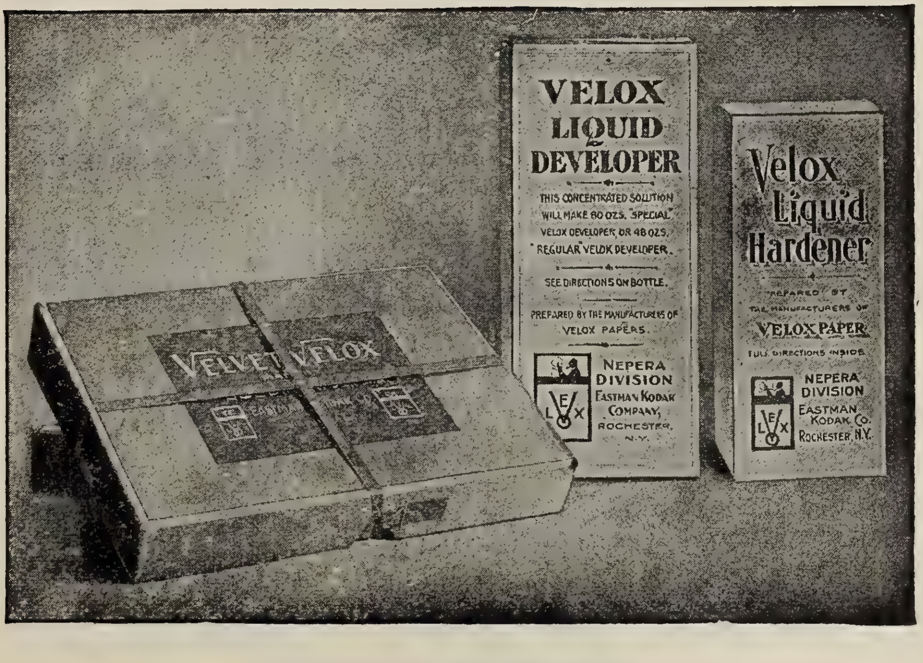
H. C. Metcalf and H. E. Dill, Dennison, Ohio.

Something Special — Playing Cards Free:—To each person sending me $1 for one year's subscription to RECREATION, or sending it direct to be placed to my credit, I will forward all charges prepaid, a pack of elegant gold edge playing cards. These are no cheap second quality cards but first quality of extra selected stock, highly enameled and polished, fancy set pattern backs, each pack wrapped in handsome glazed wrapper and packed in strong telescope case.

L. J. Tooley,
141 Burr Oak St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

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VELOX LIQUID DEVELOPER
THIS CONCENTRATED SOLUTION WILL MAKE 80 OZS. SPECIAL VELOX DEVELOPER, OR 48 OZS. REGULAR VELOX DEVELOPER.
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They Work Best Together.

All Dealers.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

A Gun Cabinet

would make a splendid Christmas present

For a Sportsman

It is just the thing in which to keep his

Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

and other Jewelry in perfect order and properly protected from dust and moisture

SEND ME

35 Yearly Subscriptions

to RECREATION

and I will send you a gun and fishing tackle cabinet made by the West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa., listed at $33.

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23 West 24th St., New York City

CAMERA TO STOP SCORCHING.

Police Prefect Lepine, of Paris, is preparing to put in operation an ingenious apparatus intended to put a stop to the scorching of automobiles along the Champs Elysees. He is planning to fix cameras on pivots at certain points along the street. They will be so arranged that when a machine whizzes past the point they will set in motion chronographs. The apparatus also includes an arrangement by which the chronographs will stop at a certain given distance. By this means the prefect expects to furnish unerring evidence of speed violations.

One of the latest photographic wonders is a machine capable of receiving impressions at the rate of 2,000 a second—30 or 40 times as fast as the ordinary cinematograph. It is hoped that with it insects' wings in motion may be photographed and the problem of flight solved.—The Photographer.

"Hope ye've got some variety about yer show," said the manager of the Plunkville Grand Opera House, as he laboriously affixed his signature to the contract.

"Lots of it," replied the gentlemanly advance agent. "Our performance comprises circus, comic opera, ballet, vaudeville, comedy, concert, grand opera, minstrels, tragedy, drama, pantomime, and extravaganza."

The local manager looked disappointed. "Hain't ye got no mind reader ner hypnotic perfesser?" he inquired.—Pittsburg Post.

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Photographed at Liao-Yang by James W. Hare, with a Bausch & Lomb Lens.
Japanese officers viewing the battle through

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss
STEREO Binocular Field Glasses

STEREO Field Glasses are used by the armies and navies of all the Great Nations because they are the best Field Glass made.
Everyone who travels, sails, hunts or lives where there is an extended view should have a STEREO. It is the sixth sense that brings the out-of-reach into easy view. STEREO has immense power, size of field and Stereoscopic relief in the image.
Get our STEREO Booklet free for the asking.

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Also Catalog of Photo Lenses, Microscopes, Laboratory Supplies.

A "Rapid-Fire" Camera

The lens always in focus. The shutter always set.

The New No. 5
Weno Hawk-Eye

Loads for twelve 3¼ x 4¼ exposures with Blair or Kodak film. Perfect in every detail of construction.

Price, $7.50

BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

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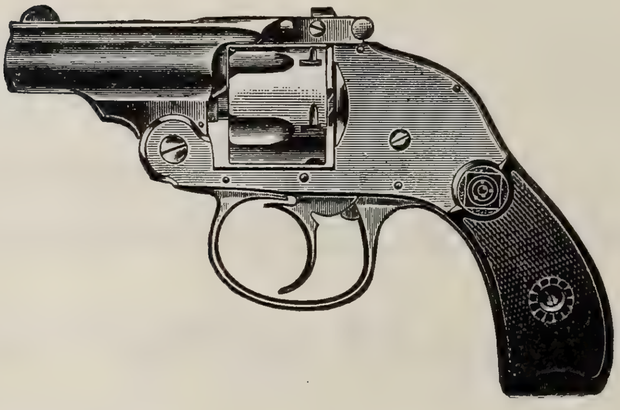
A Good, Reliable, Substantial, Well-Made

REVOLVER?

If so, send me

5 Yearly Subscriptions

I will send you such a Revolver as a premium



It is made by the *HARRINGTON AND RICHARDSON ARMS CO.*, and this means good-material and good workmanship.

Any other article made by that firm can be had on a basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

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Homogeneous Lens Construction

Air spaces between the elements of a lens increase the reflecting surfaces, entailing loss of light, thereby reducing the rapidity, give a possibility of flare, flatten the image and such lenses are very liable to sweat. All the lenses in the combinations of the TURNER-REICH ANASTIGMAT are cemented together. They are Homogeneous. Working intensity, F-6.8.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

A liberal discount on mail orders.

GUNDLACH-MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO.
730 Clinton Avenue So., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Mention RECREATION

RECREATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The holiday season is again approaching, and generous, thoughtful people are making up lists of presents for their friends. All such good people should remember that no more interesting, valuable or appropriate present for a man or a boy can be found than a yearly subscription to RECREATION. There are many such people who have sent in a number of subscriptions at the end of each year, for their friends, and who have announced their intention of continuing this custom as long as they live. RECREATION is a great educator; it is a moulder of good, sound sentiment with regard to outdoor sports and the preservation of wild animals, birds, fishes and forests. It stands preeminently for clean sport and manly manhood. It should, therefore, be in the hands of every man and boy in the land. Do not forget to include it in your list.

"Ah, so you've got an automobile?"

"No, indeed! My wife's been cleaning my clothes with gasolene."—Indianapolis **Sentinel.**

The Bull's Eye rifle telescope you sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION came to hand in good season and in good condition and I thank you much for it. Got 10 of the 15 subscriptions in my place of business in one evening. RECREATION is so well known in this locality that one does not have to do much canvassing to get subscriptions. Shall do what I can to add to your list in the future.

H. R. Hitchcock, Cedarville, Ohio.

I received my Acme shot gun and am much pleased with it. Have given it a fair test and find it perfect in every respect. I am going to keep up the good work. RECREATION is the best magazine printed.

E. Yahle, Ledgewood, N. J.

Christmas Presents

Oil Portraits on Approval

If you will send me a photo of yourself or a friend and state color of hair, eyes and complexion, I will paint and send you on approval an oil or pastel portrait, miniature or life size.

Canvas, 6x8 or 8x10 inches,	$10
Canvas, 10x12 or 12x14 inches,	$15
Full life size, - -	$35

Z. EMMONS, 58 W. 104th St.
Reference: Mr. G. O. Shields. New York

DOWN THE AUTOMATIC AND PUMP GUNS.

I am with you on the automatic gun question. An automatic shot gun placed in the hands of the average thoughtless, ignorant shooter would be so destructive that its use ought to be prohibited by law. I should like to see the use of the shot gun stopped altogether, or at least none but single shot guns used, as the destruction of our feathered game is due to the scatter gun. The birds are given no show to get away. It requires greater skill, and is a greater test of sportsmanship to cut off a grouse's head with a rifle at 25 yards or even less, than to kill the bird on the wing with a scatter gun. I am also opposed to the shot gun for the reason that its use has lowered the standard of rifle shooting in this country. Almost every town and hamlet has its shot gun club and grounds, where the members congregate and blaze away at blue rocks day after day, while only in the larger cities are rifle clubs and ranges to be found. This is not as it should be. The majority of us are liable to be called on at any time to defend our country, and of what use would the shot gun be then? I am not a believer in wars and in killing people, yet every patriotic American surely takes pride in the work of Jackson's sharpshooters at New Orleans on a certain memorable occasion; and as far as I have been able to learn it was not the shot gun, but the rifle, which cut the wide swath there. I understand that the Government and the National Association are now trying to revive the interest in rifle shooting, and in no better way can this be done than by discouraging the use of the shot gun as much as possible. This will also have a tendency to preserve the few game birds which are left.

I see that there is now on the market an automatic rifle of heavy caliber, for hunting big game. This arm should be placed in the same class with the shot gun. Would it not be a good thing if repeating guns of all kinds should be prohibited, and nothing but single shots be allowed, except for the hunting of dangerous game? What reason can be advanced for the use of the deadly pump gun nowadays, with game getting scarcer all the time? Are such guns more necessary now than they were in the days of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone? Certainly not. Those pioneers had to depend on their rifles as a defense against dangerous animals in an unsettled country. When we think of our forefathers opening up the wilderness for settlement with muzzle loading rifles, the use of the idea of a pump gun becomes simply ridiculous. I am not averse to progress in the art of making fire arms, nor in anything else, but there should be reason in everything, and I can see no reason why the pump gun should be permitted for the destruction of the remnant of game we have left.

Occasionally the "use emery in your rifle barrel" fool crops out, and it is about time this cheerful idiot be given his quietus. The advice to use emery to take rust spots out of rifle barrels is generally given by some ignoramus who has no proper conception of what rust really is. Rust is a red oxide of iron, which attacks and eats into metal. In order to remove this from the inside of a rifle barrel, the novice puts some emery on a wiper, and after inserting this in the barrel, he alternately pushes and pulls it back and forth across the affected spot, deluding himself with the idea that he is putting the rifle in as good a condition as it was before the rust spot appeared. What is he doing to the bore of his rifle in the meantime? He is digging a hole in it which is both larger and deeper than the original rust spot, and that is a case where the cure is worse than the disease. It would be far better that the rust spot be left untouched than to try to remove it by such means. Emery should never be used in a rifle barrel. A rifle that is properly cleaned and taken care of after being fired will never rust. Should rust spots appear, clean the rifle thoroughly in the ordinary manner, fire a few rounds, clean again as before, and let it go at that. The use of emery in a case of that kind does absolutely no good, but may, and usually does, result in great harm. Generally speaking, the only way in which rust can be removed from the bore of a rifle is to rebore the barrel through the entire length, and, of course, this can not be done without making the caliber at least one size larger. Some of your readers seem to have hard work keeping the bore of their rifles in good condition. I can not see why this is, as it is no trouble at all for me. I am the owner of 3 rifles, and all I do, when through shooting, is to clean the gun thoroughly and apply a coat of heavy cylinder oil. I always find the barrel bright when I clean it again before using. This heavy oil should always be removed before the rifle is fired, because the heat generated in firing bakes it into a tough, sticky gum, which is hard to remove.

A. Kennedy, Post Falls, Idaho.

TRIALS OF A DRUGGIST.

The druggist's night bell rang at 1 a. m. and with ruffled temper the worthy dispenser came down in his pajamas and opened the door.

"I want a bottle of ginger ale, please," said the complacent individual who stood without.

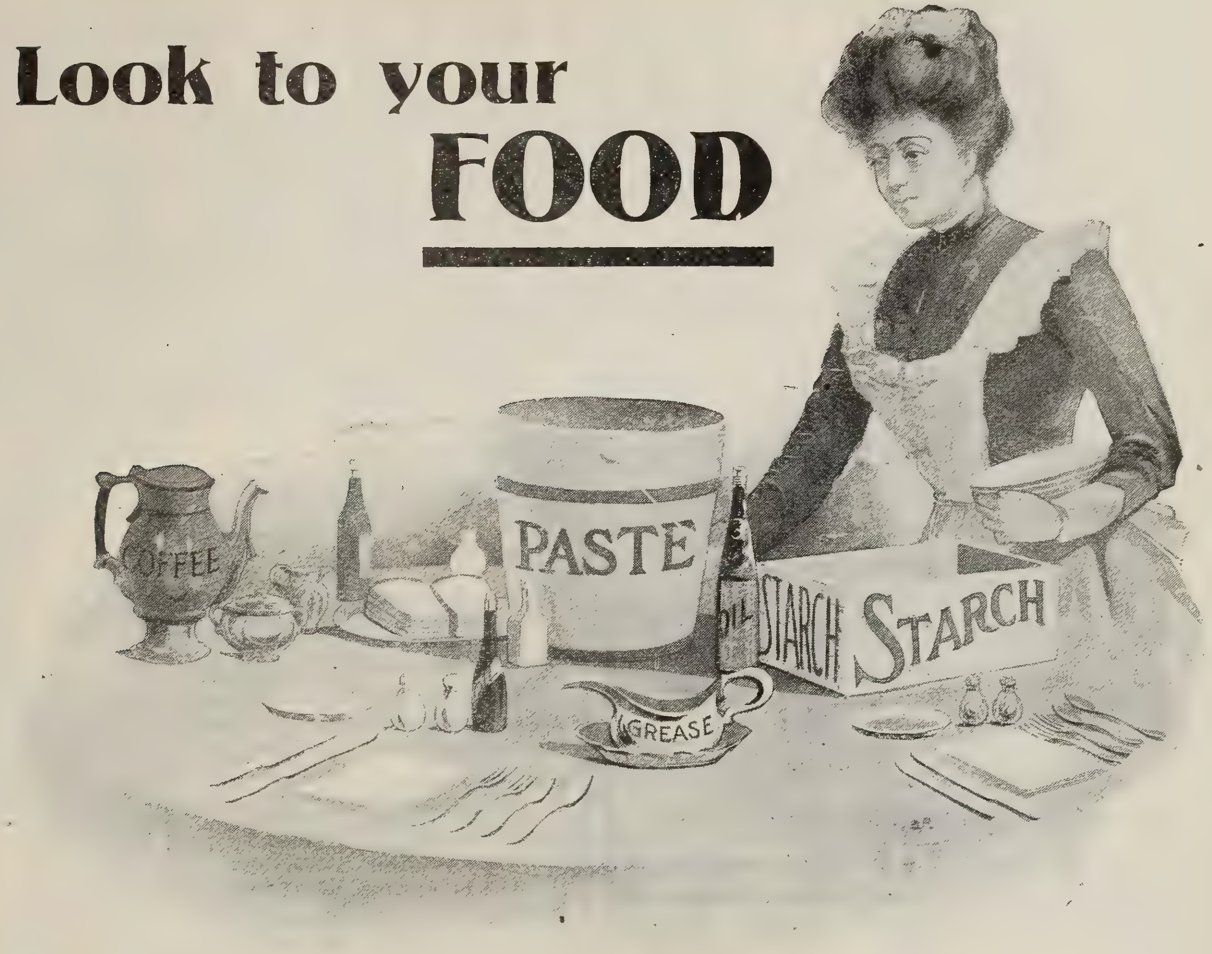
For a moment the druggist was inclined to be personal; then he reflected that since he had come down he might as well do business.

"Twenty cents, please," he said. "Five cents will be allowed on the bottle when returned."

Two hours later he was awakened by another ring. Again he descended, to find the same complacent customer at the door.

"Here's your bottle," he said. "Gimme my 5 cents."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Look to your FOOD



Too much **Starch** (in form of white bread, undercooked potatoes, etc.), **Paste** (half-cooked cereals, soggy vegetables, etc.), **Grease** (over-fat meats, fried foods, etc.), **Coffee** (with its dangerous Caffein, etc.), these elements that make up the diet cause nine-tenths of human ails and only by change to proper food can these ails be cured. So long as the cause is there the effect will remain, although, of course, you may cover it with medicine for a time.

Cut out the pasty, soggy, greasy, starchy foods, and tea and coffee, and get back to a natural diet, don't over-eat, be sure to chew your food thoroughly, some exercise, plenty fresh air, and soon all the joys of living will come back again, for you know there's no feeling in all the world half so fascinating as the glow of returning health, strength and vigor.

How ?

Try this 10 days and note how much stronger you will feel in Body and Brain—keener, brighter and fit to keep up in the life race.

BREAKFAST of, say A Little Fruit, Saucer of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream,
A Little Toast, A Soft Cooked Egg or Two, A Cup of Postum

in place of tea or coffee. Surprising how far you can go on this simple meal yet be strong and feel well fed for the reason that **all the food elements are there.**

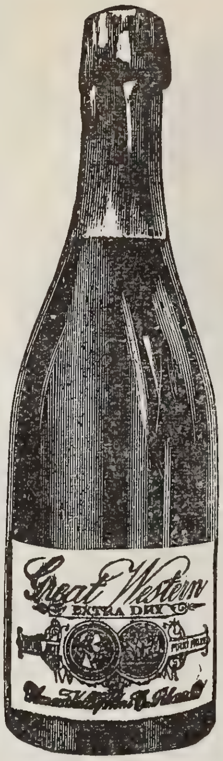
LUNCH on the same and no more till the evening meal.

Make DINNER the hearty meal, such meat as you prefer (some can't eat pork), good wholesome vegetables well cooked but not soggy, whole wheat bread or toast, dessert from some one of the GRAPE-NUT recipes, (book in each pkg.)

This diet will put you on your feet again and for a sound, scientific reason.

There is no charm like the glow of returning health; 10 days of the GRAPE-NUTS diet will prove it.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



The Wisdom

of selecting a beverage with care as to its purity and quality must be apparent to everyone.

Great Western Champagne

—the standard of American wines

is the choicest, purest Product of the grape, without a superior under any label, foreign or domestic.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere

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COPLEY SQUARE **BOSTON MASS.**

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Elegant High Class family and **Transient Hotel.** Luxurious rooms, single or en suite. **European Plan Exclusively.** Excellent cuisine and fine orchestra. Centrally located and convenient to theatres and shopping districts, at the same time being in the most refined part of the city. **Two minutes from Back Bay station of N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and Huntington Avenue Station of N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and B. & A. R. R. Rates from $1.00 per day and up.**

E. W. BOYCE, Manager.

MORE PROTESTS AGAINST THE AUTOMATIC GUN.

Winchester Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I am not a fanatic on game protection, but I am an ardent lover of the gun and rod. Without the game, I should have no interest in the gun, and it looks to thinking people as if the gun makers are determined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Upland game birds and wild fowl are every year becoming fewer and fewer, and were it not for such men as G. O. Shields and such associations as the League of American Sportsmen guns would soon be useless, as far as game is concerned. If you put an automatic shot gun on the market, it will be but little use for Mr. Shields or any other person or association to try further to preserve or increase the feathered tribe.

There is but one of 2 things to be done, if you insist on putting an automatic shot gun on the market. One is, to give up and let our game birds be exterminated. The other is for the L. A. S. to have laws passed prohibiting the use of such guns. I am sure I should have no trouble in getting such an act passed by the Legislature of this State.

No. sportsman would want such a gun. None but pot hunters and market hunters would use them.

As the L. A. S. is spending money and time to put such men out of business, we do not want such weapons put in their hands. We hope, therefore, you will not put such a gun on the market. Yours respectfully,

C. F. Dill,
Chief Warden, S. C. Division, L. A. S.

Saginaw, Mich.

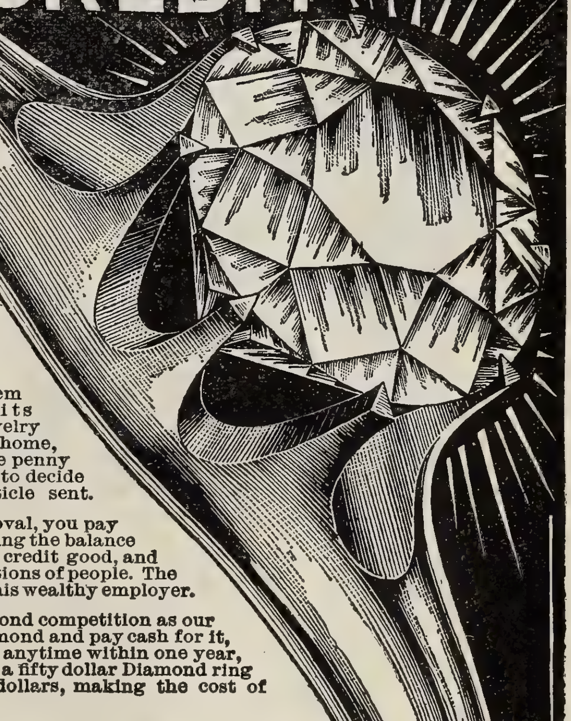
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

The Saginaw Evening News, last Saturday, contained an editorial, and a good strong one, against the use of automatic shot guns.

I register my protest against putting on the market an automatic shot gun. A pump gun is damnable enough, the weapon of pot hunters and market hunters. Of course, it sells, and you are in business to make money, but there is no necessity for going any farther. There is no need of an automatic gun. Do have some sentiment. Think of the protection of our feathered game, and discourage, instead of encouraging, the making of such instruments of murder. A business like yours will be narrowed down, in the long run, if you put an automatic gun on the market, for it would only be a year or 2 before all the game birds would be completely cleaned out by the use of it, and the field that you now occupy by catering to the sportsmen, by selling good shot guns and shot gun ammunition, would be closed. Yours truly,

W. B. Mershon.



CHRISTMAS
DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT

The
Gold Medal
has been awarded to the
LOFTIS SYSTEM

by the Judges at the Saint Louis Exposition. This is the highest endorsement possible, and puts the official stamp of the greatest exposition ever held upon our goods, prices, terms and methods, against all competition, foreign and domestic.

What is the Loftis System? It is the system which permits the far-away buyers to select the finest Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry from our beautifully illustrated catalogue and have them sent to their home, place of business or express office on approval. You need not pay one penny for express charges or otherwise—we pay everything—leaving you free to decide whether to buy or not after the fullest examination of the article sent.

Credit Terms. If what we send meets with your entire approval, you pay one-fifth on delivery and keep the article, sending the balance to us direct, in eight equal monthly payments. These terms make anyone's credit good, and permit us to open **confidential charge accounts** with all classes and conditions of people. The ten-dollar a week employe is just as welcome as a customer on our books as is his wealthy employer.

Cash Terms. We also have a cash plan, and it is just as far beyond competition as our easy payment terms. Read this: Select any Diamond and pay cash for it, and we will give you a written agreement that you may return the Diamond anytime within one year, and get all you paid for it—less ten per cent. You might, for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond ring or stud for a year, then bring or send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents per week.

Guarantee and Exchange. With every Diamond we give a written guarantee of quality and value signed by a member of the firm. We also accept any Diamond ever sold by us as so much money in exchange for a larger Diamond or other goods. Every transaction with our house will be satisfactory—our record is a guarantee of that. In 1858 a very small jewelers shop—today the largest house in the business, and winner of the World's Exposition Gold Medal.

Christmas Selections. Don't wait to make Christmas selections for you can save time, money and worry by doing it now. We have Christmas gifts suitable for friends, relatives and loved ones, all at low prices and on terms to suit any purse. Don't make the mistake of buying something cheap or trashy—the same money would make the first payment on a beautiful Diamond ring, stud, brooch, locket, a pair of cuff buttons or earrings, or a fine watch. A Diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one—it lasts forever, and every day reminds the wearer of your regard and good judgment.

Christmas Catalogue. Our handsomely illustrated **Christmas Catalogue** is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today, and do not make a single selection until you have received it. It will save money for you, and is the best possible guide you can have to reliable goods, satisfactory dealings and convenient terms of payment. Notwithstanding the fact that we have the greatest capacity and best facilities in the world for handling business expeditiously and satisfactorily, we strongly urge upon you the advisability of ordering your selection early. Our Christmas business is something enormous; mistakes are vexatious; delays are dangerous. **Write today.**

Souvenir. You will receive in addition to our Christmas Catalogue a copy of our beautiful Souvenir History of Diamonds, more than a million copies of which have been distributed at our Diamond Cutting Exhibit in the Varied Industries Building at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis. Write at once to insure receiving a copy.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Diamond Cutters and
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Dept. P 82 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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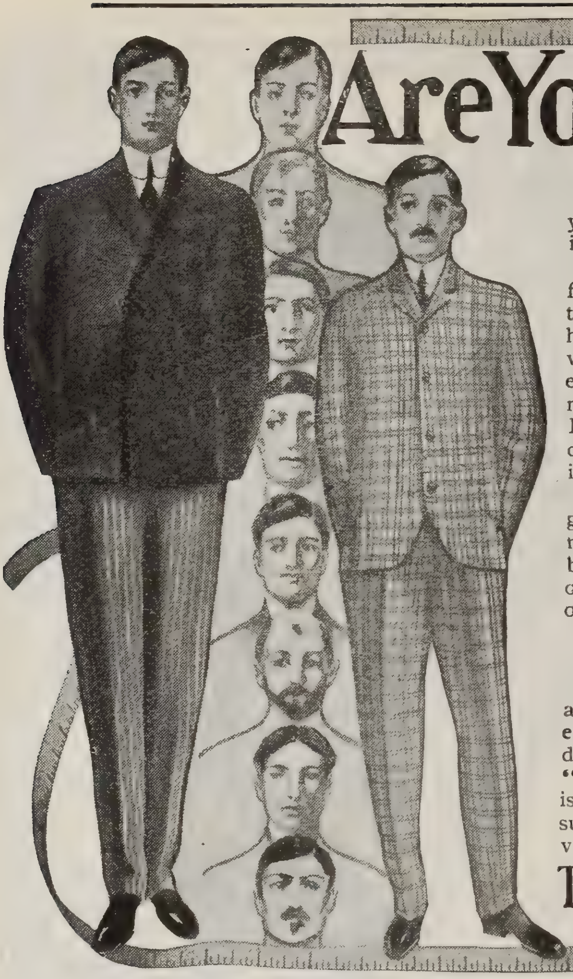
A DIAMOND

DIAMONDS WIN
HEARTS



Are You 8 Heads High?

A perfectly proportioned man is exactly eight heads high. If you are not this ideal height it is now possible to make you so. It is no longer necessary to be short.

Mr. K. LEO MINGES, of Rochester, N. Y., has originated and perfected a system by which any one can add from two to three inches to his stature. No matter what your age or sex may be your height can be increased. This can be done in your own home and without the knowledge of others. It does not involve the use of electricity. It is not a medical treatment. It necessitates no drugs, no internal treatment, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. It is a method based on strictly scientific principles, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture.

If you are short you are handicapped. Even one inch makes a great difference to anybody's appearance. Appearances count for much both in business and social life. If you are short you cannot be admired from a physical standpoint, especially by those of the opposite sex. If you are short, you should write us for a copy of our FREE booklet.

"How to Grow Tall"

If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the advantages of proper height, send us your name and address, and we will at once send you a copy of our FREE booklet, **"How to Grow Tall."** It tells you of the only method in existence by which it is possible to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. All we want is this opportunity to convince you. Write to-day.

The Cartilage Company, 104 P, Unity Bldg. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DO YOU WISH

TO IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING?

THE J. C. HAND TRAP

Will help you. It throws any of the clay targets now in use, giving an excellent representation of a bird in flight.

I will send you a

J. C. HAND TRAP

for 2 yearly subscriptions to

Recreation

Send in your club now and improve your shooting

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion: A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check, in order that those friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

Seashells Free! I have a good collection of saltwater shells that I would give in exchange for 4 yearly subscriptions for RECREATION, or would sell for $5.

Harry Flipping, 30 W. Ohio Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

LEARN JIU-JITSU

The Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defence

After being jealously guarded as a national secret for over two thousand years, a full exposition of the art of Jiu-Jitsu—the most wonderful and mysterious physical science in the whole world—will be given to the American public.

Jiu-Jitsu embraces a system of physical training which, without artificial means, developes every muscle and tissue and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and attribute their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the practice of Jiu-Jitsu.

As a means of self-defence, Jiu-Jitsu is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles makes the timid man bold, courageous, and self-reliant. There are over three hundred methods of weaponless warfare known to the art, any one of which will enable a man of average strength to dispose of the most formidable antagonist with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing.

When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds" it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a child of fourteen years to overcome and render powerless a man of thrice his strength.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

Mr. Y. K. Yabe, who has been the most successful teacher of the art in all Japan, has been delegated to give instruction in Jiu-Jitsu to Americans by correspondence. He has just written an intensely interesting book which explains the principles of this wonderful system and describes the evolution of Jiu-Jitsu during the past two thousand years. So long as the edition lasts, this book together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full-page half-tone engravings, and teaches one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

If you want to learn all the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science which for centuries past have been locked in the breasts of the Samurari, if you would know how to defend yourself against any form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant, you should write for this free book and specimen lesson to-day. It will be sent post paid by return mail. Address

THE "VITAL TOUCH"
ONE OF THE 300 EFFECTIVE METHODS KNOWN TO JIU JITSU FOR DISPOSING OF A DANGEROUS ANTAGONIST.

The Yabe School of Jiu-Jitsu, 104 P, Realty Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

PROCTOR'S NEW BILLS.

The announcements from the Proctor theatres are rich in their promise of good vaudeville. Practically all the new acts presented in vaudeville are first seen at the Proctor houses, and the new offerings of the past few weeks have been more than ordinarily successful, including Amy Stone, in a Pinero sketch; Gustave Kerker's delightful travesty, "Very Grand Opera," and other important features. In 2 weeks George Primrose, Will West and the Foley boys make their final vaudeville appearances before heading the minstrel company bearing the Primrose name, to be put out in December. Another important offering is the new scena, "Sanka Bamba," which will feature J. Francis Dooley and 12 show girls. The book is by Randolph C. Lewis and Edward McWade, and special music has been written by Harry Kern, composer of the music of "Mr. Wix of Wickham."

While a photographer was about to take a photograph some time ago of some dogs at a residence, he had occasion to go to the rear of the house. When he returned he could not find the bulb and rubber of his camera. Finally he located the bulb sticking out of a goat's mouth and found that the animal had swallowed the hose. He pulled it from the goat's mouth, found the material was in good condition and succeeded in making the photograph.—The Photographer.

"How long have you been out of work, my good man?" asked the head of the household as he parleyed with the rusty-looking caller.

"I was born in '68, Sir."—Detroit Free Press.

LATEST FAD
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
MAGAZINES

Send them to your friends, they will be delighted.
Here are a few Bargains.

RECREATION,	1 yr.	$1.00 and	Both for $1.50
Success,	"	1.00 or	
Leslie's Monthly	"	1.00 or	
Cosmopolitan	"	1.00 or	
Harper's Bazar	"	1.00 or	
Sunset Magazine	"	1.00 or	
Woman's Home Comp	"	1.00 or	
Book-keeper	"	1.00 or	
What to Eat	"	1.00 or	
Pearson's Magazine	"	1.00 or	
American Boy	"	1.00 or	
Outdoor Life	"	1.00 or	

RECREATION	1 yr.	$1.00 and	Both for $2.00
Sports Afield	"	1.50 or	
Overland Monthly	"	1.50 or	
Out West	"	2.00 or	

Magazines may be sent to same or different addresses

JULIAN HELBER'S
Magazine Subscription Agency, **DENVER, COLO.**

The Acme of Sport in Rifle Shooting

can only be attained by the use of a telescope. With a high power instrument of this kind attached to your rifle you can do much better work at any distance than with ordinary sights. Furthermore, you can see your bullet hole in the target, after each shot up to 200 yards and thus know just what you are doing.

Send me 10 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION

and I will send you a Rough Rider Telescope to fit your rifle. Or you can ship your rifle to the factory and have the tube attached. Any other telescope made by the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Syracuse, N. Y. will be furnished on the basis of one yearly subscription to each dollar of the list price.

Sample copies for use in canvassing
furnished on request.

ADDRESS RECREATION

23 West 24th St NEW YORK

THE SCHUTZENPIFFLER GUN.

I WAS THERE.

Have you seen the new concern
They are cracking up so high?
It is called the deadly automatic gun;
And it's said 'twill slay all things
On the earth that flies on wings—
If it goes, 'twill spoil all honest sportsmen's fun.

Blarney Pete, down at the club,
Had one—cuss the measly thing!
And it scattered shot promiscuous, without doubt;
But the boys made such a kick
That it made the owner sick,
Then that blooming gun was promptly voted out.

But its owner took his stand,
To see how the gun would shoot,
While 600 feet away a friend kept score.
When the first shell was thrown out
Blarney made a frightened scoot,
Shedding language rude, and sundry drops of gore.

When the gun ejects a shell
It will fly a mile or more,
And the piece kicks like a vet'ran army mule;
It will make your shoulder blue,
While your feelings will be sore
When you hear some one remark that you're a fool.

Well, that gun grew mighty hot,
And the front sight slid away—
Melted right down like a chunk of greasy dough.
Automatics do not take,
And I heard a fellow say,
"If they grew on bushes, they might stay and grow."

The man behind, the man behind,
He's the biggest fool that you'll ever find;
When you see an auto gun,
Get in front and take a run,
But never, never be the man behind.

"Cut Out"
Colds, Grip, Headache
ORANGEINE
(Powders)
Promptly Correct—Quickly Cure
—Dispel All After Effects

WHAT DOCTORS SAY

"I enclose $5 for Orangeine. In all your advertising I have not seen a statement which my personal experience has not confirmed. I think Orangeine the *most honestly advertised* remedy on the market. H. R. GOODELL, M.D., Memphis."

DR. TYLDESLEY, of Central City, Ky., says: "Quinine congests, but I have long used Orangeine with great success, for colds and La Grippe. Its composition ideally recommends it to every physician."

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Orangeine is sold by progressive druggists everywhere, in 10c, 25c, 50c and (the family economy 35-powder) $1 packages. On receipt of request we will mail 10c trial package free, with full directions, composition and wide human experiences.

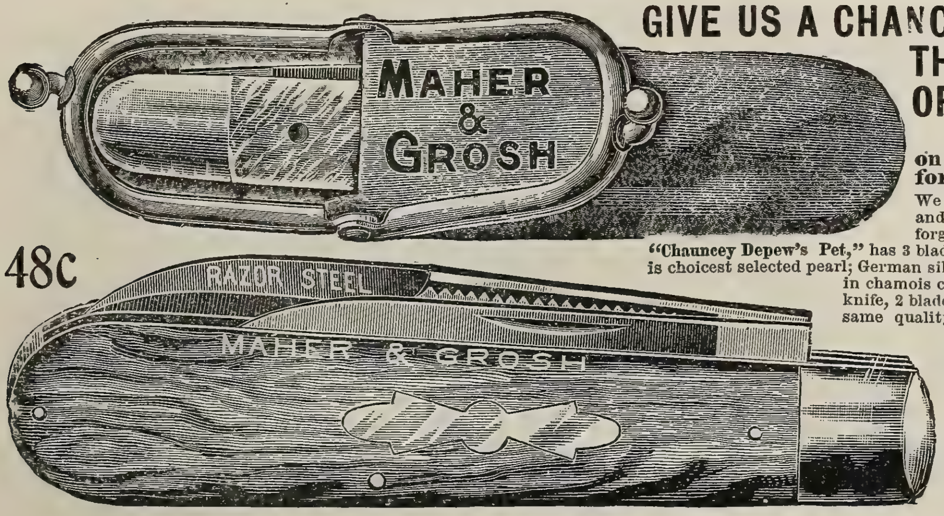
The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago

"Old Painter," said the humorist, "had a pair o' twins named Dan and Abe. They were as near alike as 2 gallon jugs. The only difference was that Dan had sound teeth and Abe he'd lost most o' his out o' the front part of his face."

"The only way to know which was which was to stick your finger in Abe's mouth. If he bit ye it was Dan."—Youth's Companion.

Cyril: You may spurn me, cruel one; but remember, I shall not always be a clerk at $9 a week!

Marie: That's just the trouble. You may lose your job at any time.—Chicago Daily News.



48c

GIVE US A CHANCE TO PROVE THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS

M. & G.
on a blade must stand for perfect quality.

We deal direct with consumers and warrant every blade hand-forged razor steel. This is **"Chauncey Depew's Pet,"** has 3 blades (one is a file). Handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price in chamois case, $1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blade, $1; plainer finish, 3 blade, same quality, $1; smaller, 2 blade, for lady, $1; plainer finish, 75c. **Razor steel jackknife,** 2 blades, 75c., but 48c for a while; 5 for $2. This knife and 60c Shears for $1. Boys' 2 bladewith 18-in.chain,50c; girls' 2 blade, ivory, 50c. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO.
74 A Street Toledo, Ohio

FREE HAIR FOOD

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. **Send a few fallen hairs** from your combings, to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you **absolutely free** a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.

PROF. J. H. AUSTIN
199 McVicker's Theatre Bldg., Chicago.

I received the camera you sent me as a premium for obtaining subscribers to Recreation, and have taken several pictures with it. I have owned some other first class cameras, and have had considerable experience in photography, but I have never before been so highly pleased with any instrument and its results as with the pocket folding camera. Recreation is the best of its class of literature and I am glad to be one of its hearty advocates. Shall try to add more to its list of subscribers.

Tom Bates, Clinton, Mo.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas Present.

Reduce Your Fat

TRIAL BOX FREE

No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural, scientific Obesity Food does all the work. You will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Send your name and address—no money—to-day to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 903 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., and receive the trial package in plain wrapper free by return mail.

The Buffalo Is Well Nigh Extinct

And every nature lover wants a relic of him. Here is a chance to get it.

I have in stock a limited number of buffalo horns, highly polished and fitted with nickel plated flanges at the base, so that they can be screwed on the wall, thus forming

A Novel and Effective Gun Rack

So long as the supply lasts I will give a pair of these horns for

3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on request. Address

Recreation, 23 West 24th Street NEW YORK

The Punkville Debating Society was in regular session, and Mr. G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That man's every act is the result of a selfish motive."

"I go farther than that, Mr. President," he said. "About three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker who had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said"——

Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.

"The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't parliamentary."

"It may not be parliamentary, Mr. President," vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but, by gum, its congressional."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The Acme shot gun, H. & R. revolver, and J. C. hand trap arrived, and I am much pleased with them. People who see them say they do not understand how you can give such good articles. I am delighted with the premiums but not more so than with Recreation. I expect to have some more subscriptions for you soon. Thank you for the premiums and the promptness with which they were shipped.

A. H. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE SIGNALS.

Just one long blast on the whistle,——— this style.
Is a sign of nearing town,
A railway crossing or junction, maybe;
And this —, the brakes whistled down.

Two long ——— ——— are the reverse of the last;
And this —— —— the driver's reply,
When word comes from the conductor to stop,
A sort of cheerful Ay! Ay!

These three ——— ——— ——— will show when the train comes apart;
This — — — means two different things:
That the train will back, or asks you to note
Some special signal it brings.

These four —— —— —— —— belong to the flagman alone,
And these —— ——— ——— ——— are meant for the crew;
But this one ——— ——— — —, when crossing a road at a grade,
More nearly interests you.

Five short ones — — — — — say to a flagman on guard,
"Look out for a rear attack!"
And a lot like this — — — — — — —, that a heedless cow
Or a deaf man's on the track!

Four Track News.

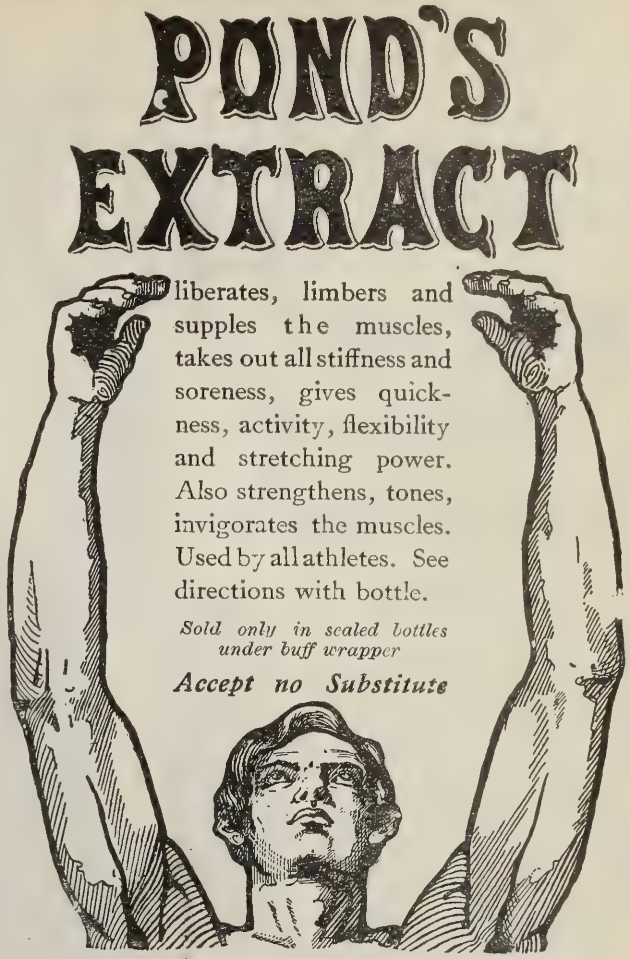
The B. & O. express was tearing away at the wild and awe-inspiring rate of 6 miles an hour, when suddenly it stopped. Most of the passengers did not notice the difference; but one of them happened to be anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for its own. He put his head through the window and found that the cause of the stop was a cow on the track. After a while they continued the journey for half an hour or so, and stopped again.

"What's wrong now?" asked the impatient passenger of the conductor.

"A cow on the track."

"I thought you drove it off?"

"So we did," said the conductor; "but we've caught up with it again."—Exchange.



POND'S EXTRACT

liberates, limbers and supples the muscles, takes out all stiffness and soreness, gives quickness, activity, flexibility and stretching power. Also strengthens, tones, invigorates the muscles. Used by all athletes. See directions with bottle.

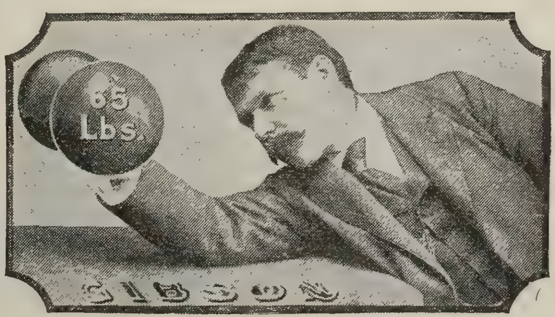
Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Accept no Substitute

An evangelist in a little town was trying to give his hearers an idea of the length of time those must suffer, the end of whose journey is the terminus of the broad road.

"My brethren," he exhorted, "if a little bird were to dip its beak in the Atlantic ocean, gather up a drop of water and then hop across the continent—not fly, but hop its way inch by inch—until it reached the broad Pacific, and there deposit its little drop of water, walk back again and dip its beak in the Atlantic, and continue this operation until it had emptied the Atlantic into the Pacific—my brethren, it wouldn't yet be sun-up in hell."

Some shuddered in their seats at the awful word-picture, while others of the more zealous brethren cried aloud: "Amen!"—Life.



No use trying to

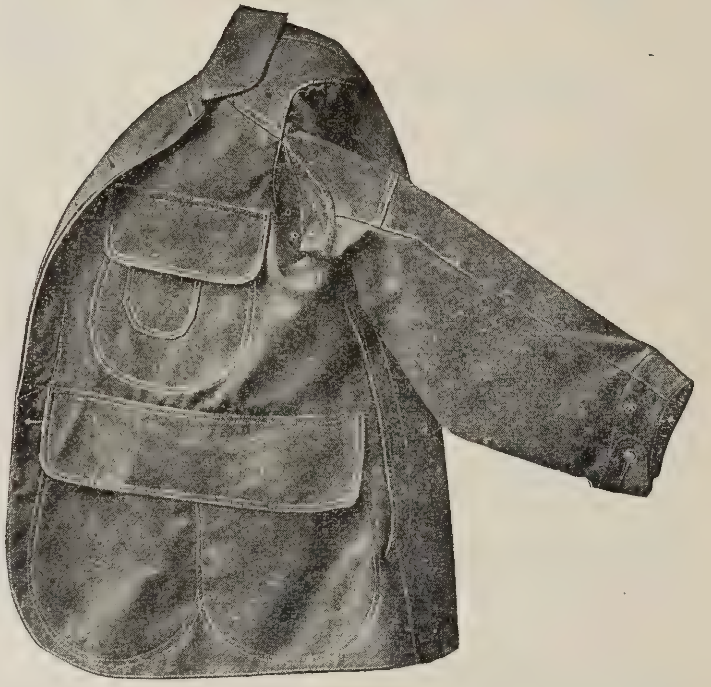
get your muscles up to this pitch with dumb-bells, chest-weights, etc. Muscle alone won't do it. LET ME TELL YOU of an easy way to enlarge your arms ONE INCH or more, breathe naturally and increase your strength 50 PER CENT in ONE MONTH. Develop your chest, shoulders and legs to a wonderful extent, strengthen your HEART, LUNGS, NERVES, and all the INTERNAL muscles. Rid yourself of catarrh, rheumatism, writer's cramp, dyspepsia and constipation, and attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a clear complexion. *Dr. R. L. Smith, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes:— "Your System and the Hercules Club increased the size of my arms an inch, and my strength fully 60 per cent in thirty days."*

WRITE NOW! **Address, "HERCULES," Box 3559 K, Boston, Mass.**

A Duxbak Hunting Coat

is the proper thing for

A Shooter,
An Angler,
A Prospector,
A Farmer
or even a plain
ordinary man.



I will give you one of these coats

For 10 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

These coats are made by Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Utica, N. Y., and are listed at $5. Thoroughly waterproof, and yet soft, pliable, practically noiseless and pleasant to the touch.

Sample copies of Recreation for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address **Recreation**

23 W. 24th St. New York

Jaeger
SANITARY WOOLENS

Now comes the season of coughs and colds, of rheumatism and pneumonia, which number more victims than "plague, pestilence and famine." Against these evils there is no surer all-around safeguard than Jaeger Underwear. Famous the world over for its curative as well as protective virtues. *Booklets and Samples Free*

Recommended by leading physicians everywhere.

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BOSTON: 230-232 Boylston Street
PHILADELPHIA: 1510 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO: 82 State Street

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

He was an artist of the impressionistic school. Being shaky in drawing, he made up for his lack of technique by spreading the color recklessly and counting on distance to lend enchantment to the view.

At the exhibition he hung one of his most reckless performances, and took a friend to see it.

"Well," remarked the friend, after gazing at it a few minutes, "I don't want to flatter you, old man, but that is the best thing you have done for many a day. That is a picture worthy the name. I congratulate you!"

The artist looked again at the picture, much pleased with the criticism, and turned red. The hanging committee had placed it on the wall upside down.

But he made no objection. The original price mark had been $19. An hour later it sold for $61.—Exchange.

Save Your Hair

Her Marvelous Growth of Hair Due to Foso Treatment

A trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 2673 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

TORREY'S CHRISTMAS STROPS

TORREY'S BEST
J.R. TORREY & CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

SILVER MOUNTED

No. 985 sw. Polished Linen Hose, extra selected Genuine Horse Hide, Sterling Silver Trimmings, **$5.00.**

No. 755 sw. with Fancy Silver Plated Trimmings, **$3.50.**

Other style strops at 50c, 75c, $1. $1.50, $2. and $2.50.

Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable; price 15c. at dealers' or mailed on receipt of price.

Catalogue of Torrey Strops, containing valuable information for those who shave, sent free.

J. R. TORREY & CO.
P.O. Box 44, Worcester, Mass.

The young doctor was proud at being called into consultation.

"I have summoned you, doctor," said the great physician, "because you knew young Cashley at college. Have you reliable information as to his financial condition?"

"Yes, sir. He has half a million in his own name."

"Very well, sir. That will do. I am sure now that he has a serious case of appendicitis, requiring an operation."---Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Violet—I wonder why that tenor responds to so many encores.

Gabaway—I s'pose he wants to keep on singing until he gets it correct.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"A merciful man is merciful to his face." He uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Another Appropriate and Useful

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

would be a

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

You can get one of these by sending me

2 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION

And any man or boy to whom you might give it would appreciate it and would find it extremely useful. You can get the 2 subscriptions in 30 minutes. Why not make some friend a present and at the same time make him happy?

Sample Copies for use in canvassing furnished on request. Address

RECREATION

23 WEST 24th ST., NEW YORK CITY

IMPORTANT.

THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

The Popular Illustrated Magazine of Travel and Education

From 130 to 160 pages each issue, every one of which is of human interest.

Subscriptions for 1905 only will be received until December 31st, 1904, at 50 cents per year; to foreign countries $1.00.

After January 1st, 1905, the subscription price will be $1.00; to foreign countries $1.50; at news stands ten cents per copy.

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BETWEEN
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ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
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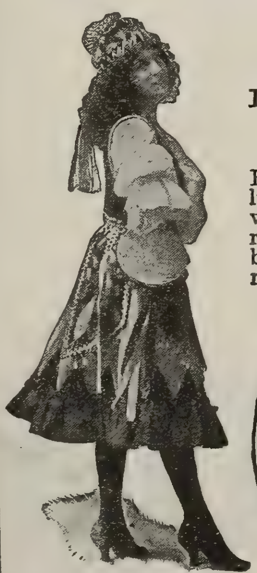
PEORIA

Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock-ballasted road-bed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.



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ALTON'S
1905
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GIRL

Sequel to the famous "Fencing" and "Cow-Boy" Girl Art Calendars.

ART CALENDAR.

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES

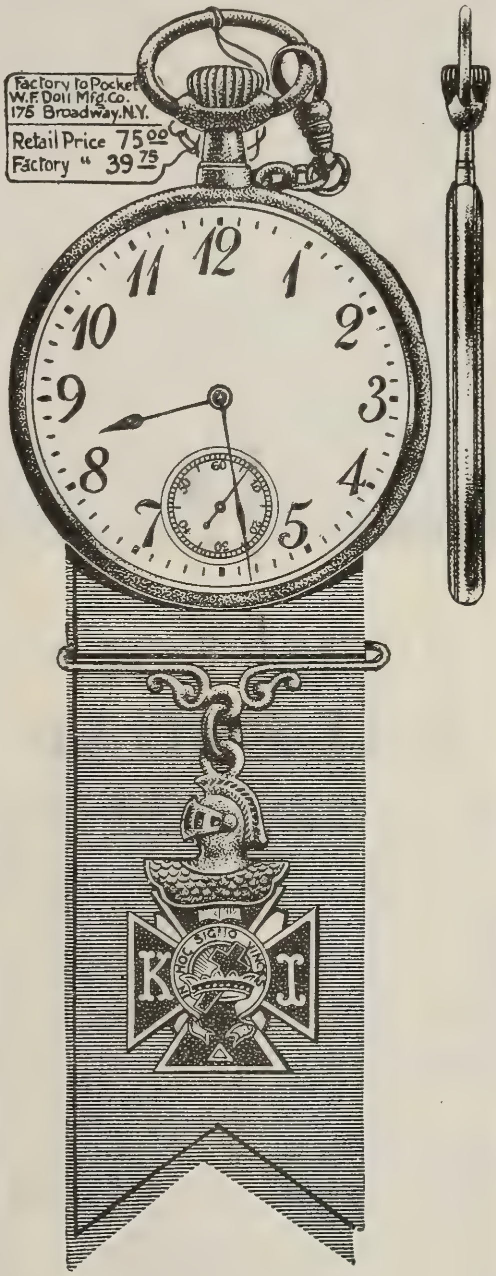
SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618 CHICAGO, ILL., and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Four graceful poses in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

We have new Catalogue No. 13, full of illustrations and "Factory to Pocket" Prices—which we will send free to any one—*you* will need it to select Christmas presents. It will make your money go further.

The Latest Thing in Watches

The most beautiful—the most artistic —Doll's Evening Dress Model



Doll *guaranteed* movement—Doll solid 14k case, the only solid gold watch case made in the United States—See pages 2 and 3 in catalogue exposing fraud in gold watch cases. You cannot duplicate this watch for $75, nor for $100.

No thicker than a $20 gold piece—fits the pocket so cleverly you would not know it was there—most serviceable, convenient and beautiful watch ever made. Sent postpaid and guaranteed for only $39.75, just to show what "Factory to Pocket" means. With solid gold Fob and Emblem or plain gold seal $44.

Elgin Watches, same pattern, Tiffany model

14k full jewelled - -	factory price, $29.75;	retails, $60
7 jewelled - - -	" " 19.75;	" 45

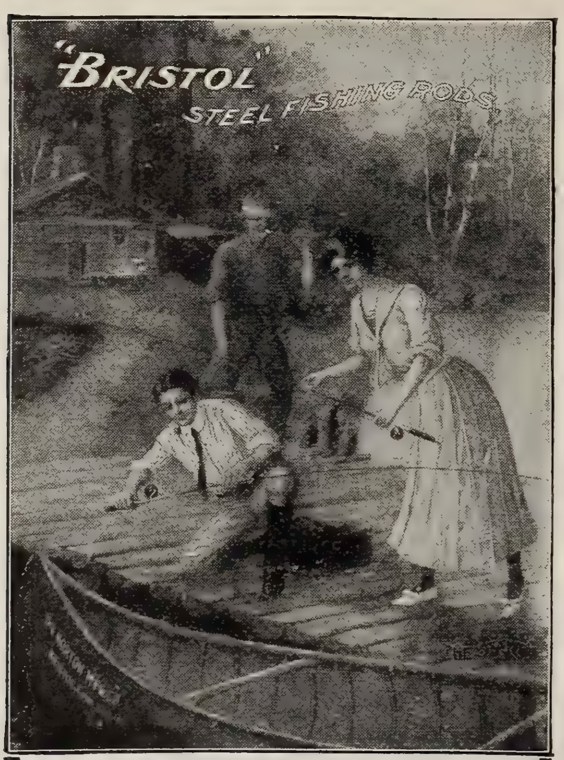
Cheaper Watches, same pattern, Tiffany Model

Gold filled - - -	factory price, $9.75;	retails, $22
Gun metal or silver -	" " 5.75;	" 15
Gun metal - - -	" " 3.75;	" 12

W. F. DOLL MFG. CO.

Established, 1876 **175 Broadway, New York**

References: American Exchange Bank, New York



"BRISTOL" CALENDAR for 1905

This beautiful calendar is lithographed in ten colors and will be much admired wherever seen, as it is full of interest for all who enjoy out-door sports.

We will send this calendar to any address on receipt of ten cents (in silver) to cover cost of mailing.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
86 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.

Bloomfield, N. J.

Winchester Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I understand you are getting out an automatic shot gun. I am sorry to hear you think of putting such a destructive gun on the market. I am President of the Troy Meadow Fish and Game Association of Hanover Neck, N. J., and we all use your shells and other sporting goods, and appreciate their value, but we do not allow any member to use any fire arm other than a single or double barrel. I shall never use an automatic gun and shall advise all my friends against it. I do not believe there is a good sportsman in this country who will favor an automatic gun.

The Troy Meadow Club controls 8,000 acres of land and we have about 100 members in good standing. Yours truly,

Percy H. Johnson.

Have received the Al-Vista camera O.K. and have tried it to my entire satisfaction. I do not see how you can give such a valuable premium for so few subscriptions. It is just like finding a camera to get it that way, as it took me only a few days to get the subscriptions. I have been taking your magazine about 10 years and can not do without it. Will send you another club soon. A. Firestone, Alliance, Ohio.

I received the J. C. hand trap you sent me as a premium for Recreation subscribers. It is a fine trap, both in appearance and action.

I read Recreation from cover to cover and hope you will continue your good work in behalf of our game. Will try for more subscriptions.

C. W. McKibbin, Lansing, Mich.

The Marble axe just received and I am much pleased with it. This is the third premium I have had for subscribers to Recreation and they have in every case been far better than I had expected. Please accept my thanks for the other 2, as well as for the last one.

P. H. Herbert, Tallulah, La.

PATENTS

promptly obtained **OR NO FEE.** Trade-Marks, Caveats, Copyrights and Labels registered. **TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE.** Highest references. Send model, sketch or photo. for free report on patentability. All business confidential. **HAND-BOOK FREE.** Explains everything. Tells How to Obtain and Sell Patents, What Inventions Will Pay, How to Get a Partner, explains best mechanical movements, and contains 300 other subjects of importance to inventors. *Address,*

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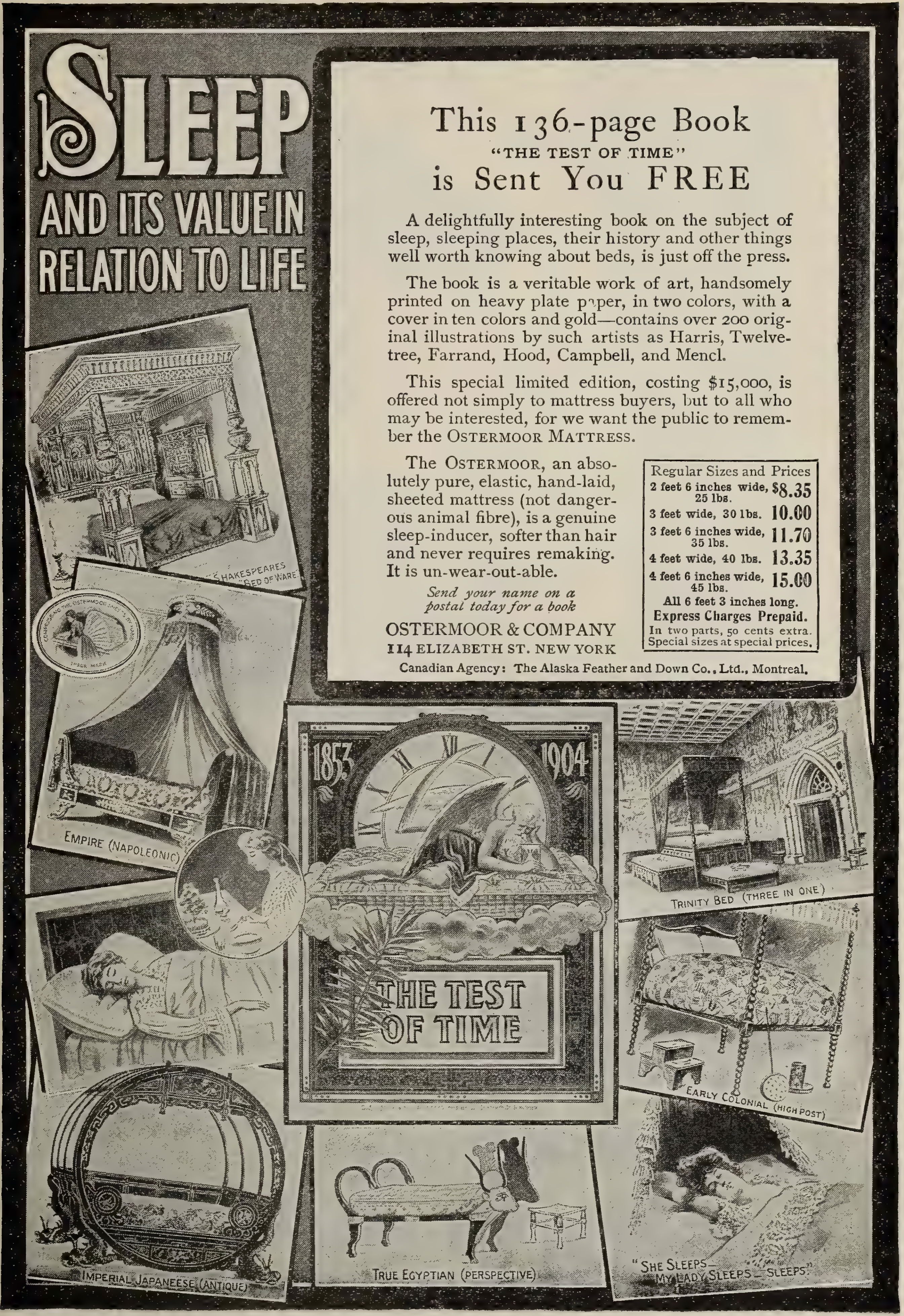
SHAKESPEARES
BED OF WARE
EMPIRE (NAPOLEONIC)
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1904
THE TEST OF TIME
TRINITY BED (THREE IN ONE)
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A delightfully interesting book on the subject of sleep, sleeping places, their history and other things well worth knowing about beds, is just off the press.

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This special limited edition, costing $15,000, is offered not simply to mattress buyers, but to all who may be interested, for we want the public to remember the OSTERMOOR MATTRESS.

The OSTERMOOR, an absolutely pure, elastic, hand-laid, sheeted mattress (not dangerous animal fibre), is a genuine sleep-inducer, softer than hair and never requires remaking. It is un-wear-out-able.

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2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	**$8.35**
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Express Charges Prepaid.
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SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent,
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in installments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

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TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO new yearly subscriptions to Recreation at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at 50c; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75c; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen; or a dozen Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a pair of Attachable Eye-glass Temples, gold-plated, made by Gall & Lembke; or one Rifle Wick Plug, made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber to 50 caliber, or Shotgun Wick Plug, 20 gauge up to 10 gauge; or a J. C. Hand trap made by the Mitchell Mfg. Co., listed at $4; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer listed at $1.

THREE new subscriptions at $1 each, a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a dozen Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a pair of Shotgun Wick Plugs made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 20 gauge to 10 gauge; or a Polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a Press Button Jack Knife, made by The National Cutlery Co., and listed at $1.

FOUR new subscriptions at $1 each, an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a Gold Medal Folding Camp Bed, made by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Co.

FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades, cloth;* or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a pair of lock lever skates, made by Barney & Berry, listed at $4.50; or a set of convertible Ampliscopes (5 lenses), listed at $5; or an Acme single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $8; or a 32 caliber, automatic double action revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

SIX new subscriptions at $1 each, a Hawkeye Refrigerating Basket made by the Burlington Basket Co., or one dozen Eureka golf balls listed at $4.

SEVEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth, or one set Lakewood golf clubs, 5 in number, listing at $5; or a series 11F Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $10.

EIGHT new subscriptions at $1 each. A series 1, 4 x 5 Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., listed at $12.

TEN new subscriptions at $1 each, a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $8; or a Rough Rider rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $12; or a pair of Opera Glasses made by Gall & Lembke and listed at $10; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $15; or a Reel, made by the Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., listed at $6 to $9; or a Duxbak Hunting Coat, made by Bird, Jones & Kenyon, and listed at $5; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listed at $6 or less.

TWELVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Ejector Gun, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN new subscriptions, $1 each, a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a set of rabbit plates made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $8; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete, with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Bulls-Eye rifle telescope, made by The Malcolm Rifle Sight Mfg. Co., and listed at $16; or a pair of horsehide hunting boots, listed at $10; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $15; or a Folding Hawk-Eye Film Camera, No. 4, 4 x 5, made by the Blair Camera Co., listed at $22.50; or a Stop Watch, made by W. F. Doll Mfg. Co., and listed at $15.

TWENTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or an Elita single shot gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listed at $18; or a Queen Hammock, made by the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and listed at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 11-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

THIRTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by Abercrombie & Fitch, and listed at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-foot King Folding Canvas Boat.

FORTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $32.

FIFTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $38.

SIXTY new subscriptions at $1 each, a 9 F. grade Gun, made by D. M. Lefever Sons & Co., and listed at $90.

SEVENTY-FIVE new subscriptions at $1 each, an 8 E grade Gun, made by D. M. Lefever Sons & Co., and listed at $110.

TWO HUNDRED new subscriptions at $1 each, a strictly first class Upright Piano, listed at $750.

Address, **Recreation** 23 West 24th St.
New York

DUXBAK COAT

DUXBAK TROUSERS

THE DUXBAK SPORTSMAN'S HAT

Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsman's Clothing

has been weighed in the balance of public opinion and not found wanting. Coat, Trousers and Hat are well-made of a soft, closely woven duck, which, treated by a secret process, is impervious to water. Whether in a heavy downpour, a driving nor'easter or a penetrating drizzle, the result is the same. Always easy and pliable—no rubber or rustle—soft and comfortable under all conditions. Coat is lined with the same material as the outside. Ventilated gussets under arms. Outside and inside pockets for every purpose. Trousers are reinforced from hip to knee, large double seat. Hat has ventilating eyelets. "Duxbak" is guaranteed waterproof under all conditions desired by the sportsman. Made in two colors only—Light Tan and Dead Grass or Olive Green. For Coat give snug breast measure under arms, length of sleeve from center of back to cuff with arm horizontal, elbow bent. For Trousers give waist and inseam measure. Price, Coat $5, Trousers $3, Hat $1, express prepaid. Catalogue and samples of cloth free on request.

Mention RECREATION.

Bird, Jones & Kenyon

1 BLANDINA ST., UTICA, N. Y.

STILL ANOTHER GREAT OFFER

Send me 30 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and I will send you a

No. 1 Double Barrel Breech Loading Gun

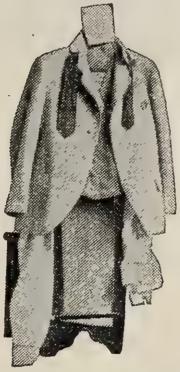
Made by the Ithaca Gun Co. and Listed at $30

I have contracted for 20 of these guns at a price which enables me to offer them as above, and they will doubtless all be taken within the next 3 months.

If You Want One Get Busy at Once

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application

RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York



For Your Bedroom

"A cleverly designed chair with a dozen different uses."

"The Revell Valet Chair"

The newest thing for the home. It has more practical uses than any other piece of furniture ever made. Think of an artistically designed high-back, substantial chair of beautifully finished quarter-sawed golden or weathered oak or mahogany finished birch that will hold and properly shape every article of a lady's or gentleman's clothing! A chair that has a trouser and skirt stretcher concealed in the back—that will save tailor bills by keeping the wrinkles out, and pay for itself in a short time. Ladies will find many unique uses for it and at the same time it will be an ornament to the dressing room. Men like it because it holds an entire suit of clothes as well as underwear, shirt, collar, tie, and hose. There is a spacious compartment in the seat for shoes, slippers, brushes, etc.

Patent applied for.

The Valet Chair will make a man glad and keep a woman happy. **A good Christmas gift.** Write to-day for fully illustrated booklet—tells all about it.

Send draft or money order and we will send you the chair prepaid this side of the Missouri River. If not entirely satisfactory you may return chair and we will refund the full amount paid.

$8.50

Alexander H. Revell & Co. 194 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO.

THE SECOND BATTLE.

The panic stricken Russian fleet
  Is slowly sailing South
With Admiral Rojestvensky's heart
  Sojourning in his mouth.
North-east-by-west-by-round-the-block,
  A fishing smack he hammers;
Its sailors madly dive below
  To get their Russian grammars.

In vain they conjugate; their foes
  Approach with splash and swish;
In vain they hoist to masthead high
  The Russian term for "fish."
In vain they loudly state the case,
  Each shot their voices throttles,
At last they sadly sigh and trust
  Their wills to empty bottles.

But lo! their skipper bold remarks:
  "How damp it is to sink!"
He puts his finger to his brow
  And murmurs: "Let me think."
At last he plays his final card,
  The card that he relies on,
"We're Japs!" he roars; the Russian ships
  Are specks on the horizon.
  —Thomas B. Ybarra, in the N. Y. Sun.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

BANNER RUBBER COAT

Absolutely waterproof, weight 4¾ lbs. Sent express paid in U. S. on receipt of $5. Sizes 36 to 46 inches (breast). Length 52 inches.

Banner Hunting Shoes

Good quality ribbed rubber with best leather tops. Excellent for wet grass, marsh or snow. Sent express prepaid in U. S. on receipt of price.

8 inches high, $3 50
10 " " 4.00
12 " " 4 25
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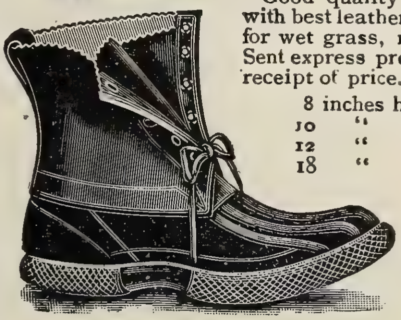


CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

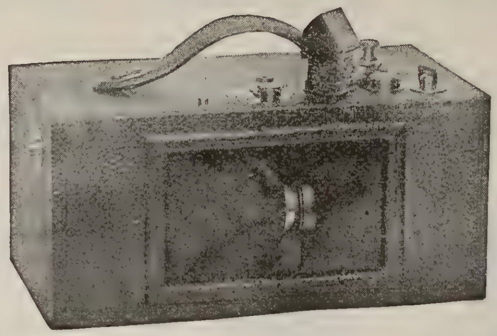
	Price	Postage
Vacuum Rubber Tipped Arrow Pistol Game Harmless and noiseless	*.50*	*.15*
Rubber Doll, with knit dress........	*.25*	*.05*
Rubber Type Outfit 5A font with figures	*.25*	*.05*
Rubber Type Outfit 3A font no figures	*.10*	*.02*
Hot Water Bag Best, 3 quarts.......	*1.50*	*.18*
Rubber Gloves (Give size)............	*1.25*	Postpaid

Rain Coat for lady or gentleman, ***$3.00 to $27.00***

Samples and prices on application

Northern Rubber Co., Box P 336
St. Paul, Minn

Are You an Amateur Photographer?



If so would you like a Camera
that will photograph

A whole range of mountains
A whole sweep of river
A whole army
A whole fleet of ships
A whole city

Or any other vast stretch of scenery or moving objects? THE SWING LENS DOES IT.

The Al Vista

Is the thing. It lists at $30

One of the greatest inventions of the age.
Given as a premium for 12 subscriptions.

For particulars address

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Do You Feel the Cold?

Why not spend the winter in Tropical Hawaii, where the climate is mild and equable? Lowest temperature 55 degrees, highest 89 degrees. Fine hotels, surf boating and bathing every day of the year; shooting, fishing, golf, polo and every sport and recreation.

$110.00 San Francisco to Honolulu and return, special rate to fifteen or more travelers booking for any one of the following steamers:

Sailings: Alameda, Oct. 8th; Mongolia, Oct. 13th; Ventura, Oct. 20th; China, Oct. 25th; Alameda, Oct. 29th; Manchuria, Nov. 2nd; Sierra, Nov. 10th; Siberia, Nov. 16th; Alameda, Nov. 19th; Sonoma, Dec. 1st; Korea, Dec. 6th; Alameda, Dec. 10th; Ventura, Dec. 22nd; Mongolia Dec. 31st; Alameda, Dec. 31st.

$100.00 Special round trip rate on Canadian-Australian steamers sailing from Vancouver: Moana, December 9th — Aorangi, January 6th.—From Portland, Puget Sound and British Columbia ports.

Register *now* for a tour at any office of **Thomas Cook & Son:** New York, 261 Broadway; Boston: 332 Washington St.; Philadelphia, 830 Chestnut St.; Chicago, 234 S. Clark St.; San Francisco, 621 Market St.

Full information from all railroads. Souvenir book filled with photographs for the asking.

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CADILLAC

Model B.
Complete, $900.
Without Tonneau, $800.

Ease of Control

No other automobile is so easy to manage as a Cadillac. Simple mechanism, powerful brake, reliable, noiseless speed gear, and accurate steering apparatus make the Cadillac an easily controlled car at all times, and under all conditions.

Cadillacs cost $750 to $900. You may pay more for others not so efficient.

Write for booklet K which tells all about Cadillacs and gives address of nearby agency where they may be seen and tried.

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

I received the Press Button Huntsng knife you sent me as premium and consider it a beautiful present. Thank you much for it.

I admire your stand toward the automatic gun and the game hog. They are well mated and should be proud of each other. You have the support of all true sportsmen in your efforts to protect the game for its intended use.

Geo. S. Armstrong, Lion's Head, Ont.

Mother: Bobbie, this is the third time I have caught you helping yourself to cake and jam. I'm getting tired of it.

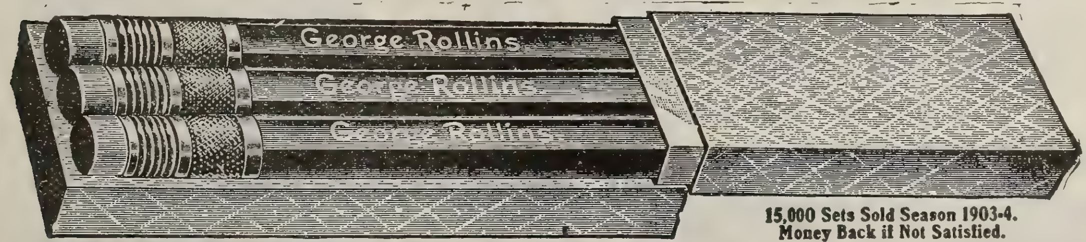
Bobby: Well, then, why don't you quit hanging around the pantry?

A hunting jacket, a revolver, a camera, a pair of gloves, a pair of skates or a pair of opera glasses would make an appropriate Christmas present for any man or boy who is fond of outdoor sport. The skates or the opera glasses would also please any girl who is fond of skating or of the theatre, and this means all girls. You can get any of these articles by securing a few yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and sending them in. See premium list in this issue of RECREATION.

I received the Acme shot gun and am much pleased with it. I will do my best to send you more subscriptions.

Alex. Rickard, Jr., Southampton, L. I.

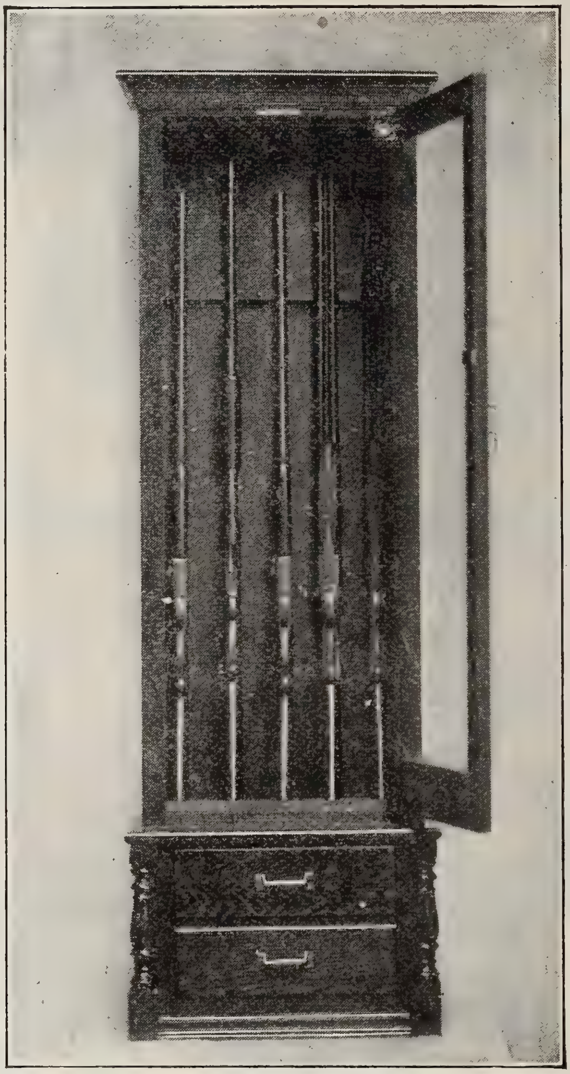
THE MOST POPULAR CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR



15,000 Sets Sold Season 1903-4.
Money Back if Not Satisfied.

YOUR NAME IN GOLD **Your own or Your Friend's** name stamped in gold on 3 **Pencils** finished in **Lavender, Light Green or Pink,** enclosed in **Handsome Box.** Postpaid in **U. S. 25 cents** (stamps). **Five Separate Sets $1.00.** Bookmarks, Leather Card Cases, Penwipers, etc., stamped with names, make Beautiful Souvenirs for all occasions. **Illustrated Catalogue Free.** Don't forget this for **Xmas and Birthdays. Pencils for advertisers, Gross or 1,000.**

Est. 1896. SWAIN MANUFACTURING CO., 18 H SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK. Inc. 1904.



The Best Christmas Present for a Sportsman

WOULD BE A

PROTHERO GUN CABINET

Made entirely of heavy oak.
Golden or weathered finish.
68 inches high, 20 inches wide, 13 inches deep.
Holds 5 guns.
Requires only 2 square feet of floor space.
Moisture proof.
Door and drawers fit.
Keeps guns in good condition.
Back lined with cloth.

Price, $15.

Cheapest cabinet in the market of equal size and quality.

John N. Prothero
400 DU BOIS STREET, DU BOIS, PA.

Special for December — Freight prepaid (when cash accompanies order) to any station east of the Mississippi.

Detach here and mail to-day

JOHN N. PROTHERO, DuBois, Penn.:

Enclosed please find $15. (check or money order) for which ship me at once 1 Prothero Gun Cabinet, freight prepaid.

Name...*Street*..................................

Town......................*State*................*Via*..................................

Evangelist—My mission in life, sir, is to save young men.

Mr. Crusty—I wish you'd save one for my eldest daughter.—Chicago Journal.

I have received the Bristol steel rod you sent me as a premium and am much pleased with it.

Chas. Wensing, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Premo camera you sent me as premium for subscribers came to-day. Am well pleased with it and wish you success.

C. L. Van Slyke, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Teacher—Johnnie, name a bird that is now extinct.

Johnnie—Our canary. The cat extincted him.—Exchange.

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& FOLDED
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government, who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention RECREATION.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

11-Foot Special

Folding Canvas Boats were not satisfactory until the **King** was produced. **It's a revelation** in boat construction. Nothing like it ever made. **Nonsinkable. Can't turn over. Puncture-proof.** Wear longer than a wooden boat. **No repairs.** No cost for storage. **Always ready.** Folds into a small, neat package,—**carry by hand.** Used by the U. S. Navy. They are simply wonderful. A thoroughly patented article. Beware of imitation. Made only by ourselves.

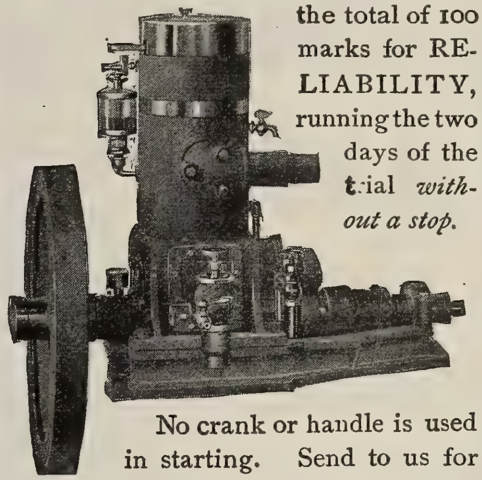
A catalogue of 70 engravings and 350 testimonials sent on receipt of 6 cents.
Mention Receeation.

King Folding Canvas Boat Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

Reliability

In the British Reliability Trials held August 2 and 3, on the Thames River, the

Fay & Bowen Motor

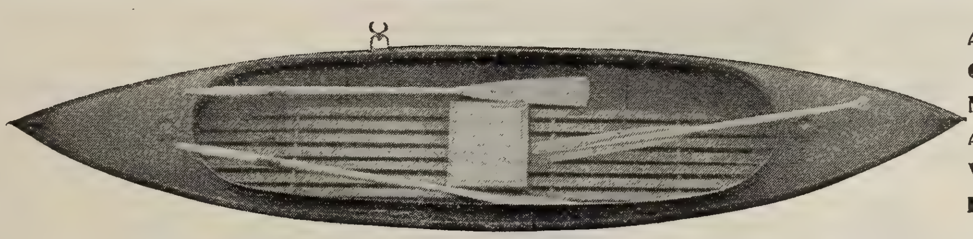


was the *only* machine in its class to obtain the total of 100 marks for RELIABILITY, running the two days of the trial *without a stop.*

No crank or handle is used in starting. Send to us for copy of the Judges' Report and for our illustrated catalogue of reliable motors and handsome motor boats.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y., U. S. A

MULLINS' STEEL BOATS FOR SPORTSMEN

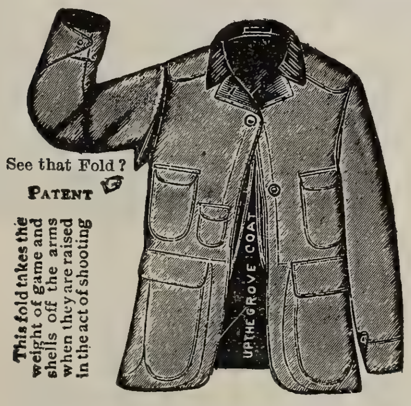


- **Air Chambers**
- **Cannot Sink**
- **No Repairs**
- **Always Ready**
- **Very Durable**
- **Low in Price**

"GET THERE" Duck Boat. 14 feet long, 36 inch beam. Price, $20.
Crated on Cars Salem.

Complete illustrated Catalogue. Free on application.

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, SALEM, OHIO
Mention Recreation.


See that Fold?
PATENT
This fold takes the weight of game and shells off the arms when they are raised in the act of shooting
UPTHEGROVE COAT

THE UPTHEGROVE SPORTING GOODS CO.
Makers of High Grade Clothing
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UPTHEGROVE

Waterproof Hunting Cloths

English Corduroy—Moleskin—Rainproof
Mackinaw and Waterproof Duck.

Strictly Hand tailored to measure.

10 oz. Waterproof Hunting Coat, $5. Extra Quality Rainproof Hunting Coat, (finest coat made) **$8; 5 per cent. discount f cash accompanies order. All our Coats have silk button holes and hand made silk pocket stays. In ordering give—breast, waist, length of sleeve and coat measurements, also height and weight.**

Write for free catalogue—If you want the best made—Try us.

The Upthegrove Sporting Goods Company
Dept. C, Post Office Place, Valparaiso, Ind.
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X
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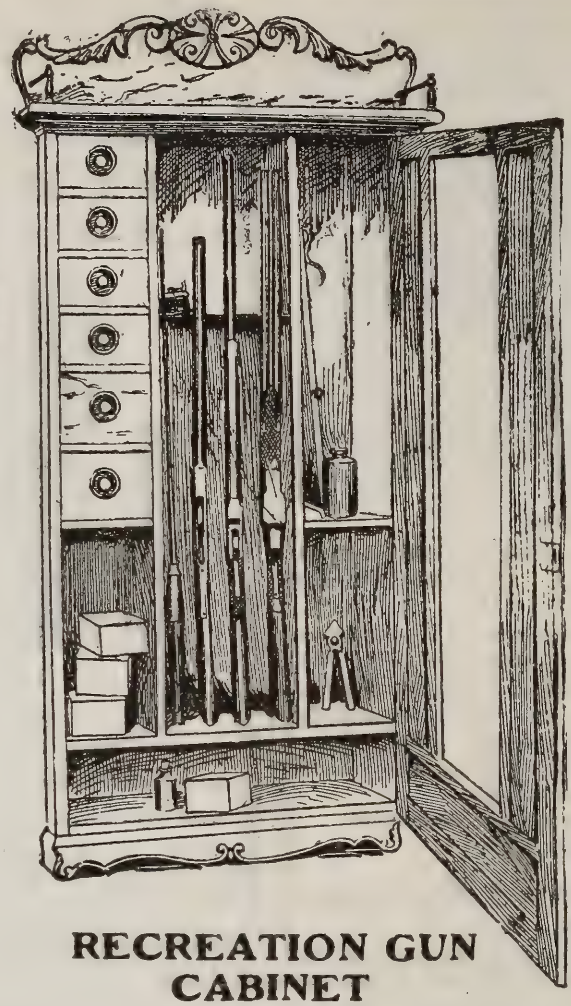
$10

For this
Gun
Cabinet
For
December
Only

Regular Price $15



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MAS

For
December
Only
This Gun
Cabinet

$10

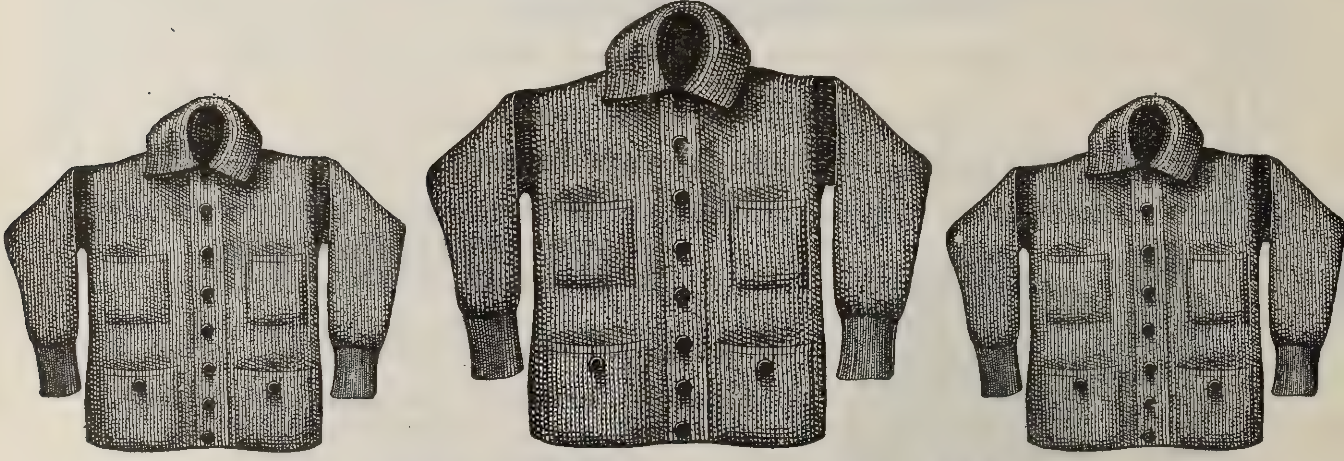
Regular Price $15

RECREATION GUN CABINET

This Cabinet is, without a doubt, the best value ever offered for the price, and the large number of sportsmen who have been wishing for a handsome, well-made Gun Cabinet, at a moderate price, will find it their ideal. Made of Oak, Antique finish.

Height, 5 ft. 10 in. Width, 28 in. Depth, 12 in. Padded rack for four guns, and room for fishing rods. Six good, tight drawers for ammunition, etc. Unsightly duffle in the side spaces is hidden from view when door is closed, leaving unobstructed view of Guns.

Crated and Shipped from Factory



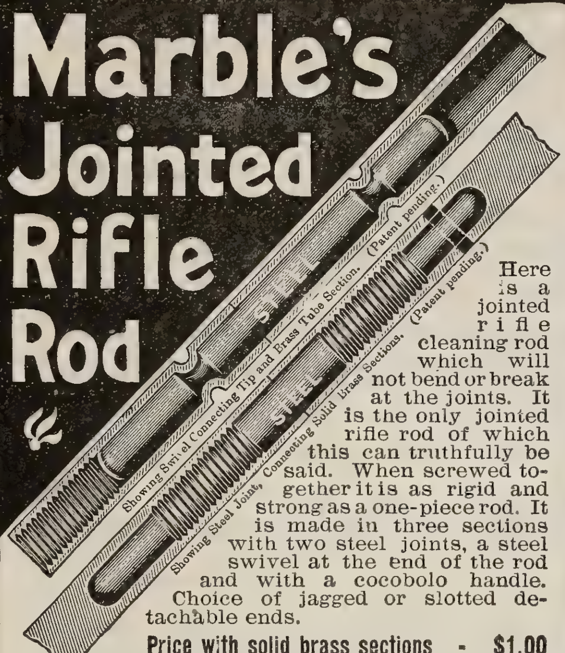
SHOOTING JACKET, $3

Guaranteed all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all outdoor purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in three colors—Dead Grass, Oxford Gray and Scarlet.

Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogs. Mention RECREATION.

THE H. H. KIFFE CO. - - 523 Broadway, New York

Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod


Showing Swivel Connecting Tip and Brass Tube Section. (Patent pending.)
Showing Steel Joint Connecting Solid Brass Sections. (Patent pending.)

Here is a jointed rifle cleaning rod which will not bend or break at the joints. It is the only jointed rifle rod of which this can truthfully be said. When screwed together it is as rigid and strong as a one-piece rod. It is made in three sections with two steel joints, a steel swivel at the end of the rod and with a cocobolo handle. Choice of jagged or slotted detachable ends.

Price with solid brass sections - $1.00
With seamless brass tube sections 1.25
PREPAID.

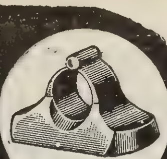
We especially recommend our "Garrison" rifle cleaner with this rod. It is guaranteed to remove lead, rust and burned powder without the slightest injury to the barrel, Price 50c., prepaid. Mention calibre of gun when ordering either rod or cleaner.

Send for catalogue showing extra quality sportsmen's specialties.

All Marble's goods are for sale by dealers or direct from

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Dept. A Gladstone, Mich.

A Perfect Rifle Sight



MARBLE'S IMPROVED FRONT SIGHT

for rifles, meets instant approval from sportsmen who know the value of time in sighting a gun.

It eliminates guess-work in "holding above" the mark, enabling the hunter to shoot at any range with point-blank accuracy without stopping to adjust the rear sight.

Having no stem to confuse aim, it enables the hunter to center on his mark instantly in any light or weather.

Made in three sizes with 1-16, 3-32 or 1-8 inch ivory or P. I. gold bead.

Price, $1.00 with any bead, from dealers everywhere, or direct from the makers.

Send for handsome catalogue.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.,
Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.
DEP'T A.

I have just returned from the longest fishing and hunting trip on record. Caught all kinds of fish in all kinds of waters; killed all kinds of game from elephants to rats, and have only been gone 6 hours by the clock which sits on my desk.

I take one of these trips every time RECREATION reaches the newsstand.

I shall shortly send you the names of the members of the St. Louis Revolver Club, of which I am a member, and shall ask each other member to become a subscriber to the greatest publication of its kind on earth, RECREATION.

May God bless your efforts to exterminate the game hogs.

Ed. C. Hill, St. Louis, Mo.

The editor of a Fremont paper recently received a chicken, which he took home and enjoyed for dinner, supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader. The following day he received this letter: "Dear Editor: Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which had arisen here. Can you tell what the chicken died of?"—Exchange.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

FOR

Solid Comfort

SUMMER or WINTER

The Best is the Cheapest

Get a pair of

Thompson-Quimby Hunting Boots

I Make the Best

All work guaranteed. I refer by permission to the Editor of RECREATION. Measurement blanks and prices on application. Mention RECREATION.

T. H. GUTHRIE
240 Halsey St. NEWARK, N. J.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900
Gold Medal and Highest Award

Spratt's Patent Dog Cakes
Spratt's Patent Poultry Foods

Our 1905 calendar will be ready to mail by the middle of December. The edition is limited. Unfortunately our mailing list has been partially destroyed, therefore if you want a calendar send name, address and 2-cent stamp. Labels are being printed now. Address exactly as follows:

Calendar Editor
Spratt's Patent (America) Limited
Market & Congress Sts.
Newark, N. J.

We manufacture specially prepared foods for Dogs, Puppies, Cats, Rabbits, Poultry, Pigeons, Game, Birds, Fish.

Send for Catalogue, "Dog Culture," with practical chapters on the feeding, kenneling and management of dogs; also a chapter on cats.

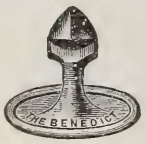
Mention Recreation

A Michigan paper wound up a compliment to a young schoolma'am with a good word about "the reputation for teaching she bears." The next day the young schoolma'am met the editor and chased him down the street with an umbrella, and at every jump in the road she screamed that she had never taught a she bear in her life.—Exchange.

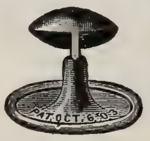
The Weno camera reached me safe. I am much pleased with it and you will hear from me soon again with another club for Recreation.

J. W. Sylvester, Ocala, Fla.

The "BENEDICT" Celebrated Collar Button



Wonderfully Improved.
NEW Pat. Oct. 6, 1903.
In Gold, Silver and heavy Rolled Gold plate.
None genuine unless stamped **"Benedict,"** and date of patent.



END VIEW SIDE VIEW

A set of four in a neat box makes an acceptable
CHRISTMAS PRESENT
Solid Gold from $1.50 to $2.50; Rolled Gold, 50 cents each; Sterling Silver 35 cents each.
Send stamps by mail and make a useful present.
Mention Recreation.
FOR SALE ONLY BY
Benedict Brothers, Jewelers,
Broadway and Liberty St., New York

The L.A.S. furnishes cloth posters in any number desired, free of charge, offering a reward of $10 for each conviction for a violation of a game law. These posters have done great good wherever placed in deterring would-be lawbreakers from committing offences against the game, fish, and forest laws. Are you not willing to put up some of these posters? If so, how many?

Indian Baskets: I have a few rare and beautiful baskets made by Alabama Indians living near me, which I will exchange for yearly subscriptions to Recreation at the rate of one basket for 4 subscriptions. Many dealers in Indian curios sell these baskets for several dollars each. Here is a chance to get one free. Nothing finer for a Christmas present. Full description and photo for 5 cents. These Indians also make from the inner fiber of Spanish moss, the best saddle blankets in the world. These blankets are cool to a horse's back, do not become hard and stiff and will last for years, as they are well made and positively will not rot, the inner fiber of Spanish moss being absolutely impervious to moisture. Will give one blanket for 3 subscriptions to Recreation. The above articles are guaranteed to give satisfaction. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

Wanted.—To communicate with a few sportsmen in the West where wolves and coyotes are numerous, and where some good sport can be had in hunting them.—Editor.

New and Enlarged Edition
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
CONTAINS
25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
New Plates. 2380 Quarto Pages. 5000 Illustrations.
Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.
1100 Octavo Pages. 1400 Illustrations.
Illustrated pamphlets **free.**
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

W. H. Tayloe, G. P. A. Southern Railway, Washington, D. C., has issued a beautiful book entitled "Hunting and Fishing in the South," which is a complete directory of information for sportsmen who wish to shoot or fish in the land of sunshine.

It is beautifully illustrated with pictures, representing various forms of Southern sports, and the text is exhaustive and instructive.

The game laws of the Southern States are given in full, so that a shooter may have no excuse for not knowing what, when and where to shoot.

The most valuable feature of the book, however, is a list of the names and addresses of good guides in the various Southern States, and in addition the names of many business men who are willing to give information to Northern visitors. This directory also includes the names of good hotels in nearly all the Southern towns, and the rates charged by each.

If you have any intention of going South to shoot or to fish this winter, get a copy of this book. In writing for it enclose 4 cents to pay postage, and mention RECREATION.

For Sale.—A 20 gauge hammerless Parker gun; weight, 6 pounds 1 ounce; in perfect condition; 26 inch barrels; left, full choke; right, cylinder. Stock, 14⅛, drop about 2⅝, $80 grade. Will sell for $40 cash. W. D. Gruet, Box 640, Hartford, Conn.

For Sale.—Smith & Wesson revolver, 32 caliber, hand ejector, model 99, 6 inch barrel, 6 shots; also Ideal reloading tools, belt and holster; all in perfect condition; $11.
H. M. Draper, Perrysville, Ohio.

For Sale.—Savage 303 rifle, No. 3 Ideal reloading tools, Ideal resizing die, and moulds for 124 grain Kephart short range bullet. All in good condition and practically new.—Charles Opp, Beaver, Ohio.

IN ANSWERING ADS. PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

"It's a Hit!"

KOENIG'S "Shed-Rain" Hunting Coat

$3, prepaid to any point in the United States.

Made from material which is light weight, soft and pliable and which by a special process is rendered absolutely water-repellent. It will, as the name indicates, "Shed-Rain." Lined throughout with a light weight canvas, has corduroy collar and corduroy lined cuffs. The shoulders have leather patches and the entire coat is trimmed with leather. Game pocket runs throughout the entire skirt, nine outside pockets. Sleeves are open under the arm, which gives perfect freedom when in the act of shooting and takes the weight off the arms when bringing the gun to the shoulder. Color—Light Tan or Dead Grass. Samples of material sent on request.

Hunting Trousers to match - Per Pair, **$2.00**
Hunting Hat, square or round crown Each, **.75**
Prepaid anywhere in United States.

In ordering Coat send snug breast measurement, close up under the arms, and for Trousers send waist and inseam measurement.

Send for Complete Catalogue of Sporting Goods.

E. G. KOENIG, South Broad Street **Newark, N. J.**

"NEW JERSEY'S OLDEST GUN HOUSE."
Mention RECREATION.

3 Months FREE

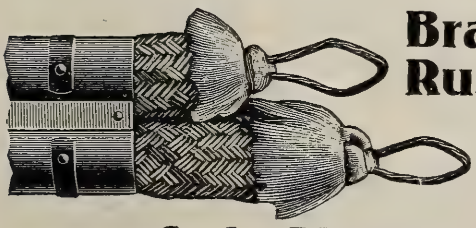
If you are interested in any kind of investment, Oil, Mining, Plantation, Industrial, Lands, Stocks, Bonds, Mortgages, etc., send us your name and address and we will send you the Investor's Review for 3 months free of charge. A journal of advice for investors. Gives latest and most reliable information concerning new enterprises. Knowledge is power. Great opportunities come and go. Great fakes likewise. Get posted before investing. Write to-day.

INVESTOR'S REVIEW, 1604 Gaff Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send ten cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. Clarke, Agent, Le Roy, N.Y., Dept. 3.

I received the Ostermoor mattress which you sent me as a premium, and we are delighted. It far exceeds our expectations and is a most desirable premium. Please accept my thanks for your kindness.
Arthur B. Moore, Marlboro, Mass.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE NEXT TO NATURE READ RECREATION.



Bradley's Anti-Rust Ropes. For Shotguns, Rifles and Revolvers. They cannot rust or pit if these ropes are used. No more worrying to keep your firearms in perfect condition. Sent postpaid. $1.00 per set for Shotguns; 50c for Rifles; 25c for Revolvers. Give gauge and length of barrel. Send for circular giving full particulars.

Bradley's Shotgun Sight Makes wing shooting easy and certain. Scores greatly increased at trap and in field. Price, postpaid, 50c. Send for circular. Address,

C. L. BRADLEY, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

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Fur and Curio Dealers **Wholesale and Retail**

Every Description of Work in our Line done to Order.

We carry a full line of Ladies' Furs, and will be pleased to send you anything you may wish in this line C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Give us a trial on making up your Furs. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with anything we may do for you.

A mounted Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep head, Bear, Lion, Wolf or Fox head, or a Fur lap-robe, the warmest and best robe one can get, or a handsome Lion, Bear, Wolf, Wild Cat, or Fox Rug, or a nice Fur Muff, Boa, or Scarf, makes a beautiful and always welcome Christmas present, or a pair of Indian moccasins, the most comfortable and durable house slipper possible. We have them.

All work guaranteed moth proof. *We have our own tannery*
All kinds of tanning done to order.
Highest prices paid for raw furs. Taxidermists' supplies
Please mention Recreation

McFADDEN & SON
F 1632 Champa St. **Denver, Colo.**

Squire (to rural lad)—Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one.

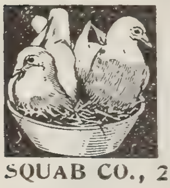
Boy—By teeth, sir.

"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge has no teeth."

"No, sir; but I have."—Exchange.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

Squab Book Free



Squabs are raised in 1 month, bring *big prices.* Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here *is something worth looking into.* Facts given in our FREE BOOK, "How to make money with Squabs" **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Living Wild Animals & Game Birds

collected and furnished for Scientific and Propagating Purposes. Write for what you want. No catalogue issued.

Chas. Payne
Naturalist
Box 913, Wichita, Kan.

AN IMPORTANT OFFER

For 2 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION
I will send you

A RIFLE WICK PLUG

Made by Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, 30 caliber up to 50 caliber.

OR

A SHOT GUN WICK PLUG

20 gauge up to 10 gauge

For 3 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

A Pair of Shot Gun Wick Plugs

20 to 10 gauge.

Sample copies for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address RECREATION, 23W. 24th St., N .Y. City

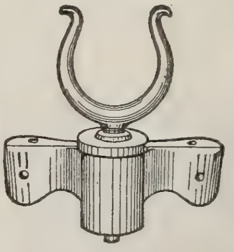
A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion.

A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the field, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan? Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

Seashells Free! I have a good collection of saltwater shells that I would give in exchange for 4 yearly subscriptions for Recreation, or would sell for $5.
Harry Flipping, 30 W. Ohio Ave.
Atlantic City, N. J.



The Ball-Bearing Oarlock

A device that will do for the rowboat what the ball-bearing did for the bicycle. Every ounce of energy utilized. No clanking or squeaking, in fact ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS AND FRICTIONLESS. The Ideal Oarlock for Hunting and Fishing. Furnished either for tight or loose oars. If your dealer does not handle, write for descriptive circular and prices. Mention Recreation.

T. H. GARRETT, Jr., Clark St., AUBURN N. Y.

HOTEL GRACE

Clarksville, Mecklenburg Co., Va.

The best place to find royal sport shooting quail. More plentiful than ever before. Deer, duck and hare in abundance. Large areas for hotel guests. Competent guides and fine dogs, including the famous Red Irish dog "Jack" Trap shooting also this season. New hotel with modern comforts. Magee's Chlorinated Lithia Water free to all guests. Superb service for sportsmen and their families. Nine daily trains. Five nice dogs for sale. For particulars address R. H. Easley, Clarksville, Va. *Mention Recreation.*

PRIZES FOR GOOD DRAWINGS.

With a view to stimulating among boys and girls the study of wild animals and birds and the development of artistic taste, RECREATION now offers a series of prizes as follows:

For the best sketch of a live wild animal in action, $10.

For the best sketch of a live wild bird in flight or other action, $8.

For the best sketch of a live domestic animal in action, $6.

For the best sketch of a live domestic fowl in flight, or other action, $5.

Studies may be made in black and white wash, pen and ink, or pencil, my preference being in the order stated. They must be from life and not from other pictures.

The sketches may be made on any kind of paper or drawing board and of any size desired, though I prefer to have them on paper at least twice as large as a RECREATION page.

All sketches which may be published, and for which prizes may not have been awarded, will be paid for at the rate of $1 each.

Contestants must write on back of picture full name, address, and age.

This competition is limited to persons under 20 years of age, and a letter from one of the parents or from the legal guardian of each contestant must accompany each drawing, certifying that the age of the contestant is as stated thereon.

Drawings should be packed flat and with a sufficient quantity of straw board to keep them from being damaged in the mails; and on account of the required writing on the backs of the drawings it will be necessary to prepay them at letter postage rates.

Competition will close February 28, 1905.

Address drawings and correspondence relating thereto, Art Editor, RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

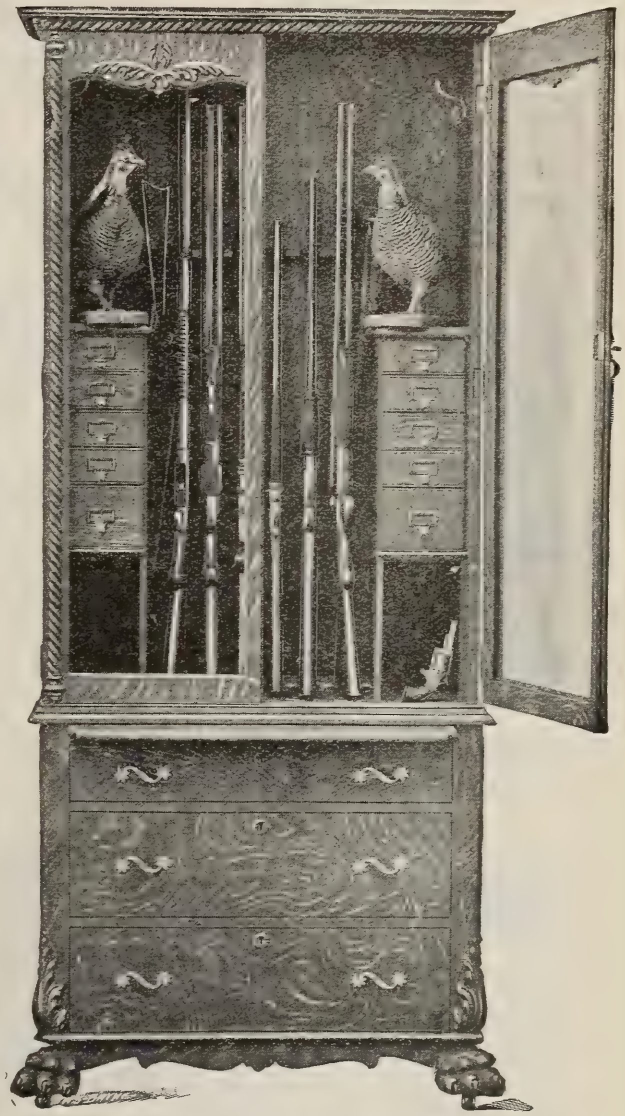
FOR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

1 male, 3 female live Lynxes (Lynx vulgaris) from this year; 1 female Lynx from 1903, beautiful animals; 1 pair Lama; 10 pairs black, and 5 pairs white Swans, white peafowl. For stocking hunting grounds and parks: 100 Hungarian wild Red deer, 50 fallow deer—roedeer.

Any quantity of live partridges, Hungarian and English Pheasants, Hares of strongest quality.

Julius Mohr, Jr., Ulm, A. D., (Germany)
Exporter of live game and animals.

For CHRISTMAS



Get it from the Factory

This will save you one-third — the middleman's profit. A Sportsman's Cabinet is a right place for the guns, the ammunition, the boots, the fishing rods and tackle — everything. We make cabinets from **$17.50** to **$48.**

Not Sold through Dealers.

Detach here and mail to-day

West End Furniture Co., I ec.
Williamsport, Pa.:

Enclosed find 2c stamp for which send me your complete catalogue of Sportsmen's Cabinets. Write plainly.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

B. Bernard

Buyer of Raw Furs and Ginseng Root.

150 Bleecker St., New York.

Quotations sent on request.

NAVAJO BLANKETS
Indian Beadwork, Baskets, Pottery. Moccasins, Alaskan Curios, Mexican Goods, Beads, Basket Material.
If it's Indian we have it

Send 6c. Stamps for Catalogue.

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138 West 42d Street, New York City

Mention Recreation.

GENUINE BUTTERFLY DECORATIVE PICTURES

No Pins! Cannot shake loose! **Nature Pictures** which will neither decay nor fade. Hang on wall like other pictures. 17,000 Gorgeous Tropical Butterflies to select from. Prices to suit everybody. Nothing more pleasing than these Novel Butterfly Pictures for Birthday, Wedding or other presents. Write at once for particulars, mentioning Recreation.
Mariposa Novelty Co., Chicago.

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Glass Eyes for Stuffed Birds, and Animals

Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies

Send 5c. in stamps for catalogue

FRED. KAEMPFER, 88 STATE ST., Chicago, Ill.

Taxidermy work done in all its branches

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Wholesale & Retail Curio Dealers' Supply Depot.

Bead Work, Baskets, Elk Teeth, Mexican Goods, Beads, Fossils, Minerals, Arrow-Heads, Pottery, Alaska Ivories, Shells, Agates, Photos, Great Stock, Big Cata. 5c., stamps. Mention Recreation. If a dealer say so.

L. W. STILWELL,
Deadwood . . . . , So. Dakota

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.
JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine

Do You Ever Shoot Ducks?

If so, you should have a copy of the group of

Duck Shooting Pictures

shown on pages 370, 371 and 372 in this issue of Recreation. I had **300 Artist's Proofs** made from these plates before running them in the magazine.

These are printed on one sheet of heavy enameled paper, placed end to end, so that they may be framed as one picture, and together they make **a beautiful panel decoration,** and a delightful reminder of happy days on the marsh or in the blinds. **The set sells at $1. each.**

Address Recreation 23 W. 24th St., N.Y.

How to Collect Animal Tracks.

A simple, inexpensive method of preserving accurately the footprints of birds, mammals, etc. Clean, instructive pastime for boys, girls, sportsmen and naturalists. Send 2 cent stamp for particulars, or $1. for complete instructions. J. Alden Loring, Owego, N. Y.

I received the Davenport Brownie rifle you had shipped me for premium and am more than pleased with it. I like your magazine much and find a great deal of useful information in it. I will try to procure other subscriptions in the near future.

W. A. Williams, Kingston, Wis.

Date,____________________190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St. New York.

Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year beginning with____________________number,

Name,____________________________

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Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

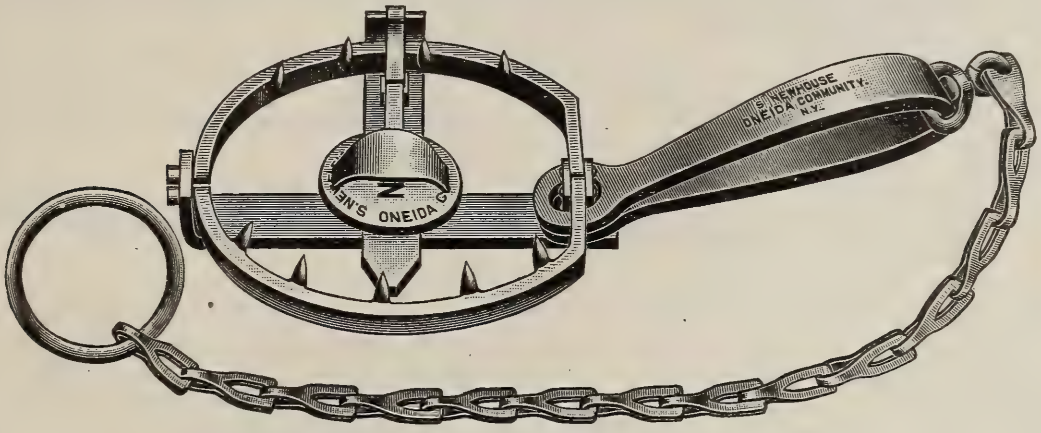
DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN

Newhouse Steel Traps

Do you know the **Newhouse Trap Spring?** It has a world-wide reputation and is absolutely guaranteed. The Newhouse Trap is made in all the regular numbers and several special sizes.

Every genuine Newhouse Trap is stamped

S. NEWHOUSE
ONEIDA COMMUNITY
N. Y.



No. 3½ Otter Trap. For those who wish a large single spring trap.

Write for illustrated catalogue. Mention Recreation.

Oneida Community, - Oneida, N. Y.

Send 25 cents for "Trapper's Guide," which describes habits of animals and best ways to catch them.

Will you not kindly recommend Recreation to all such of your friends as are sportsmen? Send me their names and addresses and I will mail them sample copies. I need the hearty co-operation and support of all true sportsmen and nature lovers in extending the circulation of this magazine. It is doing a great work in preserving the game, the game fishes, the song birds and the forests of this country, and the more people it reaches the greater good it can do. Please do not forget to send me the list of names.

G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.,
23 West 24th St., N. Y.

Mrs. Waters (sternly)—Is there a bar attached to this hotel, young man?

Bell Boy—No'm, but we kin send out an' git any kind o' booze yer want.—Philadelphia Press.

Florida The Jolly Palms is now open for sportsmen and fishermen. Send for booklet. Also Florida property for Sportsmen. Mention Recreation.

C. H, STOKES, P. M., MOHAWK, FLA.

A late fall or spring lion and bear hunt can be arranged by JOSEPH STADLER, Ovando, Mont.

"The doctors have ordered Bilkins to be quiet and under no circumstances to use his brain."

"How does he pass the time?"

"I believe he is writing a novel."—Life.

He—There goes a man who hasn't a friend in the world.

She—Poor fellow! How did he lose his money?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mounting a Wild-Cat.

We can teach you how.

LEARN TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

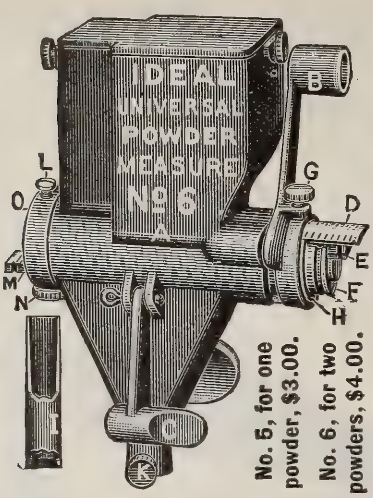
Sportsmen **Why not mount your own Trophies?** During the Shooting Season you will secure many fine birds and animals. Mount them for your home and den. Save taxidermist's bills. Enjoy your spare time and **increase your income.**

IT PAYS. Hundreds of leading sportsmen have taken our course, and are paying all gun and sporting expenses by selling their mounted specimens and doing work for others. You can do as well. If you want the most profitable of all "side lines," **learn Taxidermy.** We can teach you **by mail.** Our rates are reasonable and we **positively guarantee success.** Endorsed by all sporting magazines in America. If you are a hunter, angler, or nature-lover, you will be interested in our **new catalogue.** It's yours for the asking. **Write for one to-day.** Mention Recreation

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy

Suite A, Com. National Bank - Omaha, Neb.

The only School of Taxidermy in the World.



No. 5, for one powder, $3.00. No. 6, for two powders, $4.00.

POWDER! POWDER!

All kinds of powder for ***Rifles, Pistols*** and ***Shot Guns, measured accurately*** from 1 to 145 grains. 4 different measures in 1. The latest and best tool. Ask your dealer for it.

Every shooter should have 1. Send 3 stamps for ***Ideal Hand Book,*** 146 pages of information to shooters.

IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The PHIL B. BEKEART CO., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

When you write kindly mention RECREATION

"'Two heads are better than one.'" quoted the teacher. "Now, Willie, do you know why?"

'Sure, ma'am; 'cause then you could git a job in a dime museum an' make lots o' money."—Philadelphia Press.

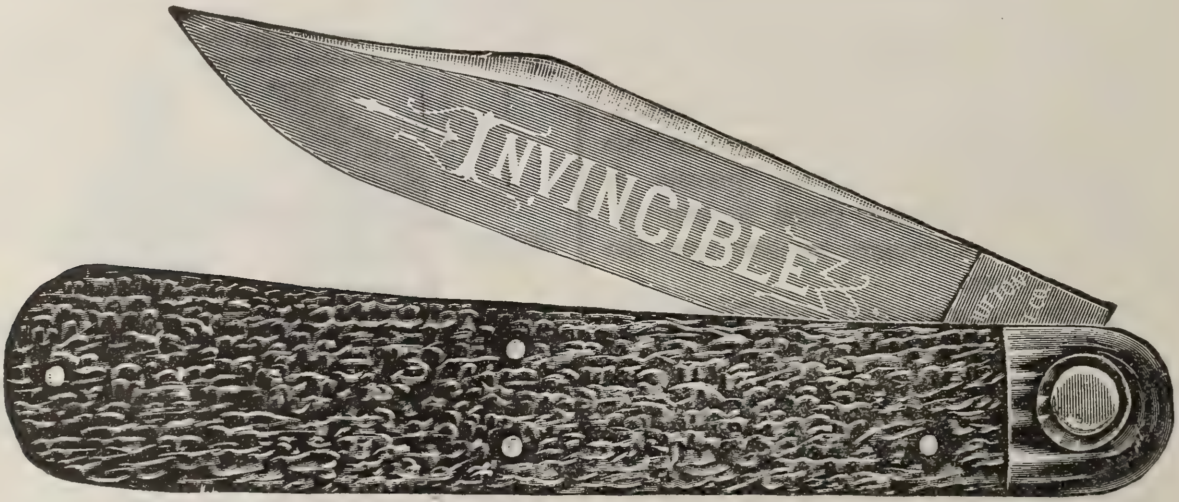
"You must mark down your age in this blank space," said the insurance agent to the beautiful woman.

And she did. She marked it down from 28 to 22.—Cleveland Leader.

A hunting jacket, a revolver, a camera, a pair of gloves, a pair of skates or a pair of opera glasses would make an appropriate Christmas present for any man or boy who is fond of outdoor sport. The skates or the opera glasses would also please any girl who is fond of skating or of the theatre, and this means all girls. You can get any of these articles by securing a few yearly subscriptions to RECREATION and sending them in. See premium list in this issue of RECREATION.

A Press Button Hunting Knife

Is one of the best articles a hunter ever carried



It has a 4 Inch Blade made of the Best Silver Steel

The knife cannot come open in your pocket. It cannot close on your hand when in use. It opens and closes only when

YOU PRESS THE BUTTON

If you once use one of these knives you will never use any other. You can get one as a premium for

3 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

Sample Copies furnished on request.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York

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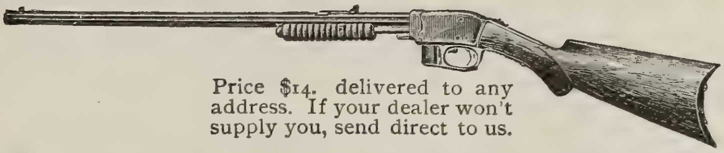


Price $14. delivered to any address. If your dealer won't supply you, send direct to us.

THE .22-caliber Rifle is a seven-shot repeater taking the short long and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm. This model is original in design, reliable in action, and shoots with the known accuracy of all SAVAGE Rifles. Our rifles are made in all desirable sizes, from the .22-caliber to the heavy big game loads. Catalogue G mailed free. Mention RECREATION.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., UTICA, N. Y., U. S. A.

Mrs. Game: See here, Mr. G., I thought you said you had been duck hunting. But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks.

"Y-e-s, m'dear; I tamed 'em after I (hic) shot 'em."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The heights by great men scaled and grabbed
Came not by oratory's flight;
But they, while their companions gabbed
Were keeping mum with all their might.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"How did you like our new duet?"

"Oh, was that a new duet? I thought you were only quarreling."—Yonkers Statesman.

" 'Tain't good to be too skeery," said Uncle Eben. "I once knowed a gemman dat got his mind so tore up 'bout germs an' bacilluses dat he didn't look whar he were goin', an' got run ober by a truck."—Washington Star.

"Can you direct me, my man," asked the English tourist, "to a place where one may get a good drink?"

"Well," replied the thirsty native, "I can direct you to a place where 2 may get a good drink."—Exchange.

When you pick out a man to work in the garden, judge him by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him If the patch is on the seat, you don't.—Exchange.

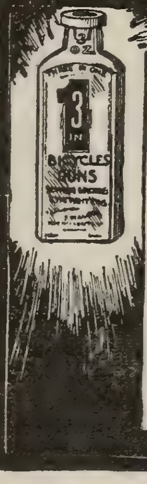
Make Your Own

Smokeless Powder

We will send you practical formula for the best Smokeless Powder for **$2.** Perfectly safe to make. No apparatus required. Pound costs **30c.** or less. Makes **200** charges. Free sample of powder by express or one pound for **$1,** Ask for testimonials and information.

Mention RECREATION

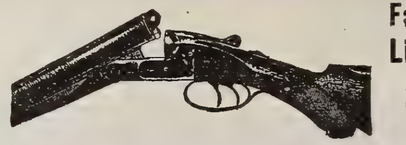
Blatchley & Campbell
Mfg. Chemists, Wellsboro, Pa.



THE 20TH CENTURY
GUN OIL

3 in One is the only perfect gun oil you can buy. Cleans out the barrels. Especially good when smokeless powder is used. Oils the mechanisms, polishes the stock, and positively prevents rust on the metal in any climate and any kind of weather. Use before and after shooting.

G. W. COLE CO.
122 Washington Life Building
NEW YORK CITY



SPECIAL TO THE FALL TRADE

Special Price **$22**

Factory List **$33**

BALTIMORE HAMMERLESS

The mechanism of the Baltimore Gun has fewer parts than any other gun made, and combines strength, simplicity, durability and good workmanship, making a gun not equaled by any other for the money. Best English stub twist barrels specially tested and bored for hard shooting. Guaranteed for black and smokeless powders. Patent snap fore-end, matted extension rib, with patent lever cross-bolt. English walnut stock and fore-end, nicely checkered.

We can furnish this gun in 12 gauge only; 28-inch and 30-inch barrels, 6 3-4 lbs. to 7 3-4 lbs. The drop at heel will range from 2 5-8 to 3-inch. Regular factory price $33. Special price $22. Sent C. O. D. Privileged to examine on receipt of $2.

Our 96 page *illustrated catalogue* of *everything for* the *shooter* and *sportsman* sent upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

CHAS. J. GODFREY, 4 Warren St., N. Y.

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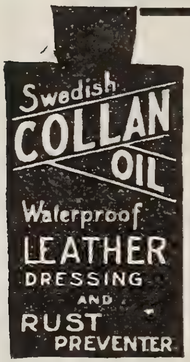


"Collan-Oil"

preserves leather and renders shoes and harness positively

WATERPROOF

Used by the U. S the Army and Navy and National Guard.

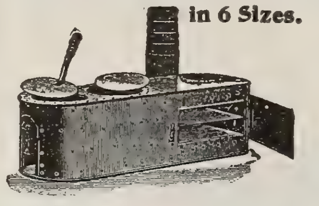
Send 25c. for trial can.

AGENTS WANTED

Write for terms and circulars

J. R. BUCKELEW

Dept. A. 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

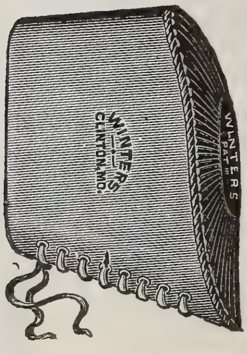


Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes. CAMP STOVE

Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns large wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.



THE 1904 Model

LEATHER-COVERED Pneumatic Recoil Pad is now perfect. No pump. no valve, no recoil, no flinch, no headache, no bruised shoulders, no money if not satisfactory and returned at once.

PRICE, $1.50

J. R. WINTERS
Clinton, Mo.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

The Central Vermont Railway

GREEN MOUNTAIN ROUTE

is the popular line to Montpelier, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, and the West. **Three Solid Trains Daily** between Boston, New York and Springfield without change.

The 8:00 a. m. train from New York, 12:30 p. m. train from Springfield and 11:30 a. m. train from Boston consolidate at White River Junction and are run as one solid train to Montreal and Chicago, carrying Standard and Tourist Sleepers to Chicago without change; also Parlor cars and High back coaches to New York and Boston to Montreal without change.

Rates via this line as low as any other line.

Write for "Summer Homes," giving full information in regard to summer homes in Vermont and on Lake Champlain also in Canada, to

Mr. A. W. ECCLESTONE, Southern Pass. Agt., 385 Broadway, New York.

Mr. T. H. HANLEY, New England Pass. Agt., 360 Washington St., Boston, Mas.

Mr. A. C. STONEGRAVE, C. F. & P. A., 134 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.

WAR ON THE TICKET SCALPERS.

Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, has issued an order restraining 19 Chicago ticket scalpers from dealing in any railroad tickets or the unused portions thereof which are not transferable. If this order is made permanent it will practically put the ticket dealers out of business. The City Council of Nashville, Tenn., has also recently adopted an ordinance defining the business known as that of ticket broker or dealer. In that city Moses Henlin, who conducted a ticket brokerage office, was indicted a short time ago by the Grand Jury of Davidson county for uttering forged or altered tickets or passes. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 15 days in the workhouse and to pay a fine of $500.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

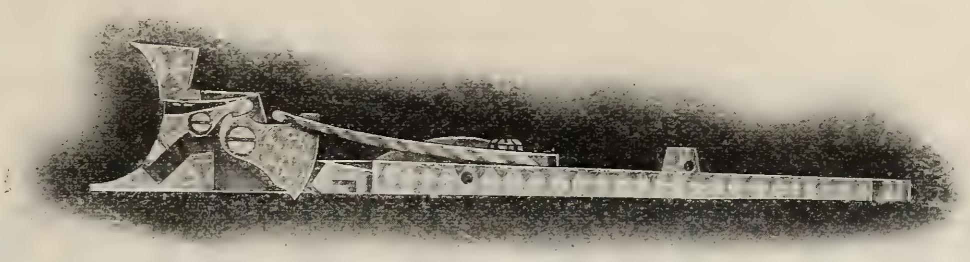
The winter is here and one of the most effective ways of protecting yourself against the cold weather is by providing a liberal supply of Jaeger underwear. The Jaeger Sanitary Woolen Company appreciates the good sense of RECREATION readers to such an extent as to advertise regularly in this magazine, and if you have not a copy of their catalogue it would be well to get one at once. It can be obtained through their office at 85 Fifth avenue, New York, or in one of their branch stores in any of the leading cities. When writing them please mention RECREATION.

Free:—Black Squirrels and Parti-Colored Squirrels.—Will send a pair of either kind of these rare and beautiful pets to any one who will send me 12 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Will send a pair of handsome Fox Squirrels for 6 new yearly subscriptions or a pair of cute little Flying Squirrels for only 2 new subscriptions. For 5 new yearly subscriptions I will give a tame young Raccoon. Safe delivery of animals guaranteed to all parts of U. S. or Canada. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

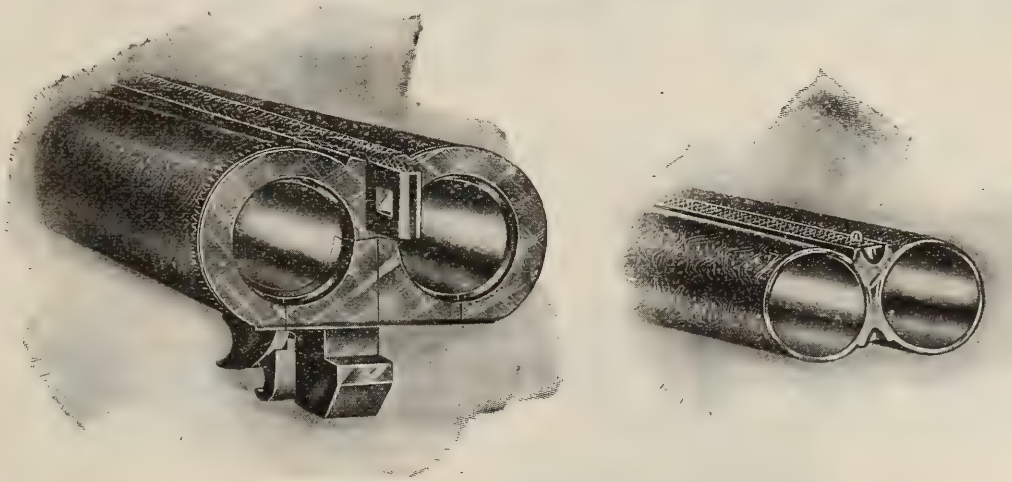
The Ithaca gun received and is more than satisfactory in every respect.

D. J. Murphy, Rochester, N. Y.

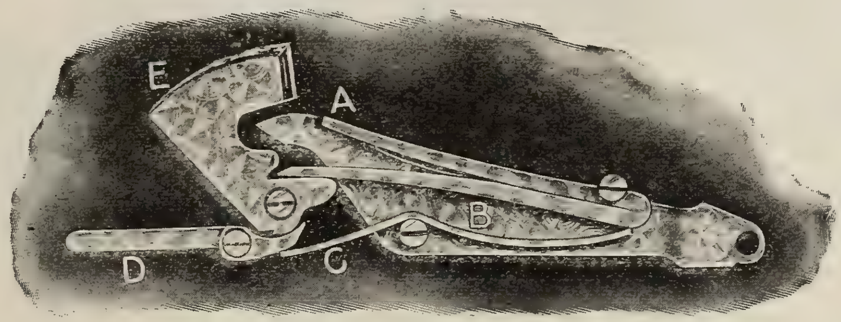
ITHACA GUNS



This cut shows Forend Ejector, Simplest on earth, only three parts, Always works.



Above cuts show the double thick nitro breech with cross bolt and under fastening, the narrow skeleton rib, 6 ounces lighter than any other, tapering gracefully from breech to muzzle.



The simplest, most durable and fastest lock in the world.

If you don't know what gun to buy order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. **N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.**

Send for Art Catalog and Special prices on 16 Grade Guns, $17.75 to $300.

Mention RECREATION.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
ITHACA NEW YORK

Here Is Another!

If you will send me 15 yearly subscriptions to

RECREATION

I will send you a high-grade, powerful

Field Glass

Listed at $15

A field glass is indispensable to every hunter, and this is one of the latest and best on the market for the price. I have but a few of these instruments on hand and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the supply is exhausted. Therefore, if you want one *start immediately*. Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

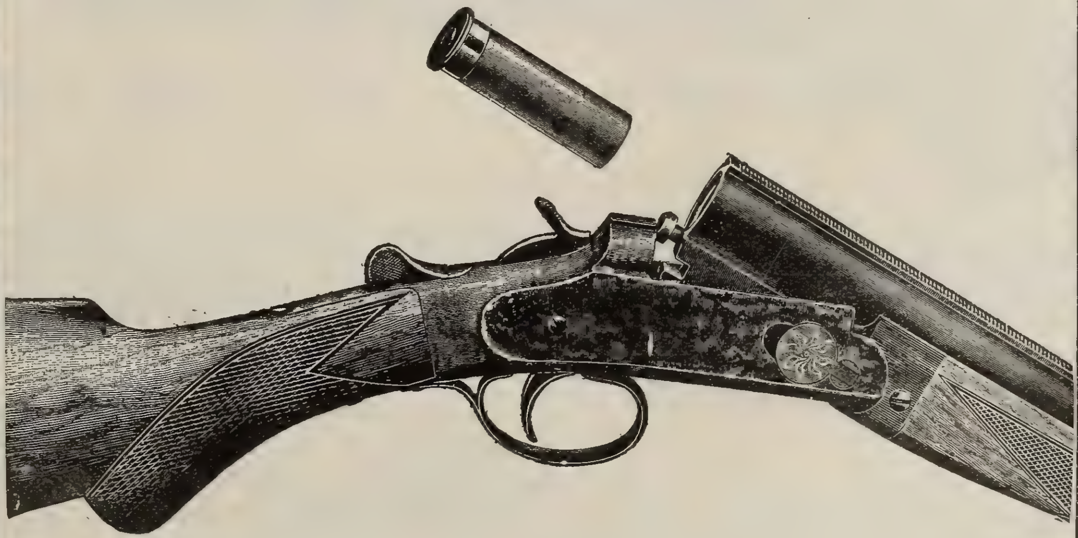
Address **RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y. City**

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

Do You Know of a more appropriate **Christmas Present** for a sportsman than a

Davenport Gun ?

Our special engraved "Elita" is a high-grade production that would bring joy to the heart of every gun lover. The reputation these guns have attained bespeaks their merits.



Of course, we have other styles; in fact, our line of single barrel guns is very complete. *A gun for every purpose and every Sportsman.*

Better send a postal for one of our Catalogues —gives a full description of our line, besides it contains lots of information you ought to know

The W. H. Davenport Fire Arms Co.
NORWICH, - - - CONNECTICUT

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For 15 years

Walsrode Powder

has been the leading and at one time the only

DENSE SMOKELESS POWDER

It always runs regular. Insist upon getting shells loaded with it. If you can't get them, write to

Schoverling, Daly & Gales

302-304 Broadway New York City

Are you making up a list of books for your winter reading? Do not fail to include RECREATION. Nothing else will give you so much pleasure for $1. If you care for hunting, fishing, photography or nature, you can get more joy out of RECREATION than from any other source except an actual day afield. Send in your subscription and those of your friends.

Chickens Free: Will give a pair of early hatched, thoroughbred buff Plymouth Rocks for 4 new yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, or a trio for 6. Ira D. Goodhue, Norwalk, Ohio.

"Since meeting you," he said, "I am sorry that I have a wife."

"So am I," rejoined the beautiful girl.

"Are you, really?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," she answered, "I am really; sorry for your wife."—Chicago Daily News.

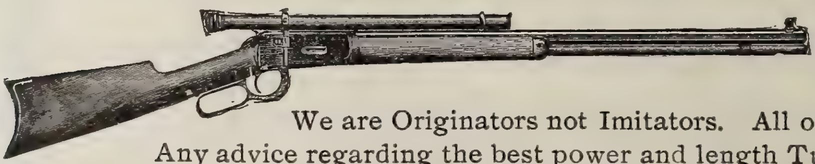
Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

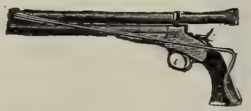
I received the Bristol rod and am more than pleased with it.

A. E. Harter, Mohawk, N. Y.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST PLACED ON THE MARKET





We are Originators not Imitators. All of our Outfits are first class Any advice regarding the best power and length Tube for Hunting or Target purposes given when requested. *SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE.*

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THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MFG. CO

F. T. CORNISH, Mgr.

Established 1857

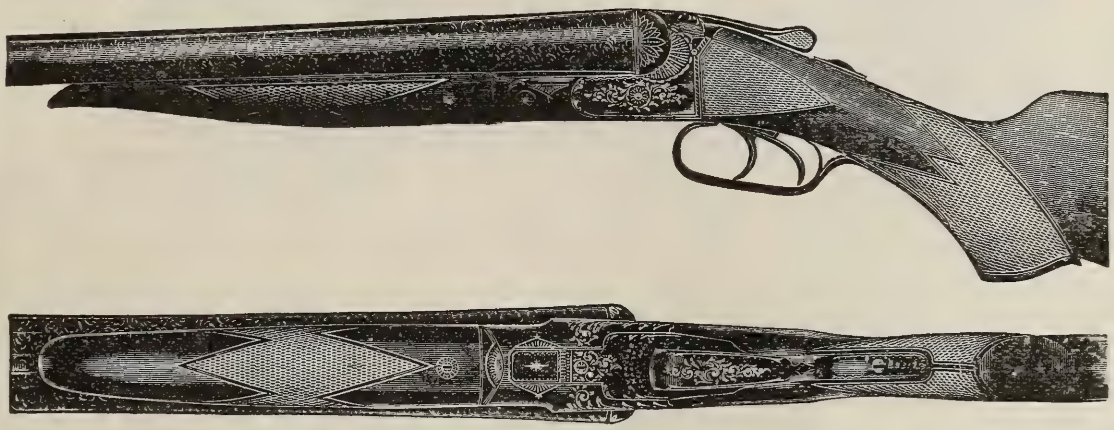
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

One of the 9

Built for Business

"A" GRADE $80 LIST

In offering this gun to the public, we have combined
ALL OF THE DISTINCTIVE IMPROVEMENTS
which have gained for the "Syracuse" its present prominent position among American Arms.



"A" GRADE

Condensed Description.

BARRELS—Fine quality of Damascus Steel, or if desired, we will furnish Krupp Fluid Pressed Steel Barrels, made at the Krupp Works, Essen, Germany, and imported to our order.

STOCK—Imported Italian Walnut, finely figured and dark rich color. Full pistol or Straight Grip as desired.

AUTOMATIC EJECTOR—With our Patent Non-Ejector device which allows the gun to be instantly changed from an Automatic to a Non-Automatic Ejector.

This model gun is handsomely engraved and cleanly finished, and will compare favorably with any gun on the market listing at $100.00.

All "Syracuse" guns for 1904 will be built with our New Compensating Double Cross Bolt; and Frames Inletted into Stock, thus preventing the spreading or splitting of same.

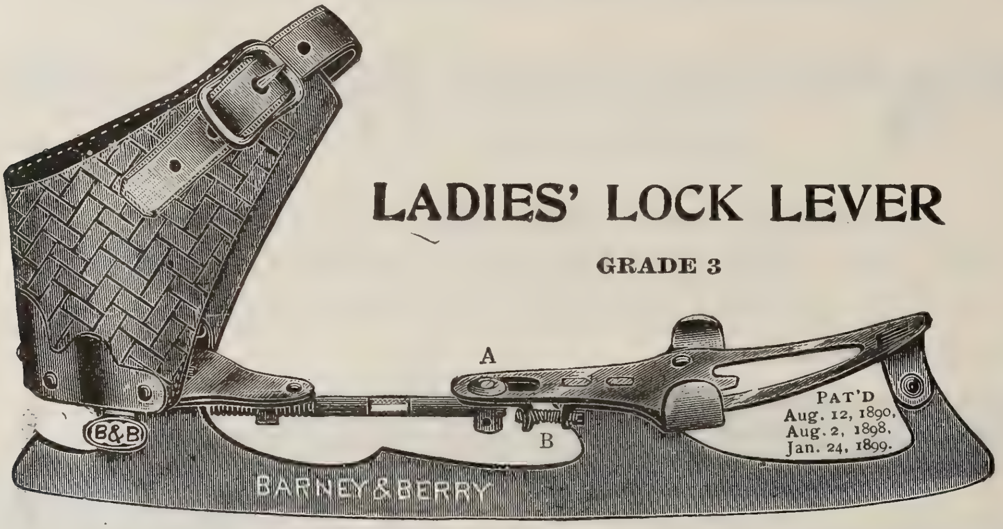
Catalogue yours for the asking. Mention "Recreation."

SYRACUSE ARMS CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WINTER IS HERE

GET A PAIR OF SKATES

For yourself, your best girl or your brother, or for some other girl's brother, or for anyone you love, and who is fond of skating


A
B
B&B
BARNEY & BERRY
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
Jan. 24, 1899.

LADIES' LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3

For 5 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

I WILL SEND YOU

A Pair of Lock Lever Skates

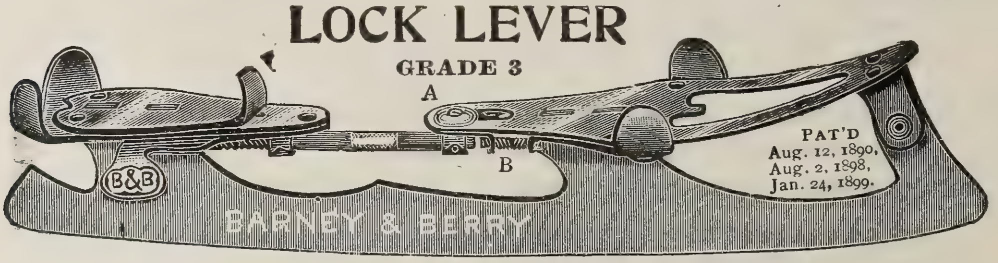
OR

A Pair of Ladies' Lock Lever Skates

Grade 3, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass.

LOCK LEVER

GRADE 3


A
B
B&B
BARNEY & BERRY
PAT'D
Aug. 12, 1890,
Aug. 2, 1898,
Jan. 24, 1899.

As every skater knows, these are the best skates in the world.

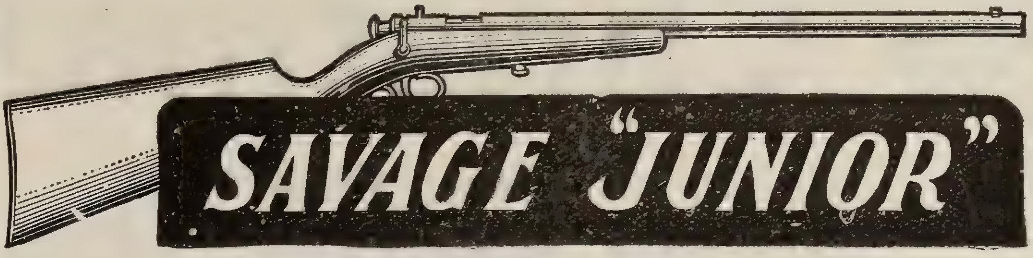
The Holiday season is here, and you could scarcely select a more appropriate present.

FOR A MAN, OR A WOMAN, A BOY OR A GIRL

than a pair of these high-grade skates. Only a limited stock on hand, and when these are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Address 23 West 24th St., New York



Price $4.

It is "Savage Quality" all Through

While the Savage "Junior" is a bolt action rifle, it is radically different than any other rifle of this type on the market. Like all other Savage rifles it is distinctly ingenious and workmanship the best. Shoots short long and long rifle cartridges. Perfect accuracy guaranteed. *If your dealer will not supply you,* send us $4. and we will deliver to any address in U. S.

Savage Arms Co.

Catalogue No. G, Free **Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.**

Justice of Peace: Now, little girl, you are about to take oath. Do you know what an oath is?

Little Susie Slumm: Yes, yer 'onner; but maw says them ain't for wimmen-folks. But I kin say what maw said th' time she scalded 'er foot, if yer wants me to.—Baltimore American.

"No," said the village landlord with the sorry mug, "I don't believe in advertising."

"You don't!" exclaimed the hardware drummer. "Why not?"

"Because I advertised for a wife once."

"And failed to get one, eh?"

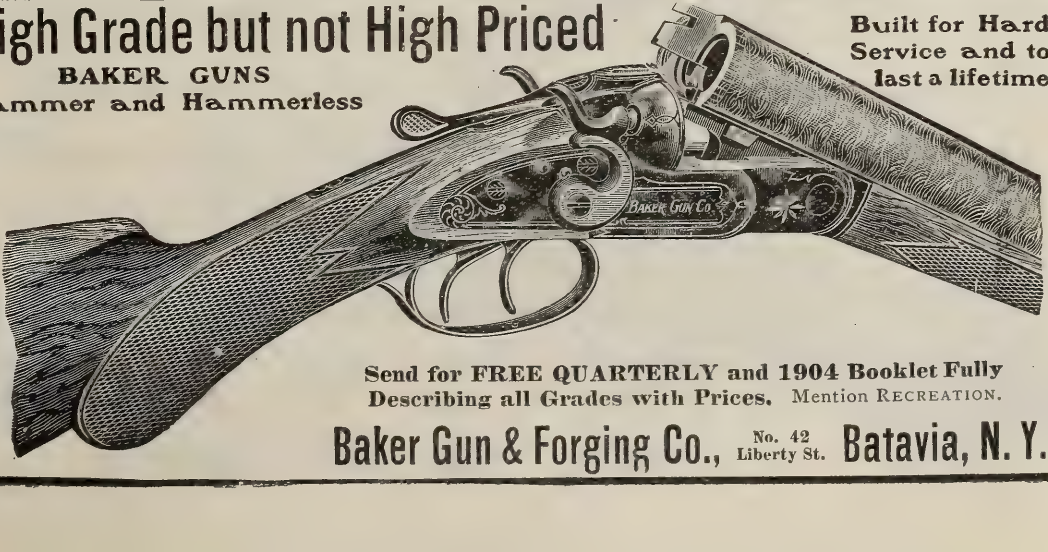
"No, I got one."—Chicago News.

My premium, Korona camera, received and I am more than pleased with it. I do not see how you can give such valuable premiums as you do for so little work. True sportsmen wait anxiously for each issue of Recreation and appreciate the good work you are doing.

Geo. D. Slocum, Ulysses, Pa.

Johnny—This is a free country, isn't it, pa?"

Father—It is, unless you belong to the union and have to go on strike when you'd rather work, or unless you don't belong to the union and get hit in the head with a brick when you want to work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.


BAKER GUN Co.

High Grade but not High Priced
BAKER GUNS
Hammer and Hammerless

Built for Hard Service and to last a lifetime

Send for FREE QUARTERLY and 1904 Booklet Fully Describing all Grades with Prices. Mention Recreation.

Baker Gun & Forging Co., No. 42 Liberty St. **Batavia, N. Y.**

For Christmas

An Appropriate Present
would be a set of beautiful

Hunting and Fishing Pictures

15 Plates——Size for framing, 18x24 inches

SUBJECTS:

Elk Hunting—Salmon Fishing—Moose Hunting—Trout Fishing — Hy. Sandham.

Mallard Shooting—Black Bass Fishing
C. E. Denton

Tarpon Fishing—Blue Fishing
Fred S. Cozzens

Antelope Hunting—Goose Shooting
Fred Remington

Grouse Shooting—Wild Turkey Hunting
R. F. Zogbaum

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F. H. Taylor

Deer Hunting
A. B. Frost

Rocky Mountain Sheep Hunting
E. Knobel

These 15 plates are lithographed in true colors of nature, and altogether make one of the finest series of pictures of out-door sports ever published.

ORIGINALLY ISSUED AT $50 A SET

I have bought the last of them and can furnish a complete set for

15 Yearly Subscriptions to Recreation

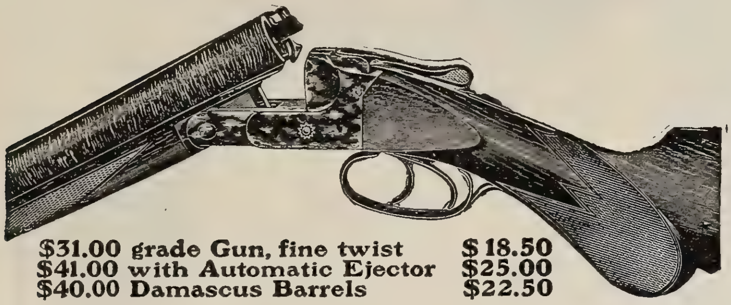
Or will sell at $10 a Set

Address

RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St.
NEW YORK CITY

Special Bargains in Hammerless Guns

We offer at these SPECIAL PRICES a small lot of a



Standard American make Breech Loading Double Guns

Entirely new. Made on Interchangeable System. Top Lever Action. Greener style Cross Bolt-Pistol stock. 26, 28 and 30 inch. 12 and 16 bores, at the following **Exceptional Prices:**

$31.00 grade Gun, fine twist	**$18.50**
$41.00 with Automatic Ejector	**$25.00**
$40.00 Damascus Barrels	**$22.50**

Send $5 with order, and if the Gun is not satisfactory upon receipt it may be returned and money refunded less cost of expressage. Or if the whole amount of money is sent with order a Victoria Canvas Case is included.

Always in stock a full line of high-grade GUNS

W. & C. SCOTT, JOS. LANG & SON, London

and others, in addition to Parker, Remington and all the American makes.

JUST NOW ON HAND
Also large lot **"Hammer Double Guns,"** ten and twelve bores, many of them second-hand, taken in trade. Prices **$8 to $15**

Also lot of **Lee Straight-Pull Magazine Rifles,** small bore, made by the Winchester Arms Company and cost over $25 each, long range and very accurate, in nice refinished brown, condition same as new. Suitable for target or hunting. Price, each **$7.50**

Send Six Cents in stamps for Catalogue of New, also of Second-hand Guns

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

A man stood on a lonely isle,
  A shipwrecked sailor he,
While all about him roared and crashed
  The angry, restless sea.
The waves dashed high, as rose the tide
  With deafening, maddening glee—
"Alas!" exclaimed the shipwrecked man,
  "I guess it's up to me."—Collier's.

Knicker: Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom.

Johnny: How about swimming?—New York Sun.

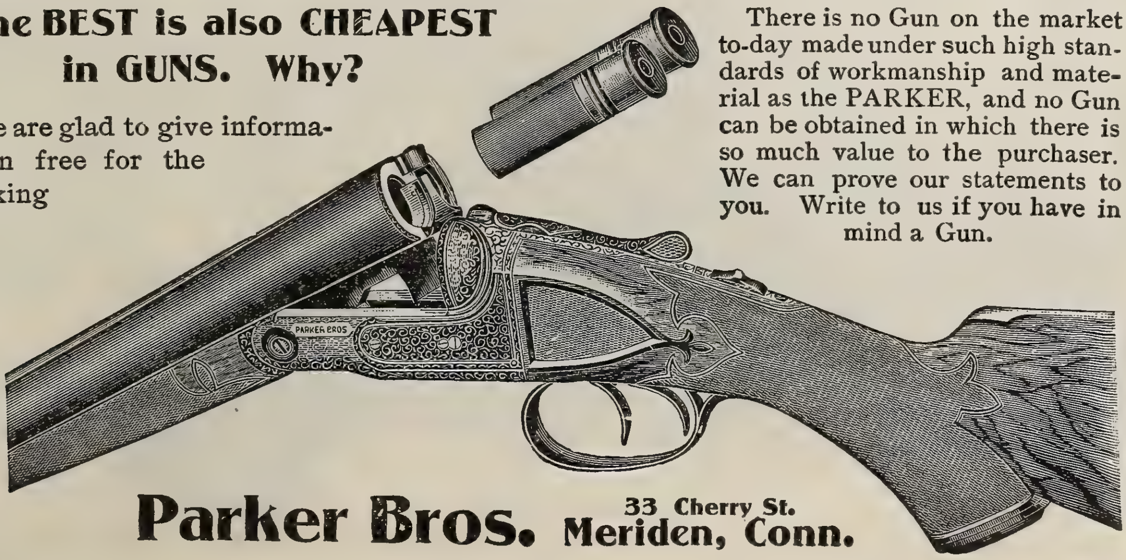
"In country bar-rooms," said a sociological expert, "there are rarely chairs, as there are in our urban cafés, but everyone must stand up to drink. One day, in a New England tavern, I was inquisitive enough to ask the barkeeper why he had no chairs for his guests. 'No man drinks here,' said the barkeeper, severely, 'longer than he can stand.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Don't forget that a year's subscription to Recreation is the best thing you can give a man or a boy for a Christmas present.

The BEST is also CHEAPEST in GUNS. Why?

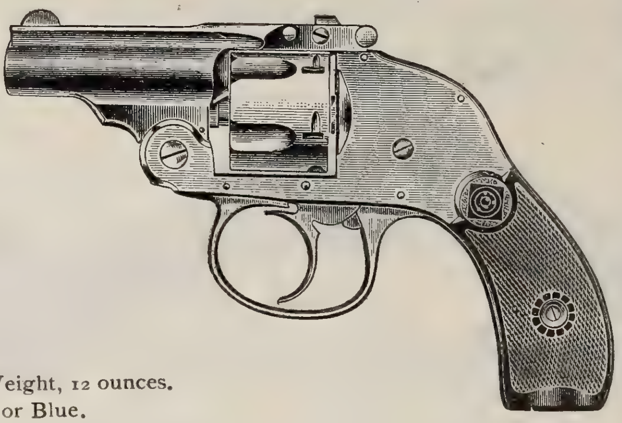
We are glad to give information free for the asking

There is no Gun on the market to-day made under such high standards of workmanship and material as the PARKER, and no Gun can be obtained in which there is so much value to the purchaser. We can prove our statements to you. Write to us if you have in mind a Gun.



Parker Bros. 33 Cherry St.
Meriden, Conn.

H. & R.
"Bicycle Hammerless" Revolver



Description
32 Caliber, 5 shot. 2 inch Barrel. Weight, 12 ounces.
C. F., S. & W. Cartridge. Finish, Nickel or Blue.

Impossible to catch on the pocket and discharge accidentally.

Absolutely Safe. Although designed for cyclists, this revolver is equally adapted to all cases where a small, light weight, effective and handy pocket weapon is desired. It has a small frame and automatic ejector. Sold direct where dealers will not supply. Mention RECREATION when writing.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.

Makers of H. & R. SINGLE GUNS

Catalog for Postal
Dept. R.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free:—To any person sending me $1 for 1 new yearly subscription to RECREATION, I will send a deck of the celebrated golf playing cards.

For 2 subscriptions, a fine artificial minnow listed at $1, or a spool of 50 yards of Kingfisher No. 5 silk casting line listed at 75 cents.

Arthur W. Bruce, 508 Woodward Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

They were looking down at the gorge at Niagara. "Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took thousands of years to dig that channel?"

"Well, well, well! I never knew it was a Government job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

We are making our son a Christmas present of a year's subscription to your excellent publication, as we feel that the principles it inculcates are of great importance in the bringing up of a young man. By being constant readers ourselves of RECREATION we recognize its worth and influence for good, and congratulate you on your clean cut editorship.

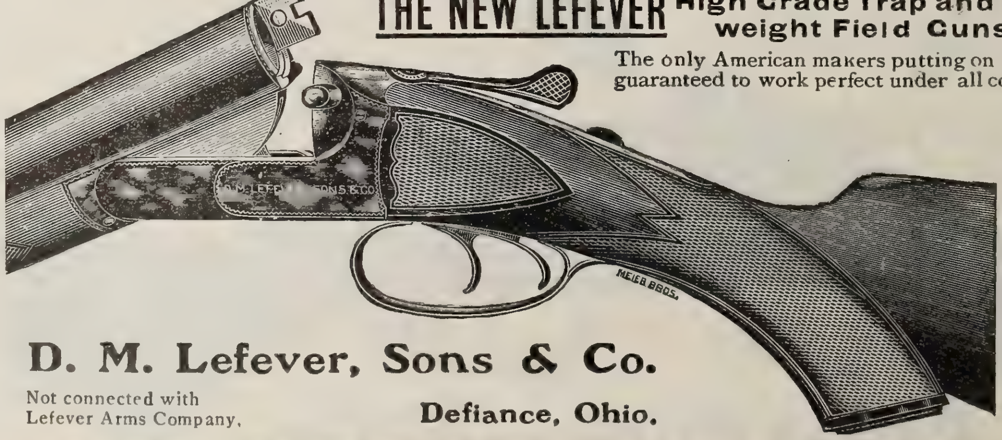
Mrs. H. Weisman, Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Pason: I am afraid you mix water with your milk.

Milkman: Well, ma'am, you can't expect me to mix powdered sugar, cracked ice, and rum with it, for 7 cents a quart, can you?—Puck.

THE NEW LEFEVER High Grade Trap and Featherweight Field Guns

The only American makers putting on single trigger guaranteed to work perfect under all conditions.


D. M. LEFEVER SONS & CO.
MEIER BROS.

PRICE
$60 TO
$400

Send for
1904
Catalogue

D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co.

Not connected with
Lefever Arms Company,

Defiance, Ohio.

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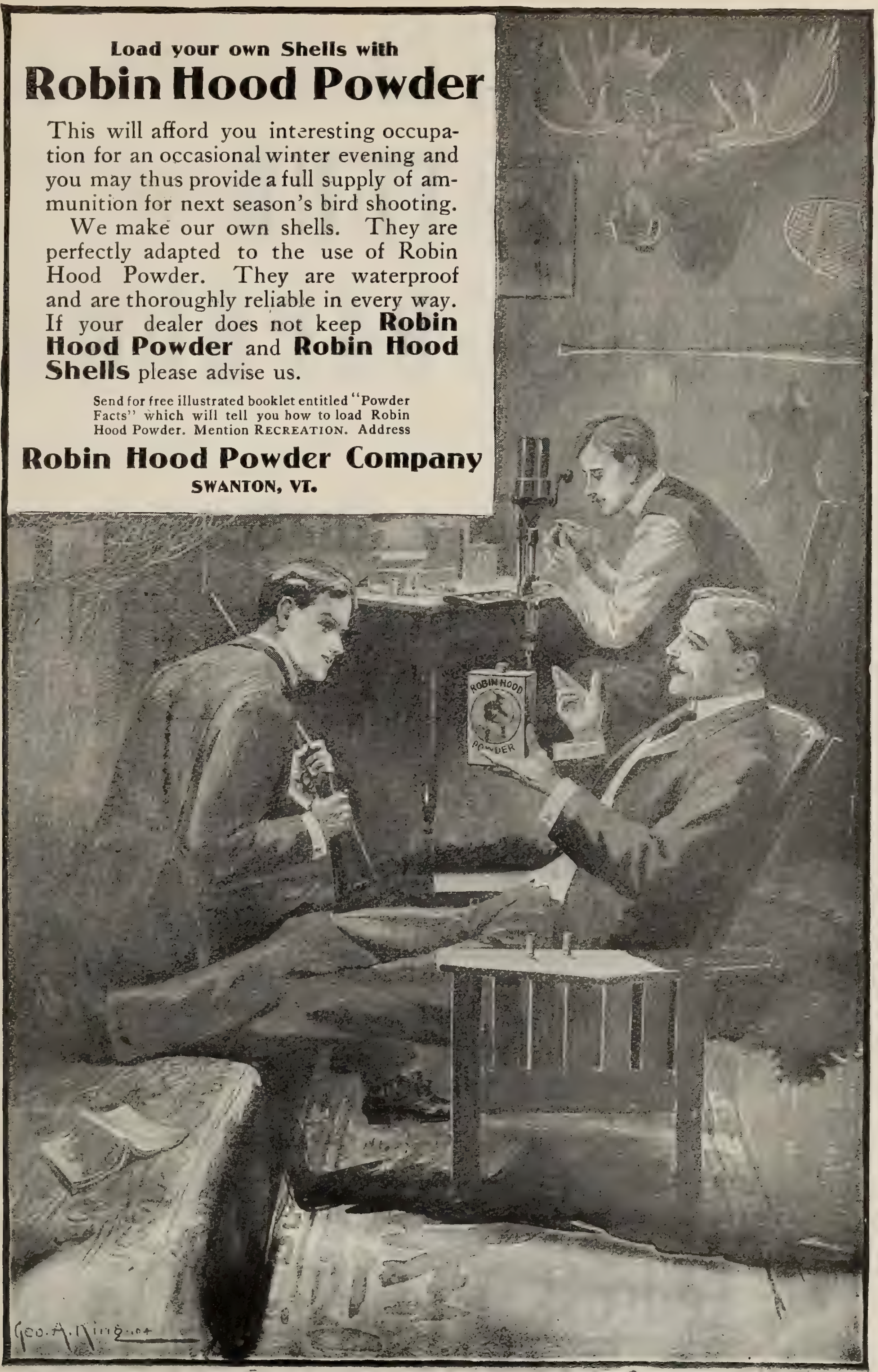

Load your own Shells with

Robin Hood Powder

This will afford you interesting occupation for an occasional winter evening and you may thus provide a full supply of ammunition for next season's bird shooting.

We make our own shells. They are perfectly adapted to the use of Robin Hood Powder. They are waterproof and are thoroughly reliable in every way. If your dealer does not keep **Robin Hood Powder** and **Robin Hood Shells** please advise us.

Send for free illustrated booklet entitled "Powder Facts" which will tell you how to load Robin Hood Powder. Mention RECREATION. Address

Robin Hood Powder Company
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A Full Dollar's Worth Free

I will gladly give any sick one a full dollar's worth of my remedy to test. I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. The very sick, the slightly ill, invalids of years, and men and women whose only trouble is an occasional "dull day"—to one and all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free, the full dollar package.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere to test my remedy.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why.

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles which I apply. And for six solid years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "If it fails it is free"—and it has never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It's open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up and strengthens it and makes it well.

Many Ailments, One Cure

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "Sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads to another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed.

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

This offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar lay before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 3214, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

One Million Dollars

Have been Spent to Give Liquozone Free to the Sick

When we purchased the rights to Liquozone, we decided to buy the first bottle and give it free to each sick one we learned of. We published the offer in nearly every newspaper in America, and 1,800,000 people have accepted it. In one year it has cost us over one million dollars to announce and fulfill the offer.

Don't you realize that a product must have wonderful merit to make such an offer possible? We have never asked a soul to buy Liquozone. We have published no testimonials, no physician's endorsement. We have simply asked the sick to try it—try it at our expense. And that is all we ask you if you need it.

Kills Inside Germs

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone — like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. **And that worth is so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid $100,000 for the American rights.**

Germ Diseases

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anæmia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers—Gall Stones
Goitre—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles - Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
Skin Diseases
Stomach Troubles
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Varicocele
Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

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for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquid Ozone Co., 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is ....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

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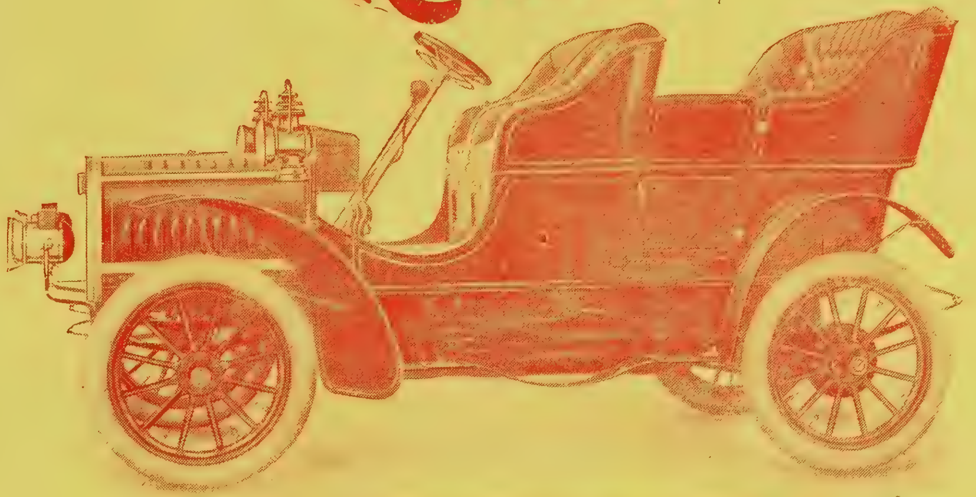
Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Rambler



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It may open your eyes to a fact that will keep you well.

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This elegant and refined hair tonic has for 75 years been the standard hair preparation in Europe, and since its introduction into the United States, 15 years ago, it has reached the enormous sale of 150,000 bottles in one month—in this country alone.

It removes dandruff, cleanses and gives tone and vigor to the scalp, stops the hair from falling out, and makes it soft and glossy.

If your hair is dry, brittle and falling out, if you suffer from dandruff, try this great French Hair Tonic, that has stood the test of three-quarters of a century, and which is sold all over the world because it does what is claimed for it and is absolutely harmless.

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